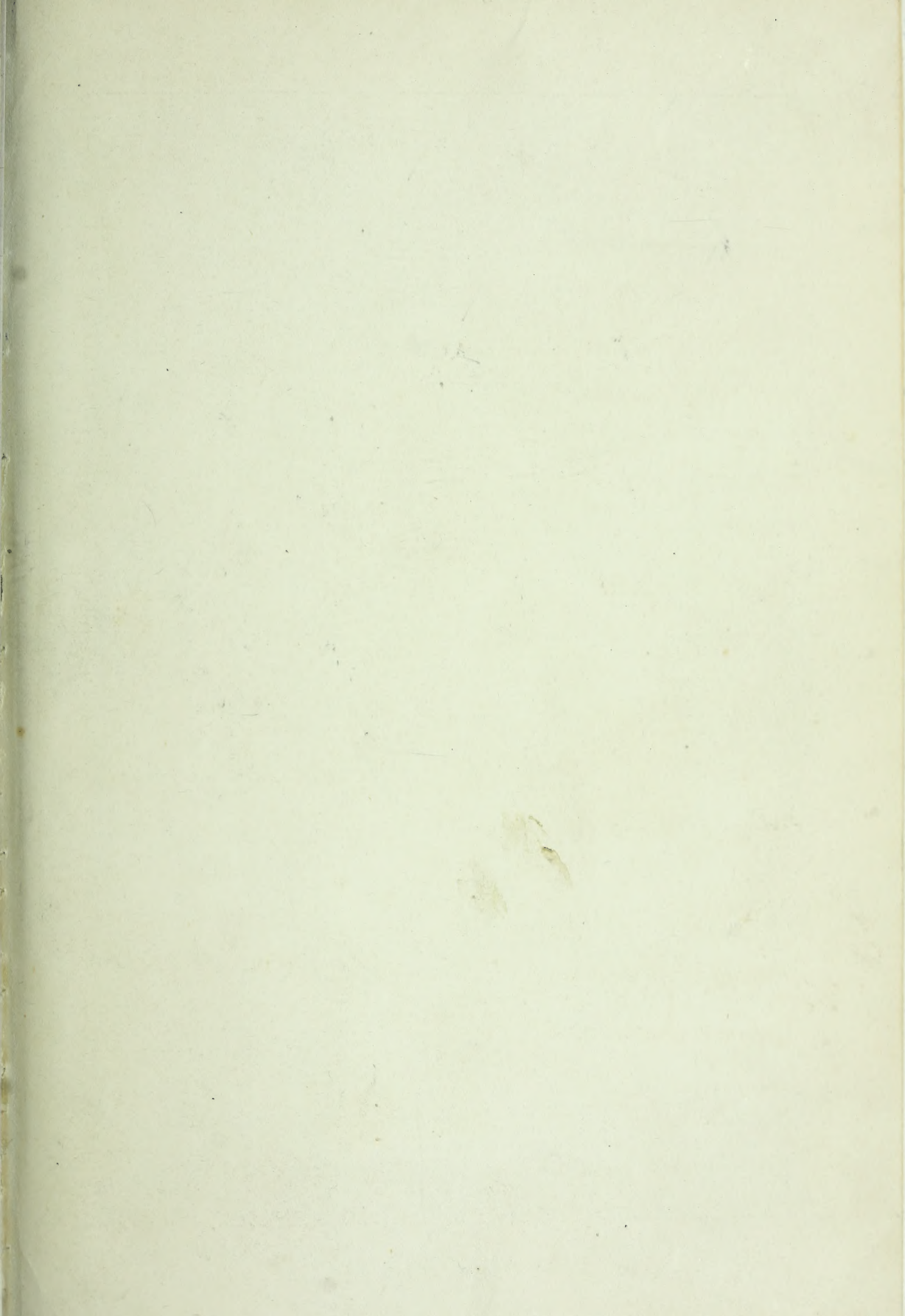




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See "The Vagrant," by Richard Harding Davis, p. 26.

"A VAGRANT?" HE ASKED "

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THE RESCUE OF THE WHALERS.

A SLED JOURNEY OF 1600 MILES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY LIEUT. ELLSWORTH P. BERTHOLF, U. S. R. C. S.

THE peculiar species of whale from which whalebone is procured is only to be found in the polar regions amid the eternal ice, and scarcely a year passes without leaving its history of ships crushed and lives lost. In 1871 thirty-two vessels were driven ashore by the ice and crushed, while in 1876 thirteen were caught in the ice near Point Barrow, drifted in to the northward with the strong current, and neither they nor the sixty men left on board have ever been seen or heard of again. It is supposed that this current, which, as Professor Nansen has proved, sweeps through Bering Strait and across the pole, carried them into the polar basin, where they were crushed and sunk, leaving no trace behind.

With the advent of spring large schools of whales make their appearance, forcing their way under the floes and through the leads in the ice, bound to the northward. They follow the ice along the shores of Alaska to Point Barrow, and then turn to the eastward along the northern shore, where it is supposed they find good breeding-grounds. Late in the fall they come back, and go south again along the shores of Siberia.

The fleet of whaling-vessels reach Point Barrow during the first part of August. Arriving there, they follow up the whales to the eastward, as far as and sometimes farther than the mouth of the Mackenzie River. It is along here they make their greatest catch; but they must not remain too long in the season, and the whaling captains generally reckon on leaving that neighborhood by the middle of September, in order to reach Point Barrow again before the last part of that month. From there they work their way over to the westward, pursuing their whal-

ing south along the coast of Siberia, and finally come out through the Bering Strait not later than the middle of October.

The fall of 1897, for some unknown reason, came exceptionally early, and when the fleet reached the vicinity of Point Barrow they found the way blocked, for the northerly winds had blown the pack ice down on the shores, and the new ice had begun to make. Some of the vessels of the fleet, having made a good catch, had started out early and got clear just in time; but eight of them—the steamers *Orca*, *Jessie H. Freeman*, *Belvedere*, *Newport*, *Fearless*, *Jeannie*, and the sailing-vessels *Wanderer* and *Rosario*—were caught. This in itself was bad enough, but as they all had expected to reach San Francisco not later than early in the winter, none of the vessels had supplies enough to last them until spring, the earliest date when help could be expected to reach them, and starvation stared the crews in the face. When those of the fleet that had escaped the fatal grip of the ice reached San Francisco early in November, steps were at once taken to ascertain whether help could not be sent to them. The subject was thoroughly discussed at a cabinet meeting, with the result that the President decided to assign the task of getting help to the imprisoned men to the revenue-cutter service, the officers of which had seen so much of Arctic duty.

It was a novel experiment, starting an expedition into the frozen North during the winter, and as the duty was thought to be dangerous, volunteers were called for, and it was my good fortune to be among those selected for the expedition. The revenue-cutter *Bear* had but just returned from her usual summer cruise in

Arctic waters, and certain repairs were very much needed; but as she was the best and most available vessel for the trip, her commander, Captain Francis Tuttle, was telegraphed on the 10th of November to make all haste to fit her out for the trip north. Repairs that were absolutely necessary were hurried through, all the stores, outfits, and fur clothing taken on board, and she finally sailed from Seattle on the 27th of November, fitted out for a year's absence in the polar regions. It is extremely doubtful if ever an expedition was fitted out for an absence of a year in that part of the globe in such an incredibly short time—only eighteen days. The officers selected for her were as follows: Captain, Francis Tuttle; 1st Lieutenants, D. H. Jarvis and J. H. Brown; 2d Lieutenants, E. P. Bertholf, C. S. Cochran, J. G. Berry, B. H. Camcen, and H. G. Hamlet; Chief Engineer, H. W. Spear; 1st Assistant Engineer, H. N. Wood; 2d Assistant Engineers, H. K. Spencer and J. I. Bryan; and Surgeons, S. J. Call and E. H. Woodruff.

The plan was for the *Bear*, after forcing her way north as far as possible, to land a party, which was to proceed overland as far as Cape Prince of Wales, where they would find several herds of domestic reindeer. These were to be driven up the coast to Point Barrow, to serve as food for the imprisoned whalers. To pack any considerable quantity of provisions was impossible, because, as the domestic deer from Siberia have not yet been introduced into Alaska in sufficient numbers, the usual, and indeed the only, transportation in Alaska in the winter is by means of dog-sleds. A team of from seven to nine dogs can draw a sled loaded with from 500 to 700 pounds, but for any extensive trip where the trail is bad, 300 to 400 pounds is considered a good load, and as the food for these dogs must be carried along also, it will readily be seen that it is quite impracticable to pack provisions for any but yourself and dogs for any great distance. The officers designated for this overland trip to Cape Prince of Wales were Lieutenant Jarvis, Dr. Call, and myself. Jarvis, who was to command the party, had served eight seasons in the Arctic Ocean on the *Bear*, was familiar with the coast, knew the natives well, and was eminently well fitted to carry the plans to a successful finish. Besides the provisions for the ship's com-

pany, the *Bear* had taken on board 12,000 extra rations for the shipwrecked men when she should reach Point Barrow in the spring.

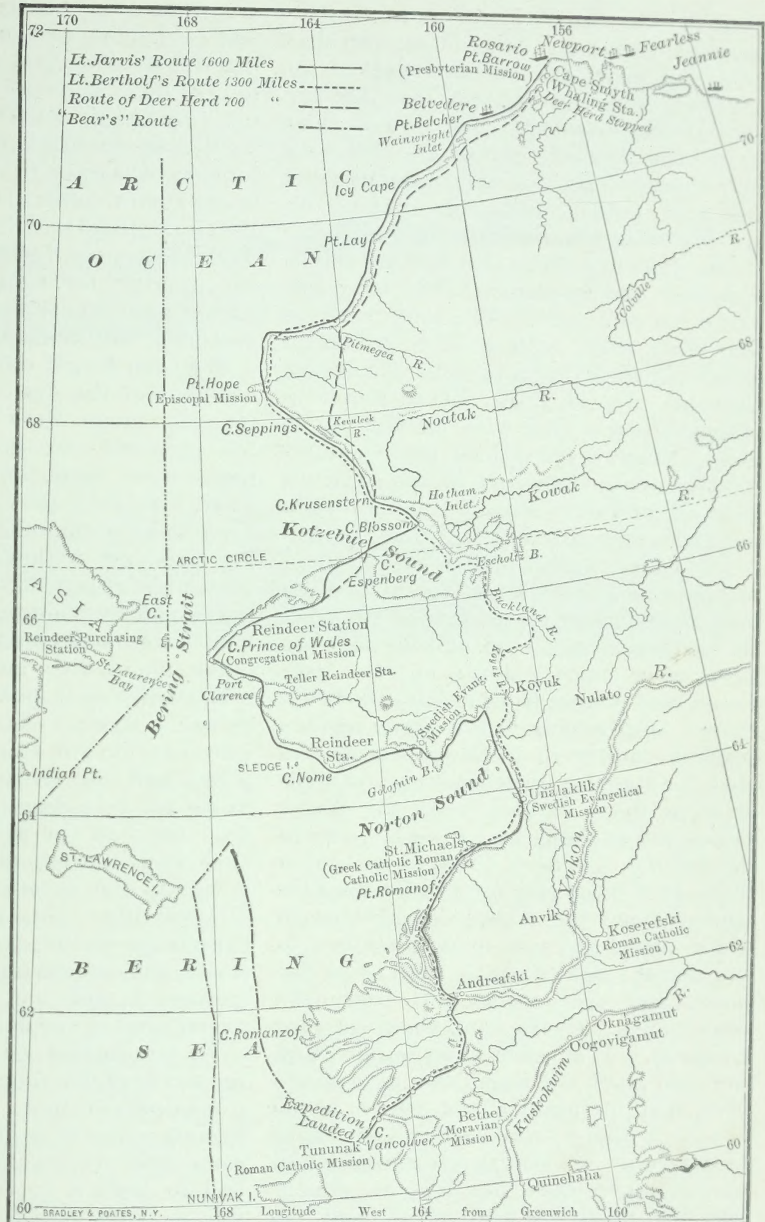
We reached Unalaska, the chief of the Aleutian Islands, on the 8th of December. We left, after coaling, on the 11th, and started north on the really serious part of the undertaking. The weather holding good, we made fair time, so that on the morning of the 13th we passed St. Lawrence Island, and having seen little or no ice, we began to hope to be able to make a landing somewhere on the south side of the Cape Prince of Wales peninsula. In the afternoon, however, we began to strike the mushy water (that is, water on the point of freezing), and considerable drift ice began to make its appearance, so that about five P.M. the captain decided it would be impossible for us to get much farther, and we turned and stood for Cape Vancouver, as the next available landing-place. At the time we were in latitude $63^{\circ} 30'$, about twenty-five miles northeast from St. Lawrence Island, and only eighty miles from Sledge Island, which is close to the mainland, and it seemed too bad we could not land there, as it would save about seven hundred miles of travel on land. However, there was no help for it, and we headed for Cape Vancouver.

Here we found that fortune favored us, for the water was clear all the way to the shore, although, as we subsequently learned, the ice had shut that place in up to within a few days previous, when the strong southeasterly gale prevailing had driven it off to the westward and cleared the beach for us. There was a small village here, and as the *Bear* was the second vessel that had landed there in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, our arrival created quite a stir. Lieutenant Jarvis went ashore in one of the ship's boats, and having learned that there were plenty of dogs to be had in the village, preparations were immediately made to land our outfits, and by the time it began to grow dark our provisions, clothing, and camp-gear had been landed safely on the beach, our good-byes to our ship-mates had been said, and we stood on the shore watching the boat as it went back to the *Bear*, wondering whether we should ever see our friends again. There was another man with us, F. Koltchoff by name, who was to be employed with

the government herd of reindeer near St. Michaels, and was to be taken with the expedition as far as that place. We landed about four miles from the village. The natives came to meet us in their kyaks, and transported our outfit to the village. We footed it, arriving soon after. We found this village, the name of which was Tununak, to consist of a half-breed Russian trader and his native wife and children, together with about a dozen of his wife's relatives. His name was Alexis Kaleny, and as it was he that owned the dogs, and indeed everything else in the village, arrangements were made with him to take our party as far as St. Michaels, where we counted on getting a supply of fresh dogs to continue the journey. As one of the dog teams we were to use had returned only that day from an eight days' trip, and needed rest, Lieutenant Jarvis decided to use the next day for completing our arrangements and packing the sleds, and to make an early start on the 18th.

The Alaskan sleds are built of wood as light as is consistent with strength, and lashed together with hide ropes, so that the whole frame-work will give readily and not be easily broken by the constant

rough usage to which they are subjected. The sled is from nine to ten feet long, and eighteen or twenty inches wide, with the runners one foot deep, shod with walrus ivory or strips of bone fashioned out of the jaw-bone of the whale. The rails or sides are about eighteen inches high, and at the rear end of the sled are handles coming up high enough for a man to push and guide it without bending very much. There is a cover made of



THE ROUTES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE RESCUING EXPEDITION.

light drilling which is spread in the bottom of the sled, and large enough so that after the articles have been packed on snugly it hauls up over the load and the ends overlap on top. The load is then lashed the whole length of the sled with hide thongs. By this arrangement your sled will stand considerable shaking up and capsizing without spilling the load.

The morning of the 18th dawned bright and clear, and we were all astir early and ready for our start. We took with us four sleds, each with a team of seven dogs, harnessed in pairs, with the leader in front. Jarvis, Call, Alexis, and myself each had a sled, with an Eskimo to help. About seven o'clock, amidst an almost deafening howling of the dogs, we were off, and were soon initiated into the mysteries of sled travel.

I have seen many pictures of the manner in which the Eskimos travel, and the man is generally seated comfortably on the sled cracking a whip, and the dogs are going at a smart gallop; but we soon found that picture to be a delusion and a snare. Journeying in the Arctic regions consists mostly in pushing behind the sled, for the poor little animals frequently have to be helped over the rough places and in going up hill or any rise in the ground. Where there is no beaten trail—as was the case most of the distance we travelled—the dogs have nothing to guide them, and one man is obliged to run ahead. He generally runs some distance, and then walks until the head team comes up with him, when he runs on again. When the snow is hard and the road level, the dogs, with an average load, will maintain a trot which is too fast for a man to walk, and not so fast as he can run. By alternately running and walking, one does not become greatly fatigued. Natives who travel from village to village are so accustomed to this mode of travel that they can keep it up all day without showing signs of fatigue.

Instead of travelling along the coast from Tununak to St. Michaels, where Alexis told us the road was apt to be very rough, he proposed to guide us across the country, striking the Yukon River at Andreafski, there being native villages scattered along the route at convenient intervals, so that we could hope to reach one every night, and thus get a few fresh dogs in case any of ours gave out. The first day we had to cross a range of

mountains apparently some 1500 or 2000 feet in height, and in some places the rise was so steep that it required three or four of us to help the dogs pull each sled up. By the time we reached the summit we began to think how delightful our journey was to be if our trail led us over many such mountains, since we had some 1600 miles to go and this was only the first day. The sight before us was not very encouraging, for we beheld a mountain, higher and steeper than that we had just ascended, with a deep valley between.

We soon forgot our troubles in the excitement of the descent into this valley, for the dogs were turned loose and we prepared to coast down. Trees there were none, and the road looked clear, with only a few patches of brush to keep away from. Each of us straddled his sled, and, with a native behind to do the guiding, started. All the tobogganing I had ever done, even shooting the chutes, was tame compared to this. It had taken about five hours to toil up this mountain, and it took about half an hour to come down. At first we did not go very fast, for the snow was quite deep in places and our sleds heavy, but as soon as we got up a momentum we seemed to fly. Once in the descent I lost my balance, and in a second found myself half buried in the snow and the sled rapidly disappearing. But here was where the experience of the native came in, for he thrust out his foot and in some dexterous manner turned the sled, so that it was overturned in the deep snow.

At the bottom we had to wait awhile for the dogs, for they had been obliged to come down on foot. They hove in sight, coming at a good gait; in fact, they had to come fast, for having got started, they had to keep it up, and one poor little fellow, who could not make his legs go fast enough in the deep snow, was being dragged by his fellows.

The rest we enjoyed sitting on our sleds while coming down, together with the excitement, put us in good spirits again, and we started for the second mountain with a better grace, for now we had the coasting to look forward to.

When we reached the bottom of this second mountain, Alexis showed us the village at which we were to stop, not more than three or four miles away, and a level road before us. Our arrival at this place, which rejoiced in the name of



TRAVELLING WITH DOG-SLEDS.

U-kog-a-mute, created quite a sensation, and Alexis explained to us that, with the exception of one or two of the Jesuit missionaries, white men had not travelled through this section of the country since the days of the Russian occupation of Alaska. As it was late when we arrived, we decided not to pitch our tent, but to spend the night in one of the native huts.

These huts are built in a circular fashion, and are about half underground, with the roof arched over by means of brush and what wood the natives could pick up in the rivers in the spring. The whole is then banked up with earth in the fall before the ground is frozen. The floor is made of rough slabs of wood, and in the centre of it is a small opening large enough to admit a man's body. This leads into a passage large enough to crawl along, and finally emerges into a smaller hut, built like the other one, which in turn opens into the outer air. Over each one of the openings is hung a piece of deer-skin or seal-skin. In the roof of the large hut is an opening, over which is stretched a covering made of the dried intestines of the whale, walrus, or seal, and, being translucent, admits the light during the day. The Eskimos appreci-

ate the fact that hot air rises, for the outlet through the floor, being covered, only admits a small amount of cold air, while the opening at the top, being tightly ceiled, does not allow any of the warm air to escape. They do not have any fires in the hut, as a rule, for wood is scarce, and the heat from the bodies of the dozen or so inmates of each hut is sufficient to make the temperature inside quite comfortable. The cooking, when any is done, is carried on in the outer entrance. While this arrangement of not letting the warm air escape has its advantages, we found that it has its disadvantages as well, for no sooner did we all crawl in through the passage and emerge into the hut than our untutored noses were assailed with an odor that could not be equalled in any part of civilization that we knew of. The combination produced by old and decayed fish, ancient seal blubber and oil, together with the natives themselves, who do not see the necessity of going to all the trouble of melting the snow just to get water to wash their bodies with, has to be encountered to be appreciated; and beating a precipitate retreat, we hastened to pitch our tent.

Our camp-gear consisted of a wall-tent,



A SNOW-HOUSE ENCAMPMENT.

stove and pipe, two frying-pans, two camp kettles, two tea-kettles, an axe, two rifles and one shot-gun, with ammunition, and in addition each man was provided with a knife, fork, spoon, tin plate, and tin cup. The tent was made of light cotton drilling, ten feet long, eight feet wide, and seven feet high, with walls three feet high. The stove was a simple sheet-iron box, twenty-two by fourteen inches, and twelve inches deep. The pipe was fitted in lengths which telescoped into each other, and were short enough to go inside the stove, so as to take up as little room as possible on the sled. Our provisions consisted of tea, sugar, beans, bacon, pork, flour, and hard bread. The beans and pork had been cooked before starting, and only required to be warmed over at meals, and, besides, were thus ready to be eaten in case we were obliged to camp where no wood was to be had. Our clothing was made principally of dog-skin, and besides not being warm, was bulky and heavy, and thus added greatly to the fatigue of travelling. The sleeping-bags were made of goat-skin lined outside with blanket, and provided with two covers, one of canvas and the other of rubber. They weighed thirty pounds each, and besides adding greatly

to the weight to be carried on the sleds, were not very warm. These articles were the best that could be obtained at Seattle, however and as the weather was not severe until after we had left St. Michaels, at which place we obtained a proper outfit, they answered our purpose very well.

The doctor was our self-appointed cook, and as soon as he had stewed up some pork and beans and made the tea, we all ate a hearty meal, had our smoke, and crawled into our bags, where we were sound asleep in a few minutes, for all hands were pretty well tired out with this first day of unaccustomed travel.

The next morning Alexis made our hearts glad by informing us that, as far as St. Michaels, anyway, we would not be troubled by any more mountains, for our road now led us across the Yukon River delta, which mainly consisted of frozen swamps and small streams. We broke camp, lashed our sleds, and started about seven, as soon as it was light. But what impressed me most was how the guide knew which way he was going. There was no visible trail; we crossed and sometimes followed numbers of small streams, and the guide did not seem to take much account of our small pocket-compasses. There did not seem to be any marks by

which to tell the general direction, for the country was level, and there was nothing to be seen in any direction but snow, with a few clumps of brush here and there.

Shortly before sundown we reached the next village, the name of which we discovered, by dint of perseverance, to be Ki-yi-lieug-a-mute. Here Alexis informed us that some of his dogs were too young to stand further travel, and that the dogs he had hoped to replace them with at this village were away, and not expected to return for two days. As this would cause a delay, Lieutenant Jarvis decided to take two of the good teams and go on ahead with Dr. Call and two of the native guides, leaving me to follow with Koltchoff and Alexis as soon as possible. By this arrangement he would lose no time, and could have all necessary arrangements made when we arrived at St. Michaels. So early next morning the provisions and outfits were divided, and Jarvis and Call said good-by.

As there was only one tent, I was reduced to the necessity of sleeping in one of the native huts, and having a whole day before me, I concluded to make a tour of inspection to find out which seemed least odorous. There did not appear to be much choice, and having selected one at random, I broke myself in to my new quarters by going inside for a few minutes at a time. This I kept up during the day, each time remaining a little longer, with such good results that by night I was fairly acclimated, as it were, and after eating the usual evening meal, turned into my sleeping-bag, imagining I was comfortable. When I awoke in the morning I found that the foul air had given

me a raging headache, but when I got out in the open air it soon passed away. That evening the dogs returned to the village, and having bargained for their use, Alexis informed me that we could resume our journey the following day. It is wonderful how soon one can become accustomed to odd conditions, for



THE MEMBERS OF THE OVERLAND PARTY.

I awoke the next morning without any bad effects, and from that on never particularly noticed the odor of the huts.

We were off as soon as there was light enough to see, and from this on until we reached Andreafski the country travelled over did not differ, and the journey was practically without incident. As we approached the Yukon the brush was more plentiful and larger, and we scared up several flocks of ptarmigan, or arctic grouse—the first game I had seen in the country. As I only had a rifle, Jarvis having taken the shot-gun, I was unable to obtain any, for these birds are perfectly

white in the winter, and very hard to distinguish against the background of snow. As Jarvis had left me without a thermometer, I had nothing but my feelings to give me any idea of the degree of cold. The day we separated, the mercury registered 23° above zero, and although some days seemed to be colder than others, I attributed the fact to the rising of the wind. Judge of my surprise, then, at finding, when we reached Andreafski, that the thermometer registered 15° below zero. Of course I knew it was colder than when we started, but travelling daily in the open air we had not felt the gradual change. As soon as I saw what the thermometer had to say, I began to feel cold.

Andreafski is one of the trading-stations of the Alaska Commercial Company, and several white men and their families live there. Jarvis had arrived two days

The trail led down the frozen Yukon, and as the road was good, our progress was much faster than in coming across the delta; and it seemed, too, as if we had suddenly struck into a civilized country again, for, whereas before we reached the Yukon we had met but an occasional native and sled, here we frequently came across parties of miners travelling up or down the river, for several of the steamers carrying miners to the gold districts had been frozen in at different places in the river, and the miners were constantly going from one to the other. When we reached the mouth of the river and made our camp at Point Romanof, our guide Alexis was taken very ill, and it transpired he had not been really well when we started, for he had caught a heavy cold which had settled on his lungs, so that he was in great pain, and we

had to sit up all night with him. I could do nothing to aid him, for I had no medicines, and, in fact, was not enough of a doctor to know what was the matter with him. The next day he was not able to walk, and had to sit all day on his sled, and as the other native had developed some kind of a sore knee, he also had to ride, in consequence of which Koltchoff and my-



THE DEER TRAIN BEFORE LOADING.

before, and had given the people a delightful surprise by bringing letters which they would not have received under usual conditions until the following spring; but Uncle Sam's thoughtful postmaster had sent all the mail destined for that part of the country with the expedition.

Having replenished our larder, we left Andreafski the following day, the 27th.

self had to take turns running ahead of the dogs for the next two days.

When we reached St. Michaels, about noon on January 1, I found that Jarvis had reached there two days before, and had left again a few hours before we arrived, leaving me a letter of instructions. From this I learned that the large government herd of reindeer which had been



A SHORT HALT.

maintained at Port Clarence had been transferred to Unalaklik, was now on its way to that place, and had reached the head of Norton Sound. Jarvis accordingly had made his arrangements to travel that far by dog teams, and from there to Cape Prince of Wales by deer-sleds, which was supposed to be much the faster mode of travelling. He was then to start the herds of deer still in the vicinity of the latter place on their way up the coast. As it would require several herders to drive the deer, and there was no chance to get provisions between Cape Prince of Wales and Point Hope, I was to transport 1000 pounds of stores from Unalaklik across what is known as the Portage, to Kotzebue Sound, and meet him and the deer herd at Cape Blossom.

As soon as we reached St. Michaels I requested Dr. Edie, the surgeon attached to the military post at that place, to examine Alexis, whereupon it developed that he had a bad case of double pneumonia, and was a very sick man. So he was put to bed and attendants furnished him, and under the doctor's care he managed to pull through; but it was a hard task, and for three months he was flat on his back, and it is quite certain, but for the excellent care and treatment he received, he would never have gone

back to his home at Tununak. The dogs we had used thus far were badly in need of rest, for their feet were all cut and sore from breaking through the crust on the snow, but as dogs were scarce at St. Michaels, and I had to wait for the return of the two teams Jarvis took with him, I bought the best one of Alexis's teams, as it would probably be in good shape again by the time I would be able to start.

Here I obtained a sleeping-bag, clothing, and boots of deer-skin, and discarded those articles brought from the ship, Jarvis and Call having done the same. The sleeping-bag is made of the winter skins of the deer sewed together with the hair turned in, long enough for a man to lie at full length inside, and fitted with a flap to haul over the head after getting in. The boots are made of the skin from the legs of the deer, the hair outside, while the soles are the hide of the oogrook, or large hair-seal. Inside the boots are worn deer-skin socks, with the hair next the feet, and inside these again are worn one and sometimes two pairs of heavy woollen socks. The shirt, or parkie, is made of the summer skins of the deer, these being lighter, and is double—that is, it is really two parkies in one, so that there is hair next the body, and outside as well. It is fitted with a

hood, which is trimmed around the face with wolf-skin, for the hair of that animal being long and coarse, it affords excellent protection from the cold and biting winds. The trousers are generally single, and made of the thick winter skins, with the hair turned out. Deer-skin combines two very essential properties—it is very warm and very light; in fact, the double parkie does not weigh any more than the average double-breasted sack-coat of civilization, and our sleeping-bags weighed only twelve pounds. Over the parkie is worn a snow-shirt made of light cotton drilling, so that the driving snow will not get into the hair of the parkie and wet through to the skin. Our hand-covering

Imagine a road strewn with rocks and boulders of all sizes, packed close together, and some idea of our trail will be gained. Our progress was necessarily slow, as the sled required constant watching and guiding to keep it from overturning, which, however, it did very frequently, despite our best efforts, and the next three days were very fatiguing; but we finally pulled into Unalaklik on the evening of the 8th, without any serious mishaps. We passed two natives, however, on the way, who were packing their load on their backs, their sled having been broken by the difficult trail.

Unalaklik has a native population of some two hundred, with a Swedish mis-

sion school, and a trading-station belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company, managed by a Norwegian named Englestadt. By this time the thermometer was registering during the day from 35° to 40° below zero, but as we were well provided with skin clothing we did not suffer from cold, except when we



ESKIMO CHILDREN.

consisted of deer-skin mittens, with woollen gloves or mittens inside, so that when it became necessary to work around the sled or adjust the dog-harness, the clumsy deer mit could be slipped off, and the hands still be protected by the woollen gloves while working.

On the 6th of January, my dogs' feet having healed properly, I concluded to go on to Unalaklik, and there intercept the other teams returning, in order to save that much time. I took a native boy with me as a guide, and although Unalaklik is but sixty miles from St. Michaels, it took us three days to make the trip, for the road led along the shore, where the ice had shelved and piled up, making an exceedingly rough and hummocky trail.

were obliged to face the wind in travelling. After waiting here at the log house of the trader until the 15th, and the dogs not having yet arrived, I concluded to go on to Koyuk, at the head of Norton Sound, taking what provisions I could with my one team, pick up all the dogs I could on the way, and send them back for the remaining part. On the way, as expected, I fell in with the two teams Jarvis had sent back, but as they seemed to be played out, they were of no use to me.

At Koyuk, which is a native village composed of two huts, on the 19th, I found myself with but one team, for the extra teams I had been led to expect at this place were not visible. So the following day I started for Golofnin Bay, three days'



THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

travel to the westward, where there was another trading post, hoping to be able to get the necessary dogs there. Again I was doomed to disappointment, however, for all the dogs belonging to that station were absent on a trip into the country. A few miles from here was the government herd of reindeer, and there I went next; and after much talking with the Lapp herder in charge (for the superintendent, Mr. Kettleton, had gone up the coast with Jarvis), succeeded in convincing him I was an officer, and obtained some sled-deer and two drivers. With this outfit I returned to Koyuk, reaching that place on the 29th, and there found two more dog teams waiting for me, with the rest of the provisions. In response to an urgent note I had sent to him by a native runner, the trader at Unalaklik had managed to scrape together these two teams, but they were a sorry lot of dogs.

A deer-sled is about half as long as a dog-sled, very much wider, and not so high, so that it cannot be easily overturned by the somewhat erratic movements the deer oftentimes indulges in. The deer-harness consists of a wooden collar and a belly-band. The trace by which he

hauls the sled is made fast to the collar and belly-band, and leads under him and between his hind legs to the sled, being made of hide, and covered with soft fur where it takes against his legs, so as not to chafe through the skin. Around the base of the horns is secured the strip of hide rope which the driver uses as a guiding-line. As a single deer is generally used to each sled, and he soon tires with a load of more than 150 pounds, one man drives a train of several, each deer being secured by his guiding-line to the sled ahead, while at the same time his trace is fastened to the sled he is to draw. The head sled is used for the driver only, who generally sits down, except when he is obliged to trot alongside to keep warm. In this way, if the deer are well trained and follow readily, one man can drive a train of ten or more. The deer we had were not very well trained, however, and one man drove but three, thus leaving but four of the six sleds for freight. The real advantage of the deer lies in the fact that food for them does not have to be carried if one is passing through a country where the moss is plentiful. In travelling we usually halted once during the day to allow



THE STATION AT CAPE SMYTH.

the deer to feed, and again at night, at which times he paws up the snow with his hoofs, using them very skilfully, thus exposing the moss beneath. When the snow is very deep, this causes the deer much labor, so that after dragging a sled all day, and working half the night for his food, he seems to need a day of rest in each four or five, for, after all, the deer is rather a delicate animal. The dogs, on the contrary, are very tough little fellows, and will travel day after day right along if properly fed, unless their feet become badly cut by the crusty snow.

From Koyuk we followed the course of the Koyuk River, making short-cuts occasionally where the stream turned aside from our general direction, until we reached the head of that stream, when we struck across the hills until we came to the source of the Buckland River, which we then followed to its mouth. This brought us to Escholtz Bay, and after that we kept along the coast to the mouth of Hotham Inlet. We passed through a gently rolling country, which was devoid of trees or shrubbery except along the rivers, where we found brush in abundance, together with some scrubby pine-trees.

Each night, when we reached a clump of pines at which the guide had decided to camp, the deer train was driven a mile

or so to leeward, so that the dogs would not scent them during the night and cause a stampede. Then one of us would pitch the tent while another chopped a supply of firewood, and still another unharnessed the dogs and unloaded the sleds, for the dogs would devour everything left within reach. Boots or skin clothing left carelessly exposed were always found half chewed in the morning, for the poor little fellows never get a square meal when travelling in winter, and are ravenous. We would then start the fire in the stove, and another outside the tent to help melt the snow or ice, to obtain water for drinking and cooking. The beans, which had been boiled before starting, were always frozen so solid they had to be chopped off with the axe, and indeed everything that had the least moisture in it was frozen solid in a day. Our meals consisted of pork and beans cooked over in the camp kettle, tea, and, when the hard bread gave out, "flap-jacks." We would mix up a batter of flour and water, and make the flap-jacks as large as the frying-pan to save time, using the bacon for grease, and when that was gone seal oil took its place. The Eskimos are experts at this sort of cooking, but as they never wash their hands, I always did my own and let them cook for themselves.

After the meal was finished we would proceed to the very trying task of feeding the dogs. Each man took in his arms one dried fish for each dog, and then tried to get his team all together and away from the others. The poor hungry little fellows would jump up after the fish, and in their eagerness to obtain a mouthful it was a difficult matter to keep from being knocked down and bitten. But finally a fish would be thrown to each one, and then you would have to stand by with a club to drive off any dog that gulped his fish down and then tried to steal from the others. As soon as all the fish intended to be used had been given out and devoured, and the dogs saw no more was coming, they would lie down quietly and go to sleep, and we would then go to our tent, close the flap to keep out as much cold air as possible, and I would enjoy my smoke, and watch the natives puff contentedly at their curious long ivory pipes. And finally, having finished our smoke, we would crawl into our bags and be asleep in a jiffy. Sometimes we were obliged to camp where there was not a sign of wood, and then our supper would be frozen pork and beans and cold water, which latter we always carried with us on the

sled in a pail, wrapped tightly in some article of clothing to keep it from freezing solid. In the morning the one that awoke first would arouse the others, and we would have our breakfast and smoke, load the sleds, harness the dogs, and be off again at seven o'clock.

As I have said, our guide led us through a comparatively level country, and had the snow not been very deep and soft, we would have made a quick trip across. As it was, we were obliged to use snow-shoes nearly all the time, and often had to tramp back and forth ahead of the dog teams in order to pack the snow down for the little fellows. We did not reach Cape Blossom until the evening of February 11.

Meanwhile, Jarvis and Call, travelling light, had pushed rapidly along the coast from St. Michaels until they reached the government herd of deer to which I have already referred, whence they sent back their dog teams for my use, and taking deer-sleds, kept on to Point Rodney, at which place was a herd of 138 deer, owned by an Eskimo called Charley (his native name being Artisarlook). The government had contemplated the use of its large herd for an expedition up the Yukon, for the aid of the miners there, and Jarvis had



THE SURVIVORS OF THE DOG TEAM THAT DRAGGED US TWENTY-FOUR HUNDRED MILES.

been instructed not to take from that herd unless compelled to do so. It is difficult to make an Eskimo understand that you can pay back a debt you may wish to contract unless you have the visible means at hand, and had Charley not known Jarvis for several years, and always been treated well by the officers of the *Bear*, it is extremely doubtful if he would have allowed his deer to be taken. It was not without many misgivings, however, that he did finally let them go, for it must be remembered they represented the support of his family and those dependent upon him. He was also afraid there might be delay in obtaining the deer from Siberia in the spring, and then the other natives would laugh at him, and this last is a very serious offence from a native stand-point. But all his scruples were finally overcome, and he not only allowed his deer to be taken, but agreed to leave his family and go along to help drive the herd. Leaving Dr. Call to come with Charley and the herd, Jarvis proceeded along the coast, stopping at Port Clarence to arrange for provisions to be sent to Point Rodney for the use of Charley's family during his absence, and reached Cape Prince of Wales January 24. At this place is a mission in charge of Mr. W. T. Lopp, and in his charge also were 294 deer, mostly belonging to the American Missionary Society, the remainder being owned by natives engaged in herding them. It was of course an easy thing to obtain the deer from Mr. Lopp, provided the Treasury Department would guarantee their return, but the same argument had to be gone through with the natives as with Charley. However, the fact that Charley had let his deer go, together with the additional persuasion of Mr. Lopp, soon induced them also to part with their deer. This would give Jarvis a herd of 443, including a few straggling deer he had bought from outside natives, and this was thought to be sufficient for the people at Point Barrow.

Several days were now taken up with the preparations that had to be made, the sleds repaired, and the necessary fur clothing put together, but on February 3, Dr. Call having come up with Charley and his herd, the whole outfit was ready to start on its long journey north. This was no light undertaking, for there were some 700 miles through practically uninhabited country to be travelled, and the

herd was to be driven by Alaska natives entirely, while it had always been supposed that none but experienced Laplanders or Siberians could care for or drive a herd of deer properly. The sequel shows that the Eskimos were fully equal to the task, for the herd reached Point Barrow in a very short time, and with a surprisingly small number of casualties among the deer. Mr. Lopp being well acquainted with the native language, and having his herders well in hand, agreed to accompany the expedition to Point Barrow to overlook things generally in the deer-camp, and when the start was made on February 3, besides Jarvis and Call, there were Lopp and six herders in the outfit, necessitating eighteen sleds to carry the provisions, tents, and camp-gear.

The route lay along the northern part of the Cape Prince of Wales peninsula, about fifteen miles from the coast, where the deer-moss was plentiful. The method of driving the deer was quite simple. The herders would go close up to the herd, which would at once start ahead in a walk. Then, with one herder on each flank and a couple in the rear, they would keep the deer moving, the flanking herders preventing any deviation from the general direction to be travelled. The little deer-dogs, of which there were three, were of great service. They would keep behind the herd, and whenever any of the deer would straggle or attempt to get to one side, the dogs would run after them, bark and snap at their heels, and force them back to the herd. These little dogs were of the Lapland breed, about as large as a collie, and seemed to be untiring. Each night the herd was halted at places where the snow was not very deep, so they would be able to feed with as little exertion as possible. During the winter months the deer give very little trouble, for they seldom stray or wander from the main herd, being content to crop their fill of the moss, and then lie down until started ahead in the morning.

The guiding-line of the sled-deer is always left on his horns, so he may be easily caught and harnessed when wanted. The herd was driven on an average from ten to fifteen miles a day, and towards evening, when it was time to go into camp, the deer train would drive ahead, find a spot where the moss was plentiful, pitch the tent, build the fire, and get the evening meal all ready for the weary



HOUSE AT POINT BARROW IN SUMMER.

herders when they came up with the herd. During the day it was usual to halt the deer about noon to feed, at which time the men would fortify themselves for the afternoon with tea and hard bread.

In travelling along the coast-line there is always drift-wood to be picked up for fires, but when the trail leads back from the coast, and the trees are very few, small sticks are gathered during the day, and put on the sleds, in order to have enough to cook with at night and the following morning. Fires are seldom used for warmth alone in travelling, for inside the tent one is screened from the wind, and once you are in the sleeping-bag no fires are needed. The only delay in travelling in winter is caused by the blizzards. At such times the wind picks up the loose dry snow, and drives it with such force and in such quantities that one cannot see ten feet ahead, and it is impossible to face the gale. The only thing to do at such times is to make camp at once and wait for the wind to go down. Often people who have become separated have wandered about until they dropped from exhaustion, and have then frozen.

One day when the snow was driving so that the sled ahead could not be seen,

Jarvis was seated on the rear deer-sled of the train. Suddenly his sled struck a stump in the road, which broke the trace. He shouted as loudly as he could, but all to no avail; no one could hear him, and the man on the sled ahead could not see what had happened. So after waiting some time for some one to come back, Jarvis concluded that they would not notice he was left until the train stopped to camp—which proved to be the case—and crawled into his sleeping-bag, which he fortunately had on the sled with him. Had he tried to run after the train, he would probably have lost the trail and wandered about all night; but deer will follow a trail when a man could not see.

When the herd had travelled to abreast Cape Espenberg, Jarvis decided to go to the coast, procure dogs at some village, and come on ahead to meet me at Cape Blossom, leaving Lopp to follow with the deer as quickly as possible.

I had reached that place on February 11, and he and Call drew up on the evening of the 12th, having crossed on the ice from Espenberg that day. Of course, as we had not seen each other since we parted company December 20, we had lots to say, and sat up far into the night tell-

ing each other all about it. On the 15th Jarvis left for Point Hope, leaving me behind with the provisions for Lopp and the herders, and instructions to follow with the herd as soon as it came along.

The weather up to this time had been generally good, very few days having been lost, and although the mercury was now registering between 40° and 50° below, we did not experience any great inconvenience except during a blizzard, and then our tent proved a good refuge. Sometimes, however, the wind was too strong for the tent to stand, and then we were forced to build a snow house. We would find the most convenient drift, dig a hole in it large enough to hold us all, and roof it over with blocks of snow cut

ing no opening at all. The warmth of our bodies would soon raise the temperature so that the snow would begin to melt on the inside, and here we would remain until the blizzard had passed or blown itself out. The dogs outside were all right, for they would curl up and go to sleep, no matter how hard it blew or how cold it was. When the snow drifted over them they would get up, shake it off, and lie down for another nap.

There was plenty of drift-wood to be picked up at Cape Blossom, but waiting is very tiresome in a country where one sees nothing but an expanse of snow and ice, and I was very glad when Lopp showed up on the 18th. He had crossed on the ice with the deer herd from Cape Es-
senberg to Cape Krusenstern, reaching the latter place the previous morning. At a native hut there he found a letter from Jarvis, telling him where I was to be found, and had come over to Cape Blossom with dog teams, leaving the deer behind for a rest.

As I had sent back all my dog teams, we loaded the provisions on my deer-sleds and Lopp's dog-sleds, and we returned to Krusenstern, reaching there on the 19th. Here we remained until the 21st, to afford the deer a much-needed rest, and then started along the coast toward Point Hope. Our good fortune as to the weather now left us, and for the next few days we had a succession of blizzards, during which time we scarcely made five



THE "ROSARIO" CRUSHED IN THE ICE.

with our long knives, leaving a hole to crawl in through, and filling up the cracks, where the blocks joined, with loose snow. Our provisions and sleeping-bags were then put inside, and we would crawl in ourselves and block up the door, leav-

miles each day. One morning, after having been obliged to camp the previous afternoon on account of the driving snow, we awoke to find our tent nearly drifted over, only the ridge-pole showing. We were obliged to dig ourselves out, and



THE OFFICERS OF THE "BEAR" IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

then spent the whole forenoon digging to recover our sleds and outfit. When we reached the mouth of the Kivalena River, at which Lopp was to strike inland to cut off the long journey around Point Hope, I left him, having procured the necessary dog-sleds, and proceeded to this latter place, where, according to instructions, I was to meet Jarvis again. When I got as far as Cape Seppings, I learned from some natives that he had gone back to the Kivalena to meet Lopp, so I waited until he returned, when we both kept on to Point Hope, reaching there on the 2d of March. There being a considerable store of flour and other provisions at Liebes's whaling-station here, it was decided I should remain at this place to care for any of the shipwrecked men Jarvis might send down from Point Barrow, should he find that measure advisable upon reaching the latter place. On March 4, having replenished their stores, Jarvis and Call set out again, this time for the last stage of their journey, and after a very arduous trip, for the snow was very deep and the road bad, they reached Point Barrow on the 29th.

When the whaling-vessels found themselves hemmed in by the ice the previous fall, three of them—the *Orca*, *Freeman*, and *Belvedere*—had by desperate efforts succeeded in cutting and blasting their way around Point Barrow and as far as the Sea-Horse Islands, about fifty miles farther south. Here the *Orca* was crushed, and sank soon after, her crew escaping to the *Belvedere*. Later the same day the *Freeman*, being nipped and threatened with destruction, was abandoned, her crew also escaping across the ice to the *Belvedere*, which had managed to get in behind the Sea-Horses, where she was protected from the crushing pressure of the ice pack. A day or two later the *Freeman* was set fire to by some natives, and was destroyed. Here, then, was a worse state of affairs—these two crews destitute, for of course whatever stores the two ships had remaining were lost. At Cape Smyth, ten miles south from Point Barrow, is a shore whaling-station managed by Mr. Charles D. Brower, who has lived in northern Alaska for nearly fifteen years. Having quite a supply of provisions, he

took matters in hand when disaster overtook the vessels, and, but for his care and management, it is certain that many of the men would have perished before the expedition came to their relief. Brower employed some 200 natives, and the stores referred to were principally for their support during the winter. With about 300 whalers to feed in addition, things did not look very cheerful. The situation of the ships was as follows: the *Rosario* close to Point Barrow, the *Newport* and *Fearless* about a mile off shore, fifteen miles to the eastward, and the *Jeannie* some thirty miles farther eastward, and four miles off shore—all, of course, frozen in the ice. The whereabouts of the *Wanderer* was not known at that time, but it was subsequently ascertained that after finding out how the ice was at Point Barrow, she made her way back to Herschel Island, where the whaler *Mary D. Hume* was wintering, with two years' supplies.

Brower held a consultation with the captains, and it was decided that the vessels should keep on board as many as their stores would support, and send the rest of the crews to his station at Cape Smyth. He then called together his natives, explained to them that all his provisions must be saved for the white men, and told them that they, being well supplied with

fur clothing and accustomed to the severe cold of the country, must go back to the mountains and make great efforts to kill all the wild deer they could find, and that though he could not give them any flour during the winter, as usual, they would be well rewarded in the spring when the ships arrived from the south. The natives having assented to this, they took their dogs and sleds, travelled back into the mountains some 150 or 200 miles, and so faithfully did they follow the instructions of Mr. Brower that, during the winter, up to the time when Jarvis arrived, they killed and sent into the station over 1000 wild deer. Providence seems to have had a hand in this, because for some unknown reason the wild deer wandered to that part of the country in greater numbers than had been known for twenty years. Brower gave up all his stores to the whalers, and divided them into daily rations, but the amount was so little that many would have starved but for the deer the natives sent in from the hills. Even with these the daily allowance was limited, but it sufficed.

When the expedition arrived with the government herd, the poor fellows enjoyed the first square meal they had seen for many a long day. It was a memorable afternoon, that 29th of March, when



THE "BEAR" CAUGHT IN THE ICE AT CAPE SMYTH.



ICE PILED UP BY THE CRUSH THAT NEARLY STOVE IN THE "BEAR'S" SIDE.

Brower saw two strange sleds approaching from the south; and he could scarcely believe his eyes when these sleds drew up at his house and he was greeted by Lieutenant Jarvis. His first impression was that the *Bear* had been lost somewhere on the coast below, for he had seen that vessel leave in the fall, and could not imagine what would bring any of her officers up to that part of the country in the middle of winter but shipwreck. When the poor half-starved sailors learned that there was a herd of over 400 deer coming up the coast for them, they could scarcely contain themselves for joy.

The following day, the deer herd having reached a place about twenty miles below Cape Smyth, where the moss was abundant, Lopp halted it, and went on ahead to join Jarvis. Having left his wife and family at Cape Prince of Wales, Lopp was very anxious to get back, now that his work was done, so after resting for a few days he started on his return, leaving Charley and one herder behind to look after the deer. As I had, in the mean time, made a trip up the coast from Point Hope as far as the Pitmegea River, and there cached provisions and dog food for the use of whoever might be coming down the coast, Lopp did not have to pack supplies for the entire trip, and thus being able to travel light, he made the trip in ten travelling days, and reached Point Hope April 19. Resting

his dogs there for a few days, he set out again on the 23d, and reached Cape Prince of Wales May 5, thus having, together with his herders, driven a herd of reindeer over bad roads of snow and ice, through a country but little known, dragging all their provisions a distance of about 700 miles, and then returned to his home, in the remarkably short time of three months and two days.

The powers of endurance of the Eskimo dogs are wonderful. The team I bought at St. Michaels, having already brought us that far; took me to Golofnin Bay, back again to the head of Norton Sound, and then across the country to Cape Blossom. From there it took Jarvis to Point Barrow, and finally returned with Lopp to Cape Prince of Wales, thus having travelled over 2400 miles. It had dragged heavy loads, most of the way over difficult trails, and had had only a few days' rest at odd times. Only one dog was lost out of the seven (he having been shot at Cape Smyth); the other six were in excellent condition at the end of the journey. It must be remembered, too, that when travelling through country where villages are few and far between, dog food must be carried along, and most of the time these dogs received but one meal a day, and that meal was a small one.

The day after Jarvis arrived at Cape Smyth he investigated the state of af-



HAULING COAL FROM THE "BEAR" TO THE WHALING-SHIPS.

fairs, and found that though the men had fared better as regards food than could possibly have been expected, they were very badly off in the matter of quarters. In the fall, when Brower had got all the surplus men from the ships to his station, he found the problem of providing quarters for them difficult. There were other buildings besides his own station at Cape Smyth, but though Dr. Marsh, the missionary at that place, had a school-house in which he taught the natives, he did not offer it for the use of the shipwrecked men. The old government refuge station, which had been built to accommodate 100 men in an emergency, had been sold to the Pacific Steam-Whaling Company, and by it leased to Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, who occupied it at that time, being engaged in scientific pursuits; but he declined to take in any but the officers of the wrecked vessels. There was still another house, an old dilapidated building called "Kelley's old house," and after taking as many as he could into his own house, Mr. Brower, feeling he had no real authority to *force* the men upon anybody, was obliged to quarter the remaining seventy-eight men in this old building, fifty by twenty-five feet. Of course in such cramped quarters it was impossi-

ble to get sufficient ventilation and still keep the house warm enough to live in, and besides, it was very difficult to keep the men and the building clean. When the expedition arrived, Lieutenant Jarvis having authority from the department to assume charge of affairs, immediately made such arrangements that the school-house and refuge station were brought into use, and the men provided with decent quarters. The old house, being in a deplorable condition, was then torn down, and used for firewood, which was very scarce, for all the drift-wood for miles along the beach had been burned during the winter. Owing to the scanty allowance the men had lived on, and the bad quarters in which they had been obliged to live, scurvy had begun to make its appearance, two men being down with it and two more being threatened; but Dr. Call soon got the upper hand of the dread disease, and with the men in comfortable quarters, such sanitary regulations were enforced as would prevent its return. The men were obliged to take exercise regularly, and when there was no work to do, they had to play ball. A ball-game with the ground covered with snow and the thermometer away below zero was certainly a novelty.

It could now be said that the overland expedition had finished the difficult part of its task, for the men were comfortably quartered and in good health, the arrival of the deer herd had dispelled any possible fear of starvation, and there was nothing to do now but to keep the men occupied and in good health and spirits, and wait patiently as we might for our ship to arrive in the spring.

After the *Bear* had landed us at Cape Vancouver in December, she steamed back to Unalaska, where she remained during the winter. On the 14th of the following June she again pointed her head toward the north. On the 19th she passed St. Lawrence Island, but was turned back by the heavy ice later in the day, when she tried to reach Indian Point on the Siberian coast. The following day she again ran into heavy drift-ice, but finally managed to work through into St. Laurence Bay, Siberia, reaching there on the 22d. Here she met the steam-whaler *William Bayless*, and having learned from her that Lopp had returned to Cape Prince of Wales, the *Bear* was worked through the ice over to that place, where Captain Tuttle received from Lopp all the news of the expedition up to the time the latter had left Point Barrow. Learning that the wrecked men would be in need of clothing by the time he reached them, Captain Tuttle steamed over to St. Michaels, obtained a supply of under-clothing, and again turned the *Bear* north. She reached Point Hope July 15. I came on board, and after giving all the news I had, was more astonished than I had ever been in my life by receiving the news that our country was at war with Spain, and Admiral Dewey had won the glorious victory at Manila.

On the 16th we left, and succeeded in working through the drift-ice as far as Point Lay, where we anchored on the 18th in response to signals from the shore. Soon after a canoe came alongside, and Captain Sherman of the wrecked *Orca*, together with several natives and members of the wrecked vessels, came on board. They had come down the coast, sometimes hauling their canoe over the ice, and sometimes paddling and sailing, to bring a letter from Jarvis to Captain Tuttle, telling him the situation at Cape Smyth. From Sherman we learned that the ice was very heavy to the northward, and he did not think we would get very far.

Captain Tuttle made the attempt, however; but at Icy Cape the ice turned us back, and we anchored at Point Lay again on the 21st. Another fruitless attempt was made the following day, and on the 23d, Sherman having brought the information that the *Belvedere* was short of flour, Lieutenant Hamlet was sent up the coast with a canoe-load of provisions to that vessel. He reached her all right, but, owing to the heavy ice along the shore, he did not reach Cape Smyth until the day after the *Bear* arrived. On the 25th the ice opened up a little, and we got as far as Wainwright Inlet, but were compelled to stop there on account of the fog. On the 27th the fog lifted, and we managed to push through the leads and get around the shoals off Point Belcher, but were obliged to run off shore and lose the land on account of the heavy drift. We soon got a good opening, however, and headed in again, and about eight o'clock in the morning, July 28, we made fast to the ground-ice at Cape Smyth, opposite the station. This ground-ice is the old ice of the polar seas piled up by the crushing of the floes, until this mass gets so deep in the water that it grounds, and there remains until it is blown off again by a gale. Where we made fast the water was seventeen fathoms, and yet this ice was hard and fast on the bottom.

In a little while we saw the people coming out to us on the ice, and soon Jarvis climbed over the side, and later the doctor. We gave them a hearty welcome, but as soon as they had made their report to the captain and heard the war news, they asked so many questions that we all forgot the shipwrecked sailors in the excitement of discussing the war and the only thing we then knew—the battle of Manila. Later in the day Jarvis went ashore again to send off the men we were to take down, and by the following day most of them had come on board.

By this time a westerly wind had sprung up, and the drift-ice began to get so heavy we were forced to move into a little bight in the ground-ice to escape it. The wind was increasing all the time, and although we could see the pack coming in, we could not get through the heavy drift, and on August 1 the *Bear* was jammed tight up against the ground-ice by the pack, and we were in the same position as the vessels the previous fall, only there was hope for us because it was early in

the season and the water was not freezing. The only thing we could do now was to look out for a crush and wait patiently for an easterly wind to carry the pack-ice off shore and open a lead. On August 3, the wind chopped around to the southwest, disturbed the pack, and brought on a pressure, so that our port side was pushed in a few inches. The snapping, cracking, and grinding of the timbers is a frightful sound, and for a few minutes it looked as if the stanch old *Bear*, that had seen so many cruises to the Arctic, was at last to leave her bones there, but fortunately the pressure ceased before any real damage was done. The danger was not over, however, for with the wind blowing on shore a pressure was likely to occur at any time, and it was almost sure that the next time the *Bear* was doomed. Provisions were hastily gotten up and all preparations made to abandon her should it become necessary. For the next few days no one went asleep without expecting to be called at any time, and every morning we gave a sigh of relief to find the good old ship still safe.

Meanwhile the *Belvedere* had freed herself from the ice that had made around her during the winter, and was ready to start south as soon as the drift-ice cleared from the shoals outside her; the *Rosario* had been crushed when the ice broke up early in the spring, her crew taken to the station at Cape Smyth, and were now on board the *Bear*; the *Newport* and *Fearless* had worked their way close to Point Barrow, and the *Jeannie* was expected to put in an appearance at any time. On August 3 she succeeded in working up to Point Barrow, and as a lead had opened inside the ground-ice, all three vessels came down and made fast on the inshore side of the piece we were jammed against.

On the 7th we made an attempt to blast a passage through, but powder proved to have very little effect on ice grounded in seventeen fathoms, and we were of course unsuccessful. There was now a long succession of unfavorable winds and calms until the 15th, when the wind came out from the eastward, the pack began moving off shore, and by midnight there was only about fifty yards of ice outside us. The pack had by this time loosened sufficiently to allow the *Bear* to move back and forward a little, so steam was made on all her boilers, and she began to force her way through, but it took all the fore-

noon, backing and filling under a full head of steam, to get clear. About noon on the 16th, after a final rush at the barrier of ice, the *Bear* forced through, and we sent up a rousing cheer as we found ourselves in open water once more. We proceeded down the coast to where the *Newport*, *Fearless*, and *Jeannie* were waiting for us, and after giving them each sufficient coal and provisions to last until they could reach the nearest port, the *Bear* steamed away southward, having on board ninety-three officers and men of the wrecked vessels. At Port Hope we picked up nine more destitute seamen, the crew of the schooner *Louise J. Kenney*, which had been driven ashore a few days previous. We steamed into Seattle on the 13th of September, 1898, after an absence in the Arctic regions of nine months and a half, and with a consciousness of having performed the task allotted to us.

The sled journey of the overland expedition from Cape Vancouver to the northernmost limits of Alaska, a distance of some 1600 miles, is, I believe, the longest ever made by a single party in one winter. That no lives were lost and there are no stories of fearful suffering to be told is due, I am convinced, to the care and good judgment exercised, rather than to any fortuitous circumstances. Hardships are of course inseparable from Arctic travel; a bath is an unheard-of luxury; one is never quite free from unwelcome little visitors inside the fur clothing so long as there are natives in the party. Many times we crawled into our sleeping-bags hungry, when the weather or lack of fuel rendered cooking impossible; running, walking, and pushing behind a sled through deep snow and over rough and difficult trails of broken ice are very fatiguing and exhausting; the weather is very cold, but though the thermometer registered as much as 50° below zero during our travelling, there were only two cases of frost-bite in the party, and these were slight and the result of carelessness in not paying proper attention to the nose, which member, being very much exposed, is most likely to be the first affected; but in an Arctic expedition properly fitted out, if discretion and judgment are used in travelling and camping, it appears to me to be quite unnecessary for the members to undergo any great amount of real suffering, except in case of an extraordinary succession of adverse circumstances.

THE VAGRANT.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

HIS Excellency Sir Charles Greville, K.C.M.G., Governor of the Windless Islands, stood upon the veranda of Government House surveying the new day with critical and searching eyes. Sir Charles had been so long absolute monarch of the Windless Isles that he had assumed unconsciously a mental attitude of suzerainty over even the glittering waters of the Caribbean Sea, and the coral reefs under the waters, and the rainbow skies that floated above them. But on this particular morning not even the critical eye of the Governor could distinguish a single flaw in the tropical landscape before him.

The lawn at his feet ran down to meet the dazzling waters of the bay, the blue waters of the bay ran to meet a great stretch of absinthe green, the green joined a fairy sky of pink and gold and saffron. Islands of coral floated on the sea of absinthe, and derelict clouds of mother-of-pearl swung low above them, starting from nowhere and going nowhere, but drifting beautifully, like giant soap-bubbles of light and color. Where the lawn touched the waters of the bay the coconut-palms reached their crooked lengths far up into the sunshine, and as the seabreeze stirred their fronds they filled the hot air with whispers and murmurs like the fluttering of many fans. Nature smiled boldly upon the Governor, confident in her bountiful beauty, as though she said, "Surely you cannot but be pleased with me to-day." And, as though in answer, the critical and searching glance of Sir Charles relaxed.

The crunching of the gravel and the rattle of the sentry's musket at salute recalled him to his high office and to the duties of the morning. He waved his hand, and, as though it were a wand, the sentry moved again, making his way to the kitchen-garden, and so around Government House and back to the lawn-tennis court, maintaining in his solitary pilgrimage the dignity of her Majesty's representative, as well as her Majesty's power over the Windless Isles.

The Governor smiled slightly, with the ease of mind of one who finds all things

good. Supreme authority, surroundings of endless beauty, the respectful, even humble, deference of his inferiors, and never even an occasional visit from a superior, had in four years lowered him into a bed of ease and self-satisfaction. He was cut off from the world, and yet of it. Each month there came, *via* Jamaica, the three weeks' old copy of *The Weekly Times*; he subscribed to Mudie's Colonial Library; and from the States he had imported an American lawn-mower, the mechanism of which no one as yet understood. Within his own borders he had created a healthy, orderly seaport out of what had been a sink of fever and a refuge for all the ne'er-do-wells and fugitive revolutionists of Central America.

He knew, as he sat each evening on his veranda, looking across the bay, that in the world beyond the pink and gold sunset men were still panting, struggling, and starving; crises were rising and passing; strikes and panics, wars and the rumors of wars, swept from continent to continent; a plague crept through India; a filibuster with five hundred men at his back crossed an imaginary line and stirred the world from Cape Town to London; Emperors were crowned; the good Queen celebrated the longest reign; and a captain of artillery imprisoned in a swampy island in the South Atlantic caused two hemispheres to clamor for his rescue, and lit a race war that stretched from Algiers to the boulevards.

And yet, at the Windless Isles, all these happenings seemed to Sir Charles like the morning's memory of a dream. For these things never crossed the ring of the coral reefs; he saw them only as pictures in an illustrated paper a month old. And he was pleased to find that this was so. He was sufficient to himself, with his own responsibilities and social duties and public works. He was a man in authority, who said to others, "Come!" and "Go!" Under him were commissioners, and under the commissioners district inspectors and boards of education and of highways. For the better health of the colony he had planted trees that sucked the malaria from the air; for its better

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morals he had substituted as a Sunday amusement cricket-matches for cock-fights; and to keep it at peace he had created a local constabulary of native negroes, and had dressed them in the cast-off uniforms of London policemen. His handiwork was everywhere, and his interest was all sunk in his handiwork. The days passed gorgeous with sunshine, the nights breathed with beauty. It was an existence of leisurely occupation, and one that promised no change, and he was content.

As it was Thursday, the Council met that morning, and some questions of moment to the colony were to be brought up for consideration. The question of the dog-tax was one which perplexed Sir Charles most particularly. The two Councillors elected by the people and the three appointed by the crown had disagreed as to this tax. Of the five hundred British subjects at the seaport, all but ten were owners of dogs, and it had occurred to Sassoon, the chemist, that a tax of half a crown a year on each of these dogs would meet the expense of extending the oyster-shell road to the new cricket-grounds. To this Snellgrove, who held the contract for the narrow-gauge railroad, agreed; but the three crown Councillors opposed the tax vigorously, on the ground that as scavengers alone the dogs were a boon to the colony and should be encouraged. The fact that each of these gentlemen owned not only one, but several dogs of high pedigree made their position one of great delicacy.

There was no way by which the Governor could test the popular will in the matter, except through his secretary, Mr. Clarges, who, at the cricket-match between the local eleven and the officers and crew of H. M. S. *Partridge*, had been informed by the other owners of several fox-terriers that, in their opinion, the tax was a piece of "condemned tommy-rot." From this the Governor judged that it would not prove a popular measure. As he paced the veranda, drawing deliberately on his cigar, and considering to which party he should give the weight of his final support, his thoughts were disturbed by the approach of a stranger, who advanced along the gravel walk, guarded on either side by one of the local constabulary. The stranger was young and of poor appearance. His bare feet were bound in a pair of the rope sandals worn by the na-

tives, his clothing was of torn and soiled drill, and he fanned his face nonchalantly with a sombrero of battered and shapeless felt.

Sir Charles halted in his walk, and holding his cigar behind his back, addressed himself to the sergeant.

"A vagrant?" he asked.

The words seemed to bear some amusing significance to the stranger, for his face lit instantly with a sweet and charming smile, and while he turned to hear the sergeant's reply, he regarded him with a kindly and affectionate interest.

"Yes, your Excellency."

The Governor turned to the prisoner.

"Do you know the law of this colony regarding vagrants?"

"I do not," the young man answered. His tone was politely curious, and suggested that he would like to be further informed as to the local peculiarities of a foreign country.

"After two weeks' residence," the Governor recited, impressively, "all able-bodied persons who will not work are put to work or deported. Have you made any effort to find work?"

Again the young man smiled charmingly. He shook his head and laughed. "Oh dear no," he said.

The laugh struck the Governor as impertinent.

"Then you must leave by the next mail-steamer, if you have any money to pay your passage, or, if you have no money, you must go to work on the roads. Have you any money?"

"If I had, I wouldn't—be a vagrant," the young man answered. His voice was low and singularly sweet. It seemed to suit the indolence of his attitude and the lazy, inconsequent smile. "I called on our consular agent here," he continued, leisurely, "to write a letter home for money, but he was disgracefully drunk, so I used his official note-paper to write to the State Department about him, instead."

The Governor's deepest interest was aroused. The American consular agent was one of the severest trials he was forced to endure.

"You are not a British subject, then? Ah, I see—and—er—your representative was unable to assist you?"

"He was drunk," the young man repeated, placidly. "He has been drunk ever since I have been here, particularly in the mornings." He halted, as though

the subject had lost interest for him, and gazed pleasantly at the sunny bay and up at the moving palms.

"Then," said the Governor, as though he had not been interrupted, "as you have no means of support, you will help support the colony until you can earn money to leave it. That will do, sergeant."

The young man placed his hat upon his head and turned to move away, but at the first step he swayed suddenly and caught at the negro's shoulder, clasping his other hand across his eyes. The sergeant held him by the waist, and looked up at the Governor with some embarrassment.

"The young gentleman has not been well, Sir Charles," he said, apologetically.

The stranger straightened himself up and smiled vaguely. "I'm all right," he murmured. "Sun's too hot."

"Sit down," said the Governor.

He observed the stranger more closely. He noticed now that beneath the tan his face was delicate and finely cut, and that his yellow hair clung closely to a well-formed head.

"He seems faint. Has he had anything to eat?" asked the Governor.

The sergeant grinned guiltily. "Yes, Sir Charles; we've been feeding him at the barracks. It's fever, sir."

Sir Charles was not unacquainted with fallen gentlemen, "beach-combers," "remittance men," and vagrants who had known better days, and there had been something winning in this vagrant's smile, and, moreover, he had reported that thorn in his flesh, the consular agent, to the proper authorities.

He conceived an interest in a young man who, though with naked feet, did not hesitate to correspond with his Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"How long have you been ill?" he asked.

The young man looked up from where he had sunk on the steps, and roused himself with a shrug. "It doesn't matter," he said. "I've had a touch of Chagres ever since I was on the Isthmus. I was at work there on the railroad."

"Did you come here from Colon?"

"No; I worked up the Pacific side. I was clerking with Rossner Brothers at Amapala for a while, because I speak a little German, and then I footed it over to Puerto Cortez and got a job with the

lottery people. They gave me twenty dollars a month gold for rolling the tickets, and I put it all in the drawing, and won as much as ten." He laughed, and sitting erect, drew from his pocket a roll of thin green papers. "These are for the next drawing," he said. "Have some?" he added. He held them towards the negro sergeant, who, under the eye of the Governor, resisted, and then spread the tickets on his knee like a hand at cards. "I stand to win a lot with these," he said, with a cheerful sigh. "You see, until the list's published I'm prospectively worth twenty thousand dollars. And," he added, "I break stones in the sun." He rose unsteadily, and saluted the Governor with a nod. "Good-morning, sir," he said, "and thank you."

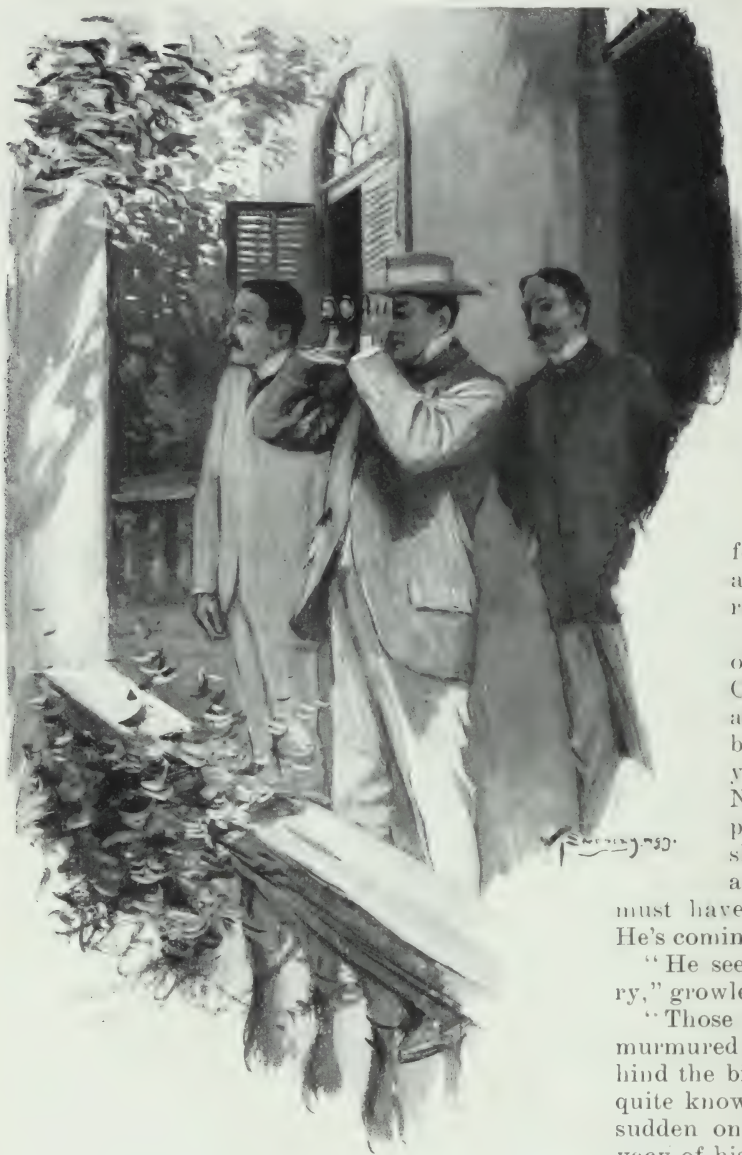
"Wait," Sir Charles commanded. A new form of punishment had suggested itself, in which justice was tempered with mercy. "Can you work one of your American lawn-mowers?" he asked.

The young man laughed delightedly. "I never tried," he said, "but I've seen it done."

"If you've been ill, it would be murder to put you on the shell road." The Governor's dignity relaxed into a smile. "I don't desire international complications," he said. "Sergeant, take this—him—to the kitchen, and tell Corporal Mallon to give him that American lawn-mowing machine. Possibly he may understand its mechanism. Mallon only cuts holes in the turf with it." And he waved his hand in dismissal, and as the three men moved away he buried himself again in the perplexities of the dog-tax.

Ten minutes later the deliberations of the Council were disturbed by a loud and persistent rattle, like the whirl of a Maxim gun, which proved, on investigation, to arise from the American lawn-mower. The vagrant was propelling it triumphantly across the lawn, and gazing down at it with the same fond pride with which a nurse-maid leans over the perambulator to observe her lusty and gurgling charge.

The Councillors had departed, Sir Charles was thinking of breakfast, the Maxim-like lawn-mower still irritated the silent hush of mid-day, when from the waters of the inner harbor there came suddenly the sharp report of a saluting gun and the rush of falling anchor-chains. There was still a week to pass before the



"OH, I SAY, HE'S MAKING IN FOR YOUR PRIVATE WHARF."

mail-steamer should arrive, and H. M. S. *Partridge* had departed for Nassau. Besides these ships, no other vessel had skirted the buoys of the bay in eight long smiling months. Mr. Clarges, the secretary, with an effort to appear calm, and the orderly, suffocated with the news, entered through separate doors at the same instant.

The secretary filed his report first. "A yacht's just anchored in the bay, Sir Charles," he said.

The orderly's face fell. He looked ag-

grieved. "An American yacht," he corrected.

"And much larger than the *Partridge*," continued the secretary.

The orderly took a hasty glance back over his shoulder. "She has her launch lowered already, sir," he said.

Outside the whirl of the lawnmower continued undisturbed. Sir Charles reached for his marine-glass, and the three men hurried to the veranda.

"It looks like a man-of-war," said Sir Charles. "No," he added, adjusting the binocular; "she's a yacht. She flies the New York Yacht Club pennant—now she's showing the owner's absent pennant. He must have left in the launch. He's coming ashore now."

"He seems in a bit of a hurry," growled Mr. Clarges.

"Those Americans always—" murmured Sir Charles from behind the binocular. He did not quite know that he enjoyed this sudden onslaught upon the privacy of his harbor and port.

It was in itself annoying, and he was further annoyed to find that it could in the least degree

disturb his poise.

The launch was growing instantly larger, like an express train approaching a station at full speed; her flags flew out as flat as pieces of painted tin; her bits of brass-work flashed like fire. Already the ends of the wharves were white with groups of natives.

"You might think he was going to ram the town," suggested the secretary. "Oh, I say," he exclaimed, in remonstrance, "he's making in for your private wharf."

The Governor was rearranging the focus of the glass with nervous fingers. "I believe," he said, "no—yes—upon my word, there are—there are ladies in that launch!"

"Ladies, sir!" The secretary threw a hasty glance at the binocular, but it was in immediate use.

The clatter of the lawn-mower ceased suddenly, and the relief of its silence caused the Governor to lower his eyes. He saw the lawn-mower lying prostrate on the grass. The vagrant had vanished.

There was a sharp tinkle of bells, and the launch slipped up to the wharf and halted as softly as a bicycle. A man in a yachting-suit jumped from her, and making some laughing speech to the two women in the stern, walked briskly across the lawn, taking a letter from his pocket as he came. Sir Charles awaited him gravely; the occupants of the launch had seen him, and it was too late to retreat.

"Sir Charles Greville, I believe," said the yachtsman. He bowed, and ran lightly up the steps. "I am Mr. Robert Collier, from New York," he said. "I have a letter to you from your ambassador at Washington. If you'll pardon me, I'll present it in person. I had meant to leave it, but seeing you—" He paused, and gave the letter in his hand to Sir Charles, who waved him towards his library.

Sir Charles scowled at the letter through his monocle, and then shook hands with his visitor. "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Collier," he said. "He says here you are preparing a book on our colonies in the West Indies." He tapped the letter with his monocle. "I am sure I shall be most happy to assist you with any information in my power."

"Well, I am writing a book—yes," Mr. Collier observed, doubtfully, "but it's a log-book. This trip I am on pleasure bent, and I also wish to consult with you on a personal matter. However, that can wait." He glanced out of the windows to where the launch lay in the sun. "My wife came ashore with me, Sir Charles," he said, "so that in case there was a Lady Greville, Mrs. Collier could call on her, and we could ask if you would waive etiquette and do us the honor to dine with us to-night on the yacht—that is, if you are not engaged."

Sir Charles smiled. "There is no Lady Greville," he said, "and I personally do

not think I am engaged elsewhere." He paused in thought, as though to make quite sure he was not. "No," he added, "I have no other engagement. I will come with pleasure."

Sir Charles rose and clapped his hands for the orderly. "Possibly the ladies will come up to the veranda?" he asked. "I cannot allow them to remain at the end of my wharf." He turned, and gave directions to the orderly to bring limes and bottles of soda and ice, and led the way across the lawn.

Mrs. Collier and her friend had not explored the grounds of Government House for over ten minutes before Sir Charles felt that many years ago he had personally arranged their visit, that he had known them for even a longer time, and that, now that they had finally arrived, they must never depart.

To them there was apparently nothing on his domain which did not thrill with delightful interest. They were as eager as two children at a pantomime, and as unconscious. As a rule, Sir Charles had found it rather difficult to meet the women of his colony on a path which they were capable of treading intelligently. In fairness to them, he had always sought out some topic in which they could take an equal part—something connected with the conduct of children, or the better ventilation of the new school-house and chapel. But these new-comers did not require him to select topics of conversation; they did not even wait for him to finish those which he himself introduced. They flitted from one end of the garden to the other with the eagerness of two midshipmen on shore leave, and they found something to enjoy in what seemed to the Governor the most commonplace of things. The Zouave uniform of the sentry, the old Spanish cannon converted into peaceful gate-posts, the aviary with its screaming paroquets, the botanical station, and even the ice-machine were all objects of delight.

On the other hand, the interior of the famous palace, which had been sent out complete from London, and which was wont to fill the wives of the colonials with awe or to reduce them to whispers, for some reason failed of its effect. But they said they "loved" the large gold V. R.'s on the back of the Councillors' chairs, and they exclaimed aloud over the red leather despatch-boxes and the great



seal of the colony, and the mysterious envelopes marked "On her Majesty's service."

"Isn't it too exciting, Florence?" demanded Mrs. Collier. "This is the table where Sir Charles sits and writes letters 'on her Majesty's service,' and presses these buttons, and warships spring up in perfect shoals.

Oh, Robert," she sighed, "I do wish you had been a Governor!"

The young lady called Florence stood looking down into the great arm-chair in front of the Governor's table.

"May I?" she asked. She slid fearlessly in between the oak arms of the chair and smiled about her. Afterwards Sir Charles remembered her as she appeared at that moment, with the red leather of the chair behind her, with her gloved hands resting on the carved oak, and her

"MAY I?" SHE ASKED."

head on one side, smiling up at him. She gazed with large eyes at the blue linen envelopes, the stiff documents in red tape, the tray of black sand, and the goose-quill pens.

"I am now the Countess Zika," she announced; "no, I am Diana of the Crossways, and I mean to discover a state secret and sell it to the *Daily Telegraph*. Sir Charles," she demanded, "if I press this electric button is war declared anywhere, or what happens?"

"That second button," said Sir Charles, after deliberate scrutiny, "is the one which communicates with the pantry."

The Governor would not consider their returning to the yacht for luncheon.

"You might decide to steam away as suddenly as you came," he said, gallantly, "and I cannot take that chance. This is Bachelor's Hall, so you must pardon my people if things do not go very smoothly." He himself led them to the great guest-chamber, where there had not been a guest for many years, and he noticed, as though for the first time, that the halls through which they passed were bare, and that the floor was littered with unpacked boxes and gun-cases. He also observed for the first time that maps of the colony, with the coffee-plantations and mahogany belt marked in different inks, were not perhaps so decorative as pictures and mirrors and family portraits. And he could have wished that the native servants had not stared so admiringly at the guests, nor directed each other in such aggressive whispers. On those other occasions, when the wives of the Councillors came to the semiannual dinners, the native servants had seemed adequate to all that was required of them. He recollected with a flush that in the town these semiannual dinners were described as banquets. He wondered if to these visitors from the outside world it was all equally provincial.

But their enjoyment was apparently unfeigned and generous. It was evident that they had known each other for many years, yet they received every remark that any of them made as though it had been pronounced by a new and interesting acquaintance. Sir Charles found it rather difficult to keep up with the talk across the table, they changed the subject so rapidly, and they half spoke of so many things without waiting to explain. He could not at once grasp the fact that people who had no other position in the world save that of observers were speaking so authoritatively of public men and public measures. He found, to his delight, that for the first time in several years he was not presiding at his own table, and that his guests seemed to feel no awe of him.

"What's the use of a yacht nowadays?" Collier was saying—"what's the use of a yacht, when you can go to sleep in a wagon-lit at the Gare du Nord, and wake

up at Vladivostok? And look at the time it saves; eleven days to Gib, six to Port Said, and fifteen to Colombo—there you are, only half-way around, and you're already sixteen days behind the man in the wagon-lit."

"But nobody wants to go to Vladivostok," said Miss Cameron, "or anywhere else in a wagon-lit. But with a yacht you can explore out-of-the-way places, and you meet new and interesting people. We wouldn't have met Sir Charles if we had waited for a wagon-lit." She bowed her head to the Governor, and he smiled with gratitude. He had lost Mr. Collier somewhere in the Indian Ocean, and he was glad she had brought them back to the Windless Isles once more.

"And again I repeat that the answer to that is, 'Why not?' said the March Hare," remarked Mr. Collier, determinedly.

The answer, as an answer, did not strike Sir Charles as a very good one. But the ladies seemed to comprehend, for Miss Cameron said: "Did I tell you about meeting him at Oxford just a few months before his death—at a children's tea party? He was so sweet and understanding with them! Two women tried to lionize him, and he ran away and played with the children. I was more glad to meet him than any one I can think of. Not as a personage, you know, but because I felt grateful to him."

"Yes, that way, distinctly," said Mrs. Collier. "I should have felt that way towards Mrs. Ewing more than any one else."

"I know, 'Jackanapes,'" remarked Collier, shortly; "a brutal assault upon the feelings, I say."

"Some one else said it before you, Robert," Mrs. Collier commented, calmly. "Perhaps Sir Charles met him at Apia." They all turned and looked at him. He wished he could say he had met him at Apia. He did not quite see how they had made their way from a children's tea party at Oxford to the South Pacific islands, but he was anxious to join in somewhere with a clever observation. But they never seemed to settle in one place sufficiently long for him to recollect what he knew of it. He hoped they would get around to the west coast of Africa in time. He had been Governor of Sierra Leone for five years.

His success that night at dinner on the

yacht was far better. The others seemed a little tired after the hours of sight-seeing to which he had treated them, and they were content to listen. In the absence of Mr. Clarges, who knew them word by word, he felt free to tell his three stories of life at Sierra Leone. He took his time in the telling, and could congratulate himself that his efforts had never been more keenly appreciated. He felt that he was holding his own.

The night was still and warm, and while the men lingered below at the table, the two women mounted to the deck and watched the lights of the town as they vanished one by one and left the moon in unchallenged possession of the harbor. For a long time Miss Cameron stood silent, looking out across the bay at the shore and the hills beyond. A fish splashed near them, and the sound of oars rose from the mist that floated above the water, until they were muffled in the distance. The palms along the shore glistened like silver, and overhead the Southern Cross shone white against a sky of purple. The silence deepened and continued for so long a time that Mrs. Collier felt its significance, and waited for the girl to end it.

Miss Cameron raised her eyes to the stars and frowned. "I am not surprised that he is content to stay here," she said. "Are you? It is so beautiful, so wonderfully beautiful."

For a moment Mrs. Collier made no answer. "Two years is a long time, Florence," she said; "and he is all I have; he is not only my only brother, he is the only living soul who is related to me. That makes it harder."

The girl seemed to find some implied reproach in the speech, for she turned and looked at her friend closely. "Do you feel it is my fault, Alice?" she asked.

The older woman shook her head. "How could it be your fault?" she answered. "If you couldn't love him enough to marry him, you couldn't, that's all. But that is no reason why he should have hidden himself from all of us. Even if he could not stand being near you, caring as he did, he need not have treated me so. We have done all we can do, and Robert has been more than fine about it. He and his agents have written to every consul and business house in Central America, and I don't believe there is a city that he hasn't visited.

He has sent him money and letters to every bank and to every post-office—"

The girl raised her head quickly.

"—but he never calls for either," Mrs. Collier continued, "for I know that if he had read my letters he would have come home."

The girl lifted her head as though she were about to speak, and then turned and walked slowly away. After a few moments she returned, and stood, with her hands resting on the rail, looking down into the water. "I wrote him two letters," she said. In the silence of the night her voice was unusually clear and distinct. "I—you make me wonder—if they ever reached him."

Mrs. Collier, with her eyes fixed upon the girl, rose slowly from her chair and came towards her. She reached out her hand and touched Miss Cameron on the arm. "Florence," she said, in a whisper, "have you—"

The girl raised her head slowly, and lowered it again. "Yes," she answered; "I told him to come back—to come back to me. Alice," she cried, "I—I begged him to come back!" She tossed her hands apart and again walked rapidly away, leaving the older woman standing motionless.

A moment later, when Sir Charles and Mr. Collier stepped out upon the deck, they discovered the two women standing close together, two white, ghostly figures in the moonlight, and as they advanced towards them they saw Mrs. Collier take the girl for an instant in her arms.

Sir Charles was asking Miss Cameron how long she thought an immigrant should be made to work for his freehold allotment, when Mr. Collier and his wife rose at the same moment and departed on separate errands. They met most mysteriously in the shadow of the wheel-house.

"What is it? Is anything wrong with Florence?" Collier asked, anxiously. "Not homesick, is she?"

Mrs. Collier put her hands on her husband's shoulders and shook her head.

"Wrong? No, thank Heaven! it's as right as right can be!" she cried. "She's written to him to come back, but he's never answered, and so—and now it's all right."

Mr. Collier gazed blankly at his wife's upturned face. "Well, I don't see that," he remonstrated. "What's the use of

her being in love with him now when he can't be found? What? Why didn't she love him two years ago when he was where you could get at him—at her house, for instance. He was there most of his time. She would have saved a lot of trouble. However,” he added, energetically, “this makes it absolutely necessary to find that young man and bring him to his senses. We'll search this place for the next few days, and then we'll try the mainland again. I think I'll offer a reward for him, and have it printed in Spanish, and paste it up in all the plazas. We might add a line in English, ‘She has changed her mind.’ That would bring him home, wouldn't it?”

“Don't be unfeeling, Robert,” said Mrs. Collier.

Her husband raised his eyes appealingly, and addressed himself to the moon. “I ask you now,” he complained, “is that fair to a man who has spent six months on muleback trying to round up a prodigal brother-in-law?”

That same evening, after the ladies had gone below, Mr. Collier asked Sir Charles to assist him in his search for his wife's brother, and Sir Charles heartily promised his most active co-operation. There were several Americans at work in the interior, he said, as overseers on the coffee-plantations. It was possible that the runaway might be among them. It was only that morning, Sir Charles remembered, that an American had been at work “repairing his lawn-mower,” as he considerably expressed it. He would send for him on the morrow.

But on the morrow the slave of the lawn-mower was reported on the list of prisoners as “missing,” and Corporal Mallon was grieved, but refused to consider himself responsible. Sir Charles himself had allowed the vagrant unusual freedom, and the vagrant had taken advantage of it, and probably escaped to the hills, or up the river to the logwood camp.

“Telegraph a description of him to Inspector Garrett,” Sir Charles directed, “and to the heads of all up stations. And when he returns, bring him to me.”

So great was his zeal that Sir Charles further offered to join Mr. Collier in his search among the outlying plantations; but Mr. Collier preferred to work alone. He accordingly set out at once, armed

with letters to the different district inspectors, and in his absence delegated to Sir Charles the pleasant duty of caring for the wants of Miss Cameron and his wife. Sir Charles regarded the latter as deserving of all sympathy, for Mr. Collier, in his efforts to conceal the fact from the Governor that Florence Cameron was responsible, or in any way concerned, in the disappearance of the missing man, had been too mysterious. Sir Charles was convinced that the fugitive had swindled his brother-in-law and stolen his sister's jewels.

The days which followed were to the Governor days and nights of strange discoveries. He recognized that the missionaries from the great outside world had invaded his shores and disturbed his gods and temples. Their religion of progress and activity filled him with doubt and unrest.

“In this century,” Mr. Collier had declared, “nothing can stand still. It's the same with a corporation, or a country, or a man. We must either march ahead or fall out. We can't mark time. What?”

“Exactly—certainly not,” Sir Charles had answered. But in his heart he knew that he himself had been marking time under these soft tropical skies while the world was pushing forward. The thought had not disturbed him before. Now he felt guilty. He conceived a sudden intolerance, if not contempt, for the little village of whitewashed houses, for the rafts of mahogany and of logwood that bumped against the pier-heads, for the sacks of coffee piled high like barricades under the corrugated zinc sheds along the wharf. Each season it had been his pride to note the increase in these exports. The development of the resources of his colony had been a work in which he had felt that the Colonial Secretary took an immediate interest. He had believed that he was one of the important wheels of the machinery which moved the British Empire; and now, in a day, he was undeceived. It was forced upon him that to the eyes of the outside world he was only a green-grocer operating on a large scale; he provided the British public with coffee for its breakfast, with drugs for its stomach, and with strange woods for its dining-room furniture and walking-sticks. He combated this ignominious characterization of his posi-

tion indignantly. The new arrivals certainly gave him no hint that they considered him so lightly. This thought greatly comforted him, for he felt that in some way he was summoning to his aid all of his assets and resources to meet an expert and final valuation. As he ranged them before him he was disturbed and happy to find that the value he placed upon them was the value they would have in the eyes of a young girl—not a girl of the shy, mother-obeying, man-worshipping English type, but a girl such as Miss Cameron seemed to be, a girl who could understand what you were trying to say before you said it, who could take an interest in rates of exchange and preside at a dinner table, who was charmingly feminine and clever, and who was respectful of herself and of others. In fact, he decided, with a flush, that Miss Cameron herself was the young girl he had in his mind.

"Why not?" he asked.

The question came to him in his room, the sixth night of their visit, and he strode over to the long pier-glass and stood studying himself critically for the first time in years. He was still a fine-looking, well-kept man. His hair was thin, but that fact did not show; and his waist was lost, but riding and tennis would set that right. He had means outside of his official salary, and there was the title, such as it was. Lady Greville the wife of the birthday knight sounded as well as Lady Greville the marchioness. And Americans cared for these things. He doubted whether this particular American would do so, but he was adding up all he had to offer, and that was one of the assets. He was sure she would not be content to remain mistress of the Windless Isles. Nor, indeed, did he longer care to be master there, now that he had inhaled this quick, stirring breath from the outer world. He would resign, and return and mix with the world again. He would enter Parliament; a man so well acquainted as himself with the Gold Coast of Africa and with the trade of the West Indies must always be of value in the Lower House. This value would be recognized, no doubt, and he would become at first an Under Secretary for the Colonies, and then, in time, Colonial Secretary and a cabinet minister. She would like that, he thought. And after that place had been reached, all things were

possible. For years he had not dreamed such dreams—not since he had been a clerk in the Foreign Office. They seemed just as possible now as they had seemed real then, and just as near. He felt it was all absolutely in his own hands.

He descended to the dining-room with the air of a man who already felt the cares of high responsibility upon his shoulders. His head was erect and his chest thrown forward. He was ten years younger; his manner was alert, assured, and gracious. As he passed through the halls he was impatient of the familiar settings of Government House; they seemed to him like the furnishings of a hotel where he had paid his bill, and where his luggage was lying strapped for departure in the hallway.

In his library he saw on his table a number of papers lying open waiting for his signature, the dog-tax among the others. He smiled to remember how important it had seemed to him in the past—in that past of indolence and easy content. Now he was on fire to put this rekindled ambition to work, to tell the woman who had lighted it that it was all from her and for her, that without her he had existed, that now he had begun to live.

They had never found him so delightful as he appeared that night. He was like a man on the eve of a holiday. He made a jest of his past efforts; he made them see, as he now saw it for the first time, that side of the life of the Windless Isles which was narrow and petty, even ridiculous. He talked of big men in a big way; he criticised, and expounded, and advanced his own theories of government and the proper control of an empire.

Collier, who had returned from his unsuccessful search of the plantations, shook his head.

"It's a pity you are not in London now," he said, sincerely. "They need some one there who has been on the spot. They can't direct the colonies from what they know of them in Whitehall."

Sir Charles fingered the dinner cloth nervously, and when he spoke, fixed his eyes anxiously upon Miss Cameron.

"Do you know," he said, "I have been thinking of doing that very thing, of resigning my post here and going back, entering Parliament, and all the rest of it."

His declaration met with a unanimous chorus of delight. Miss Cameron nodded her head with eager approval.

"Yes, if I were a man, that is where I should wish to be," she said, "at the heart of it. Why, whatever you say in the House of Commons is heard all over the world the next morning!"

Sir Charles felt the blood tingle in his pulses. He had not been so stirred in years. Her words ran to his head like wine.

Mr. Collier raised his glass.

"Here's to our next meeting," he said, "on the terrace of the House of Commons."

But Miss Cameron interrupted. "No; to the Colonial Secretary," she amended.

"Oh yes," they assented, rising, and so drank his health, smiling down upon him with kind friendly glances and goodwill.

"To the Colonial Secretary," they said. Sir Charles clasped the arms of his chair tightly with his hands; his eyes were half closed, and his lips pressed into a grim, confident smile. He felt that a single word from her would make all that they suggested possible. If she cared for such things, they were hers; he had them to give; they were ready lying at her feet. He knew that the power had always been with him, lying dormant in his heart and brain. It had only waited for the touch of the Princess to wake it into life.

The American visitors were to sail for the mainland the next day, but he had come to know them so well in the brief period of their visit that he felt he dared speak to her that same night. At least he could give her some word that would keep him in her mind until they met again in London, or until she had considered her answer. He could not expect her to answer at once. She could take much time. What else had he to do now but to wait for her answer? It was now all that made life.

Collier and his wife had left the veranda and had crossed the lawn towards the water's edge. The moonlight fell full upon them with all the splendor of the tropics, and lit the night with a brilliant, dazzling radiance. From where Miss Cameron sat on the veranda in the shadow, Sir Charles could see only the white outline of her figure and the indolent movement of her fan. Collier had left his wife and was returning slowly towards the step. Sir Charles felt that if he meant to speak he must speak now, and quickly. He rose and placed himself be-

side her in the shadow, and the girl turned her head inquiringly and looked up at him.

But on the instant the hush of the night was broken by a sharp challenge, and the sound of men's voices raised in anger; there was the noise of a struggle on the gravel, and from the corner of the house the two sentries came running, dragging between them a slight figure that fought and wrestled to be free.

Sir Charles exclaimed with indignant impatience, and turning, strode quickly to the head of the steps.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "What are you doing with that man? Why did you bring him here?"

As the soldiers straightened to attention, their prisoner ceased to struggle, and stood with his head bent on his chest. His sombrero was pulled down low across his forehead.

"He was crawling through the bushes, Sir Charles," the soldier panted, "watching that gentleman, sir"—he nodded over his shoulder towards Collier. "I challenged, and he jumped to run, and we collared him. He resisted, Sir Charles."

The mind of the Governor was concerned with other matters than trespassers.

"Well, take him to the barracks, then," he said. "Report to me in the morning. That will do."

The prisoner wheeled eagerly, without further show of resistance, and the soldiers closed in on him on either side. But as the three men moved away together, their faces, which had been in shadow, were now turned towards Mr. Collier, who was advancing leisurely, and with silent footsteps, across the grass. He met them face to face, and as he did so the prisoner sprang back and threw out his arms in front of him, with the gesture of a man who entreates silence. Mr. Collier halted as though struck to stone, and the two men confronted each other without moving.

"Good God!" Mr. Collier whispered.

He turned stiffly and slowly, as though in a trance, and beckoned to his wife, who had followed him.

"Alice!" he called. He stepped backwards towards her, and taking her hand in one of his, drew her towards the prisoner. "Here he is!" he said.

They heard her cry "Henry!" with the fierceness of a call for help, and saw her

rush forward and stumble into the arms of the prisoner, and their two heads were bent close together.

Collier ran up the steps and explained breathlessly.

"And now," he gasped, in conclusion, "what's to be done? What's he arrested for? Is it bailable? What?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Sir Charles, miserably. "It is my fault entirely. I assure you I had no idea. How could I? But I should have known, I should have guessed it." He dismissed the sentries with a gesture. "That will do," he said. "Return to your posts."

Mr. Collier laughed with relief.

"Then it is not serious?" he asked.

"He—he had no money, that was all," exclaimed Sir Charles. "Serious? Certainly not. Upon my word, I'm sorry—"

The young man had released himself from his sister's embrace, and was coming towards them; and Sir Charles, eager to redeem himself, advanced hurriedly to greet him. But the young man did not see him; he was looking past him up the steps to where Miss Cameron stood in the shadow.

Sir Charles hesitated and drew back. The young man stopped at the foot of the steps, and stood with his head raised, staring up at the white figure of the girl, who came slowly forward.

It was forced upon Sir Charles that in spite of the fact that the young man before them had but just then been rescued from arrest, that in spite of his mean garments and ragged sandals, something about him—the glamour that surrounds the prodigal, or possibly the moonlight—gave him an air of great dignity and distinction.

As Miss Cameron descended the stairs, Sir Charles recognized for the first time that the young man was remarkably handsome, and he resented it. It hurt him, as did also the prodigal's youth and his assured bearing. He felt a sudden sinking fear, a weakening of all his vital forces, and he drew in his breath slowly and deeply. But no one noticed him; they were looking at the tall figure of the prodigal, standing with his hat at his hip and his head thrown back, holding the girl with his eyes.

Collier touched Sir Charles on the arm, and nodded his head towards the library. "Come," he whispered, "let's us old people leave them together. They've a good

deal to say." Sir Charles obeyed in silence, and crossing the library to the great oak chair, seated himself and leaned wearily on the table before him. He picked up one of the goose quills and began separating it into little pieces. Mr. Collier was pacing up and down, biting excitedly on the end of his cigar. "Well, this has certainly been a great night," he said. "And it is all due to you, Sir Charles—all due to you. Yes, they have you to thank for it."

"They?" said Sir Charles. He knew that it had to come. He wanted the man to strike quickly.

"They? Yes—Florence Cameron and Henry," Mr. Collier answered. "Henry went away because she wouldn't marry him. She didn't care for him then, but afterwards she cared. Now they're reunited—and so they're happy; and my wife is more than happy, and I won't have to bother any more; and it's all right, and all through you."

"I am glad," said Sir Charles. There was a long pause, which the men, each deep in his own thoughts, did not notice.

"You will be leaving now, I suppose?" Sir Charles asked. He was looking down, examining the broken pen in his hand.

Mr. Collier stopped in his walk and considered. "Yes, I suppose they will want to get back," he said. "I shall be sorry myself. And you? What will you do?"

Sir Charles started slightly. He had not yet thought what he would do. His eyes wandered over the neglected work, which had accumulated on the desk before him. Only an hour before he had thought of it as petty and little, as something unworthy of his energy. Since that time what change had taken place in him?

For him everything had changed, he answered, but in him there had been no change; and if this thing which the girl had brought into his life had meant the best in life, it must always mean that. She had been an inspiration; she must remain his spring of action. Was he a slave, he asked himself, that he should rebel? Was he a boy, that he could turn his love to aught but the best account? He must remember her not as the woman who had crushed his spirit, but as she who had helped him, who had lifted him up to something better and finer. He would

make sacrifice in her name; it would be in her name that he would rise to high places and accomplish much good.

She would not know this, but he would know.

He rose and brushed the papers away from him with an impatient sweep of the hand.

"I shall follow out the plan of which I spoke at dinner," he answered. "I shall resign here, and return home and enter Parliament."

Mr. Collier laughed admiringly. "I

love the way you English take your share of public life," he said, "the way you spend yourselves for your country, and give your brains, your lives, everything you have—all for the empire."

Through the open window Sir Charles saw Miss Cameron half hidden by the vines of the veranda. The moonlight falling about her transformed her into a figure which was ideal, mysterious, and elusive, like a woman in a dream. He shook his head wearily. "For the empire?" he asked.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

OLD hero pricked and goaded without rest
 By thy sharp thorn of flesh, thou fighter born,
 Fiercer for conflict when more fiercely torn,
 And holding odds of self or foe the best
 Of aids to conquest and thy knightly crest,—
 Thou boaster of great powers, still not forsworn,—
 Thou ruler of thy love, though all lovelorn,—
 There's a poor brotherhood will hold thee blest,
 Now thou hast won and passed,—who through their time
 Over the candor of great souls must wear
 Indignities and buffoon-masks of flesh,
 While pointing fools with glee-distempered stare,—
 Thy action makes their comedy sublime,
 Thy grave shall keep their laurels ever fresh.

LOVE'S DEAREST MOMENT.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

LOVE'S dearest moment is not when the hands
 Are clasped in marriage, and the world looks on;
 Nor yet when all the importunate world has gone,
 And flaming passion like the archangel stands
 Between two souls, and welds with fire the bands
 Of impotent human law; nor when alone
 Upon the morrow they and love are one,
 Triune and chrismed, pure, as God commands;
 It is not in the many morrows' track
 While love by loving grows more rich and wise
 Till age counts 'up love's wondrous, wondrous sum.
 Love's dearest moment is far back, far back—
 When first they looked within each other's eyes,
 And in the silence knew that love was come.

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

I.

ALTHOUGH Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, was not lacking in self-appreciation, he probably did not realize that in selecting a physician for his own needs he was markedly influencing the progress of medical science as a whole. Yet so strangely are cause and effect adjusted in human affairs that this simple act of the First Consul had that very unexpected effect. For the man chosen was the envoy of a new method in medical practice, and the fame which came to him through being physician to the First Consul, and subsequently to the Emperor, enabled him to promulgate the method in a way otherwise impracticable. Hence the indirect but telling value to medical science of Napoleon's selection.

The physician in question was Jean Nicolas de Corvisart. His novel method was nothing more startling than the now familiar procedure of tapping the chest of a patient to elicit sounds indicative of diseased tissues within. Every one has seen this done commonly enough in our day, but at the beginning of the century Corvisart, and perhaps some of his pupils, were probably the only physicians in the world who resorted to this simple and useful procedure. Hence Napoleon's surprise when, on calling in Corvisart, after becoming somewhat dissatisfied with his other physicians, Pinel and Portal, his physical condition was interrogated in this strange manner. With characteristic shrewdness Bonaparte saw the utility of the method, and the physician who thus attempted to substitute scientific method for guess-work in the diagnosis of disease at once found favor in his eyes, and was installed as his regular medical adviser.

For fifteen years before this Corvisart had practised percussion, as the chest-tapping method is called, without succeeding in convincing the profession of its value. The method itself, it should be added, had not originated with Corvisart, nor did the French physician for a moment claim it as his own. The true

originator of the practice was the German physician Avenbrugger, who published a book about it as early as 1761. This book had even been translated into French, then the language of international communication everywhere, by Rozière de la Chassagne, of Montpellier, in 1770; but no one other than Corvisart appears to have paid any attention to either original or translation. It was far otherwise, however, when Corvisart translated Avenbrugger's work anew, with important additions of his own, in 1808. By this time a reaction had set in against the metaphysical methods in medicine that had previously been so alluring; the scientific spirit of the time was making itself felt in medical practice; and this, combined with Corvisart's fame, brought the method of percussion into immediate and well-deserved popularity. Thus was laid the foundation for the method of so-called physical diagnosis, which is one of the corner-stones of modern medicine.

The method of physical diagnosis as practised in our day was by no means completed, however, with the work of Corvisart. Percussion alone tells much less than half the story that may be elicited from the organs of the chest by proper interrogation. The remainder of the story can only be learned by applying the ear itself to the chest, directly or indirectly. Simple as this seems, no one thought of practising it for some years after Corvisart had shown the value of percussion. Then, in 1815, another Paris physician, René Théophile Hyacinthe Laënnec, discovered, almost by accident, that the sound of the heart-beat could be heard surprisingly through a cylinder of paper held to the ear and against the patient's chest. Acting on the hint thus received, Laënnec substituted a hollow cylinder of wood for the paper, and found himself provided with an instrument through which not merely heart sounds, but murmurs of the lungs in respiration, could be heard with almost startling distinctness.



LAËNNEC, INVENTOR OF THE STETHOSCOPE, AT THE NECKER HOSPITAL, PARIS.

Engraved by S. Ruffe after a Painting by Chartan at the Sorbonne, Paris.

BURLINGAME
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WILLIAM J. MORTON

The possibility of associating the varying chest sounds with diseased conditions of the organs within appealed to the fertile mind of Laënnec as opening new vistas in therapeutics, which he determined to enter to the fullest extent practicable. His connection with the hospitals of Paris gave him full opportunity in this direction, and his labors of the next few years served not merely to establish the value of the new method as an aid to diagnosis, but laid the foundation also for the science of morbid anatomy. In 1819 Laënnec published the results of his labors in a work called *Traité d'Auscultation Médiate*, a work which forms one of the landmarks of scientific medicine. By mediate auscultation is meant of course the interrogation of the chest with the aid of the little instrument already referred to, an instru-

ment which its originator thought hardly worth naming until various barbarous appellations were applied to it by others, after which Laënnec decided to call it the stethoscope, a name which it has ever since retained.

In subsequent years the form of the stethoscope, as usually employed, was modified, and its value augmented by a binauricular attachment; and in very recent years a further improvement has been made through application of the principle of the telephone; but the essentials of auscultation with the stethoscope were established in much detail by Laënnec, and the honor must always be his of thus taking one of the longest single steps by which practical medicine has in our century acquired the right to be considered a rational science. Laënnec's efforts cost him his life, for he died in 1826

of a lung disease acquired in the course of his hospital practice; but even before this his fame was universal, and the value of his method had been recognized all over the world. Not long after, in 1828, yet another French physician, Piorry, perfected the method of percussion by introducing the custom of tapping, not the chest directly, but the finger or a small metal or hard rubber plate held against the chest—mediate percussion, in short. This perfected the methods of physical diagnosis of diseases of the chest in all essentials; and from that day till this percussion and auscultation have held an unquestioned place in the regular armamentarium of the physician.

Coupled with the new method of physical diagnosis in the effort to substitute knowledge for guess-work came the studies of the experimental physiologists—in particular, Marshall Hall in England, and François Magendie in France; and the joint efforts of these various workers led presently to the abandonment of those severe and often irrational depletive methods—blood-letting and the like—that had previously dominated medical practice. To this end also the “statistical method,” introduced by Louis and his followers, largely contributed; and by the close of the first third of our century the idea was gaining ground that the province of therapeutics is to aid nature in combating disease, and that this may often be better accomplished by simple means than by the heroic measures hitherto thought necessary. In a word, scientific empiricism was beginning to gain a hearing in medicine, as against the metaphysical preconceptions of the earlier generations.

II.

I have just adverted to the fact that Napoleon Bonaparte, as First Consul and as Emperor, was the victim of a malady which caused him to seek the advice of the most distinguished physicians of Paris. It is a little shocking to modern sensibilities to read that these physicians, except Corvisart, diagnosed the distinguished patient's malady as “gale répercutée”—that is to say, in idiomatic English, the itch “struck in.” It is hardly necessary to say that no physician of today would make so inconsiderate a diagnosis in the case of a royal patient. If by any chance a distinguished patient were afflicted with the itch, the sagacious physician would carefully hide the fact behind circumlocutions, and proceed to eradicate the disease with all despatch. That the physicians of Napoleon did otherwise is evidence that at the beginning of the century the disease in question enjoyed a very different status. At that



RUDOLF VIRCHOW.

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time, itch, instead of being a most plebeian malady, was, so to say, a court disease. It enjoyed a circulation, in high circles and in low, that modern therapeutics has quite denied it; and the physicians of the time gave it a fictitious added importance by ascribing to its influence the existence of almost any obscure malady that came under their observation. Long after Napoleon's time, gale continued to hold this proud distinction. For example, the imaginative Dr. Hahnemann did not hesitate to affirm, as a positive maxim, that three-fourths of all the ills that flesh is heir to were in reality nothing but various forms of "gale répercutée."

All of which goes to show how easy it may be for a masked pretender to impose

purely local disease of the skin, due to a perfectly definite cause, and the dire internal conditions formerly ascribed to it have really no causal connection with it whatever. This definite cause, as every one nowadays knows, is nothing more or less than a microscopic insect which has found lodgment on the skin, and has burrowed and made itself at home there. Kill that insect, and the disease is no more; hence it has come to be an axiom with the modern physician that the itch is one of the three or four diseases that he positively is able to cure, and that very speedily. But it was far otherwise with the physicians of the first third of our century, because to them the cause of the disease was an absolute mystery.

It is true that here and there a physician had claimed to find an insect lodged in the skin of a sufferer from itch, and two or three times the claim had been made that this was the cause of the malady, but such views were quite ignored by the general profession, and in 1833 it was stated in an authoritative medical treatise that the "cause of gale is absolutely unknown." But even at this time, as it curiously happened, there were certain ignorant laymen who had attained to a bit of medical knowledge that was withheld from the inner circles of the profession. As the peasantry of England before Jenner had known of the curative value of cow-pox over small-pox, so the peasant women of Poland had learned that the annoying skin disease from which they suffered was caused by an almost invisible insect, and, furthermore, had acquired the trick of dislodging the pestiferous little creature with the point of a needle. From them a youth of the country, F. Renucci by name, learned the open secret. He conveyed it to Paris when he went there to study medicine, and in 1834 demonstrated it to his master, Alibert. This physi-

cian, at first sceptical, soon was convinced, and gave out the discovery to the medical world with an authority that led to early acceptance.

Now the importance of all this, in the present connection, is not at all that it gave the clew to the method of cure of a



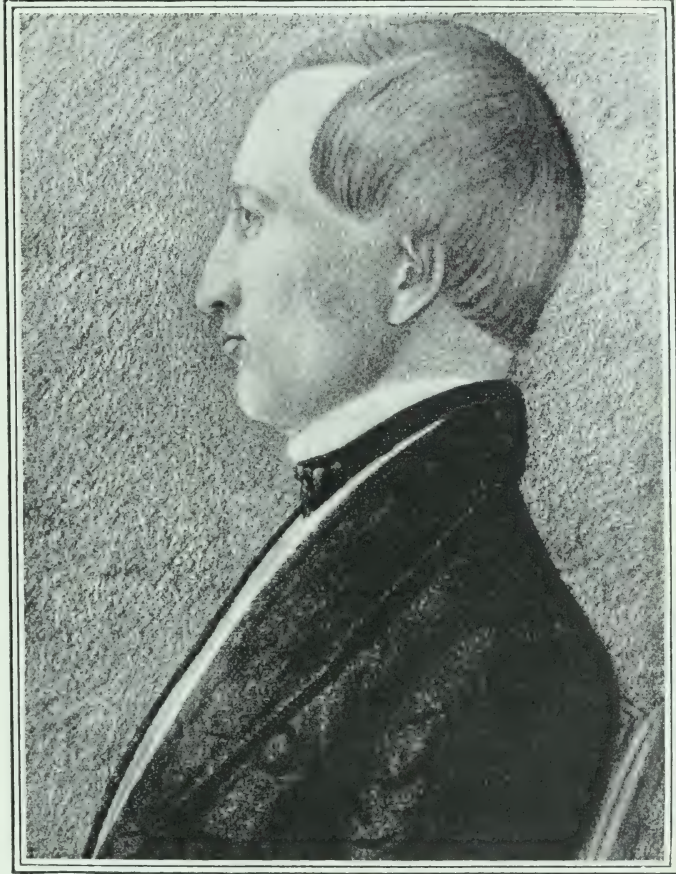
LOUIS PASTEUR.

on credulous humanity; for nothing is more clearly established in modern knowledge than the fact that "gale répercutée" was simply a name to hide a profound ignorance; no such disease exists, or ever did exist. Gale itself is a sufficiently tangible reality, to be sure; but it is a

single disease. What makes the discovery epochal is the fact that it dropped a brand-new idea into the medical ranks—an idea destined, in the long-run, to prove itself a veritable bomb—the idea, namely, that a minute and quite unsuspected animal parasite may be the cause of a well-known, widely prevalent, and important human disease. Of course the full force of this idea could only be appreciated in the light of later knowledge; but even at the time of its coming it sufficed to give a great impetus to that new medical knowledge, based on microscopical studies, which had but recently been made accessible by the inventions of the lens-makers. The new knowledge clarified one very turbid medical pool, and pointed the way to the clarification of many others.

Almost at the same time that the Polish medical student was demonstrating the itch mite in Paris, it chanced, curiously enough, that another medical student, this time an Englishman, made an analogous discovery, of perhaps even greater importance. Indeed, this English discovery in its initial stages slightly antedated the other, for it was in 1833 that the student in question, James Paget, interne in Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, London, while dissecting the muscular tissues of a human subject, found little specks of extraneous matter, which, when taken to the professor of comparative anatomy, Richard Owen, were ascertained, with the aid of the microscope, to be the cocoon of a minute and hitherto unknown insect. Owen named the insect

Trichina spiralis. After the discovery was published, it transpired that similar specks had been observed by several earlier investigators, but no one had previously suspected, or, at any rate, demonstrated their nature. Nor was the full



CRAWFORD W. LONG.

After a crayon portrait taken at the time of his discovery of the anæsthetic properties of sulphuric ether.

story of the trichina made out for a long time after Owen's discovery. It was not till 1847 that the American anatomist Dr. Joseph Leidy found the cysts of trichina in the tissues of pork; and another decade or so elapsed after that before German workers, chief among whom were Leuckart, Virchow, and Zenker, proved that the parasite gets into the human system through ingestion of infected pork, and that it causes a definite set of symptoms of disease, which hitherto had been mistaken for rheumatism, ty-

phoid fever, and other maladies. Then the medical world was agog for a time over the subject of trichinosis; government inspection of pork was established in some parts of Germany; American pork was excluded altogether from France; and the whole subject thus came prominently to public attention. But important as the trichina parasite proved on its own account in the end, its greatest importance, after all, was in the share it played in directing attention at the time of its discovery in 1833 to the subject of microscopic parasites in general.

The decade that followed that discovery was a time of great activity in the study of microscopic organisms and microscopic tissues, and such men as Ehrenberg and Henle and Bory Saint Vincent and Kölliker and Rokitsansky and Remak and Dujardin were widening the bounds of knowledge of this new subject with details that cannot be more than referred to here. But the crowning achievement of the period in this direction was the discovery made by the German J. L. Schoenlein in 1839, that a very common and most distressing disease of the scalp, known as favus, is really due to the presence and growth on the scalp of a vegetable organism of microscopic size. Thus it was made clear that not merely animal but also vegetable organisms of obscure, microscopic species have causal relations to the diseases with which mankind is afflicted. This knowledge of the parasites was another long step in the direction of scientific medical knowledge; but the heights to which this knowledge led were not to be scaled, or even recognized, until another generation of workers had entered the field.

III.

Meantime, in quite another field of medicine, events were developing which led presently to a revelation of greater immediate importance to humanity than any other discovery that had come in the century, perhaps in any field of science whatever. This was the discovery of the pain-dispelling power of the vapor of sulphuric ether, inhaled by a patient undergoing a surgical operation. This discovery came solely out of America, and it stands curiously isolated, since apparently no minds in any other country were trending toward it even vaguely. Davy, in England, had indeed originated the method

of medication by inhalation, and carried out some most interesting experiments fifty years earlier, and it was doubtless his experiments with nitrous oxide gas that gave the clew to one of the American investigators; but this was the sole contribution of preceding generations to the subject, and since the beginning of the century, when Davy turned his attention to other matters, no one had made the slightest advance along the same line until an American dentist renewed the investigation. Moreover, there had been nothing in Davy's experiments to lead any one to suspect the possibility that a surgical operation might be rendered painless in this way; and, indeed, the surgeons of Europe had acknowledged with one accord that all hope of finding a means to secure this most desirable end must be utterly abandoned—that the surgeon's knife must ever remain a synonym for slow and indescribable torture. By an odd coincidence it chanced that Sir Benjamin Brodie, the acknowledged leader of English surgeons, had publicly expressed this as his deliberate though regretted opinion at a time when the quest which he considered futile had already led to the most brilliant success in America, and while the announcement of the discovery, which then had no transatlantic cable to convey it, was actually on its way to the Old World.

The American dentist just referred to, who was, with one exception to be noted presently, the first man in the world to conceive that the administration of a definite drug might render a surgical operation painless, and to give the belief application, was Dr. Charles W. Wells, of Hartford, Connecticut. The drug with which he experimented was nitrous oxide; the operation which he rendered painless was no more important than the extraction of a tooth—yet it sufficed to mark a principle; the year of the experiment was 1844.

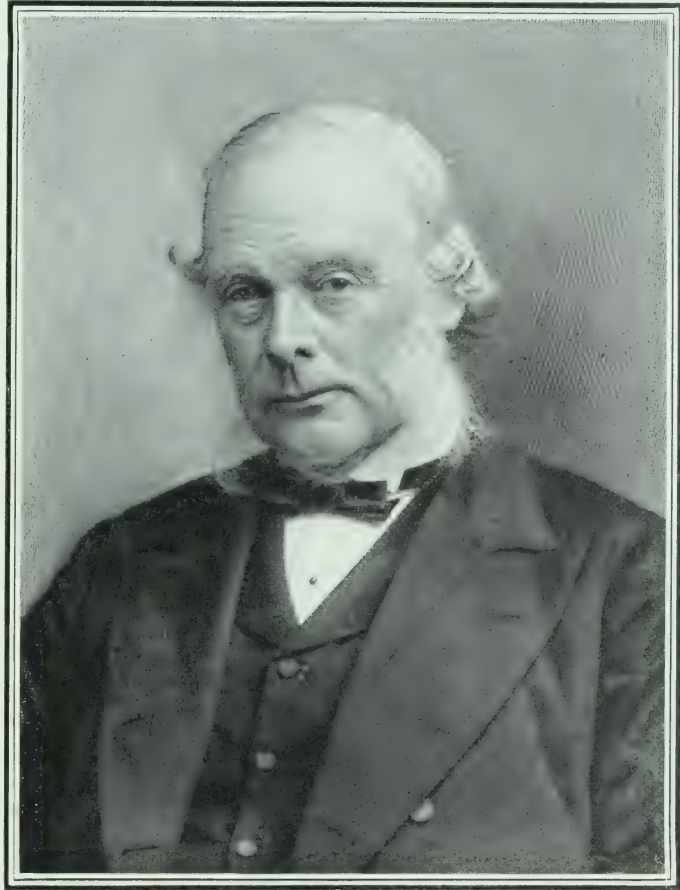
The experiments of Dr. Wells, however, though important, were not sufficiently demonstrative to bring the matter prominently to the attention of the medical world. The drug with which he experimented proved not always reliable, and he himself seems ultimately to have given the matter up, or at least to have relaxed his efforts. But meantime a friend, to whom he had communicated his belief and expectations, took the mat-

ter up, and with unremitting zeal carried forward experiments that were destined to lead to more tangible results. This friend was another dentist, Dr. William J. Morton, of Boston, then a young man, full of youthful energy and enthusiasm. He seems to have felt that the drug with which Wells had experimented was not the most practicable one for the purpose, and so for several months he experimented with other allied drugs, until finally he hit upon sulphuric ether, and with this was able to make experiments upon animals, and then upon patients in the dental chair, that seemed to him absolutely demonstrative.

Full of eager enthusiasm, and absolutely confident of his results, he at once went to Dr. J. C. Warren, one of the foremost surgeons of Boston, and asked permission to test his discovery decisively on one of the patients at the Boston Hospital during a severe operation. The request was granted; the test was made in September, 1846, in the presence of several of the foremost surgeons of the city and of a body of medical students. The patient slept quietly while the surgeon's knife was plied, and awoke to astonished comprehension that the ordeal was over. The impossible, the miraculous, had been accomplished.

Swiftly as steam could carry it—slowly enough we should think it to-day—the news was heralded to all the world. It was received in Europe with incredulity, which vanished before repeated experiments. Surgeons were loath to believe that ether, a drug that had long held a place in the subordinate armamentarium

of the physician, could accomplish such a miracle. But scepticism vanished before the tests which any surgeon might make, and which surgeons all over the world did make within the next few weeks. Then there came a lingering outcry from a few surgeons, notably some of the Parisians, that the shock of pain was bene-



SIR JOSEPH LISTER.

ficial to the patient, hence that anæsthesia—as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had christened the new method—was a procedure not to be advised. Then, too, there came a hue-and-cry from many a pulpit that pain was God-given, and hence, on moral grounds, to be clung to rather than renounced. But the outcry of the antediluvians of both hospital and pulpit quickly received its quietus; for soon it was clear that the patient who did not suffer the shock of pain during an operation

rallied better than the one who did so suffer, while all humanity outside the pulpit cried shame to the spirit that would doom mankind to suffer needless agony. And so within a few months after that initial operation at the Boston

Alabama. As to Dr. Jackson, it is sufficient to say that he seems to have had some vague inkling of the peculiar properties of ether before Morton's discovery. He even suggested the use of this drug to Morton, not knowing that Morton had

already tried it; but this is the full measure of his association with the discovery. Hence it is clear that Jackson's claim to equal share with Morton in the discovery was unwarranted, not to say absurd.

Dr. Long's association with the matter was far different, and altogether honorable. By one of those coincidences so common in the history of discovery, he was experimenting with ether as a pain-destroyer simultaneously with Morton, though neither so much as knew of the existence of the other. While a medical student he had once inhaled ether for the intoxicant effects, as other medical students were wont to do, and when partially under influence of the drug he had noticed that a chance blow to his shins was painless. This gave him the idea that ether might be used in surgical operations; and in subse-



THEODOR SCHWANN.

Hospital in 1846, ether had made good its conquest of pain throughout the civilized world. Only by the most active use of the imagination can we of this present day realize the full meaning of that victory.

It remains to be added that in the subsequent bickerings over the discovery—such bickerings as follow every great advance—two other names came into prominent notice as sharers in the glory of the new method. Both these were Americans—the one, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston; the other, Dr. Crawford W. Long, of

qu Coast, Georgia. In the course of his practice in a small Alabama town, he put the idea into successful execution. There appears to be no doubt whatever that he performed successful minor operations under ether some two or three years before Morton's final demonstration; hence that the merit of first using the drug, or indeed any drug, in this way belongs to him. But unfortunately Dr. Long did not quite trust the evidence of his own experiments. Just at that time the medical journals were full of accounts of experiments in which

painless operations were said to be performed through practice of hypnotism, and Dr. Long feared that his own success might be due to an incidental hypnotic influence rather than to the drug. Hence he delayed announcing his apparent discovery until he should have opportunity for further tests—and opportunities did not come every day to the country practitioner. And while he waited, Morton anticipated him, and the discovery was made known to the world without his aid. It was a true scientific caution that actuated Dr. Long to this delay, but the caution cost him the credit, which might otherwise have been his, of giving to the world one of the greatest blessings that science has ever conferred upon humanity.

A few months after the use of ether became general, the Scotch surgeon Sir J. Y. Simpson discovered that another drug, chloroform, could be administered with similar effects; that it would, indeed, in many cases produce anæsthesia more advantageously even than ether. From that day till this surgeons have been more or less divided in opinion as to the relative merits of the two drugs; but this fact, of course, has no bearing whatever upon the merit of the first discovery of the method of anæsthesia. Even had some other drug subsequently quite banished ether, the honor of the discovery of the beneficent method of anæsthesia would have been in no wise invalidated. And despite all cavillings, it is unequivocally established that the man who gave that method to the world was William Jennings Morton.

IV.

This discovery of the anæsthetic power of drugs was destined presently, in addition to its direct beneficences, to aid greatly in the progress of scientific medicine, by facilitating those experimental studies of animals from which, before the day of anæsthesia, many humane physicians were withheld, and which in recent years have led to discoveries of such inestimable value to humanity. But for the moment this possibility was quite overshadowed by the direct benefits of anæsthesia, and the long strides that were taken in scientific medicine during the first fifteen years after Morton's discovery were mainly independent of such aid. These steps were taken, indeed, in a field that at first glance

might seem to have a very slight connection with medicine. Moreover, the chief worker in the field was not himself a physician. He was a chemist, and the work in which he was now engaged was the study of alcoholic fermentation in vinous liquors. Yet these studies paved the way for the most important advances that medicine has made in any century toward the plane of true science; and to this man more than to any other single individual—it might almost be said more than to all other individuals—was due this wonderful advance. It is almost superfluous to add that the name of this marvellous chemist was Louis Pasteur.

The studies of fermentation which Pasteur entered upon in 1854 were aimed at the solution of a controversy that had been waging in the scientific world with varying degrees of activity for a quarter of a century. Back in the thirties, in the day of the early enthusiasm over the perfected microscope, there had arisen a new interest in the minute forms of life which Leeuwenhoek and some of the other early workers with the lens had first described, and which now were shown to be of almost universal prevalence. These minute organisms had been studied more or less by a host of observers, but in particular by the Frenchman Cagniard Latour and the German, of cell-theory fame, Theodor Schwann. These men, working independently, had reached the conclusion, about 1837, that the micro-organisms play a vastly more important rôle in the economy of nature than any one previously had supposed. They held, for example, that the minute specks which largely make up the substance of yeast are living vegetable organisms, and that the growth of these organisms is the cause of the important and familiar process of fermentation. They even came to hold, at least tentatively, the opinion that the somewhat similar micro-organisms to be found in all putrefying matter, animal or vegetable, had a causal relation to the process of putrefaction.

This view, particularly as to the nature of putrefaction, was expressed even more outspokenly a little later by the French botanist Turpin. Views so supported naturally gained a following; it was equally natural that so radical an innovation should be antagonized. In this case it chanced that one of the most dominating scientific minds of the time,

that of Liebig, took a firm and aggressive stand against the new doctrine. In 1839 he promulgated his famous doctrine of fermentation, in which he stood out firmly against any "vitalistic" explanation of the phenomena, alleging that the presence of micro-organisms in fermenting and putrefying substances was merely incidental, and in no sense causal. This opinion of the great German chemist was in a measure substantiated by experiments of his compatriot Helmholtz, whose earlier experiments confirmed, but later ones contradicted, the observations of Schwann, and this combined authority gave the vitalistic conception a blow from which it had not rallied at the time when Pasteur entered the field. Indeed, it was currently regarded as settled that the early students of the subject had vastly overestimated the importance of micro-organisms.

And so it came as a new revelation to the generality of scientists of the time, when, in 1857 and the succeeding half-decade, Pasteur published the results of his researches, in which the question had been put to a series of altogether new tests, and brought to unequivocal demonstration.

He proved that the micro-organisms do all that his most imaginative predecessors had suspected, and more. Without them, he proved, there would be no fermentation, no putrefaction—no decay of any tissues, except by the slow process of oxidation. It is the microscopic yeast plant which, by seizing on certain atoms of the molecule, liberates the remaining atoms in the form of carbonic acid and alcohol, thus effecting fermentation; it is another microscopic plant—a bacterium, as Devaine had christened it—which in a similar way effects the destruction of organic molecules, producing the condition which we call putrefaction. Pasteur showed, to the amazement of biologists, that there are certain forms of these bacteria which secure the oxygen which all organic life requires, not from the air, but by breaking up unstable molecules in which oxygen is combined; that putrefaction, in short, has its foundation in the activities of these so-called anaerobic bacteria.

In a word, Pasteur showed that all the many familiar processes of the decay of organic tissues are, in effect, forms of fermentation, and would not take place

at all except for the presence of the living micro-organisms. A piece of meat, for example, suspended in an atmosphere free from germs, will dry up gradually, without the slightest sign of putrefaction, regardless of the temperature or other conditions to which it may have been subjected.

There was nothing in these studies bearing directly upon the question of animal diseases, yet before they were finished they had stimulated progress in more than one field of pathology. At the very outset they sufficed to start afresh the inquiry as to the rôle played by micro-organisms in disease. In particular, they led the French physician Devaine to return to some interrupted studies which he had made ten years before, in reference to the animal disease called anthrax, or splenic fever, a disease that cost the farmers of Europe millions of francs annually through loss of sheep and cattle. In 1850, Devaine had seen multitudes of bacteria in the blood of animals who had died of anthrax, but he did not at that time think of them as having a causal relation to the disease. Now, however, in 1863, stimulated by Pasteur's new revelations regarding the power of bacteria, he returned to the subject, and soon became convinced, through experiments by means of inoculation, that the microscopic organisms he had discovered were the veritable and the sole cause of the infectious disease anthrax.

The publication of this belief in 1863 aroused a furor of controversy. That a microscopic vegetable could cause a virulent systemic disease was an idea altogether too startling to be accepted in a day, and the generality of biologists and physicians demanded more convincing proofs than Devaine as yet was able to offer.

Naturally a host of other investigators all over the world entered the field. Foremost among these was the German Dr. Robert Koch, who soon corroborated all that Devaine had observed, and carried the experiments further in the direction of the cultivation of successive generations of the bacteria in artificial media, inoculations being made from such pure cultures of the eighth generation, with the astonishing result that animals thus inoculated at once succumbed to the disease.

Such experiments seem demonstrative, yet the world was unconvinced, and in 1876, while the controversy was still at its height, Pasteur was prevailed upon to take the matter in hand. The great chemist was becoming more and more exclusively a biologist as the years passed, and in recent years his famous studies of the silk-worm diseases, which he proved due to bacterial infection, and of the question of spontaneous generation, had given him unequalled resources in microscopical technique. And so when, with the aid of his laboratory associates Duclaux and Chamberland and Roux, he took up the mooted anthrax question, the scientific world awaited the issue with bated breath. And when, in 1877, Pasteur was ready to report on his studies of anthrax, he came forward with such a wealth of demonstrative experiments—experiments the rigid accuracy of which no one would for a moment think of questioning—going to prove the bacterial origin of anthrax, that scepticism was at last quieted for all time to come.

Henceforth no one could doubt that the contagious disease anthrax is due exclusively to the introduction into an animal's system of a specific germ—a microscopic plant—which develops there. And no logical mind could have a reasonable doubt that what is proved true of one infectious disease would some day be proved true also of other, perhaps of all, forms of infectious maladies.

Hitherto the cause of contagion, by which certain maladies spread from individual to individual, had been a total mystery, quite unilluminated by the vague terms "miasm," "humor," "virus," and the like cloaks of ignorance. Here and there a prophet of science, as Schwann and Henle, had guessed the secret; but guessing, in science, is far enough from knowing. Now, for the first time, the world *knew*, and medicine had taken another gigantic stride toward the heights of exact science.

V.

Meantime in a different, though allied, field of medicine there had been a complementary growth that led to immediate results of even more practical importance. I mean the theory and practice of antiseptics in surgery. This advance, like the other, came as a direct outgrowth of Pasteur's fermentation studies of alco-

holic beverages, though not at the hands of Pasteur himself. Struck by the boundless implications of Pasteur's revelations regarding the bacteria, Dr. Joseph Lister (the present Lord Lister), then of Glasgow, set about as early as 1860 to make a wonderful application of these ideas. If putrefaction is always due to bacterial development, he argued, this must apply as well to living as to dead tissues; hence the putrefactive changes which occur in wounds and after operations on the human subject, from which blood-poisoning so often follows, might be absolutely prevented if the injured surfaces could be kept free from access of the germs of decay.

In the hope of accomplishing this result, Lister began experimenting with drugs that might kill the bacteria without injury to the patient, and with means to prevent further access of germs once a wound was freed from them. How well he succeeded, all the world knows; how bitterly he was antagonized for about a score of years, most of the world has already forgotten. As early as 1867, Lister was able to publish results pointing toward success in his great project; yet so incredulous were surgeons in general that even some years later the leading surgeons across the Channel had not so much as heard of his efforts. In 1870 the soldiers of Paris died, as of old, of hospital gangrene; and when in 1871 the French surgeon Alphonse Guérin, stimulated by Pasteur's studies, conceived the idea of dressing wounds with cotton in the hope of keeping germs from entering them, he was quite unaware that a British contemporary had preceded him by a full decade in this effort at prevention, and had made long strides toward complete success. Lister's priority, however, and the superiority of his method, were freely admitted by the French Academy of Science, which in 1881 officially crowned his achievement, as the Royal Society of London had done the year before.

By this time, to be sure, as everybody knows, Lister's new methods had made their way everywhere, revolutionizing the practice of surgery, and practically banishing from the earth maladies that hitherto had been the terror of the surgeon and the opprobrium of his art. And these bedside studies, conducted in the end by thousands of men who had no knowledge of microscopy, had a large

share in establishing the general belief in the causal relation that micro-organisms bear to disease, which by about the year 1880 had taken possession of the medical world. But they did more; they brought into equal prominence the idea that, the cause of a diseased condition being known, it may be possible as never before to grapple with and eradicate that condition.

The controversy over spontaneous generation, which, thanks to Pasteur and Tyndall, had just been brought to a termination, made it clear that no bacterium need be feared where an antecedent bacterium had not found lodgement; Listerism in surgery had now shown how much might be accomplished toward preventing the access of germs to abraded surfaces of the body, and destroying those that already had found lodgement there. As yet, however, there was no inkling of a way in which a corresponding onslaught might be made upon those other germs which find their way into the animal organism by way of the mouth and the nostrils, and which, as was now clear, are the cause of those contagious diseases which, first and last, claim so large a proportion of mankind for their victims. How such means might be found now became the anxious thought of every imaginative physician, of every working micro-biologist.

As it happened, the world was not kept long in suspense. Almost before the proposition had taken shape in the minds of the other leaders, Pasteur had found a solution. Guided by the empirical success of Jenner, he, like many others, had long practised inoculation experiments, and on the 9th of February, 1880, he announced to the French Academy of Science that he had found a method of so reducing the virulence of a disease germ that, when introduced into the system of a susceptible animal, it produced only a mild form of the disease, which, however, sufficed to protect against the usual virulent form exactly as vaccinia protects against small-pox. The particular disease experimented with was that infectious malady of poultry known familiarly as "chicken cholera." In October of the same year Pasteur announced the method by which this "attenuation of the virus," as he termed it, had been brought about—by cultivation of the disease germs in artificial media, exposed to

the air; and he did not hesitate to assert his belief that the method would prove "susceptible of generalization"—that is to say, of application to other diseases than the particular one in question.

Within a few months he made good this prophecy, for in February, 1881, he announced to the Academy that, with the aid, as before, of his associates MM. Chamberland and Roux, he had produced an attenuated virus of the anthrax microbe, by the use of which he could protect sheep, and presumably cattle, against that fatal malady.

This announcement was immediately challenged in a way that brought it to the attention of the entire world. The president of an agricultural society, realizing the enormous importance of the subject, proposed to Pasteur that his alleged discovery should be submitted to a decisive public test. He proposed to furnish a drove of fifty sheep, half of which were to be inoculated with the attenuated virus by Pasteur. Subsequently all the sheep were to be inoculated with virulent virus, all being kept together in one pen, under precisely the same conditions. The "protected" sheep were to remain healthy; the unprotected ones to die of anthrax; so read the terms of the proposition. Pasteur accepted the challenge; he even permitted a change in the programme by which two goats were substituted for two of the sheep, and ten cattle added; stipulating, however, that since his experiments had not yet been extended to cattle, these should not be regarded as falling rigidly within the terms of the test.

It was a test to try the soul of any man, for all the world looked on askance, prepared to deride the maker of so preposterous a claim as soon as his claim should be proved baseless. Not even the fame of Pasteur could make the public at large, lay or scientific, believe in the possibility of what he proposed to accomplish. There was time for all the world to be informed of the procedure, for the first "preventive" inoculation, or vaccination, as Pasteur termed it, was made on the 5th of May, the second on the 17th; and another interval of two weeks must elapse before the final inoculations with the unattenuated virus. Twenty-four sheep, one goat, and five cattle were submitted to the preliminary vaccinations. Then, on the 31st of May, all sixty of the animals were in-

oculated, a protected and an unprotected one alternately, with an extremely virulent culture of anthrax microbes that had been in Pasteur's laboratory since 1877. This accomplished, the animals were left together in one enclosure, to await the issue.

Two days later, the 2d of June, at the appointed hour of rendezvous, a vast crowd, composed of veterinary surgeons, newspaper correspondents, and farmers from far and near, gathered to witness the closing scenes of this scientific tourney. What they saw was one of the most dramatic scenes in the history of peaceful science—a scene which, as Pasteur declared afterward, “amazed the assembly.” Scattered about the enclosure, dead, dying, or manifestly sick unto death, lay the unprotected animals, one and all; while each and every “protected” animal stalked unconcernedly about with every appearance of perfect health. Twenty of the sheep and the one goat were already dead; two other sheep expired under the eyes of the spectators; the remaining victims lingered but a few hours longer. Thus in a manner theatrical enough, not to say tragic, was proclaimed the unequivocal victory of science. Naturally enough, the unbelievers struck their colors and surrendered without terms; the principle of protective vaccination, with a virus experimentally prepared in the laboratory, was established beyond the reach of controversy.

That memorable scientific battle marked the beginning of a new era in medicine. It was a foregone conclusion that the principle thus established would be still further generalized; that it would be applied to human maladies; that, in all probability, it would grapple successfully, sooner or later, with many infectious diseases. That expectation has advanced rapidly toward realization. Pasteur himself made the application to the human subject in the disease hydrophobia, in 1885, since which time that hitherto most fatal of maladies has largely lost its terrors. Thousands of persons, bitten by mad dogs, have been snatched from the fatal consequences of that mishap by this method, at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and at the similar institutes, built on the model of this parent one, that have been established all over the world, in regions as widely separated as New York and Nha-Trang.

VI.

In the production of the rabies vaccine Pasteur and his associates developed a method of attenuation of a virus quite different from that which had been employed in the case of the vaccines of chicken cholera and of anthrax. The rabies virus was inoculated into the system of guinea-pigs or rabbits, and, in effect, cultivated in the systems of these animals. The spinal cord of these infected animals was found to be rich in the virus, which rapidly became attenuated when the cord was dried in the air. The preventive virus, of varying strengths, was made by maceration of these cords at varying stages of desiccation. This cultivation of a virus within the animal organism, suggested, no doubt, by the familiar Jennerian method of securing small-pox vaccine, was at the same time a step in the direction of a new therapeutic procedure which was destined presently to become of all-absorbing importance—the method, namely, of so-called serum-therapy, or the treatment of a disease with the blood serum of an animal that has been subjected to protective inoculation against that disease.

The possibility of such a method was suggested by the familiar observation, made by Pasteur and numerous other workers, that animals of different species differ widely in their susceptibility to various maladies; and that the virus of a given disease may become more and more virulent when passed through the systems of successive individuals of one species, and, contrariwise, less and less virulent when passed through the systems of successive individuals of another species. These facts suggested the theory that the blood of resistant animals might contain something directly antagonistic to the virus, and the hope that this something might be transferred with curative effect to the blood of an infected susceptible animal. Numerous experimenters all over the world made investigations along the line of this alluring possibility, the leaders perhaps being Drs. Behring and Kitasato, closely followed by Dr. Roux and his associates of the Pasteur Institute of Paris. Definite results were announced by Behring in 1892 regarding two important diseases—tetanus and diphtheria—but the method did not come into general notice until 1894, when Dr. Roux read an epoch-marking paper on the subject at the Congress of Hygiene at Buda-Pesth.

In this paper, Dr. Roux, after adverting to the labors of Behring, Ehrlich, Boer, Kossel, and Wasserman, described in detail the methods that had been developed at the Pasteur Institute for the development of the curative serum, to which Behring had given the since familiar name antitoxine. The method consists, first, of the cultivation, for some months, of the diphtheria bacillus (called the Klebs-Loeffler bacillus, in honor of its discoverers) in an artificial bouillon, for the development of a powerful toxine capable of giving the disease in a virulent form.

This toxine, after certain details of mechanical treatment, is injected in small but increasing doses into the system of an animal, care being taken to graduate the amount so that the animal does not succumb to the disease. After a certain course of this treatment it is found that a portion of blood serum of the animal so treated will act in a curative way if injected into the blood of another animal, or a human patient, suffering with diphtheria. In other words, according to theory, an antitoxine has been developed in the system of the animal subjected to the progressive inoculations of the diphtheria toxine. In Dr. Roux's experience the animal best suited for the purpose is the horse, though almost any of the domesticated animals will serve the purpose.

But Dr. Roux's paper did not stop with the description of laboratory methods. It told also of the practical application of the serum to the treatment of numerous cases of diphtheria in the hospitals of Paris—applications that had met with a gratifying measure of success. He made it clear that a means had been found of coping successfully with what had been one of the most virulent and intractable of the diseases of childhood. Hence it was not strange that his paper made a sensation in all circles, medical and lay alike.

Physicians from all over the world flocked to Paris to learn the details of the open secret, and within a few months the new serum-therapy had an acknowledged standing with the medical profession ev-

erywhere. What it had accomplished was regarded as but an earnest of what the new method might accomplish presently when applied to the other infectious diseases.

Efforts at such applications were immediately begun in numberless directions—had, indeed, been under way in many a laboratory for some years before. It is too early yet to speak of the results in detail. But enough has been done to show that this method also is susceptible of the widest generalization. It is not easy at the present stage to sift that which is tentative from that which will be permanent; but so great an authority as Behring does not hesitate to affirm that to-day we possess, in addition to the diphtheria antitoxine, equally specific antitoxines of tetanus, cholera, typhus-fever, pneumonia, and tuberculosis—a set of diseases which in the aggregate account for a startling proportion of the general death-rate. Then it is known that Dr. Yersin, with the collaboration of his former colleagues of the Pasteur Institute, has developed, and has used with success, an antitoxine from the microbe of the plague which recently ravaged China.

Dr. Calmette, another graduate of the Pasteur Institute, has extended the range of the serum-therapy to include the prevention and treatment of poisoning by venoms, and has developed an antitoxine that has already given immunity from the lethal effects of snake bites to thousands of persons in India and Australia.

Just how much of present promise is tentative; just what are the limits of the methods—these are questions for the future to decide. But, in any event, there seems little question that the serum treatment will stand as the culminating achievement in therapeutics of our century. It is the logical outgrowth of those experimental studies with the microscope begun by our predecessors of the thirties, and it represents the present culmination of the rigidly experimental method which has brought medicine from a level of fanciful empiricism to the plane of a rational experimental science.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ONE came and told me suddenly,
"Your friend is dead! Last year she went;"
But many years my friend had spent
In life's wide wastes, apart from me.

And lately I had felt her near,
And walked as if by soft winds fanned,
Had felt the touching of her hand,
Had known she held me close and dear.

And swift I learned that being dead
Meant rather being free to live,
And free to seek me, free to give,
And so my heart was comforted.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

V.—THE FALL OF SANTIAGO, AND THE PUERTO-RICAN CAMPAIGN.

THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

DESPITE the depressing despatch to Washington saying that he was considering withdrawal, General Shafter, at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, sent to General Toral a demand for immediate surrender, threatening to shell the city, although he had no siege-guns and nothing but light artillery to carry out his threat in case his demand was not complied with. General Toral answered at once, declining to surrender, and saying that he would notify the foreign consuls and the inhabitants of the proposed bombardment. Thereupon the foreign consuls appeared at General Wheeler's headquarters, and asked that the bombardment be postponed until the 5th; that the non-combatants, women and children, and the foreign residents, be allowed to leave the town and pass into the American lines, to be there fed and cared for. General Shafter granted the respite until the 5th, provided that there was no firing from the Spanish lines. By the evening of the 3d it was known that Cervera's fleet had been completely destroyed, and that the purpose of the expedition had been fully attained. But in effecting that purpose the army had been so far advanced toward Santiago that, although the purely military

value of the place was next to nothing after what had happened, not to take it would have been a blow to the prestige of the United States which could not be accepted. If the army had never advanced toward Santiago, but had confined its operations to the capture of the Morro and other harbor defences, thus allowing the navy to clear the mine-fields, the fleet could have entered, destroyed Cervera's ships in the harbor, and forced the surrender of the city. In this event the bulk of the troops could have been placed immediately on the transports and despatched to Puerto Rico, the natural Spanish base in the Antilles, and the point which General Miles rightly believed from the beginning should be the main objective of the American campaign, subject only to the destruction of the cruisers which represented the Spanish sea power in the West Indies. But since the plan of attacking the shore batteries and clearing the channel had been abandoned, and the army marched straight against Santiago, it was no longer possible to withdraw the troops in order to send them to Puerto Rico, or for any other purpose. The capture of Santiago had become by the operations of our army a moral and consequently a military necessity.

The brilliant victory of the American fleet raised every one's spirits, and gave assurance of the final triumph on land. General Shafter, who had first sent out the telegram intimating withdrawal, telegraphed General Miles later that he was master of the situation and could hold the enemy for any length of time, and in the evening, after the news from the fleet had been fully confirmed, cheerfully sent word that his line completely surrounded the town from the bay on the north of the city to a point on San Juan River on the south, and that he thought General Garcia would be able to check the advance of Pando's column. Nevertheless the situation of the American army was in some respects serious. The defences of Santiago in the immediate neighborhood of the city, General Shafter said, were "almost impregnable." They were certainly very strong, and it would have cost many lives to carry them with troops insufficiently provided with artillery. This was a very grave fact, because time had become extremely important to the American forces, and it was pressingly necessary to bring the siege to an end. Haste was imperative, not on account of anything to be feared from the enemy, but through the surrounding conditions. The entire force of the United States, with the exception of Duffield's brigade, had gone through the battle of the 2d of July, and had suffered severely in killed and wounded. For the next thirty-six hours they had been exposed to the enemy's fire, repeatedly obliged to repel an advance, always on the alert, and, in addition, constantly digging and laboring on the intrenchments. The tenacious, unwavering courage with which they clung to the advanced line, laboring and fighting, was as fine in its way as the daring, irresistible rush with which they had swept up the slopes of San Juan. But courage and energy could not prevent the exhaustion incident to so much fighting and digging. There was no reserve. All the troops practically were on the line, with no chance for any substantial relief. The transportation was bad, so that the men were underfed and insufficiently tented. With their exhausting labors, and not fortified by food, with a hospital service which had in large measure broken down, the men were exposed to scorching tropic heats and torrential rains, all in a climate famous for malarial fevers. It was only a question of a very short time

when these fevers would become general, striking first the sick and wounded, who were insufficiently cared for and who could not be restored on a diet of pork and beans, and then the well and unwounded men in the trenches. Worst of all, behind the climatic fevers lurked the dread epidemic of yellow fever, hidden in the cabins of Siboney, which ought to have been burned as the marines burned the fishing village at Guantanamo, and in the hordes of refugees who were to come out of the besieged city.

On the other side, the Spaniards were in reality much worse off, although it may have appeared at Havana and in Madrid as if they had only to hold firm and trust to the climate and the ravages of fever to inflict severe losses upon the Americans, delay them, and possibly force them to withdraw. The Spanish commanders were in the midst of a hostile population. The Cuban insurgents had for some time practically shut them up in the city on the land side, breaking their communications and cutting off their supplies. They believed that the American forces numbered fifty thousand men, and although they were mistaken in this, they knew that their opponents could easily receive unlimited re-enforcements, new regiments, as a matter of fact, soon arriving and extending the lines rapidly around the doomed city. They knew, also, that Cervera's fleet had been destroyed, and that no relief coming oversea could possibly be hoped for. To draw in the outlying troops from other parts of the province was a work of time and difficulty, and meanwhile, with a beaten and discouraged army which had suffered severely in battle, with disease rife, and their water-supply impaired, they were face to face with a vigorous enemy constantly increasing in numbers. Under these conditions the surrender of the city was only a question of time, but how long that time would be was of infinite importance to the American army when delay meant disease and death.

The first truce of two days following Toral's curt and useless refusal to consider surrender did not help the American situation, for it brought on July 5 a general exodus of non-combatants from the city. These unhappy refugees, mostly women and children, came pouring into the American lines at El Caney to the number of twenty-two thousand.



THE MEETING OF THE GENERALS TO ARRANGE THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

They were in sad plight—ragged, sick, starved. They made a fresh strain upon the American resources, for they had, to be fed; they brought yellow fever with them as they scattered through the camps, and they relieved very much the situation of the Spanish forces in the city. After their arrival there was skirmishing along the lines, sometimes of quite a lively character, varied by flags of truce and consequent intervals of repose. Our losses were slight, as the men were now well protected by intrenchments and breastworks. This condition of affairs lasted until the 9th, when another demand for surrender was made. The Spaniards, in reply, offered to evacuate if allowed to withdraw untouched to Holguin, which was declined. They then peremptorily refused to surrender, being encouraged in their attitude probably by the fact that General Escario, with the Pando column, consisting of 3300 men, had come in some days before.* General Garcia had endeavored to stop this re-enforcement, and had fought an action in which the Spanish loss is said to have been 27 killed and 67 wounded; but General Escario forced his way through, apparently without serious difficulty, and reached the city in safety. Whether the arrival of these fresh troops was the cause or not, the surrender was declined, and thereupon the American lines opened with small guns and artillery, and continued the fire until nightfall of Sunday, the 10th, being supported on that afternoon by the eight-inch guns of the *Brooklyn*, *Indiana*, and *Texas*, which came in near shore and fired, most of their shells falling short. The Spaniards replied steadily, but, according to their own accounts, slowly, owing to their desire to economize their ammunition. The American losses were trivial; the Spanish, by their own reports, 7 killed and 47 wounded; but the result of the bombardment was neither substantial nor effective. The next day the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *Indiana* came in to within 400 yards of the shore at Aguadores, anchored, and opened fire with their eight-inch guns over the coast hills, at the city they could not see, with a range of 8500 yards. This time the practice was excellent. The army officers watching the fall of the shells, although they could not tell exactly what happened, saw enough to make

* The night of July 2.

it clear that the shots were effective, and that fires broke out in several places. It was found afterwards to have been far more destructive than the watchers on the hills supposed. Captain West reported forty-six shots, but was unable to tell the result of most of them. After the surrender naval officers found fourteen houses wrecked by shells, and nineteen shells in the Calle de la Marina near the water-front; while Lieutenant Muller states that fifty-nine houses were wrecked or injured, and that no lives were lost, solely because the inhabitants had deserted the city. As General Linares said in the pathetic despatch which he sent to Madrid describing his hopeless and miserable situation, "The fleet has a perfect knowledge of the place, and bombards by elevation with a mathematical accuracy." General Shafter considered that the bombardment had been sufficiently accurate and effective to warrant him in advancing the lines and demanding again an unconditional surrender. At the same time he desired a continuous bombardment from heavier guns, and Admiral Sampson brought down the *Oregon* and *Massachusetts* and prepared to open with the 13-inch guns the next day; while General Miles, who had just arrived, was ready to land fresh troops. But neither the 13-inch guns nor the re-enforcements were needed. The Spaniards knew that the naval bombardment was effective, whatever doubts the officers of our own army may have had in regard to it. The navy, despite the long range and the intervening hills, had managed to supply the place of the lacking siege-guns, and the Spaniards had had enough. A truce was agreed to on July 12; and on July 13 General Miles, who had come up from the coast after ordering the burning of Siboney, a precaution which ought to have been taken two weeks before, joined General Shafter and General Wheeler, and going through the lines with them, had a long interview with General Toral, commanding the Spanish forces. It was evident then, and is still clearer now, that the fight was really over, and that nothing remained but an arrangement of the terms of surrender. General Toral asked for a day to consult Madrid as to the deportation of the Spanish troops, which was granted. The next day there was another meeting of the generals, and it was supposed that all was arranged;



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE CITY HALL OF SANTIAGO.

but it appeared that there had been misunderstandings; other meetings followed, and it was not until after midnight that the preliminary agreement was finally signed. This was sent to Madrid, and being accepted there, was put into due form as articles of capitulation, and signed on July 16. The terms of capitulation provided that all the Eastern District and the troops therein should be surrendered; that the United States should transport the Spanish troops to Spain at its own expense; that the Spanish officers should retain their side-arms, but that all other arms and ammunition of war were to be surrendered, the American commissioners recommending to their government, as a sop to Spanish pride, that the soldiers should be allowed to keep the arms they had so bravely defended, to which recommendation no heed was or could be paid.

So the city and Eastern District of Santiago passed into American hands, the outward and visible sign of the victorious fighting of the army, as the twisted wrecks to the westward were of that of the navy. The ceremonies of surrender took place on July 17. Early in the morning General Shafter, with General Wheeler by his side, started from the American lines, followed by the division and brigade commanders and their staffs. They

were plainly dressed, without stars or orders—hard fighters all—and presented a contrast to General Toral and his staff, who were glittering with decorations. It was half past nine when the two commanders met and shook hands, and the American congratulated the Spaniard upon his gallant defence. Then a battalion of Spanish infantry marched past, piled their arms, and marched back again, in sign of the surrender, and setting the example soon to be followed by the rest of the army. This done, the generals and their staffs rode forward into the city. Along the road lay the carcasses of horses, and the shallow graves of soldiers torn open by vultures—grim and silent witnesses of the work which had brought the Spaniards to defeat. Presently the Spanish lines were reached, and the cavalcade passed through the intrenchments, wire fences, and barricades of paving-stones, which it would have cost many brave lives to force. So on through streets lined with Spanish soldiers, silent, but apparently relieved to have it over, and bearing the inevitable with cheerful philosophy. When the Plaza was reached the generals entered the palace, while the Ninth Infantry and two troops of cavalry cleared the square. In the palace General Shafter received the

head of the Church, gorgeous in purple robes and many decorations. Possibly, as the archbishop, after his brief interview, took his way across the square through the bowing crowds, he may have thought upon the after-dinner speech in which he had so lately declared that with ten thousand men he would hoist the Spanish flag over the Capitol at Washington, and thus pondering, have found fresh force in the words of Ecclesiastes. The time slipped by as the crowds waited—the natives rejoicing, the Spanish soldiers cheerful, the Spanish officers and priests sad and dejected—until, as all watched the cathedral clock, the hand came round to five minutes before twelve. Then a sharp command rang out, the infantry and cavalry came to attention and stood motionless. The five minutes dragged on with leaden feet, and then at last the bells began to sound from the cathedral, and the American flag went up on the staff over the palace. The band played "The Star-spangled Banner," the officers bared their heads, the troops presented arms, the artillery thundered from the trenches, and all down the long and distant line ran the American cheers—strong, vigorous, inspiring, the shout of a conquering people.

It was all over. Santiago had passed away from Spain, and with it all Cuba, for what had been done there could not be hindered elsewhere, as was now very plain to all men. It was one of the dramatic points in the war. It was the moment when the American flag, mounting proudly in the air, told the world that Spain's empire in America had finally and forever departed. Out of that harbor, famous before, more famous now, Grijalva and Cordova had sailed on the perilous voyages which had discovered Central America. Thence in the early dawn of a November morning in 1518 Cortez had slipped away with his fleet to escape an unfriendly Governor, and raising afterwards at Havana his standard of black and gold, with a red cross flaring in the centre, had passed on to conquer Mexico and pour untold wealth into the coffers of the Spanish King. The last Spanish fleet had just left that harbor a desperate fugitive, and had perished in its mad flight just beyond the harbor mouth. Now the speech of the men who, three hundred years before, had hunted the Armada and saved English freedom was

heard in the market-place of Santiago, repeating the old message of liberty, grown wider and stronger than ever before in the hands of the great republic. The flag of the United States fluttered in the breezes which for three centuries had carried the arms and colors of Spain, now fallen and gone. Only outward symbols these, but representing many facts and many events worthy of much attention and consideration from those who think tyranny, falsehood, and bigotry are suitable instruments for the government of mankind.

It is well also not to forget that while these great and conclusive events were happening at Santiago, while Sampson was shutting in Cervera with his strong and patient blockade, the better to crush him when he rushed out in flight, while the American army was advancing from the coast, winning the hot fight at San Juan and taking the city in token of victory, other Americans in ships of war were diligently and efficiently carrying steadily forward the work which was cutting off Cuba from the rest of the world, and making inevitable the surrender of the island, even as the eastern province had surrendered. North and south, all along that far-stretching and broken coast-line, American gunboats and cruisers kept up a ceaseless patrol. Ships at the western end were scarce enough, but nevertheless the blockade was kept tight and firm around Havana and the ports covered by the first proclamation. To tell in fitting detail all the work that was done would fill many pages, and would be no more than the officers and sailors deserve who performed hard and often obscure duty with an efficiency equal to that shown by their more fortunate comrades in a larger and more brilliant theatre. But it is impossible here to render this justice to all. The work was patient and unceasing, and the incidents of fighting were of almost daily occurrence. Now a great blockade-runner was hunted down and destroyed, as the *Eagle* dealt with the *Santo Domingo* at Rio Piedras, and the *Hawk*, aided by the *Castine*, with another six-thousand-ton ship at Mariel, the men on the ships or in boats facing a heavy fire in their relentless pursuit. Blockade-running became a dangerous, almost impossible, business under the conditions imposed by the American navy. Again it was the landing of an expedition



Francis J. Higginson



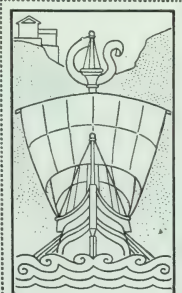
Charles H. Davis



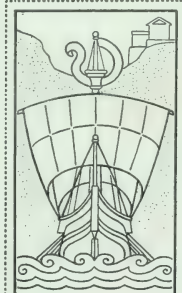
Richard Wainwright



Henry C. Haines



Harry P. Huse





SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, FROM THE HARBOR.

to bring aid and supplies to Gomez, as was done by the *Peoria* and *Helena* conveying the *Florida*, with a fight in consequence against the batteries and block-houses at Las Tunas. Again it was the *Dixie* smashing the block-houses at the San Juan and Guayximico rivers, and the gunboats at Casilda. These are but samples of the manner in which the Spanish defences were harried and broken up all along the coast, and the efforts to get supplies to the main army at Havana frustrated and brought to naught.

More serious was the affair of June 26 at Manzanillo. On the morning of that day the *Hist*, under command of Lieutenant Young, the senior officer present, together with the *Hornet* and the *Wompatuck*, attacked a gunboat near the block-houses in Niguero Bay, and, after a sharp action, destroyed her. They pushed on to the harbor of Manzanillo in the afternoon, and came upon nine vessels, including four gunboats and a torpedo-boat, drawn up in crescent formation, and supported by four pontoons and strong shore batteries. Nothing daunted, these two converted yachts and one tug, with their light batteries, pressed forward and attacked vigorously, under a heavy fire. The odds were strongly against

them; the *Hist* was hit eleven times; the *Hornet*, also struck many times, was disabled finally by a shot through her main steam-pipe, and was towed off by the *Wompatuck*, which received her share of shots, fighting her batteries steadily and effectively. The Spanish torpedo-boat was disabled, one gunboat sunk, as well as a sloop loaded with soldiers, and a pontoon was destroyed. It was a very plucky fight against a far superior force. The next day the *Scorpion*, under command of Lieutenant Marix,



AN ANCIENT GATEWAY, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.



THE STREET OF THE CROSS, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

and accompanied by the tug *Osceola*, went in and vigorously renewed the attack, but were inadequate to dispose of such odds against them. These affairs made it obvious that a stronger force was necessary in order to really destroy the Spanish ships assembled in the harbor. On July 18 the five small vessels which had already been engaged, re-enforced by the gunboats *Helena* and *Wilmington*, Commander Todd of the latter being the senior officer present, went in early in the morning and opened fire at ten minutes before eight. At the end of two hours and a half they had destroyed three large transports, the *Ponton*, a guard-ship, and three gunboats. As they worked in closer, batteries opened from the shore, and soldiers with rifles, to which they replied effectively; but when the shipping was disposed of, the American flotilla withdrew, the work to which it had been assigned having been performed with entire thoroughness, excellent shooting, cool courage, and in the same spirit of completeness as had been shown to the world at Manila.

Three days afterwards the *Annapolis*,

commanded by Commander Hunker, and the *Topeka*, with the *Wasp* and *Leyden* leading, went in through the mine-sown channel of Nipe Bay, on the northern coast. There they found the gunboat *Don Jorge Juan*, of 935 tons and armed with 6-inch rifles, lying at anchor in the restful belief that no enemy would dare to venture past the mines. Unluckily the enemy inconsiderately did that very thing, faced the fire of the *Don Jorge Juan*, closed in, and in half an hour the Spaniard, shot to pieces, had surrendered and sunk. Again, three days later, the *Nashville*, under command of Commander Maynard, took possession of Gibara, supporting the Cubans who were already in the town. Thus the seaports of Cuba were falling rapidly and steadily into American hands, and thus the net was being drawn ever closer and tighter upon the main army at Havana. In pursuance of this policy it was determined to complete the work at Manzanillo, where the shipping had been so thoroughly destroyed, by taking the town itself, which, strongly held by a large force of troops and well defended by batteries, was a



THE LANDING AT GUANICA.

source of trouble to the American campaign on land, as well as a constant temptation to blockade-running. With this object in view, the *Newark*, under Captain Goodrich, on her way to the Isle of Pines to conduct certain operations ordered by Admiral Sampson, gathered together the *Resolute*, *Suwanee*, *Hist*, *Osceola*, and the *Alvarado*—a recently captured Spanish gunboat—and entered Manzanillo Harbor on August 12. A de-

mand for surrender under pain of bombardment was refused, and the ships opened upon the batteries at twenty minutes before four. In half an hour white flags were seen on a Spanish gunboat; the American fire stopped; the *Alvarado*, running in under a flag of truce, was fired upon, and the action was immediately renewed. Cuban forces then appeared in the rear of the town, and opening fire, were supported by the ships. At half

past five the ships anchored; a slow fire from the *Newark* was kept up through the night, and preparations were made to renew the bombardment and force the surrender of the town the next morning. When daylight came, white flags were seen in Manzanillo, and the Captain of the Port brought off to Captain Goodrich a brief despatch, saying, "Protocol of peace signed by the President; armistice proclaimed." No more bombardment, therefore, and Manzanillo was to be yielded without a struggle. The road of peace was opened again, hostilities were suspended, and the last shot of war from American guns in Cuban waters had been fired.

THE CAMPAIGN IN PUERTO RICO.

The island of Puerto Rico, the easternmost and the most beautiful of the Greater Antilles, with its large population and commanding strategic position, was constantly in the minds of both army and navy as soon as war began. It was there that Admiral Sampson had gone to find Cervera at what seemed the most probable place, but the Spanish fleet was not in the harbor of San Juan. The noise of the bombardment died away, and the people of the island continued to believe that all was well, that Spain was triumphant and had won a great victory at Manila. American cruisers fluttered about the coast, and it was true that there seemed always to be a ship off San Juan. But this did not shake the general confidence, and there was much elation when the crack torpedo-boat destroyer *Terror*, detached at Martinique because out of order, came into the harbor. On June 22 it seemed that it would be a good thing for the *Terror* to go out, with the cruiser *Isabel II.*, and attack the *St. Paul*, commanded by Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine*, just then watching the port. The *St. Paul* was only a huge Atlantic liner hastily armed and converted into an auxiliary cruiser, and probably the Spaniards thought her an easy prey, if only she would not run away. It is said that they invited their friends down to the shore to see the performance. The cruiser came out first, apparently did not like the outlook, and clung to the shelter of the batteries, firing ineffectively, while the *St. Paul*, apparently undisturbed, took a few shots to try the ranges. Then came the *Terror*, and as she steamed to the eastward the *St.*



THE BANNER OF PONCE.

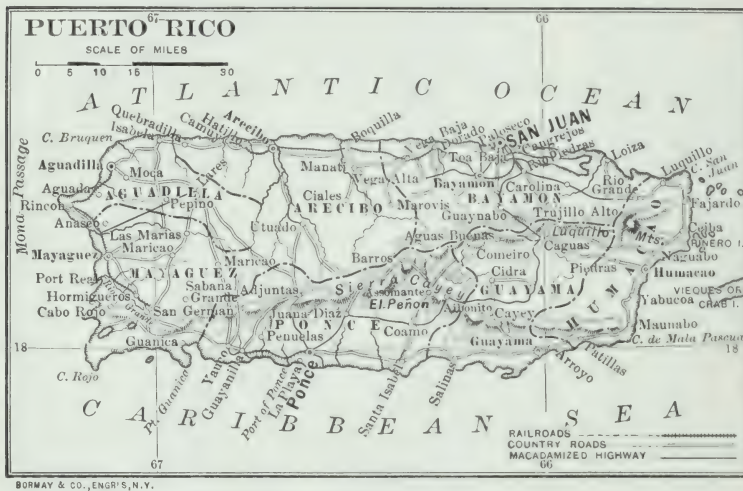
Paul steamed along outside and parallel. Then the torpedo-boat made a dash, and the *St. Paul*, instead of running away, waited to be torpedoed, and when the *Terror* got within 5400 yards, opened on her, sweeping her decks with fragments of shell and rapid-fire projectiles. It was clearly easier to blow Captain Sigsbee up in a peaceful harbor at night than in broad day, and the *Terror* turned round. Then a beautiful shot at nearly three miles distance from the *St. Paul's* 5-inch gun hit her on the starboard side, smashed her engine, and killed the chief and assistant engineers, so that the dreaded boat was just able to struggle back and be dragged sinking to the beach by a couple of tugs. This disposed of that member of Cervera's

fleet for the time being, and the pretty bit of shooting which was responsible for it was the only incident near Puerto Rico, since Admiral Sampson steamed in on May 12, until the expedition started which was to take the island.

General Miles, from an early period of the war, was convinced that it would be an error to undertake a summer campaign on a large scale in Cuba and directed against the principal Spanish army at Havana. He thought, and very justly, that the correct objective, from a mil-

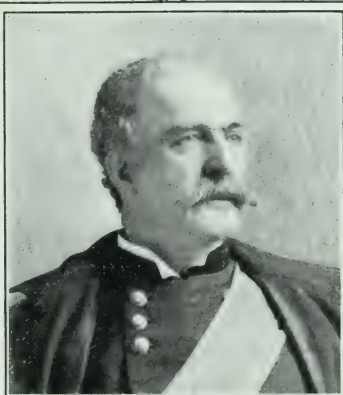
itary point of view, was Puerto Rico, which was the Spanish base for all operations in the West Indies, and where the climate was much better for Northern troops than was the case in Cuba. This plan was laid before the War Department, which was still considering the advisability of a general movement against Havana. The coming of Cervera's fleet and its final imprisonment in the harbor of Santiago changed the situation and made that city the objective of the highest moment. General Miles, appreciating the importance of this expedition, telegraphed on June 5, from Tampa, that he desired to go at its head; but the command was given to General Shafter, and on June 6 General Miles, instead of being sent to Santiago, was asked, in a despatch from the Secretary of War, how soon he could have a sufficient force ready to go to Puerto Rico. General Miles replied that it could be ready in ten days, and there the matter seems to have dropped.

On June 8 the Santiago expedition was ready, and on June 14 it sailed with 15,000 men and 800 officers, instead of the 25,000 it was expected to send. This was owing to a break-down in the ocean transportation, due to lack of knowledge of the steamships, which proved insufficient, and compelled the leaving behind at Tampa of 10,000 men who ought to have gone, and whose presence at Santiago would have greatly quickened the results and thereby saved much of the mortality caused by fever. The day after the Shafter expedition finally departed, General Miles was summoned to Washington, and then, on June 26, an order was finally given to organize an expedition to operate against the enemy in Cuba and Puerto Rico, and General Miles was directed personally to take the command. For some little time before, efforts had been



making to collect transports for Puerto Rico, and this work went slowly forward, for everything connected with the business of transportation was tardy and imperfect. Then came a spur to the lagging transport service, which had already appealed to the navy for aid, and secured the help of vessels of war in carrying troops. It was a very sharp spur too, and struck home hard, being nothing less, in fact, than General Shafter's despatch of July 2, saying that he was considering withdrawal, depicting the strength of the river defences of the city, and the impossibility of carrying them with the force he had with him. General Miles replied, congratulating him upon the splendid fighting of his army, and said that he expected to be with him in a week. But General Miles overrated the transport service. Even under the tremendous pressure then existing he did not get away until July 8, and as it was he went on the *Yale*, a vessel of the navy, with

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Nelson A. Miles



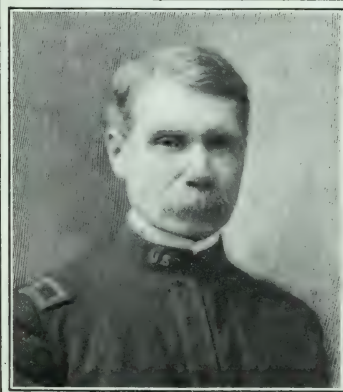
John R. Brooke



John M. Wilson



Guy V. Henry



Theodore Schwan



Oswald H. Ernst

J. BIERACH JR.

1500 troops on board, accompanied by the *Columbia*, and followed by the *Duchesse* with more soldiers. When he reached Santiago, on July 11, however, no time was lost, for General Miles had a plan already made, and knew just what he meant to do—a very great advantage in affairs requiring action, where a poor plan is better than none at all, and is always an immense advance over chaos. So General Miles, knowing what he wanted, arranged at once with Admiral Sampson—delighted to meet with a plan and cordially acquiescing—that everything should be prepared to land the new force on the west side of the bay, and either attack the harbor forts and open the way to the fleet, or else, if it seemed better, march on to the city and take the Spanish position in reverse. This done, General Miles landed, burned the cabins at Siboney, and the next morning rode to the front and joined General Shafter. After taking part in the negotiations which resulted in the capitulation of the city, and issuing orders looking to the proper camping of the troops and their protection, so far as possible, from disease, and especially from yellow fever, which had now become menacing, General Miles betook himself to the *Yale*, and telegraphed to Washington, asking permission to proceed as soon as possible to Puerto Rico. After some delay the necessary authority was given. All the troops at Santiago were more or less infected, so that it was not safe to take any of them, as had been originally planned, with the fresh regiments which had been kept on shipboard. This reduced the effective force which General Miles had with him to 3300 men, and he was obliged to rely on these alone until the re-enforcements which were expected arrived from the United States to face the Spanish forces in Puerto Rico, amounting, it was reported, to over 17,000 men. Tugs, launches, and lighters were ordered and anxiously awaited, but none came, and the expedition finally started on July 21, trusting to the navy and to what they could find at their destination to land the troops. The fleet consisted of seven transports carrying troops, and the *Massachusetts*, *Dixie*, *Gloucester*, *Yale*, and *Columbia* as convoy, the last two also having troops on board. The plan was to land at Fajardo, on the eastern side of the island a little south of the cape, and not

far from the city of San Juan. This continued to be the objective until the expedition started; but General Miles, being satisfied that Fajardo had been widely advertised as the landing-place, and that, owing to the delays and the publicity, the Spaniards had had ample opportunity to concentrate at that point, very wisely decided that he would not go where the enemy expected him, but to Guanica, where nobody looked for him, on the southwestern coast. He also had trustworthy information, which events subsequently verified, that at Guanica he could get sugar-lighters, and still more at Ponce, the principal city of the island in the immediate neighborhood, whence a fine military road ran to San Juan, and that the people of that region were disaffected to Spain and friendly to the Americans. Captain Higginson objected, naturally, to this change, because at Guanica he could not get in with his heavy ships to support the troops, whereas he could cover their landing at Fajardo. So it was first decided to go to Fajardo, observe the conditions, and if they were unfavorable, return. Later this plan too was changed, and the *Dixie* being sent to pick up the *New Orleans* at San Juan, and the transports which were supposed to be on their way to the original point of attack, the fleet went on direct to Guanica. They reached their destination a little after five o'clock on the morning of July 25, and the *Massachusetts* and *Gloucester*, standing in, came to anchor at quarter before nine. The battle-ship could go no farther, and although it was clear that there were no entrance batteries, no one knew what batteries might be concealed inside, or what mines might be placed in the channel. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright at once asked permission to go forward, and on the request being granted, the *Gloucester* ran briskly in, firing as she entered. A landing party, consisting of Lieutenant Wood and twenty-eight men, under command of Lieutenant Huse, was put ashore, and, on their hauling down the Spanish flag the enemy opened upon them on both sides and from the village. Deploying, they drove the enemy back through the village, and at the end of the street built a stone wall and strung barbed wire to meet the re-enforcements reported to be coming from Yauco. This attack and the fire from the *Gloucester* scattered the small body of Spanish

SPANIARDS SURPRISED BY COLONEL HULING'S REGIMENT IN THEIR FLIGHT FROM COAMO.



regulars who had resisted the landing. Meantime Captain Higginson, listening anxiously and attentively after the *Gloucester* had disappeared from sight, became satisfied that there were no inside batteries, and ordered the transports to go in. This was quickly done; it was found that the men of the *Gloucester* had seized a lighter, and soldiers from Colonel Black's regiment of engineers were at once landed at Captain Wainwright's request to support the *Gloucester* landing party. In a few minutes, as soon as the naval launches could tow them in, the town of Guanica was in the hands of the American army, and the first landing in Puerto Rico had been successfully accomplished. The path was opened very swiftly and effectively by the men of the *Gloucester*, as prompt and efficient in the seizure of the town as they had been in the destruction of the *Furor* and *Pluton*.

The next day at dawn General Garretson, with six companies of the Sixth Massachusetts and one company of the Sixth Illinois, moved out and attacked a strong force of Spaniards at Yauco, driving them before them and taking the town, which gave us possession of the railroad and of the highway to Ponce, for the advance of General Henry's brigade. That evening the *Dixie* returned, and the next day General Wilson, on the *Obdam*, and General Ernst, on the *Grande Duchesse*, arrived with more troops, and the *Annapolis* and *Wasp* also joined the squadron. Captain Higginson was now strong enough to detach a force against Ponce, which it was most desirable to secure with the least possible delay, not only because it was the largest city of the island and the terminus of the military road, but because it had a good harbor and excellent facilities for disembarking, in which Guanica was very deficient. Captain Davis of the *Dixie* was therefore ordered to proceed at once with the *Annapolis*, *Wasp*, and *Gloucester* to Ponce, reconnoitre, seize lighters, and occupy any position necessary for landing the army. The *Dixie*, accompanied by the *Annapolis* and *Wasp*, started at quarter before two, and the *Gloucester* at half past four. At three o'clock the first three ships were in the channel, and by half past five they had all anchored without resistance in the harbor. Captain Davis ordered the *Wasp* to lie in such a way that her broad-

side would command the main street of La Playa, and Lieutenant Merriam was sent ashore with a flag of truce to demand the immediate surrender of Ponce, under threat of bombardment, which was no idle menace, as the heavy six-inch battery of the *Dixie* entirely commanded the town, the main part of which was a mile and a half distant from the port. When Lieutenant Merriam returned, he reported that the Spanish forces had withdrawn from the port, and that he had been unable to open communications with their commander. He was closely followed on board by the British and German consuls, and several gentlemen representing the commercial interests, who said they had authority from the Spanish commander to negotiate for surrender. The fact was that although Colonel San Martin and his 700 Spanish regulars were quite ready to fight, their resistance would have resulted only in the destruction of the city by bombardment—something much disliked by the property-owners—and the consequent general rising of the hostile people, productive probably of much bloodshed and disaster to the soldiers themselves. Hence the readiness to allow the commercial interests to surrender the town. A delay was asked for, long enough to permit communication with the Spanish headquarters at San Juan, which was refused by Captain Davis. Return to the town for further consultation followed, and then they came back and surrendered the town, subject only to the condition that the Spanish troops should be permitted to withdraw unmolested, and that the municipal government should be allowed to remain in authority until the arrival of the army. This done, the Americans occupied the night by looking over all the vessels in the harbor and taking such as were good prize, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright of the *Gloucester*, energetic and efficient, gathering in some seventy lighters, and getting them ready for the army. At half past five Lieutenant Merriam went in, followed closely by Lieutenant Haines of the *Dixie*, with the marines, and received the surrender of the port. The flag was raised by a cadet of the *Dixie* over the office of the Captain of the Port, the marines were posted, and by this formal act Ponce passed into American hands. About seven o'clock the *Massachusetts*, conveying General Miles with General



A VIEW OF THE MILITARY ROAD TO THE SOUTH OF THE SPANISH POSITION AT AIBONITO.

Wilson and the transports, now increased by two more which had just come up with the *Cincinnati*, had joined them. By half past seven General Wilson had landed, and in less than an hour Lieutenant Haines was able to withdraw his sentries and turn over the port to the army. Meantime some officers of the *Dixie* had driven up to the centre of the town, where they were received with enthusiasm by the people, which they soon reported at La Playa. Returning at once, they went to the City Hall, accompanied by Lieutenant Haines, who released the political prisoners found there, and Cadet Lodge of the *Dixie* hauled down the Spanish and raised the American flag, the great crowd in the square cheering wildly, and then received from the Mayor the municipal banner and the formal surrender of the city. Presently Major Flagler appeared with

troops and took formal possession. Thus the whole business was quickly done without hesitation or delay, and our army held the largest city of Puerto Rico as a base from which they could advance at will to the capital, and by which they controlled the whole southern coast of the island.

Once on shore, thanks to the capture of the lighters and the efficient aid of the navy, General Wilson moved rapidly. That same afternoon he had established his headquarters at Ponce. Then he proceeded to organize the government of the city which had passed into his hands, and at the same time his own command, which was composed of General Ernst's brigade, consisting of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania and the Second and Third Wisconsin—all volunteers—a battalion of regular light artillery, a troop of volunteer cavalry, and a company of the Signal Corps. On Au-

gust 3 he was able to relieve the brigade of their black-powder Springfields, and supply them with smokeless-powder Krag-Jorgensons—a highly beneficial change, which ought to have been made years before, but for which there should be due gratitude, after the Santiago experience, that it was made at all, even toward the end of a war. So the work, civil and military, was driven rapidly and efficiently forward, and in the midst of it all the country was reconnoitred, and as fast as possible the outposts were advanced along the great road to San Juan.

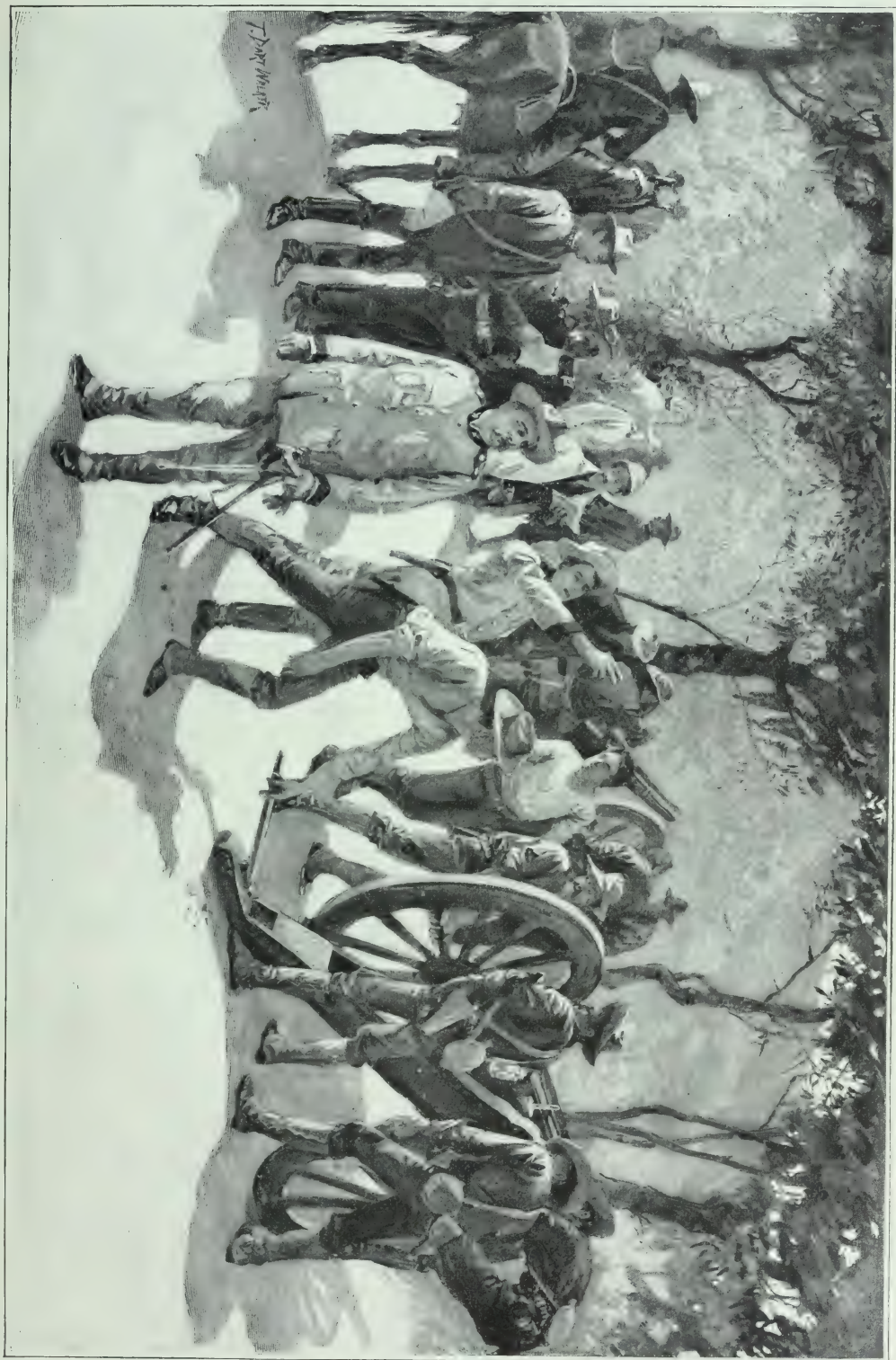
In this way, and from spies and deserters, it was learned that a force of the enemy, numbering 2000, had taken position at Aibonito, about thirty-five miles from Ponce, a place of great natural strength, and indeed almost impregnable. Between Aibonito and our advanced party lay the town of Coamo, also a very strong position naturally, held by 250 men. Coamo was capable of a very stubborn defence, and was still further protected by a block-house on the Baños road, which could open fire upon troops moving along the main military road. General Wilson decided, therefore, to turn the position. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania, under the command of Colonel Hulings, and guided by Colonel Biddle and Captain Gardner of General Wilson's staff, was ordered on the evening of August 8 to move to the rear of the town. In the darkness, over difficult mountain trails and across deep ravines, they made their way with difficulty and much hard marching. At seven in the morning of the 9th, General Ernst, with the other two regiments of his brigade, and supported by the artillery and cavalry, advanced directly upon the town. Captain Anderson's battery opened directly upon the block-house, which replied with an ineffective fire, and was in flames in fifteen minutes. The two Wisconsin regiments at the same time moved forward along the Baños and the military roads. As they advanced they heard the sound of sharp firing, and knew that the Pennsylvania troops were engaged. The march was quickened, and the whole force pressed rapidly forward, reaching and entering the town to find the enemy gone and the intrenchments deserted. General Wilson's skilful disposition of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania had given him Coamo with hardly a struggle, and

the fight had been made and won in the rear of the town before the main advance reached it.

The flanking regiment, pushing along over the mountains in the darkness, had come out too far to the north, and had been obliged to move to the south by a difficult path, which made them an hour late in arriving at the point agreed upon. But when they reached their destination they found the Spaniards in a strong position, covered by the trees and ditches, and holding the road. The first battalion was rapidly formed along two ridges parallel to the road, whence they at once opened fire, and a sharp skirmish ensued. Meantime the second battalion moved to the left, toward a position whence they could enfilade the road, and the Spaniards surrendered. The action lasted an hour. The Americans lost 6 men wounded. On the Spanish side the commander, who exposed himself with reckless courage, another officer, and 4 privates were killed, and between 30 and 40 were wounded. Five Spanish officers and 162 men were made prisoners.

Within five minutes after the fight Captain Clayton with his troop of cavalry rode through the town in rapid pursuit of the beaten enemy. The troopers pushed on fast, preventing, except in one instance, the destruction of the bridges, and carrying the American advance forward until they came within range of the strong positions of El Peñon and Asomante, where batteries were placed which swept the road. To take these defences by direct assault, it was obvious, would involve a heavy loss of life to the limited forces General Wilson had at his disposal, and he accordingly resolved to again turn the enemy by a flanking movement on the right. Before doing so, however, General Wilson determined to make a reconnoissance with artillery, and our batteries opened on the Spanish positions at one o'clock on the 12th of August. We apparently silenced their batteries, but as we slackened they opened again with a vigorous fire, and once more, as at Santiago, black powder furnished the enemy a fine target, while the smokeless powder made it difficult to get their range or exact place. We lost 2 men killed, and 2 officers and 3 men wounded, and demonstrated the strength of the Spanish position. General Wilson, before beginning to turn the Spaniards,

THE NEWS OF THE PEACE PROTOCOL: GENERAL BROOKE STOPPING THE ARTILLERY IN ITS ADVANCE UPON ALBONITO.



sent in a demand for surrender, which was naturally and quite curtly refused. Then, just as General Ernst was starting on the flank movement which would have forced Aibonito to surrender like Coamo, word came that the peace protocol with Spain had been signed and hostilities suspended. So the movement along the military road into the heart of the island and across the San Juan, which had been pushed so skilfully and successfully, came to a stop, and did not begin again until Spain had surrendered on a larger scale and it was able to go forward to the capital without resistance.

Other movements were in progress while General Wilson was operating along the main military road. General Brooke, with the brigade commanded by General Hains, reached Guanica on July 31, and going thence to Ponce, was ordered to Arroyo, about thirty-six miles east of Ponce, the port of the large town of Guayama, and near the point where the coast begins to turn and trend toward the north. Arroyo had surrendered to Captain Goodrich of the *St. Louis* on August 2, but on the arrival of the army the old story of the inefficient transport service—no lighters, no boats, no means of getting the soldiers on shore, always desirable things to have in military expeditions of this character—was repeated, and then, as usual, came the appearance of the navy, and the navy got the troops on shore, to the great relief of the general in command. Once landed, there was little delay. On August 4 General Hains was ordered to move on Guayama, and on the following morning he advanced with the Fourth Ohio, holding the Third Illinois in reserve. Meeting the enemy about a mile east of Guayama, our men drove the Spaniards before them and through the streets, had a sharp skirmish with them on the other side, in which four men were wounded, and in the evening, still advancing, took and held two strong positions on the outskirts of the town. The position was held until the 8th, when a reconnoissance was made by Colonel Coit, with about 110 men, along the road running north from Guayama. Pushing forward, the party had advanced about five miles when they ran into the Spaniards, came under a heavy fire, and had five men wounded. Falling back steadily, they were met and supported by the rest of the

regiment, and easily checked and drove the Spaniards back. The reconnoissance had developed the fact that the enemy were in force and held strong positions on the north. General Brooke therefore determined to turn the position. He waited until the 13th in order to get two troops of cavalry and four light batteries, and then sending General Hains with one regiment to make a *détour* and reach the enemy's rear, he advanced with the rest of his force along the road directly against the Spanish position. He moved slowly, in order to give time to the flanking regiment to reach its destination, and when sufficient time had elapsed he brought his guns within range and unmasked them. Just as the men were about to open fire, a message came in from Ponce announcing the signing of the protocol and that all was over. General Brooke retired to camp at Guayama, and there waited until, as one of the commissioners, he rode over the hills to receive the surrender of the island, watch the departure of the soldiers of Spain, and become himself the first American Governor of Puerto Rico.

On the same day that General Brooke received his orders for Arroyo, General Schwan arrived, and on August 6 received orders from General Miles to organize an expedition at Yauco and proceed against Mayaguez, a large town, the centre of a sugar district in the extreme west of the island, and thence, swinging to the right, to advance by Lares to Arecibo, the principal city on the north coast. On August 9 the expedition was ready. It consisted of the Eleventh Infantry and two light batteries, all regulars. They marched twelve miles in intense heat and over a bad road to Sabana Grande, where they were joined by Captain Macomb with a troop of the Fifth Cavalry, also regulars. Giving his men a good night's rest, General Schwan started at eight o'clock. Having provided himself with guides and spies, and from the beginning having made every arrangement to secure all possible information, General Schwan soon had news that the enemy, whose force was reported to be superior in numbers to his own, had marched out from Mayaguez to contest the American advance. The cavalry and the advance-guard were ordered, therefore, to exercise great care; they were drawn nearer to the brigade, and then the whole force pressed rapidly and steadily forward along the San German



THE EXPEDITION AGAINST LARES AND ARECIBO.

The Eleventh Infantry drawing the enemy.

road. As they drew nearer to Mayaguez they came into a country intersected by two rivers and their tributaries. The road runs along the valley of the Rio Grande, through flat lands widening out here and there to a thousand yards, fenced with wire and crossed by creeks and streams, some running swiftly and with a considerable depth of water—altogether a rather difficult country for troops to operate in, and susceptible of a strong defence. As the Americans approached the little village of Hormigueros, Spanish scouts opened fire ineffectively from behind the hedges near some sugar-mills. On went the cavalry, and the Spanish skirmishers fled, pursued by the troopers, who rode along under shelter of a railroad embankment, keeping up a steady fire and getting control of a covered wooden bridge. Just beyond this point it had been intended to camp, but General Schwan determined, although his men had marched thirteen miles in the heat, to finish with

the enemy, now that he had them in his near neighborhood, and in order to gain possession of an important iron bridge on the main road. The soldiers responded cheerfully and readily. The whole force pressed on, and when within four hundred yards of the bridge the enemy opened with a light fire, and then heavily with volleys, at the main body of troops. The artillery was brought up. There was difficulty in deciding the position of the enemy, thanks to their smokeless powder, but soon the direction was obtained from the course of the Spanish bullets. Then the artillery opened, and the whole command moved forward. Unable to cross a creek, the advance made its way over a bridge. The Gatlings went forward with the infantry, concentrating their fire and supported by the cavalry. Still forward, and they were over the iron bridge, and masters of the approach to Mayaguez. The rest of the artillery came up again, the infantry pressed forward, the enemy



THE MILITARY ROAD LEADING INTO YAUCO.

gave way in all directions, and the Americans occupied the Spanish position and camped there for the night. Again had it been shown that the Spaniards could not stand the steady onset of the American troops. They had equal numbers, knowledge of the country, and the advantage of position. They fired heavily as at Guasimas as soon as the Americans came within range, and then as the Americans came on, opening with all arms and going at them without flinching, the Spaniards, nearly all regulars in this case, gave way and fled. The action was over at six o'clock. The American loss was 1 killed and 15 wounded; the Spanish, 15 killed and about 35 wounded. The skirmish was well and skilfully fought, and illustrated as perfectly as a much larger affair the inability of the Spaniards to either attack, take the initiative, or make a firm stand in the open.

The next morning, August 11, by half past eight, the American scouts were in Mayaguez, an hour later the cavalry, and then came General Schwan and his staff

and the infantry, with bands playing and colors flying. The Spaniards had gone, the town gently yielded itself, the Mayor declared himself subject to the orders of the American general, and the people crowded the streets and cheered the American troops. The brigade then went into camp near the town, and the cavalry were ordered to keep in touch with the retreating enemy. Following the easterly road to Lares, the cavalry drove some Spaniards before them, but it was soon discovered that the main body had taken the western road, and the next morning Colonel Burke started in pursuit with about seven hundred men all told. The morning was intensely hot, and the afternoon brought a drenching rain, but the troops kept steadily on, and encamped for the night at the forks of the Las Marias and Maricao roads. Here news came that the Spaniards, with a force variously estimated at 1200 to 2500 men, intended to make a stand at Las Marias. As Colonel Burke's one desire was to reach them, he was off at daylight. The utmost speed was made,

but the road in places was so bad and so heavy that the artillery could only be got along by the infantry hauling the guns. This caused delay, and there was much anxiety and bitter disappointment when it was reported that the enemy had abandoned Las Marias and were fleeing toward Lares. Then word came that seven hundred were still on the hither side of the Rio Grande, which at that season was running deep and full. The Americans hurried through the town, and presently the cavalry came up with the fugitives, and then the engagement began. A large number of Spaniards had, as reported, failed to cross the river, and they replied with volleys to our fire. By some means the artillery was dragged up, the guns opened, and our infantry followed. The Spaniards gave way in all directions, now thoroughly demoralized. Many were drowned in trying to ford the stream, and the American skirmishers, advancing rapidly, picked up more than 50 prisoners, as well as 200 rifles and large quantities of ammunition, which strewed the road. The American loss was only 6 wounded; 5 Spaniards were buried by our men in addition to those lost in the river, and many more were wounded. General Schwan now had the enemy broken and in full flight. Lares was within his grasp, and a clear line to the principal northern town of Arecibo. And then came the fatal message announcing the signature of the protocol, and "no troops ever suspended hostilities with a worse grace." But a suspension it had to be, and this expedition, which had marched and fought with so much spirit and such restless energy, stopped like the rest.

Not far from them another command was brought in like manner to a standstill. General Stone, with a small party, had pushed along a trail considered impassable, by way of Adjuntas and Utuado, and had made a practical road through the centre of the western region, along which General Henry marched with his command. In a day or two more they would have been able to head off the



ON THE ADJUNTAS TRAIL.

Spanish detachments retreating before General Schwan, and would have effected a junction with the latter, thus gaining complete control of all the west, and at the same time of the northern towns, and of the railroad on the coast. But they too were stopped, and thus the Puerto-Rican campaign came to an end.

The operations of the American army



THE OCCUPATION OF MAYAGUEZ.

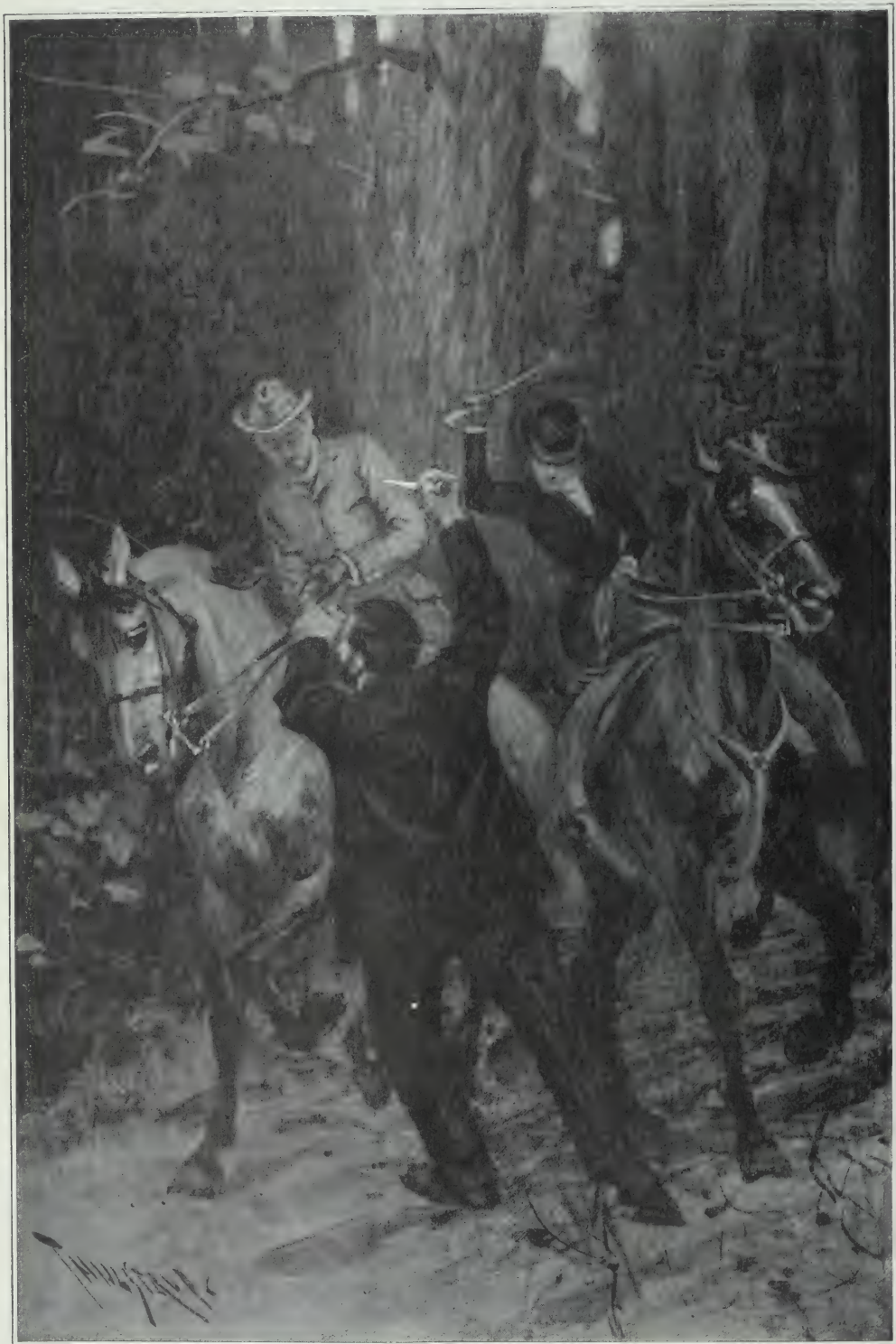
The Spaniards evacuated hurriedly. General Schwan pursued, and, after a sharp fight, near Las Marias, captured a number of the enemy, and marched them back to Mayaguez.

in Puerto Rico have been described in some detail, not on account of the engagements which occurred, for they were hardly more in any instance than sharp skirmishes, but because the result of the campaign was of great importance, and the manner in which the operations were conducted, and the behavior of the troops, merit consideration. There has been an impression that the Puerto-Rican campaign was little more than a parade, and it has even been spoken of contemptuously as a "picnic," owing probably to the too prevalent notion that military operations must be estimated solely by the losses, or, as a British admiral of the last century is said to have put it, in somewhat brutal phrase, "by the butcher's bills." The number of killed and wounded is undoubtedly a test of the severity of fighting, of the force of an attack, and of the strength of the resistance. But a campaign as a whole must be judged, if it is to be judged fairly, by larger and different standards. Ramillies and Oudenarde were important and bloody battles, but their direct effect upon the final results of the war was but small. Washington forced Howe out of Boston without an action, and with the loss of hardly a man, yet the military and political results were enormous; the feat was so admirable that the last historian* of the Revolution says it gave Washington at once a place in history, and compares it with Napoleon's performance at Toulon in making his future fame.

In nineteen days the different divisions under the command of General Miles had overrun nearly the entire western half of Puerto Rico, and had made it evident that in another fortnight they would have swept over the whole island and cooped up the Spaniards in San Juan, if they had not actually gained possession of the capital itself. The success of the American troops was so rapid and complete, and their future was so clearly assured, that a claim to the island had been established of such an undeniable character that, when it came to signing the protocol, there was no possibility of withholding from the United States the cession of Puerto Rico. Thus the object of the campaign was completely achieved, which, after all, will always weigh heavily in making up the final judgment of history. Coming next to the actual operations of the campaign,

* Sir George Trevelyan.

it is found that there was the same lack of means for disembarking troops, the same defective transportation service, as in Cuba. These difficulties were overcome by the assistance of the navy, and with their boats or the lighters they had captured. The men were rapidly and skillfully handled at separated points, showing that the two services worked well together; and although many of the soldiers arrived in poor condition from the camps in the United States, with a consequent proneness to suffer from the climatic diseases, they were so well managed that every division was enabled to push steadily and rapidly forward, making hard marches, very often through difficult country, and carrying out successfully everything which was demanded from them. Last and most important of all, there was an intelligent plan throughout, which, in its execution, was swiftly and comprehensively taking possession of the entire island. Each movement of troops was so arranged as ultimately to support and fit in with every other. The engagements which took place were all marked by the same qualities. General Wilson, General Schwan, and General Brooke all fought their troops with skill. They reconnoitred their country, they knew what they meant to do, they had plans which proved their own soundness when carried into execution. The strong positions were turned by judicious flanking movements, and when the positions were not strong the direct onset drove the Spaniards back in confusion, as at Hormigueros. In every action or skirmish the troops behaved admirably, and their advance was constant and unchecked, so that the general plan developed steadily from the beginning, and showed its merits in its results. It is quite true that the population was friendly, and received the American troops with acclamation, a condition which smooths away many troubles in any campaign. But this was equally true of Cuba, and does not impair the excellence of the operations in the eastern island, or diminish the importance of the general result. To this campaign we owe the island of Puerto Rico, and the manner in which it was carried forward through many difficulties reflects the highest credit on the generals who commanded, and upon the discipline, quality, and courage of the soldiers, both regulars and volunteers.



[See page 82.]

"SHE FETCHED THE CROP OF HER WHIP HEAVILY UPON THE ARM THAT HELD THE KNIFE."

THE PRINCESS XENIA.*

A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE Christopher went to bed that night he wrote three letters. The first was addressed to Mr. Oliver, care of Messrs. Oliver and Prescott, in Chancery Lane. It was brief and unceremonious. "It is possible," he wrote, "that some inquiries may be made in London about me. These will not necessarily be made of you, but I should be obliged if you would make it your business to keep your eyes open, and to answer any questions through indirect sources. I have no objection to being known as the owner of an income of, say, £5000 a year. You will confer a favor upon me if you can manage this." To this he added, as an afterthought: "I am not yet thinking of returning. The fun is only beginning."

The second letter was inscribed to MM. Lavallo and Rouget, a very energetic firm of money-lenders in Paris, with whom Christopher had had several unsatisfactory dealings. It merely requested them to discover, by any means in their resources, the amount of the outstanding bills held by Monsieur Lamache to the order of his Highness Prince Albrecht of the Balkans. This done, they were instructed to purchase these on the best terms procurable, to the amount of five hundred thousand francs, and were referred to Messrs. Seligmann and Co., whom the writer had already instructed to honor drafts to that amount. "I regret," pursued the epistle, "that circumstances will render it obligatory on me to press for the immediate payment of these bills when purchased. Kindly see that the law is put in force with that expeditious and tumultuous sincerity with which I have myself been conversant. Prince Albrecht is staying at present at the Schloss Geisenthurm, in Dreiburg."

The third letter was addressed to Messrs. Seligmann and Co., and contained an acknowledgment of a packet received that day, together with certain instructions.

On the following morning Christopher rode into the country. He felt that he had been unexpectedly successful in the

two days of his operations, and that he had gallantly earned a holiday. Moreover, his schemes had come to this stage that he could afford to stand by and await their development. Indeed, it was necessary that he should take this space for breathing. He had shot his bolt in regard to Count von Straben, and he determined to watch the mark it struck. If he had aimed wide, he should see nothing more of the Count; certainly he would not himself take any means to cultivate the acquaintance. The initiative lay now with the German. The thought of that resolute duel had cheered and satisfied him; he preened his feathers; whatever was to be the outcome, he consoled himself that he had emerged unruffled, after a glorious course of deception.

He hired a good horse, and crossing the Weser, rode forward into the belt of wood that lies between Dreiburg and the confines of the Grand-Duchy, where it marches upon the principality of Erwald. The morning was fresh and fine, and the sun shot through the budding trees and lay in a clear radiance upon the brown earth, where life was once more stirring in the early spring. He went forward in a deep glow of delight, his senses stealing pleasure from the mere appearances of nature. He was of robust health, and not a corpusele in his blood but ran its proper course, instinct with vitality. As he proceeded deeper into the wood his spirits ran higher, and he sang not unmelodiously in a soft low voice, or whistled with a will some common memorable air.

About twelve o'clock he came upon a little inn set in the close of that small forest, which displayed a rusty sign-board and offered him a humble welcome. Here, his appetite strengthened by his brisk ride, he resolved to take his breakfast. The room in which his meal was served was long and narrow, and was already occupied by several people, drinking coffee and talking in loud and excited voices. To these he paid little heed, being taken up by his own thoughts. But when his appetite was stayed, he looked about him

with more observation. Opposite, at a little table, was a group of countrymen, laughing in a childish fashion, and drinking deep of lager-beer. Thence his eyes, travelling round, unexpectedly alighted on a familiar face. The man was looking at him with an intense air of expectation, but it was not until he rose suddenly that Christopher recognized him. It was Bremner, the hot-head, the fanatical republican, whom he had seen at the meeting of the convention.

Bremner had risen from his seat, and, his turbulent gaze fastened on Christopher, walked across the room to him. Christopher poured some wine into his glass, and cast his glance impassively over the stout form of the revolutionary.

"I see you know me," said Bremner, under his breath. "I thought I could not forget your face."

"My dear sir," said Christopher, blandly, "I neither know you nor wish to know you. I am engaged in an excellent breakfast."

A furious expression jumped into the man's eyes, but his hands, which he had raised, fell, and he leaned forward.

"Now I have found you, I shall not lose you, spy! You may depend upon that. The arm of the society may be slow, but it is sure."

"Of what society are you speaking?" asked Christopher, coolly, sipping his wine. "Come, since you have thrust yourself upon me, to which I have no objection, for I am all alone, give me the pleasure of drinking with you."

But if the air of nonchalance and this carriage of brazen impudence were usually successful, Christopher was doomed for once to a failure. Bremner drew back.

"I will accept no hospitality from an accursed spy," he said, between his teeth. "I know you. I will keep my eye on you."

"Why, then, sir," said Christopher, cheerfully, "keep it on me from a distance. You disturb my palate," and he went on smoking with composure.

Bremner returned to his seat. Christopher had no desire for a scene, nor did he contemplate with equanimity the chance that this savage and unreasoning fellow would hereafter give him trouble. But he had managed to carry the situation pretty successfully, and reflecting on his horse awaiting him outside, grew contented.

Late in the afternoon he reached Arnholz, and chanced upon a comfortable little hostelry in the back streets. Christopher noted that the town wore a poorer appearance than Dreiburg, but the inhabitants seemed industrious and pleasant, and there was a brisker air of business in the streets. The landlord of the inn was a talkative young man, who cross-examined him about his travels, and was delighted that he had come from Dreiburg. "Ah, well, we like the Dreiburgers, and that's true," he stated.

Christopher had not taken this expedition for any serious purpose, but merely to enliven himself and drink the country air. But he was too shrewd a young man to pass by his opportunities, and he had set himself to obtain any information he could as to the condition and politics of Erwald, and as to the thoughts and aspirations of its people. This garrulous landlord was of a promising character, quick, urbane, and posted in the last gossip. Consequently Christopher plied him carefully with questions.

"Prince Karl?" echoed the man. "Oh yes, Prince Karl is much esteemed. An able monarch, sir, if you will believe me. Why, has he not held out so long against the pressure of the Prussians—the abominable pigs? No one else could have done that," pursued the innkeeper, exhilarated by his own rhetoric. "I ask you, who could have done so much? Look you, to come to the throne under his years of discretion—eighteen was the age—and for the last twelve years to keep the Prussians out! There's a record! Not but what he's a trifle severe. He gains respect, and in a way we love him. We are proud of him—that's where it is. You can see the Palace from these windows," he continued, warming to his subject. "It lies upon the hill by Minden, two miles as the crow flies. But they say it is badly furnished. He is penurious, is our Prince. He lives very quietly, with his mother and his sister—rises at six, so they tell me, and rides, to my knowledge, before touching food. I have met him by the gates of the Park. A fine upright fellow, and no man shall say a word against him in my presence."

"You are to be congratulated on such a Prince," observed Christopher.

"Certainly he is not like that mincing puppet of Salzhausen. I say nothing of the Grand-Duke. He is an old man, and

has done good service. Besides, the gentleman lives in Dreiburg."

"Oh, I have no prejudices," protested Christopher. "I am only a bird of passage, making notes."

"Very well, then," cried the innkeeper. "You can do no better than make a note of Prince Karl. I tell you that."

As a matter of fact, Christopher did make a note of him, and parted from the innkeeper with cordial farewells. Outside he mounted his horse, and was soon on his way again. He had closely studied the map, and was now bent upon making his way eastward over the border of Salzhausen. The road here ran through a pleasant country, interspersed with little hamlets, and rising into knolls between the valleys. About dusk he cantered into a village of tolerable size and respectable appearance, which he discovered made a mark upon the highway between Arnholz and the chief town of the margraviate. The village itself lay well over the border, and for this reason in the main he was resolved to make a pause there. Moreover, his horse needed a bag of oats, and he himself sought an inn to drink a cup of coffee. By the time he had finished this it was quite dark, and lighting his pipe, he walked down the street to the little bridge that spanned a tributary of the Weser. As he leaned over the running water the sweet air touched him gently like the breath of June. Overhead the stars sedately blinked upon the world, and on the margins of the stream the trees stirred and whispered together. He could see stretched out before him in the sober twilight a great waste reach of water curling and wimpling on the verges of the green land. The gleam of faint lights current in that darkness flashed up and startled the river into deeper shadows. Behind him, somewhere far off, a mill-race ran, and saluted the night with low and tuneful sounds.

There fell upon Christopher a great peace. He had a thought, transitory upon the imagination, that he was a parcel of that dusk and silence. The flowing lights and shadows of the water moved him in their company, and he swayed upon his wooden platform in a dream. The figure of the old lawyer passed leisurely before him, bringing strange news. The Count bowed, showed his teeth, and smiled urbanely. Out

of the quiet night that wrapped him round descended a vague fear of these broad offices to which he was committed. The providence of God regarded him from those quiet heights in which the stars swam serenely, and in that gaze he seemed to dwindle. He had usually made a mock of this divine handiwork, the world; had summed up for a failure the fortuitous concourse of events. And now he had taken upon himself this exalted authority—he was to enact God for the inhabitants of these comfortable and peaceful states. A certain terror assailed him for the moment. What if he should play false to his trust? And if his judgment were in error, in what a ruin these fine dreams would fall! There called him out of that vast emptiness which he contemplated a voice, bidding him pause. He had thought to pass, as others pass, merely a curious stranger, through this small centre of humanity, which was breeding, nevertheless, new lives, breathing strong hopes, and acting by its conscience; and now behold him, arrayed in the formidable terror of God, the sponsor of a revolution, the fount and agent of so vast a scheme that even if he were to succeed he must needs pull down a great wreck with him. He was embroiled in a huge conspiracy, and he was for the time tormented with a fear that the threads were too many and too slight for him to grasp and hold.

Yet so close upon our most tragic and emotional passages steps the practical that at a sound the whole of these reflections passed and shot away with the whirling river, and Christopher turned quickly round. He saw a man dart softly into the darkness beyond the bridge, and for a moment something touched him—the action or some characteristic in the figure seemed familiar. But the next minute he had dismissed the thought and was walking back to the inn, his mind revolving the experiences of the day and his plans for the morrow. The stream had gone by, carrying in its rolling volume the doubts and tremors of an awakened conscience.

The little town, set well within the marches of Salzhausen, stood some fifteen miles by the road from Dreiburg. The highway which connected the capitals of these two neighboring and friendly states descended by slow and continuous gradients into the valley of the Weser, and it

was this that Christopher must now take. The night had dropped very dark, for the stars of heaven, glittering like small points of glass, seemed not to disperse any brightness upon the way. Moreover, the path ran like a twisted ribbon for the early part of his journey, through a spreading and desolate wood, and was overhung and obscured by the great black skeletons of trees. Not a sound rose out of the stillness that surrounded his course, for the spring was yet young, and the creatures of those deep and sombre coverts were under the hand of sleep. The noise of his horse's hoofs as they struck the hard ground was the only diversion of the silence. Yet Christopher rode without any alarm, confident that he had his map and his directions by heart. It was a lonely ride, but he had been accustomed to solitude, and indeed the reserve and sullenness of the darkness acted upon his heart quite cheerfully. He was at no time a young man to fall under the depression of moods, and least of all now, when his plans were moving so smoothly and he seemed to be casting his net so successfully. He began to feel the joy of conspiracy, and the sour and treacherous silence of the forest appeared to him in a way a congenial and hospitable company.

He had ridden some three miles through the course of the wood when, of a sudden, there rose before him out of the great blackness a cry, followed by a scream of fear.

This sound, speaking loudly of distress and clearly drawn from some woman, carried Christopher along at a sharp speed. But now the cries had ceased, and there was borne to him upon the still nocturnal air the noise of a struggle. Suddenly a figure detached itself from the conglomerate darkness, and looming for a second in his vision, plunged again into obscurity. Simultaneously a whip, as if falling upon a body, cracked in his ears; and before he had time to swerve aside in that unholy blackness his horse cannoned with something in the road, and there was a second cry. He could see now dimly that some form of contest was in progress, and that one of the combatants was a woman on horseback, who strove by the manipulation of her bridle to dodge and overwhelm beneath the feet of her beast the assailant who clung to her reins. Christopher, uttering an angry shout, drove forward, and leaning over, plucked the man with

a great wrench from his hold, dropping him in a heap on the ground. The murderous creature rose quickly and sprang at him, lifting an arm to strike. The face glowed savagely in the night within a foot of Christopher's, and the recognition was instant, simultaneous.

"Spy! accursed spy!" hissed Bremner, and the hand was descending, when Christopher managed to back his horse across the road, and so deranged the ruffian's balance that he was unable to direct the fatal blow. The knife struck the saddle, and again cleft the air vainly; the third time it shaved Christopher's wrist, and a hot pain shot up his arm. He strove to wrest his revolver free, and at the same time to whirl the forefront of his horse upon the revolutionary. But the latter, holding with a grip of iron to Christopher's arm, kept the advantage, and already the Englishman conceived himself the predestined victim of that bloody knife, and though he fought desperately, it was with dwindling hope.

But now he became aware that the woman had forced her horse against his horse's crupper, and leaning forward, she fetched the crop of her whip heavily upon the arm that held the knife. The man cursed in an undertone; but at the third and sharpest blow he gave a howl of pain and rage, and his clutch on Christopher's arm loosened. The latter wrenched it away and freed his revolver.

"Now," he said, fiercely, "it's my turn."

He clapped the barrel into Bremner's face, and the revolutionary sank to the earth. He crawled beneath the horse's belly, and would have come up on the other side, but Christopher, who was now all eyes, pulled the trigger, and with a sort of defiant scream, which fell simultaneously with the report, Bremner, whisking away, ran in a rocking, headlong fashion across the road, and disappeared into the wood.

"You have shot him?" asked a breathless voice near by.

"I would swear to it," replied Christopher, coolly, and dismounting, he gazed towards the speaker. "Madam, you have saved my life."

"Nay, sir," said she, thrillingly; "but you have saved mine." The voice rang very stately. He struck a match quickly, and the tiny flame sparkled between them. Christopher fell suddenly back. It was the Princess!

"I see, sir," said she, with more distance in her tones, "that your curiosity has tempted you."

"Nay, madam," he returned, dropping the match into the road, where it fizzled out; "I was about to examine what mischief was done. I know nothing."

"Come," she made answer, in more friendly tones, "I owe you an apology. But there is no need for pretences. You recognize who I am."

"You are what you desire to be, madam," he answered.

"Give me the matches," said the Princess, and he handed her the box. She struck a light and held it over her head. "The Baroness de Kramm and myself were returning from a late ride," she explained. "We had been to the summer house at Bleiden."

Christopher bowed. "The night is so dark that I must apologize for not seeing the Baroness," he said. "I fear I ran into her horse."

The Princess's lip curled. "Oh, she has come to no harm," she remarked; "only a little fright." And then, as the match was burning to her fingers, she threw it away. In the darkness he heard her voice: "We have met before, sir—is it not so?"

"It is true, your Highness," he replied. "I had the honor to speak with your Highness two nights ago."

"Ah, yes; you are Count von Straben's friend."

"If he says so, I am much beholden to him. But, madam, may I conduct you? The hour is late."

"If you will find the Baroness," said the Princess, nonchalantly, "we may resume our journey."

The unfortunate Baroness was found, as the Princess had prophesied, in a great terror, but otherwise unharmed; but while Christopher was engaged in attending to her, he heard a rustling noise from the undergrowth by the road.

When the Princess and her lady-in-waiting were again in the saddle, he returned to the spot, and crept noiselessly into the bushes, with his revolver. A horse and a man loomed vaguely before him; he leapt forward and seized the latter, who turned and struggled in his arms. But the man was of no size or strength in comparison with the Englishman, and his struggles soon ceased. Christopher had again recourse to his

matches. This time the light flared in quite another face, but he was even more startled. It was the man he had seen in the company of the revolutionary society, and the man he had subsequently recognized at the Princess's reception.

"I should like to know, my friend, exactly how long you have been here," he remarked.

"I do not know the motive of this outrage," returned his prisoner, coolly, "but this I do know, that I shall call you to account for it before the law."

"And that you shall do, by all means," observed Christopher, cheerfully. "The law will take a great interest in you. The Princess is stopped and assaulted; one scoundrel, known to be a member of a revolutionary society, takes to his heels; another"—he paused—"suspected of belonging to the same interesting association, detected in ambush. My friend, it will make an admirable relation."

The man made no reply, nor could Christopher trace upon his face in the darkness the effect of his words.

"But come," he continued. "In the mean time I am in want of a comrade. I like amiable company. If you will be so good, we may make the journey into Dreiburg together. I see you have a horse."

The man held his tongue, and followed Christopher with some reluctance. Returning to the Princess, he was greeted with some relief and a little asperity of tone.

"I imagined you had deserted us, sir."

"Your Highness should have guessed better," he answered. "I met a friend; and if your Highness will now ride forward, my friend and I will form an escort to the city walls."

The Princess thanked him somewhat coldly, and rode off, followed by the Baroness. It might be that she was not accustomed to those accents of authority, or to be disposed of so instantly, if so politely.

As for Christopher, he rode a little way behind, in the company of his reluctant friend, with whom he conversed amiably on the subject of the police.

"You will have observed," said he, "how heavily the law visits these offences against the person, particularly if princes are in the case. It is an interesting survival of a code of laws with which, I dare say, you are familiar."

"I would have you believe, sir," said the man, in a quiet voice, "that I have no concern in what you speak of. I will not say if you are mistaken, or if you are not, for you will no doubt trust to your senses. Yet I am a small farmer of the name of Klaussen, and I live beyond Arnholz."

"In truth I am glad to hear it," returned Christopher, heartily, "and you lift a weight from my mind. I had taken you for something quite different."

The so-called Klaussen cast a glance at him which was at once keen and fearful, but he made no response, and presently they were at the city walls.

When the Princess and her companion were gone, Christopher turned his attention to his prisoner. He knit his brows and stared at the man. Already he had determined that Klaussen was not in the bushes to assist Bremner in his dastardly assault, which had, no doubt, been conceived on the spur of the moment, and upon sight of the representative of a hateful sovereignty. Who, then, was Klaussen? Already he had begun to have a deep respect for Count von Straben, and he made a guess—he might be right or wrong. But was Klaussen watching the Princess, or Bremner, or himself?

He turned to the spy and nodded a good-night. The fellow seemed astounded, and stammered at him.

"Better get back to your farm," said Christopher.

With an effort Klaussen recovered.

"I am glad you see the matter in the right light, sir," he observed, with quiet dignity.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPON reaching his sitting-room the next morning, Christopher's eyes were saluted by a letter in an unfamiliar hand. It was, nevertheless, obviously feminine in its character, and he needed no great mental effort to guess the writer. Katarina wrote from her hotel in Paris, announcing her arrival. "I adore Paris," she said. "The gentlemen at the bank have been so kind, and I fear I have spent a great deal of money. But I never saw such shops. What, then, am I to do next, my friend? Will you let me know? I am at your hotel, as you ordered me. You have been too generous in the money. I haven't deserved it. Ah, but some day I will repay you a hundred-fold. I feel it."

Christopher laid down the letter with a smile, and, smiling still, he scribbled a reply upon the moment. "Take rooms for a week," he wrote, "at the Hotel Kaiserin at once, for yourself and a maid. Telegraph for them, and get a good French maid. Can you be here by Wednesday afternoon? If so, do; you shall take Paris later, when business is over."

The thought of Katarina irresistibly started a smile of amusement in his face just now. He appeared to see her wavering in her bewilderment between two alternatives, with an amiable willingness to take either. It was thus that he had come to consider her, and having her now analyzed, tested, and labelled so explicitly, he was the more inclined to laugh. He would certainly keep faith with her. He had volunteered a promise that should be sacred; for an obstinate young man like this new millionaire was used to make a habit of his word. But above that he had an intention of putting the girl to some fresh use, and he did not doubt that he would find employment for her. His net was growing, the meshes were narrowing, and it would be strange indeed if before May he had not the very destinies of Weser-Dreiburg in the web.

Christopher had for the moment forgotten his nocturnal assailant. It was not until the evening that the attack of Bremner was properly brought home to him, and the president was the instrument. Herr Kreiss paid him a stealthy visit at the inn.

"I hear that you were involved in an affair with Rudolph Bremner last night," he began, without ceremony. "You are unwise to venture too boldly. Bremner is a fool, or he would not have undertaken so absurd a risk; but he has got a bullet in him, and he will be about shortly. He is not the man to forget."

"I am sorry for that," observed Christopher. "But I'm glad he got the bullet. It might have been a good thing if it had got home."

"A very good thing—for you," remarked the president, gravely. "Remember, Mr. Lambert, I deal with you frankly. I can offer you no protection in this case. Bremner would pull down the council upon me. I see no reason for an assault upon the Princess. She is an insignificant young woman. But I have only a minority at my back—the more

reasonable, naturally. If it came to the discussion, we should lose, and you would be a dead man. Therefore I say nothing—what passes between us is secret; and I make my own plans. But you must be on your guard. You are known now to be in the country somewhere. You are safe by day, of course. I cannot promise you more."

"I am obliged that you promise so much," said Christopher, coldly. "Rest assured I shall promise myself the rest. And now what report can you make? Do you want more money?"

Kreiss sat down, and the two men exchanged an interested conversation for some time.

When the president had gone, Christopher deliberated, with his pipe between his teeth. He sat so long that the clocks were striking an early hour before he went to bed. The experiences through which he had steered himself during the last few days had given him room for thought. It is wise in no man to start forth with a rigid theory; he must put his rough notions to the edge of practice. Christopher, as has been already remarked, was no lover of the German Empire. He nourished, indeed, a cheerful animosity to that unwieldy body of states, which carried on so poor a process of absorption. "Germany's digestion," he was wont to reflect, "is bad. There is Hanover, and there is Schleswig-Holstein, and there is Alsace, also." And yet what other fortune might these petty principalities anticipate than to be gulped into the maw of Prussia or of Austria? The future lay with federations, no doubt; this isolation of individual duchies and margraviates, with their farce of royal state and pomp, was against the destiny of Europe, and made a mock of political evolution. These considerations were what had led him to throw in his lot to some extent with Kreiss, that equable enthusiast for a representative government. To erect a new polity between the rival German powers sounded to him an admirable ambition, and the machinery of the republican society was conveniently to his hand for the purpose. The man Kreiss was in earnest, and he had just laid before Christopher the proofs of his good-will and zeal. The movement was rapidly spreading not only in Weser-Dreiburg, but across the borders of Erwald and Salzhausen. The organization

was being formed; the convention had already decreed it, and the work would go forward. A popular frenzy will run like fire across a country, and these over-governed bureaucratic states would be tinder for the course of a revolution. This was good news for Christopher. It had taken him a stage further in his design, and brought him within sight of that time when he would be able to command rather than to intrigue. And yet, as he sat smoking, his thoughts were not altogether comfortable. He had kept his eyes open during his expedition through the marches of the three states, and he had brought away some definite and growing impressions. Now he came to think sharply on the matter, he was by no means certain that he desired a republican form of government. He had fallen in with the idea entirely by an accident, and certainly through no convictions of his own. Yet the material which he had already seen—this picked convention—creatures of such hapless impulse and irregular wits were assuredly out of place in the front of government. It dawned upon him that the Teutonic peoples might not as yet have reached the pitch of political development which would enable them to dispense with kings and princes. And it was at this point that his mind recurred, almost unconscious of the act, to the reputation of Prince Karl of Erwald. He had saved the country from absorption by its great and greedy neighbor. In the words of the innkeeper, there was a record! Christopher began to warm to Prince Karl, and if he was penurious, he was poor, and a millionaire can afford a poor friend. To Christopher it would seem that the opportunities which Prince Karl derived from his sovereignty might very well be supported by a fat purse. Karl might move, and he might pull the strings. Well, it was at all events worth consideration. There was a reigning Prince in Salzhausen as well as in Weser-Dreiburg, and the achievement, therefore, would be no light or humble one. Still, Christopher, with his hands deep in the broad pockets in which he held the ransom of a dozen princes, regarded the problem without dismay. He was not perturbed even when the president and the convention returned to his mind. Unfortunately he could not direct his great designs out of a small and summary heaven by the aid of electric buttons and

tinkling bells. He must himself mingle with the lives he would control, and his own course must lie among the human emotions and the human acts which it was his plan to set in motion. He would make use of the convention, therefore; it was one of his electric buttons. But it did not follow that he would establish a republic over the three states. On the contrary, he was leaning at present in quite another direction.

During the day he had a communication from MM. Lavallo and Rouget of Paris.

Katarina returned, according to her orders, on Wednesday, and that with punctuality. Christopher was informed of her intentions by telegraph, and even the time of the train was mentioned; but if the girl thought that this would take him to the station, she was disappointed. He did not budge. Perhaps, however, the particulars were not given with any selfish purpose, but out of a desire scrupulously to fulfil her duties. Christopher allowed some hours to pass ere he made his call upon her. As he drew near the Hotel Kaiserin, he perceived, upon the farther side of the avenue, walking under the lindens, the burly form of Major Prage. The appearance seemed opportune. Christopher darted briskly across the road and touched the soldier lightly upon the shoulder. He swept round in a military fashion and greeted his friend heartily.

"Oh, Mr. Lambert, what has become of you? When are you to give us that game? I have had bad luck lately; but there are tides; oh yes, and currents—fast currents."

"I was about to suggest," said Christopher, smiling, "that we should make up a party. I have been busy seeing your country. The woods are beautiful."

"They say we have a pretty valley, but it's a toy, it's a toy," replied the Major, indifferently. He was certainly not interested at all in woods, and not much in Weser-Dreiburg. "You should see Berlin, or Vienna."

"I have seen them," said Christopher. "But no, I cannot agree with you. I like this best, this little valley of dreams. It suits me. I don't care for bustle. I am content to stay here."

"You will get tired yet," answered Prage, shaking his head. "But so be it. We are delighted to have you."

"And what about this game?" asked Christopher.

Prage waved his hand airily. "Oh, when you will, sir. You shall fix your own time," and appeared to look very indifferent.

Christopher rubbed his chin reflectively. "Let me see. To-night, I fear, I am engaged. At least, 'tis not quite certain. There is a friend of mine—a lady—who has just arrived in Dreiburg; in fact, I am on my way to call on her at this moment." He nodded towards the hotel windows. "I must ask her to dinner this evening, if she is not occupied."

Prage wagged his head pleasantly. "Ah, Mr. Lambert!" he exclaimed.

"No, sir, believe me," returned Christopher. "An old acquaintance, of an ancient German family, met in Berlin; but, in truth, quite enough to justify your thoughts and to ravish an impressionable fellow. I happen to be stone. I am a bit of a student, something of a philosopher, more of an adventurer, and a man of action most of all. I am no lover. The blood warms my flesh to other issues. I can flame and blaze for an idea, a fight, a fox, a bag of partridges, but I will be damned if you can fetch a blush into my cheeks for a woman. Besides, they would draw all the blood and centre it upon the heart. I want some for my brains, as my wits are none too sharp. Otherwise my pretty friend there would long ago have taken me. But I have a will." He laughed and put out his hand in English fashion. "When shall we say? Tomorrow? Yes, that will suit me excellently."

Parting from Prage, he crossed the road and entered the Hotel Kaiserin, and demanded if Fräulein Reinart were within. The lady kept him waiting but a brief space, and then sprang upon him in all the glories of her costume. Christopher stared with some amazement. It seemed that a revolution must have been effected, and that the drab and lonely girl whom he had seen last in Frau Wagner's house was changed by an enchanter's wand into some smiling and beautiful coquette of fashion. She was of middle stature, set with full breasts, and her lean brown face glowed with brightness, out of her dark eyes the light flashed and circled. She noted the expression of his face, and blushed, while her smile grew more joyous.

"You did not recognize me?" she asked, triumphantly. "Oh, it's terrible to think that one had to wear such dreadful things once! This—this is to live!" and she plucked at her skirts in a thrill of delight. "But, oh, my friend, why did you not come earlier?"

Christopher apologized for his delay. "We must be careful," he said. "We are acting in a part. And stay; it will, I find, be necessary that you and I should have met some eighteen months ago in Berlin. You were there at the time?" The girl nodded. "Then pray remember it, madam; and, above all, be careful of your tongue."

"You speak," said Katarina, somewhat impatiently, "as if I did nothing but talk. I can hold my tongue. But what—" She stopped and looked at him. She had been going to ask a question, but suddenly she changed her mind. "You have not complimented me," she exclaimed, with a kind of bashful confidence.

Christopher regarded her gravely. "You are certainly beautiful," he said, coldly. "I think there may be something the matter with your lower face, but it is immaterial. And you have admirable taste in dress."

Katarina flushed with anger, and her eyes gleamed, but she laughed uneasily. "Well, I have spent a good deal of money," she said, carelessly.

"That was what I expected," said Christopher, indifferently.

Again she looked at him with tremulous and hazardous eyes, and the color flowed and receded in her face. She stood bewildered in the theatre of his plots. He struck her with wonder; she could not explain him by any of her simple laws.

"I should like to know," she began, with a certain display of affectation, "what it is you are really working for."

"My dear young lady," replied Christopher, smiling in his most urbane manner, "you have every right to know, and I thought we had made it clear between us. We are to marry you off well, and we have settled upon the husband."

Although he was not aware of the change, the sharp ears of the woman detected in his voice a new ring.

"You did not speak like this before," she said, quickly, and with some bitterness. "It was quite another note then."

Christopher was silent. "I am sor-

ry," he said, presently. "Perhaps I am too confident, but then I am in a fair way to carry out our schemes. It is pleasant to be successful. But perhaps I shall fail. If you like, I will contemplate failure and grow more humble."

He was anything but humble now, as he delivered this sentiment with a teasing little smile; but, strangely enough, Katarina took no offence. On the contrary, she threw up her hands joyfully.

"I like to hear you speak like that," she said. "I do not like you grave. I trust you. Indeed, I don't care if I don't. I am content to join with you in an adventure." Her color was high, and she was plainly excited.

"I hope you will be content to join me at dinner to-night," said Christopher.

"Why, of course," she said, laughing.

When he had left the hotel, Christopher reflected that he should be well satisfied with Fräulein Reinart. She was so marvellously transfigured by the mere grace of dress and this new habit of independence that her beauty shone forth to every comer, and she would do honor to any company. So much the better; for the task Christopher had set himself would be easier. The cords that constrained her had been cut, and, like a balloon long captive and tugging at the ropes, she had already soared at a jump to a giddy height. Her laughter rang with assurance, and though she was occasionally betrayed into bashfulness, Christopher put this down more to the peculiar relations in which he stood to her than to any natural confusion. Indeed, he had resolved that she was by nature shameless, and it was upon this interpretation of her character that he played in his interview. "I could not shock her," he said to himself. "But I could throw her into embarrassment very easily—not so easily, perhaps, when her vanity has given proper wings to her assurance." In any case, he cared nothing for her character so long as he understood it, and he had already made up his mind to use Fräulein Katarina as one of his pawns. For the destiny he had designed for her she was well suited.

Christopher had ordered an agreeable little dinner in the restaurant of the Hotel Kaiserin, and the two made a handsome pair together. The man was clad according to the letter of convention, a habit of dress that emphasized his long lean figure

and served to heighten his stature. Above the white space of shirt was set a sober face, obviously in its own control, capable of every emotion, but dominated and overmastered by a will of stubborn force. The poise of the figure and the deliberate actions of the body were characteristically English, and none could now take him for anything but that. Katarina, too, looked at her best, but far less German than French; something of the southern blood that ran in her veins had quickened and possessed her that evening. She abandoned her shyness, and moved and spoke with the ease of a *mondaine*. Her eyes sparkled fire, and she ate and drank with a merry gusto, flashing her impertinences into Christopher's ears. The more he listened the better was he pleased. He congratulated himself that she had so soon risen to her part. He was glad that he had been scrupulous to put himself right with her, and that there could be no mistakes. He even took a certain cynical delight in her company, which helped to divest him of that superior air of which she had complained. He had not forgotten that exclamation, and had marked down the fault very sharply. It would not do to betray himself by such means.

The gay little dinner was drawing to its close, when Christopher happened to glance at the swinging door, and saw Count von Straben standing in the entrance, and seeming to peer about him with restless eyes. Immediately he shifted his gaze and resumed his conversation with Katarina with some tiny jest. The two were laughing pleasantly together when the Count's shadow fell across the table.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Lambert, is it you?" he said, heartily. "We have been desolate without you. We—" But here, appearing to see Katarina for the first time, he broke off and bowed very ceremoniously. "A thousand pardons," he exclaimed, "to have been so rude to break in upon you so brusquely! I did not see—I do not see very well."

"I am delighted to see you, Count," responded Christopher, rising. "Pray let me present you to my friend Fräulein Reinart, whose presence I have this day accidentally discovered in Dreiburg."

"A fortunate discovery, Mr. Lambert," said the Count, bowing to Katarina. "And you, madam, have newly arrived, then, in our little capital?"

"I came to-day from Paris," answered

Katarina, graciously. "I am staying in the hotel. M. Lambert was so good as to cheer my loneliness. There is but myself and my maid."

"Mr. Lambert could not, I am sure, phrase it in such a way," remarked the Count, gallantly. "But you will find us dull in Dreiburg—ah, very dull, after Paris."

"Mon Dieu! but I do not stay here!" cried Katarina, raising her eyebrows as if in amazement. "I am but passing. I am for Berlin."

Christopher drew in his breath with relief. He had been fearful of these terrible negative eyes of von Straben's, but this retort of Katarina reassured him. It was excellently done; he throbbed for her.

"Berlin is Fräulein Reinart's home?" he interposed.

"Ah, no, but Saxony," she corrected. "A very different thing, as you might understand if you were German."

"Ah, Mr. Lambert has not that advantage," said the Count, smiling. "He is not so fortunate as we are."

Katarina turned her fine eyes on him. "Are you, then— Ah, I should have recognized that voice. It is of Silesia, is it not, Count? Why, then, we are compatriots."

"My dear Fräulein," said the Count, suddenly speaking in German and bowing gallantly, "I am honored to be on your side."

The talk slid softly among indifferent topics, in which Katarina, to Christopher's surprise, shone like a bright light, and presently von Straben rose.

"But say, when shall we see you again, my friend?" he asked, directing his gaze on Christopher. "I will remind you of that very admirable whiskey which is saved against your return. He is a prodigal son of mine, mademoiselle," explained he, drifting into French again. "I would take him in these arms, but he withholds."

"I am to play cards with Major Prage and Captain von Ritter to-morrow evening," said Christopher.

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, cards! Well, I began life too early for them. Yet if you can spare an hour from the excitement, monsieur."

"You are still at the Schloss?" asked Christopher.

"Yes, yes; his Highness is too hospi-

table. I think I have staid long enough. But one cannot, it appears, overstay one's welcome in Dreiburg, madam."

"And the other guests—your party is still lively?" inquired Christopher, indifferently.

"Ah, well, we are growing smaller. Well, you see, there is Baden, and again Paris has given notice of her season. The amiable Prince Albrecht is gone, so too the Marquis de Hautville."

He bowed, and with a twirl of his mustachios was gone.

Christopher looked after him with a quickened pulse, a touch of red staining his cheeks. He did not hear his companion address him at first, but presently turned again to her, and apologized with a charming smile.

"Ah, how I like you to seem like that!" said Katarina, gayly. "It is another person. It is yourself."

The wine sparkled in her wits, and what she said was just what she thought.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTOPHER was a punctual reader of the papers, and he had turned his reading for some time past to special advantage. Little of importance trickled from the chancelleries of Europe in general, yet it was necessary to keep a daily watch, to endeavor to collate the innumerable rumors, and to extract from the gossip of irresponsible journalists the kernel of truth. He had gathered several facts in this way (mainly from foreign papers, to be sure), which he had hopes might prove serviceable to him sooner or later. Among these, it was clear, could not be denied, even by the inspired press of Weser-Dreiburg, that Germany was pressing the Grand-Duchy very hardly. The trouble dated from the Austrian war, but had been only recently revived by intriguing chancellors. There was the question of neutrality, of which Prussia had made a grave ordeal. At the time a charge of sympathy with Austria was brought against the Grand-Duchy. That, it is needless to say, was strenuously denied after the events of the campaign had settled the fortunes of Germany, and had, if report was true, been hardly put forward in sincerity. Anyhow, nothing more had been heard of it until lately, when Germany had deemed it expedient to dig up the forgotten accusation. Berlin pressed for an answer, demanding either

an indemnity or the cession of a strip of territory on the Salzhausen border, which had long been in dispute, but which the facts of possession for two hundred years had secured to Weser-Dreiburg. The claim was barefaced in the extreme, extravagantly impudent, and was perceived by the courts of Europe to cover something deeper and more private. The Grand-Duke, as Christopher read it, at first returned a firm denial, but afterwards fell to temporizing. He was in an awkward position, between two ugly jaws, and he had timid advisers. So far he had parried one power with the other, but he was growing too old and too clumsy to carry on this dexterous play much longer. The real question was, What will Germany do? Most of the writers whom Christopher had the satisfaction of reading in the foreign press seemed to consider that she would never dare to act upon so flimsy an excuse. But as one important London paper shrewdly observed, "It is not safe to predicate an absolute course of conduct to Germany. She has her destiny to fulfil." This statement, of course, if you will remark it, means about as much or as little as you may choose to interpret into it, but it has the advantage of sounding orotund and oracular, and of expressing the greatest common measure of the situation.

Christopher's thoughts had run upon these problems of external policy from time to time. In truth, he had wondered if Count von Straben were in Dreiburg in connection with this misunderstanding. There was, he knew, a regular representative of Germany in the capital; and the negotiations, when they were official, at any rate, must needs pass through him. But he had not thought too much of what, after all, was merely newspaper talk, until his attention was directed to it more urgently in the following manner.

It was some days later ere he saw von Straben. He purposely kept away, being unwilling to take advantage of the general invitation which had been bowed towards him in that gracious manner. He knew that if he had been able to effect anything in regard to Prince Albrecht he was certain of a visit from the Count, if only out of a natural curiosity. Consequently he waited comfortably enough, reading a good deal, playing a game with the two soldiers now and then, paying idle attentions to Katarina, and riding and

pursuing his investigations vigorously in the surrounding territories of Salzhausen and Erwald. He had shifted his quarters to a hotel in the Leopoldstrasse, and he had bought a pair of good strong horses.

Christopher was not mistaken in his supposition. Von Straben presently sent him a delicate and complimentary little note, apologizing for not having seen him, on the score of his absence from Dreiburg, and begging the honor of his company to dinner the following day. He was in a most friendly mood when they met, and chatted very gayly throughout an admirable dinner upon subjects of no importance whatever. Christopher, as he observed the man, with his small neat head, his short silvered hair, and his curled mustachios above the glittering even teeth, speculated unprofitably upon his character and his nature. He wondered if this man had a nature at all. He was compounded of artifice; tricks shone forth, to a keen observer, in every poise of his finger; deception lingered in each nod of his head, or rang in every pleasant laugh. Christopher was aware that what might be discovered about himself must be fully known to this brazen diplomat. He was, in the German's eyes, no doubt, a respectable young man of the English upper middle class, with a tolerable education mainly behind him, and an income of five thousand a year. Moreover, he had a taste for adventure, and political adventure at that! *Voilà!* But the time had surely come when he must force the game. Presently he spoke.

"Count," said he, pulling at his cigar, "will you permit me to say that I admire your reticence, your elaborate and tortuous approaches."

"And I, my dear Mr. Lambert," responded von Straben, gayly—"it is no news to you that I wonder at your *sang-froid*—also," he added, "your blunt speech."

"Come," said Christopher, "I went out for sport. Did I make a bag?"

"My friend," returned the Count, putting his head on one side, "you should know better than a poor outsider."

"I think we beat about the bush," said Christopher.

The Count regarded him with some amusement, not unmixed with admiration. "Oh, my dear young friend," he cried, "to possess your excellent insistence! You make cross-cuts through a country;

there is no denying you take the hedges with a spirit."

"That is part of my amusement," said Christopher, laughing. "I make my own rights of way. But come; you are a happy family at the Schloss?"

"Her Highness weeps a little," said von Straben, with nonchalance.

"I find that a healthy sign," returned Christopher. "I distrust dry eyes."

The Count burst out laughing, and then said, more soberly: "I have a sincere respect for you, Mr. Lambert, and I think you may guess why. You can keep your face."

"Oh, well," said Christopher, with a sigh, "I see I shall get nothing but compliments from you. I must travel farther for my sport. Africa, I am told, offers generously to a good shot."

"I will not promise you sport, sir," said the Count; "but we can offer you a most delectable sight—the most beautiful face in Europe. What say you?"

"I have no zest for beautiful faces," said Christopher, smiling. "Besides, I have seen this face of yours."

"Once—once only," murmured the Count.

"Oh yes, of course only once," assented Christopher. He thought von Straben looked closely at him, and he added, deliberately, "One cannot see of a dark night, you know."

Von Straben showed no sign of intelligence, but then he asked no questions, which would almost have satisfied Christopher that he knew of the Princess's adventure, had he not a constant trick of withholding questions.

"I have just seen the Grand-Duke," said the Count, as if turning the conversation. "He warms his bones by the fire. But they are old bones—very old bones." He regarded his companion thoughtfully. "You want some sport, Mr. Lambert?" he said. "I wonder if you are as good across country as you are with the gun?"

"I might try," suggested Christopher.

"To be sure, you might try," murmured the Count. "Will you not help yourself to some of that notable whiskey? I did not see the Princess. Her Highness makes a pretty figure. You admire her?"

"She struck me as remarkably beautiful," said Christopher, reflectively.

"That is my elderly judgment," rejoined the Count. "I do not pretend to

stand for youth. But I am glad you confirm me. She has the devotion of two generations, then. In Silesia we do well, but we grow no such women. Some day perhaps you will be kind enough to honor my house in Silesia with your presence. A little cottage, but it has its points," and he nodded smilingly towards the flagon of whiskey—"good liquor, good cigars, and an easy conscience. I make a religion of practising the three cardinal virtues."

"The conscience is easier procurable than the cigars and the liquor," said Christopher.

The Count joined in his smile. "A healthy body," he observed, "will generally bring an easy conscience. You ride, Mr. Lambert?" Christopher nodded. "A very healthy exercise. Your nation has discovered a secret, namely, how to reconcile health with pleasure. You range with primitive humanity, when to delight was to fight, and to fight was to carry out the prime laws of nature. You are more barbarous, may I say, and more moral, than the rest of us."

"You must remember that I am very blunt," said Christopher; "you have noticed how I come to the point."

"My dear friend," replied the Count, "I know your passion for truth is like your passion for the open air. If you will, you shall have both."

He excused himself, but returned presently with a packet in his hand.

"I hear you have an excellent horse, Mr. Lambert," he remarked, indifferently. "So Prague, a tolerable judge, informs me."

"A little heavy in the quarters," said Christopher, "but a sturdy animal."

"I was going to ask you, Mr. Lambert," went on von Straben, fingering the packet, "if you know by chance of any trustworthy messenger who could carry a letter for me. It is too late, I fear, for the post, and I am anxious to get the letter to its destination by to-morrow morning."

"Where is that?" asked Christopher, after a pause.

"Salzhausen," said the Count, briefly, watching him.

"Why, yes," said Christopher, as if he had been considering. "I have no doubt I can find you a man."

"The last train is gone," explained von Straben.

"Ah, then I've no doubt we will find

some means of getting there," said Christopher. "Twenty-five miles, is it not?"

"Twenty-six, to be accurate," said von Straben.

Christopher rose. "I had better attend to it at once," he said.

"My dear friend," cried von Straben, in alarm, "I cannot have you run hence upon my foolish errands. You will take some whiskey with me—"

"I will drink to your health, standing," interrupted Christopher, pleasantly, and drained his glass. "But I must say farewell. My head is swimming. I shall dream of the Princess. Ah, this is your package. Well, I will see to it ere I go to bed. The address is legible? So I see."

He shook hands, and left, and once out of the gardens of the Schloss, struck for his hotel with his great swinging, deliberate strides.

Christopher consulted his watch, and found it was close on midnight. When he had given his instructions to the hostler, he made his personal preparations and sat down to smoke a cigar. The packet he examined thoughtfully. It was completely sealed, and very light, and he judged it to contain nothing more than a letter. The superscription ran, "Herr Gasten, 3 Italianische Strasse, Salzhausen."

The young adventurer reached the small town of Salzhausen very early in the morning, and long before the dawn. It was, in truth, somewhere near four o'clock when he pulled up his horse in the principal street of the city, amidst a scattering blackness of the night. Far away, across the heights of the mountains that keep watch upon the marches of Salzhausen, the darkness was already liquid, floating up the sun, but the street was gray and black, and the outlines of the houses were dim shadows upon either side. He was aware of a great hulk of darkness, rising and obscuring the town somewhere in front, but so far he could make out nothing. Fortunately he encountered a wandering night-farer who was good enough to direct him to the Italianische Strasse, and presently after he was knocking loudly on the door of No. 3. There was no long interval before a window opened above his head, and a voice called out, asking his business.

"I have here an important message for Herr Gasten," replied Christopher, at which the window was shut upon the

instant, and in a short time the sound of feet in the passage, followed by the turning of a key in the lock, reached the young man's ears. The door opened, and there stood looking at him a short thin man, his eyes as black as coals, his color of unnatural swarthinness, and his nose disproportionately hooked. His race stood out upon his features like the sign of a tavern. He looked at Christopher with some suspicion.

"Let me see the letter," he said, gruffly, and clutched at Christopher's arm. But that young man drew away.

"No, no," he said. "This letter is for Herr Gasten. Are you he?" He displayed the envelope under the dim light.

The Jew scrutinized it carefully. "Herr Gasten is asleep," he said. "But I will have him fetched. Come in." Christopher directed attention to his horse, and the Jew nodded. "I will get Michael to see to it," he said, and made off into the house again, with his guest upon his heels. Arrived in a back room, the Jew put down his candle.

"You are tired after your ride?" he asked. "Well, I will have some food prepared for you—and some wine. Your room is ready. No doubt you will want to sleep."

Christopher thanked him, but wondered why nothing was said of Herr Gasten. The meal was laid with despatch—part of a cold chicken, and a pint of cool wine—and his host sat by and eyed him, intervening with a sharp question at intervals. Presently Christopher looked up at him.

"May I ask," he inquired, "when I am to have the satisfaction of presenting my packet to Herr Gasten?"

"It is quite enough that you have brought it to this house," replied the Jew. "You will hand it to me."

Christopher shook his head. "Not I," he answered. "Who are you?"

"I am the owner of this house," said the Jew, "and Herr Gasten is my friend and guest. You have done your duty when you deliver your message here. Had I wanted to deceive you, I would have claimed to be Herr Gasten myself."

"True," said Christopher, reflecting, and yet he wondered why the man sat by and waited. "Very well; here it is," he went on, and threw down the letter on the table indifferently.

The Jew took it up, but still he made

no movement, seated alert in his chair, his shining, shifting eyes darting on Christopher. "You will doubtless want to sleep," he remarked. "I will show you your room."

"Ho, ho!" thought the young man: "I am wanted out of the way. I shall be greatly obliged," he answered. "I am dead with sleep. I shall sleep like a top."

The Jew nodded, and led the way into a bedroom upon the first floor, which looked out upon a back yard. Here setting down the light, he retired with a polite phrase of farewell. Christopher pushed down the window and looked out, for the room smelled musty, and was, moreover, very small. He remained at the window smoking a cigarette for some minutes, when a noise struck on his ears. He wheeled swiftly about, recognizing at once that the front door was being opened. Next he heard it pull softly to, and the latch clicked.

"The Jew has gone out," thought Christopher. "There is no Herr Gasten here."

He glanced down into the road, clapped his hat upon his head, and without further loss of time, leaping out of the window, let himself fall gently to the ground. Thence he groped his way into the street. It was still dark, but sensibly lighter, and out of the distance came to him the noise of heavy feet clamping on the stone pathway. He hurried forward, and presently out of the grayness hove the small thin figure of the Jew. Christopher walked stealthily, keeping in the road where the earth lay underfoot, and making no sound, and he succeeded in this fashion in holding the Jew in sight without betraying himself. He was once more conscious of a looming mass of shadow, and glancing ahead, found himself in the proximity of a huge building which abutted upon the road and threw the loosening night backwards into darkness. By one of the several doors that opened into these great barracks the Jew disappeared, and Christopher was left alone, his pursuit abruptly concluded. He remained in concealment close at hand, and was soon rewarded by the reappearance of the Jew in the company of another person. The two set out along the pathway and stopped at a second door. Here Christopher hid himself again, and had to preserve his patience very carefully, for a long time elapsed ere there was any sound or sign. The sky

turned rapidly into gray, and the light shot up the east; the stones and colors of the city suddenly grew wonderfully plain and cold. A harsh and desolate breath passed through the streets. Christopher saw that the darkness would no longer hide him, and began to consider that he was wiser to withdraw. As he, in fact, came to this conclusion and was edging away down the street, the door he had been watching banged, and this time three men came forth. They turned down in the direction he was going. It was high time that he retreated. By a vigilant exercise of speed and sharpness he reached the Jew's house, and clambered from the road into his room by the aid of a drain-pipe. As he was shutting the window a little he heard noises falling in the street. The three men had followed him. He threw himself upon the bed in his clothes, and pondered. He heard the key turn and the door open, and then the sound of voices passing into one of the rooms. In a little while footsteps ascended the stairs and there was a knock on his door. He made no sign, and the Jew, pushing back the door, entered, candle in hand. Christopher started up, feigning a drowsy stupidity.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I regret to disturb you, sir," said the Jew, in his harsh voice. "But Herr Gasten would be grateful if you could spare him a few moments."

"With all the will in the world," cried Christopher, with alacrity, springing to his feet.

He followed his host down the stairs, and entered with him the little shabby room in which he had eaten his meal. It was very ill lighted by a candle, but Christopher could make out the faces of the two men who sat up to the table. The one was middle-aged, clean-shaven, and thin, with sharp rapacious eyes, and a nose somewhat discolored with tippling. But he had, all the same, an air of dignity, even of command, which placed him, ugly as he was, far above the Jew in the social scale. The second man was much younger—somewhere, indeed, about Christopher's own age—and was built in a strong and sturdy shape, being fairly tall, but proportionately robust. Yet his general appearance in other respects seemed to belie this suggestion of vigor; for he wore a good deal of fair hair, and a soft short beard came to a point, which he

stroked with a certain air of abstraction and annoyance. A pettish expression held his pleasant features, but he looked up as Christopher entered, and an agreeable smile passed momentarily over his face as he bowed politely.

The Jew put a chair at Christopher's hand, and the young man sat down and waited.

"Herr Gasten?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

The younger man bowed again. "That, sir, is my name," he answered, "and I believe I am indebted to you for your kind offices in bringing me here this letter from my good friend—"

At this point the other man shuffled his feet under the table, and, as Christopher could not but think, gave a cough of warning.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the younger man, impatiently. "He knows all about it, I have no doubt. I can't be forever on my p's and q's;" and then to Christopher, "Tell me, sir, are you in Count von Straben's confidence?"

A momentary pause ensued, during which, swift as a flash, Christopher reckoned the chances. "If the Count," he replied, "has not said so," and he indicated the letter, "I think, sir, you must take it for granted that I am not."

The elder of the men murmured his approbation, and his companion smiled. "Ah, well, sir, no matter. These are ridiculous things in which to meddle, and most abominably troublesome also, to fetch one out of bed at these absurd hours. I have to thank you, sir, for your friendly act in putting yourself so about for me."

"I put myself about for the Count, my friend," said Christopher, frankly.

"Naturally," said Herr Gasten, speaking in his soft effeminate voice, "and I, as a poor friend of the Count's also, make bold to offer you my thanks."

"There are no thanks needed, sir," said Christopher, and rose as if to retire.

Herr Gasten cast a glance at his companion, who nodded, and then he hastened to say:

"I had some hopes, sir, that you might give me a piece of information. But you are tired. I fear I am selfish."

"If I can be of any assistance, Herr Gasten," said Christopher, sitting down promptly, "command me."

He fixed the young man with his eyes

and waited. The latter, acknowledging the courtesy with his most profound bow, lifted the letter which he held in his hand. "The Count omits to say how he is," he said, airily. "He is quite well?"

"I believe the Count is in thorough health," said Christopher.

"Ah, indeed! I am glad to hear it; very glad. This is good news, Tinkel. We feared the strain upon his health. You remember, Tinkel?"

The other man nodded rather curtly, and Christopher eyed them both. They had not fetched him down to inquire about von Straben's health.

"You want to know more than that," he remarked, shortly.

Herr Gasten, who was in the act of yawning, gaped instead. Then he opened his mouth and threw down the letter. "Upon my soul," he cried, "I really don't want to know anything. Tinkel, find out what you will. I will go to bed."

The older man leaned forward and whispered in his ear, and Herr Gasten nodded, at first reluctantly, and then with a pleasanter expression; and finally, for all his yawns, a light grew in his eyes, and he turned to Christopher with more animation.

"Pray pardon this gross rudeness, sir," he exclaimed, very charmingly. "But I am so sleepy that my friend here must jog my elbow."

"It will be better if you do not beat about the bush, but put your questions plainly," said Christopher, gravely.

"Why, so I think," said Herr Gasten, with a sigh of relief. "But Tinkel here will use an infinite tediousness of approach. Saw you, then, her Highness the Princess ere you left?"

"I was at one of her gracious receptions some days ago," returned Christopher.

Herr Gasten considered, and then, "Is it known," he inquired, "when Prince Albrecht is likely to return?"

"I fancy that it is generally believed that the Prince is unlikely to return," said Christopher.

He began suddenly to see light, and the suspicions he had harbored upon entering the room were now confirmed. Herr Gasten sat for a while, drumming his fingers on the table, and wrapped apparently in deepest thought.

"It will interfere with our Paris trip,

Tinkel," said he presently, speaking very regretfully.

Tinkel threw a glance of dismay at Christopher, whose face remained impassive. He whispered once more in his companion's ear.

"Certainly," said Herr Gasten, with decision. "I am not going to draw back. I have given my word. Besides—" A smile flickered on his face, and he did not complete his sentence. Instead, he rose and held out his hand frankly to Christopher.

"You have done me a great service, sir. I thank you from my heart. Unfortunately, I leave Salzhausen for Paris this day, or I should be charmed to entertain you. But perhaps another time—" and with a wave of his hand and an elaborate bow he was gone, followed by Tinkel, who, however, did not trouble himself to salute Christopher, or recognize his presence in any way.

Our adventurer went forthwith to bed, and was wise enough to court sleep without allowing his brain to work upon any plans or problems. He had, however, plenty of time to consider matters before breakfast that morning, which the Jew served him without speech. After the meal his host produced a letter, which he said Christopher was to take back to the Count. There was not much ceremony about the injunction thus laid upon him, and Christopher reflected with amusement that he was clearly not taken for a person of much importance. Also, he had no doubt from which of the two men the message had come. So he briefly assented to his instructions, as though it was natural that he should be at the beck of these people of Salzhausen, and calling for his horse, declared his intention of starting forthwith. To this the Jew adventured no protest, and he was shortly upon the road again. As he passed through the main streets of the town his eyes sought the huge block of barracks which rose above the little cathedral and the market-place. He pulled up his horse and hailed a passer-by.

"Would you be good enough to tell me what that building is?" he asked.

The man stared at him civilly. "That?" he said, in surprise. "Oh, that's the Palace, of course."

Christopher thanked him and rode on, with a complacent smile on his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S GIFTS.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

IF I love you, will you give
To me the sweetest flowers
That on breezy hill-sides live
Or bloom in faerie bowers?

You shall have them, every one,
Loveliest flowers that blow,
Blossoming in shade or sun—
(And thorns therewith, I know!)

If I love you, will you bring
The pearls from the wide sea
To hang about me as I sing
My rarest songs for thee?

All the pearls from all the seas
I'll bring them to you, dear,
Lovely as your melodies—
(And for each pearl, a tear!)

If I love you, will you take
The bright stars from the sky,
Crowning me, for sweet Love's sake,
Your queen and goddess high?

I will give the crown to you,
Shining stars that will not fade.
You shall have all worship true—
(Yes, and death therewith, poor maid!)

THE STORY OF THE DRY LEAVES.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

IF one loves the earth, he finds a liveliness in walking through the autumn woods: the color, the crackling, and the ripeness of the time appeal to his senses as he kicks his way through the dry leaves with his feet.

It is a wrong thing to dull this harmlessness, but still I must remind him that it was not always so; such leaves have been the cause of tragedy. How could bad come of such unoffending trifles? Listen.

Long ago a very old Indian—an Ot-tawa—recalled the sad case of Ah-we-ah from the nearly forgotten past. His case was similar to ours, only more serious, since if we could not approach a deer in the dry forest because of the noise the leaves made it meant only disappointment, but with Ah-we-ah it meant his utter undoing.

Ah-we-ah grew up or came up as all Indian boys do who manage to escape the deadfalls which nature sets in such num-

bers and variety for them, and was at the time of the story barely a man. His folks lived in the Northwest, in what is now known as Manitoba, and they were of the Ojibbeway people. As was a very common thing in those days, they were all murdered by the Sioux; the very last kinsman Ah-we-ah had on earth was dead when Ah-we-ah came in one day from his hunting and saw their bodies lying charred and wolf-eaten about the ashes of his father's lodge.

He found himself utterly alone in the world.

The woods Indians, who followed the moose, the bear, and trapped the small animals for the Fur Company, did not live together in great tribal bodies, as did the buffalo Indians, but scattered out, the better to follow the silent methods of their livelihood.

Ah-we-ah was thus forced to live alone in the forest that winter, and his little bark hut was cold and fireless when he came in at night, tired with the long day's hunting. This condition continued for a time, until grief and a feeling of loneliness determined Ah-we-ah to start in search of a war party, that he might accompany them against their enemies, and have an opportunity to sacrifice honorably a life which had become irksome to him.

Leaving his belongings on a "sunjag-wun," or scaffold made of stout poles, he shouldered his old trade gun, his dry meat, called his wolf-dogs, and betook himself three days through the forest to the small settlement made by the hunting-camps of his tribesman, old Bent Gun,—a settlement lying about a series of ponds, of which no name is saved for this story; nor does it matter now which particular mud-holes they were—so long ago—out there in the trackless waste of poplar and tamarack.

The people are long since gone; the camps are mould; the very trees they lived among are dead and down this many a year.

So the lonely hunter came to the lodge of his friend, and sat him down on a skin across the fire from Bent Gun; and as he dipped his hollow buffalo horn into the pot he talked of his losses, his revenge, his war-ardor, inquired where he was like to find a fellow-feeling—yes, even pleaded with the old man that he and his sons too might go forth together with him and

slay some other simple savage as a spiritual relief to themselves. He chanted his war-song by the night fire in the lodge, to the discomfort and disturbance of old Bent Gun, who had large family interests and was minded to stay in his hunting-grounds, which had yielded well to his traps and stalking; besides which the snow was deep, and the Sioux were far away. It was not the proper time of the year for war.

By day Ah-we-ah hunted with old Bent Gun, and they killed moose easily in their yards, while the women cut them up and drew them to the camps. Thus they were happy in the primeval way, what with plenty of maple sugar, bears' grease, and the kettle always steaming full of fresh meat.

But still by night Ah-we-ah continued to exalt the nobleness of the wearing of the red paint and the shrill screams of battle to his tribesmen; but old Bent Gun did not succumb to their spirit; there was meat, and his family were many. This finally was understood by Ah-we-ah, who, indeed, had come to notice the family, and one of them in particular—a young girl; and also he was conscious of the abundance of cheer in the teeming lodge.

In the contemplation of life as it passed before his eyes he found that his gaze centred more and more on the girl. He watched her cutting up the moose and hauling loads through the woods with her dogs. She was dutiful. Her smile warmed him. Her voice came softly, and her form, as it cut against the snow, was good to look at in the eyes of the young Indian hunter. He knew, since his mother and sister had gone, that no man can live happily in a lodge without a woman. And as the girl passed her dark eyes across his, it left a feeling after their gaze had gone. He was still glorious with the lust of murder, but a new impulse had seized him—it swayed him, and it finally overpowered him altogether.

When one day he had killed a moose early in the morning, he came back to the camp asking the women to come out and help him in with the meat, and Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa, or the "Red Light of the Morning," and her old mother accompanied him to his quarry.

As they stalked in procession through the sunlit winter forest, the young savage gazed with glowing eyes upon the

girl ahead of him. He was a sturdy man in whom life ran high, and he had much character after his manner and his kind. He forgot the scalps of his tribal enemies; they were crowded out by a higher and more immediate purpose. He wanted the girl, and he wanted her with all the fierce resistlessness of a nature which followed its inclinations as undisturbedly as the wolf—which was his totem.

The little party came presently to the dead moose, and the women, with the heavy skinning-knives, dismembered the great mahogany mass of hair, while the crouching snow under the moccasins grew red about it. Some little distance off stood the young man, leaning on his gun, and with his blanket drawn about him to his eyes. He watched the girl while she worked, and his eyes dilated and opened wide under the impulse. The blood surged and bounded through his veins—he was hungry for her, like a famished tiger which stalks a gazelle. They packed their sleds and hung the remainder in the trees to await another coming.

The old woman, having made her load, passed backward along the trail, tugging at her head-line and ejaculating gutturals at her dogs. Then Ah-we-ah stepped quickly to the girl, who was bent over her sled, and seizing her, he threw his blanket with a deft sweep over her head; he wrapped it around them both, and they were alone under its protecting folds. They spoke together until the old woman called to them, when he released her. The girl followed on, but Ah-we-ah stood by the blood-stained place quietly, without moving for a long time.

That night he did not speak of war to old Bent Gun, but he begged his daughter of him, and the old man called the girl and set her down beside Ah-we-ah. An old squaw threw a blanket over them, and they were man and wife.

In a day or two the young man had washed the red paint from his face, and he had a longing for his own lodge, three days away through the thickets. It would not be so lonesome now, and his fire would always be burning.

He called his dogs, and with his wife they all betook themselves on the tramp to his hunting-grounds. The snow had long since filled up the tracks Ah-we-ah had made when he came to Bent Gun's camp.

He set up his lodge, hunted successfully, and forgot his past as he sat by the crackle of the fire, while the woman mended his buckskins, dried his moccasins, and lighted his long pipe. Many beaver-skins he had on his "sunjegwun," and many good buckskins were made by his wife, and when they packed up in the spring, the big canoe was full of stuff which would bring powder, lead, beads, tobacco, knives, axes, and stronding, or squaw-cloth, at the stores of the Northwest Company.

Ah-we-ah would have been destitute if he had not been away when his family were killed by the Sioux, and, as it was, he had little beyond what any hunter has with him; but he had saved his traps, his canoe, and his dogs, which in the old days were nearly everything except the lordly gun and the store of provisions which might happen.

At a camp where many of the tribe stopped and made maple sugar, the young pair tarried and boiled sap along with the others, until they had enough sweets for the Indian year. And when the camp broke up they followed on to the post of the big company, where they traded for the year's supplies—"double-battle Sussex powder" in corked bottles, pig-lead, blue and red stronding, hard biscuit, steel traps, axes, and knives. It is not for us to know if they helped the company's dividends by the purchase of the villanous "made whiskey," as it was called in the trade parlance, but the story relates that his canoe was deep-laden when he started away into the wilderness.

The canoe was old and worn out, so Ah-we-ah purposed to make a new one. He was young, and it is not every old man even who can make a canoe, but since the mechanical member of his family had his "fire put out" by the Sioux on that memorable occasion, it was at least necessary that he try. So he worked at its building, and in due time launched his bark; but it was "quick" in the water, and one day shortly it tipped over with him while on his journey to his hunting-grounds. He lost all his provisions, his sugar, biscuits, and many things besides, but saved his gun. He was suffering from hunger when he again found the company's store, but having made a good hunt the year before, the factor made him a meagre credit of powder,

lead, and the few necessary things. He found himself very poor.

In due course Ah-we-ah and his family set up their lodge. They were alone in the country, which had been hunted poor. The other people had gone far away to new grounds, but the young man trusted himself and his old locality. He was not wise like the wolves and the old Indians, who follow ceaselessly, knowing that to stop is to die of hunger. He hunted faithfully, and while he laid by no store, his kettle was kept full, and so the summer passed.

He now directed himself more to the hunting of beaver, of which he knew of the presence of about twenty gangs within working distance of his camp. But when he went to break up their houses he found nearly all of them empty. He at last discovered that some distemper had seized upon the beaver, and that they had died. He recovered one which was dying in the water, and when he cut it up it had a bloody flux about the heart, and he was afraid to eat it. And so it was with others. This was a vast misfortune to the young hunter; but still there were the elk. He had shot four up to this time, and there was "sign" of moose passing about. The leaves fell, and walking in them he made a great noise, and was forced to run down an elk—a thing which could be done by a young and powerful man, but it was very exhausting.

When an Indian hunts the elk in this manner, after he starts the herd, he follows at such a gait as he thinks he can maintain for many hours. The elk, being frightened, outstrip him at first by many miles, but the Indian, following at a steady pace along the trail, at length comes in sight of them; then they make another effort, and are no more seen for an hour or two; but the intervals in which the Indian has them in sight grow more and more frequent and longer and longer, until he ceases to lose sight of them at all. The elk are now so much fatigued that they can only move at a slow trot. At last they can but walk, by which time the strength of the Indian is nearly exhausted; but he is commonly able to get near enough to fire into the rear of the herd. This kind of hunting is what Ah-we-ah was at last compelled to do. He could no longer stalk with success, because the season was dry and

the dead leaves rattled under his moccasins.

He found a band, and all day long the hungry Indian strove behind the flying elk; but he did not come up, and night found him weak and starved. He lay down by a little fire, and burned tobacco to the four corners of the world, and chanted softly his medicine-song, and devoutly hoped that his young wife might soon have meat. It might be that on his return to his lodge he would hear another voice beside that familiar one.

Ah-we-ah slept until the gray came in the east, and girding himself, he sped on through the forest; the sun came and found the buckskinned figure gliding through the woods. Through the dry light of the day he sweated, and in the late afternoon shot a young elk. He cut away what meat he could carry in his weakness, ate the liver raw, and with lagging steps hastened backward to his far-off lodge.

The sun was again high before Ah-we-ah raised the entrance-mat at his home, and it was some moments before he could discern in the dusk that the wife was not alone. Hunger had done its work, and the young mother had suffered more than women ought.

Her strength had gone.

The man made broth, and together they rested, these two unfortunates; but on the following day nature again interposed the strain of the tightened belly.

Ah-we-ah went forth through the noisy leaves. If rain or snow would come to soften the noise; but no; the cloudless sky overspread the yellow and red of the earth's carpet. No matter with what care the wary moccasin was set to the ground, the sweesh-sweesh of the moving hunter carried terror and warning to all animal kind. He could not go back to the slaughtered elk; it was too far for that, and the wolf and wolverene had been there before. Through the long day no hairy or feathered kind passed before his eye. At nightfall he built his fire, and sat crooning his medicine-song until nature intervened her demands for repose.

With the early light Ah-we-ah looked on the girl and her baby.

The baby was cold.

The dry breasts of Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa had been of no purpose to this last comer, but the mother resisted Ah-we-ah when





"THE MOOSE COULD HEAR HIM COMING FOR AN HOUR."

he tried to take the dead child away, and he left it. This cut and maddened the hunter's mind, and he cursed aloud his medicine-bag, and flung it from him. It had not brought him even a squirrel to stay the life of his first-born. His famished dogs had gone away, hunting for themselves; they would no longer stay by the despairing master and his dreary lodge.

Again he dragged his wretched form into the forest, and before the sun was an hour high the blue smoke had ceased to curl over the woful place, and the fainting woman lay quite still on her robe. Through the dry brush and the crackling leaves ranged the starving one, though his legs bent and his head reeled. The moose could hear him for an hour before he would sight it.



"THE DRY LEAVES HAD LASTED LONGER THAN SHE."

And again at evening he returned to his bleak refuge; the hut was gray and lifeless. He dropped into his place without making a fire. He knew that the woman was going from him. From the opposite side of the wigwam she moaned weakly—he could scarcely hear her.

Ah-we-ah called once more upon his gods, to the regular thump-thump of his tomtom. It was his last effort—his last rage at fate. If the spirits did not come now, the life would soon go out of the abode of Ah-we-ah, even as the fire had gone.

He beat and sang through the doleful silence, and from the dark tamaracks the wolves made answer. They too were hungry.

The air, the leaves, the trees, were still; they listened to the low moan of the woman, to the dull thump of the tomtom, to the long piercing howl of the wolf, the low rising and falling voice of the man chanting: "He-ah neen-gui-o-ho o-ho man-i-to-we-tah-hah gah-neen-qui-o we-ah-nah we-he-a."

The air grew chill and cold. Ah-we-ah was aroused from his deep communion by cold spots on his face. He opened the door-mat. He peered into the gray light

of the softly falling snow. The spirits had come to him, he had a new energy, and seizing his gun, the half-delirious man tottered into the forest, saying softly to himself: "A bear—I walk like a bear myself—myself I walk like a bear—a beast comes calling—I am loaded—I am ready. Oh, my spirit! Oh, my manitou!"

A black mass crossed the Indian's path—it had not heard the moccasins in the muffle of the snow. The old trade gun boomed through the forest, and the manitou had sent at last to Ah-we-ah a black bear. He tore out his knife and cut a small load of meat from the bear, and then he strode on his back track as swiftly as he could in his weakness. He came to the hole in the forest in the middle of which sat the lodge, calling: "Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa! Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa!" but there was no answer.

He quickly lighted a fire—he threw meat upon it, and bending backward from the flame, touched her, saying, "Good bear, Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa; I have a good bear for the bud-ka-da-win—for the hunger"; but Mis-kau-bun-o-kwa could not answer Ah-we-ah. The dry leaves had lasted longer than she.



The earliest armor-clad war-ship.

KOREAN INVENTIONS.

BY HOMER BEZA HULBERT.

IF necessity is the mother of invention, the consciousness of necessity is its father. Need, in the abstract, will exist so long as humanity falls short of perfection, but advance toward that perfection is conditioned upon the consciousness of successive needs.

The discrepancy in the progress made by the various peoples of the world grows out of the unequal distribution of the faculty for definitely locating and clearly defining the needs of the race.

Most people of the Far East are singularly lacking in this faculty. It is only when some cataclysm has overtaken them that the very instinct of self-preservation has aroused for the moment the dormant power; as when, in 1868, the feudal system was swept from the stage

of Japanese politics, and hundreds of thousands of Samurai, or feudal retainers, found themselves swordless, and in imminent danger of falling to the level of the common people. Their mental acumen was marvellously stimulated, and they discovered that the only way to retain their social prestige was to adopt the methods of the West and make themselves the champions of a new era. This intense caste spirit is the real underlying secret of Japan's phenomenal progress during the past three decades. We say that the exigencies of the time produce the men to meet them. True, but it is only because exceptional circumstances develop exceptional mental activity.

The greatest achievements of the race are to be credited as often to the little

states as to the great. In fact, it might be reasonably argued that the very inertia of the great states has stood in the way of individual achievement. This is true at least in China, where men have stood in such awe of the past, with all its hero-worship, that they have deemed it impious to pretend to greater skill than their forebears.

As Père Hyacinthe said in Notre Dame, "The little states! They are the radiating centres of the most splendid civilizations, from the days of ancient Greece, which gave us an Æschylus, a Sophocles, an Aristides, and a Plato, down to those republics of modern Italy to which we owe the revival of learning."

Even Korea can boast of her share of the great inventions of the world, though, singularly enough, neither the world at large nor she herself, except in one case, has benefited permanently by the inventions. After tiding over the crisis which called into exercise the inventive genius, she has uniformly lapsed into her former condition, and the many inventions which might have revolutionized history have been relegated to her archives.

Korea was the first of all peoples to originate movable metal type. For hundreds of years the country and the king had been under the domination of the Buddhist priesthood, and the land was suffering the extremes of sacerdotalism. Every third son must by law become a monk—in other words, an unproductive member of society; the killing of a cow was a greater crime than the killing of a man. The people's houses were being seized on all sides for the erection of worse than useless monasteries.

At last the great General Yi T'a-jo, whom a dotard King had sent upon the insane mission of invading China, turned to his soldiers and said, "Shall we return to the capital and apply ourselves to the cleansing of the unspeakable corruption of our country?" He was applauded to the echo, and, like Julius Cæsar, but with better purpose, he recrossed the Yalu, Korea's Rubicon, marched back upon the capital, and sealed the death-warrant of sacerdotalism. No sooner

had the new dynasty been founded in 1492 than literature received a new impetus through the revival of Confucianism and the study of the ancient classics. The monasteries, which had become the repositories of the scholarship of the land, were filled with the unintelligible jargon of Buddhism, and literature was almost wholly confined to its ritual. But now schools were being established, books were being demanded, and students were calling impatiently for the time-honored classics. Thus it was that in the reign of King T'a-jong a fount of metal type was cast, the first the world had ever seen. The art of xylography had existed for centuries, and clay type had also been used in Japan, but Korea was the first to discern the need of the more permanent and durable form of metal type; and so well did she carry out her plan that the type then cast has come down to the present day practically unimpaired. Each type was built on the principle of the arch, being cylindrically concave on the under side. The purpose of this was to secure a firmer hold upon the bed of beeswax which constituted the "form," technically so called. A shallow



THE EARLIEST METAL TYPE.

tray was filled with wax, and the type, after being firmly imbedded in it, were "planed" in the ordinary manner. The printer, sitting cross-legged before it, applied liquid ink by means of a soft brush, after which a sheet of paper was lightly laid upon the form. A piece of felt was brushed softly across the porous paper with the right hand, and the left re-



TYPE-SETTING IN KOREA.

walls of Seoul, all the palaces and government buildings had been burned. The printing-office was inside of the palace enclosure, and it was likewise burned with the rest. But a Korean building, which is made largely of mud and tile, could not produce a fire that would melt types of bronze like these; so the conflagration saved them to the Koreans; for, had they been left intact, the Japanese would no doubt have taken them away. With the departure of the invaders, it is easy

moved the printed page. In this way it was possible to strike off some 1500 impressions in a day.

That the pieces of type from which the illustration was made belonged to the original fount is fairly plain, though not absolutely demonstrable. The annals of Korea show clearly that there have been two such founts cast—one about the year 1406, and the other some two centuries later. But we find that these two founts, or the remains of them, exist to-day. Those of the later casting are now in common use in the Korean government printing-office, while all that remain of the older fount were thrown aside as useless, and were found among a mass of debris in the corner of a ruined storehouse. It might be objected that the original fount could never have survived the vandalism of the Japanese invasion of 1592. The objection is groundless, for, before the Japanese arrived beneath the

to believe that these valuable objects were drawn uninjured from the debris of the fire and put again to their original use.

The Koreans were the first to invent the iron-clad war-ship. In 1592 the hordes of Hideyoshi landed on the shores of southern Korea and swept northward through the peninsula, with the avowed purpose of crossing the Chinese border and overthrowing the Ming Empire. The Koreans could offer no adequate resistance, for, while Korea had been at peace for several centuries and the science of war had received comparatively little attention, the islands of Japan had been one great battle-field, and the army of 160,000 men that landed on Korean soil were all veterans. The Japanese were provided with fire-arms, which had never been seen in Korea, and which clothed them with absolute power.

When, therefore, the Japanese forces

swept northward toward the capital, and the King fled by night along the road to the Chinese border, Korea came face to face with a hard, uncompromising fact. She must either find some new means for holding the invaders in check, or she must go to the wall. The stimulus was sufficient, and in the person of Admiral Yi Sun-sin Korea found the solution of the problem. The Japanese had penetrated the country as far as P'yeng-yang, and were there awaiting an army of reinforcement from Japan, consisting of 100,000 men, before advancing to the conquest of China. Admiral Yi perceived that it was only by destroying this auxiliary force that the Japanese could be checked, and he realized, moreover, that, should it once set foot on Korean soil, all hope was gone. This grim necessity resulted in the invention of the *kwi-sün*, or "tortoise-boat," so called because of its resemblance to that animal. In the illustration which has been preserved to us in the biography of Admiral Yi, we see that the boat was covered with a curved deck of iron plates, and was provided with a ram. These two things formed its defensive and offensive equipment. With this boat, whose speed was exceptionally great, Admiral Yi boldly attacked the Japanese fleet of 600 boats, ramming them right and left, and as he passed on he left the struggling Japanese in the water, to be despatched by his followers in the ordinary boats of the Korean fleet. The enemies deemed the tortoise-boat to be a work of super-human origin, and their "bones melted" within them.

The few remnants of the shattered Japanese fleet made their way to Japan as best they could; but the backbone of the invasion had been broken, the Salamis of Korea had been

fought, and for the first time in the world the virtues of a protected cruiser were demonstrated. Victory followed victory, until at last the Japanese on the Korean mainland, despairing of re-enforcement, were glad to make their escape back to their island home. It is strange, and yet characteristically Korean, that as soon as the pressure was removed the ironclad was left to rust itself away on the shores of southern Korea; but even yet an annual celebration is held at the spot where it decayed, and the townsfolk sail around the harbor in gayly decorated boats, one of which bears resemblance to the far-famed tortoise-boat of Yi Sun-sin.

The Koreans invented the first suspension-bridge, if we may except the rope bridges of the Andes, which can hardly be called bridges. The first suspension-bridge that can properly be dignified by that name was thrown across the Im-jin River in Korea in the year 1592. Here again dire necessity dictated the terms. The Japanese in P'yeng-yang, learning of the defeat of the army of reinforcement, determined to withdraw. China had begun to bestir herself in favor of Korea, and the Japanese, driven from P'yeng-yang by the combined Chinese and Korean armies, hastened southward toward Seoul. When the pursuers arrived at the Im-jin River, the Chinese general refused to cross and continue the pursuit unless the Koreans would build a



TWISTING THE FIRST CABLE.



THE FIRST BOMB AND MORTAR.

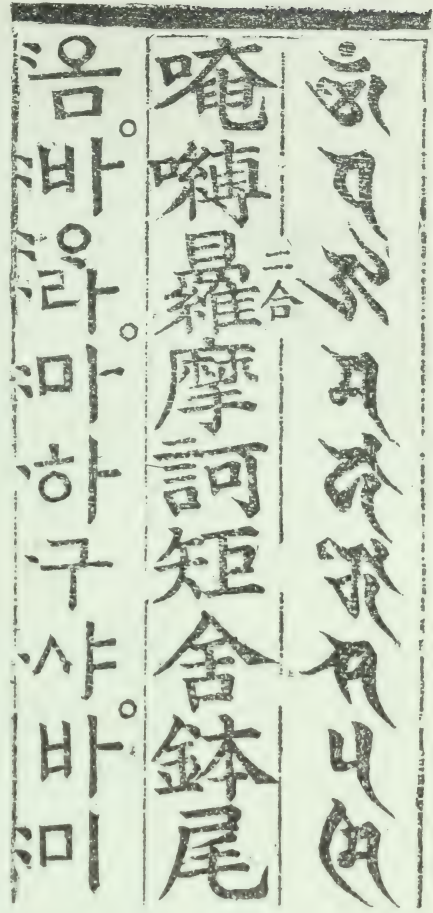
bridge sufficiently large and strong to insure the passage of his 120,000 men in safety. The Koreans were famishing for revenge upon the Japanese, and would be stopped by no obstacle that human ingenuity could surmount. Sending parties of men in all directions, they collected enormous quantities of *chik*, a tough, fibrous vine that often attains a length of 100 yards. From this eight huge hawsers were woven. Attaching them to trees or heavy timbers let into the ground, the bridge-builders carried the other ends across the stream by boats, and anchored them there in the same way. Of course the hawsers dragged in the water in mid-stream, but the Koreans were equal to the occasion. Stout oaken bars were inserted between the strands in mid-stream, and then the hawsers were twisted until the torsion brought them a good ten feet above the surface. Brushwood was then piled on the eight parallel hawsers, and upon the brushwood clay and gravel were laid. When the road-bed had been packed down firmly and the bridge had been tested, the Chinese could no

longer refuse to advance; and so upon this first suspension-bridge, 150 yards long, that army of 120,000 Chinamen, with all their Korean allies, camp equipage, and impedimenta, crossed in safety. This bridge, like the tortoise-boat, having served its purpose, was left to fall of its own weight.

The Koreans invented the first bomb and mortar. The lust for revenge had taken such a grip upon them that nothing sufficed to hold them in check when once they had the enemy on the run. Before the first year of the war had expired the Koreans had imitated the firearms of their enemies, though pebbles were at first the only missiles used. They even surpassed the invaders in the use of gunpowder, for the records tell us that a certain general invented a piece of ordnance which, when discharged, would throw itself bodily over the walls of the besieged fortress, and when it exploded, the Japanese who had crowded around to examine it were either torn to pieces by the flying débris or choked by the sulphurous fumes of the burning powder. The

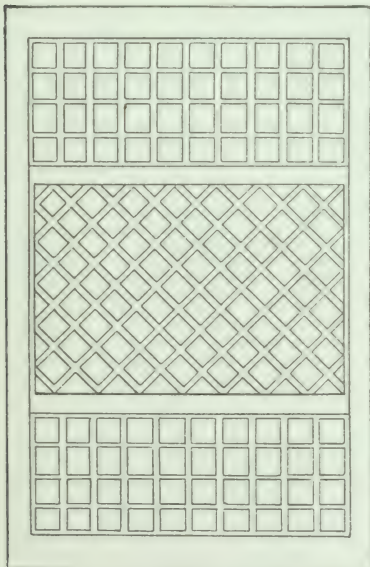
startling statement that the mortar threw *itself* over the wall is merely the work of an excited imagination, whereby the projectile became confused with the machine used in its projection. We are told that the secret of the invention perished with its inventor, but that the mortar then used still lies in one of the government storehouses in the fortress of Nan-ham, which guards the southern approach to the capital.

Korea boasts of the invention of a pure phonetic alphabet. Of course it was not the first, but it was original with her, and therefore no less creditable. The invention of this alphabet is the last of three great protests which Korea has made against the cumbersomeness of the Chinese written character. King Sé-Jo, early in the fifteenth century, determined that the people must have a phonetic alphabet, and a college of scholars was convened, with the distinguished Song Sam-mun at its head, to devise an alphabet. Looking about for a model, they found nothing like a phonetic alphabet, except in the Tibetan books which had been brought from China and deposited in the monasteries of Korea. But Tibetan, like Sanskrit and like the Semitic languages, is consonantal in its character. The consonant is the foundation, and the vowel is simply the bridge that spans the inter-



KOREAN, CHINESE, AND TIBETAN TRIGLOT.

From an ancient Buddhist ritual.



KOREAN LATTICE.

From which the alphabet is said to have been derived.

val between consonant and consonant. Song Sam-mun's genius is demonstrated in his recognition of the fact that this is wrong, and that the vowel is the basis of all articulate speech. He therefore divided the symbols into two classes—"mother" and "child"—the vowel being the mother and the consonant the child. This was not only absolutely original with him, but it was absolutely scientific. The Tibetan furnished the basis for the Korean consonants—not the finished Tibetan of to-day, but the singular characters found in the Tibetan Buddhist books of Korea. For the vowels they turned to the ancient seal character of China, and from its simplest radicals picked out six, which became the Korean vowels. The combination of the letters in the syllable was, so to speak, triangular. The letters were bunched together

so as to resemble in shape the Chinese characters, the purpose being to facilitate the transliteration of the Chinese text in a parallel column.

In simplicity the Korean characters are unsurpassed. Tradition says that the inventor took them all from the Korean door, which consists of a combination of horizontal and oblique lattice-work; and in truth this could be done, as a comparison of the characters in the left-hand column of the triglot with the illustration of the door will show.

But in spite of this marvellous advance—this emancipation proclamation—which set the intellect free from the thralldom of the ponderous and unwieldy Chinese character, Korea has never properly availed herself of the privilege. Chinese is

still the official written language, and officials will angrily deny that they can even read their native script. The man is yet to appear who shall do for Korea what Chaucer did for modern English, what Cervantes did for modern Spanish, and what Dante did for modern Italian.

The invention of these five things, the metal type, the ironclad, the suspension-bridge, the bomb and mortar, and the alphabet, is both to Korea's credit and her discredit. It demonstrates her latent ability to originate when sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon her, but it proves likewise her intellectual apathy, that even in the face of the splendid results obtained she has never followed up her achievements, but has let the products of her skill fall into desuetude.

A PRISONER OF VENICE.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

*Di chi mi fido mi guardi Iddio,
Di chi non mi fido mi guardera io.*

—LINES WRITTEN IN CANDLE SMOKE ON THE WALL.

NOT quite alone, for Memory is here:
A prisoner and his thoughts and the close walls
And Memory makes her picture, fine and clear,
That every hateful circumstance recalls.
As though a painter in some secret place
His tale of passion and regret should trace,
The prisoner's life and trust and loss, all shown,
Seem painted artfully upon the stone.
The figures stare at him, and he, astare,
At last their meaning has interpreted—
At last he has their secret.

And now, where
The picture had appeared, more blank and dead
Than ever the cold wall: the past all fled.
But he has kept its message, and he writes,
With smoky candle curling those two lines
Which have not vanished.

Oh, one of the sights
Your guide may point out. Such a cell confines
For a few years at most—then kills its man:
And this was long ago. Translate? Who can?
In English all its gold seems turned to dust.
"Now may God guard me from the man I trust?"
—Well, that it signified: thus it began,
For thus illusion a poor captive frees—
*Now may God guard me from the man I trust;
Myself I'll guard from open enemies.*

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART VI.

XXXIII.

THERE were several Kings and their kindred at Carlsbad that summer. One day the Duchess of Orleans drove over from Marienbad, attended by the Duke on his bicycle. After luncheon, they reappeared for a moment before mounting to her carriage with their secretaries: two young French gentlemen whose dress and bearing better satisfied Mrs. March's exacting passion for an aristocratic air in their order. The Duke was fat and fair, as a Bourbon should be, and the Duchess fatter though not so fair, as became a Hapsburg, but they were both more plebeian-looking than their retainers, who were slender as well as young, and as perfectly appointed as English tailors could imagine them.

"It wouldn't do for the very highest sort of Highhotes," March suggested, "to look their own consequence personally; they have to leave that, like everything else, to their inferiors."

By a happy heterophemy of Mrs. March's the German Hoheit had now become Highhote, which was so much more descriptive that they had permanently adopted it, and found comfort to their republican pride in the mockery which it poured upon the feudal structure of society. They applied it with a certain compunction, however, to the King of Servia, who came a few days after the Duke and Duchess: he was such a young King, and of such a little country. They watched for him from the windows of the reading-room, while the crowd outside stood six deep on the three sides of the square before the hotel, and the two plain public carriages which brought the King and his suite drew tamely up at the portal, where the proprietor and some civic dignitaries received him. His moderated approach, so little like that of royalty on the stage, to which Americans are used, allowed Mrs. March to make sure of the pale, slight, insignificant, amiable-looking youth in spectacles as the sovereign she was ambuscading.

Then no appeal to her principles could keep her from peeping through the reading-room door into the rotunda, where the King graciously but speedily dismissed the civic gentlemen and the proprietor, and vanished into the elevator. She was destined to see him so often afterwards that she scarcely took the trouble to time her dining and supping by that of the simple potentate, who had his meals in one of the public rooms, with three gentlemen of his suite, in sack-coats like himself, after the informal manner of the place.

Still another potentate, who happened that summer to be sojourning abroad, in the interval of a successful rebellion, was at the opera one night with some of his faithful followers. Burnamy had offered Mrs. March, who supposed that he merely wanted her and her husband with him, places in a box; but after she eagerly accepted, it seemed that he wished her to advise him whether it would do to ask Miss Triscoe and her father to join them. "Why not?" she returned, with an arching of the eyebrows.

"Why," he said, "perhaps I had better make a clean breast of it."

"Perhaps you had," she said, and they both laughed, though he laughed with a knot between his eyes.

"The fact is, you know, this isn't my treat, exactly. It's Mr. Stoller's." At the surprise in her face he hurried on. "He's got back his first letter in the paper, and he's so much pleased with the way he reads in print, that he wants to celebrate."

"Yes," said Mrs. March, non-committally.

Burnamy laughed again. "But he's bashful, and he isn't sure that you would all take it in the right way. He wants you as friends of mine; and he hasn't quite the courage to ask you himself."

This seemed to Mrs. March so far from bad that she said: "That's very nice of him. Then he's satisfied with—with your help? I'm glad of that."

* Begun in January number, 1899.

"Thank you. He's met the Triscoes, and he thought it would be pleasant to you if they went, too."

"Oh, certainly."

"He thought," Burnamy went on, with the air of feeling his way, "that we might all go to the opera, and then—then go for a little supper afterward^s at Schwarzkopf's."

He named the only place in Carlsbad where you can sup so late as ten o'clock: as the opera begins at six, and is over at half past eight, none but the wildest roisterers frequent the place at that hour.

"Oh!" said Mrs. March. "I don't know how a late supper would agree with my husband's cure. I should have to ask him."

"We could make it very hygienic," Burnamy explained.

In repeating his invitation she blamed Burnamy's uncandor so much that March took his part, as perhaps she intended, and said, "Oh, nonsense," and that he should like to go in for the whole thing: and General Triscoe accepted as promptly for himself and his daughter. That made six people, Burnamy counted up, and he feigned a decent regret that there was not room for Mrs. Adding and her son; he would have liked to ask them.

Mrs. March did not enjoy it so much as coming with her husband alone, when they took two florin seats in the orchestra for the comedy. The comedy always began half an hour earlier than the opera, and they had a five-o'clock supper at the Theater-Café before they went, and they got to sleep by nine o'clock; now they would be up till half past ten at least, and that orgy at Schwarzkopf's might not be at all good for him. But still she liked being there; and Miss Triscoe made her take the best seat: Burnamy and Stoller made the older men take the other seats beside the ladies, while they sat behind, or stood up, when they wished to see, as people do in the back of a box. Stoller was not much at ease in evening dress, but he bore himself with a dignity which was not perhaps so gloomy as it looked: Mrs. March thought him handsome in his way, and required Miss Triscoe to admire him. As for Burnamy's beauty it was not necessary to insist upon that; he had the distinction of slender youth; and she liked to think that no Highhote there was of a more patrician presence than this yet unprinted contributor to

Every Other Week. He and Stoller seemed on perfect terms: or else in his joy he was able to hide the uneasiness which she had fancied in him from the first time she saw them together, and which had never been quite absent from his manner in Stoller's presence. Her husband always denied that it existed, or if it did that it was anything but Burnamy's effort to get on common ground with an inferior whom fortune had put over him.

The young fellow talked with Stoller, and tried to bring him into the range of the general conversation. He leaned over the ladies, from time to time, and pointed out the notables whom he saw in the house: she was glad, for his sake, that he did not lean less over her than over Miss Triscoe. He explained certain military figures in the boxes opposite, and certain ladies of rank who did not look their rank: Miss Triscoe, to Mrs. March's thinking, looked their united ranks, and more; her dress was very simple, but of a touch which saved it from being insipidly girlish; her beauty was dazzling.

"Do you see that old fellow in the corner chair just behind the orchestra?" asked Burnamy. "He's ninety-six years old, and he comes to the theatre every night, and falls asleep as soon as the curtain rises, and sleeps through till the end of the act."

"How dear!" said the girl, leaning forward to fix the nonagenarian with her glasses, while many other glasses converged upon her. "Oh, wouldn't you like to know him, Mr. March?"

"I should consider it a liberal education. They have brought these things to a perfect system in Europe. There is nothing to make life pass smoothly like inflexible constancy to an entirely simple custom. My dear," he added to his wife, "I wish we'd seen this sage before. He'd have helped us through a good many hours of unintelligible comedy. I'm always coming as Burnamy's guest, after this."

The young fellow swelled with pleasure in his triumph, and casting an eye about the theatre to cap it, he caught sight of that other potentate. He whispered joyfully, "Ah! We've got two Kings here to-night," and he indicated in a box of their tier just across from that where the King of Servia sat, the well-known face of the King of New York.

"He isn't bad-looking," said March, handing his glass to General Triscoe. "I've not seen many kings in exile; a matter of a few Carlist princes and ex-sovereign dukes, and the good Henry V. of France, once, when I was staying a month in Venice; but I don't think they any of them looked the part better. I suppose he has his dream of recurring power like the rest."

"Dream!" said General Triscoe with the glass at his eyes. "He's dead sure of it."

"Oh, you don't *really* mean that!"

"I don't know why I should have changed my mind."

"Then it's as if we were in the presence of Charles II. just before he was called back to England, or Napoleon in the last moments of Elba. It's better than that. The thing is almost unique; it's a new situation in history. Here's a sovereign who has no recognized function, no legal status, no objective existence. He has no sort of public being, except in the affection of his subjects. It took an upheaval little short of an earthquake to unseat him. His rule, as we understand it, was bad for all classes: the poor suffered more than the rich; the people have now had three years of self-government; and yet this wonderful man has such a hold upon the masses that he is going home to win the cause of oppression at the head of the oppressed. When he's in power again, he will be as subjective as ever, with the power of civic life and death, and an idolatrous following perfectly ruthless in the execution of his will."

"We've only begun," said the general. "This kind of king is municipal, now; but he's going to be national. And then, good-by, Republic!"

"The only thing like it," March resumed, too incredulous of the evil future to deny himself the æsthetic pleasure of the parallel, "is the rise of the Medici in Florence, but even the Medici were not mere manipulators of pulls; they had some sort of public office, with some sort of legislated tenure of it. The King of New York is sovereign by force of will alone, and he will reign in the voluntary submission of the majority. Is our national dictator to be of the same nature and quality?"

"That would be the scientific evolution. wouldn't it?"

The ladies listened with the perfunctory attention which women pay to any sort of inquiry which is not personal. Stoller had scarcely spoken yet; he now startled them all by demanding, with a sort of vindictive force, "Why shouldn't he have the power, if they're willing to let him?"

"Yes," said General Triscoe, with a tilt of his head towards March. "That's what we must ask ourselves more and more."

March leaned back in his chair, and looked up over his shoulder at Stoller. "Well, I don't know. Do you think it's quite right for a man to use an unjust power, even if others are willing that he should?"

Stoller stopped, with an air of bewilderment as if surprised on the point of affirming that he thought just this. He asked instead, "What's wrong about it?"

"Well, that's one of those things that have to be felt, I suppose. But if a man came to you, and offered to be your slave for a certain consideration—say a comfortable house and a steady job, that wasn't too hard—should you feel it morally right to accept the offer? I don't say *think* it right, for there might be a kind of logic for it."

Stoller seemed about to answer; he hesitated; and before he had made any response, the curtain rose.

XXXIV.

There are few prettier things than Carlsbad by night from one of the many bridges which span the Tepl in its course through the town. If it is a starry night, the torrent glides swiftly away with an inverted firmament in its bosom, to which the lamps along its shores and in the houses on either side contribute a planetary splendor of their own. By nine o'clock everything is hushed; not a wheel is heard at that dead hour; the few feet shuffling stealthily through the Alte Wiese whisper a caution of silence to those issuing with a less guarded tread from the opera; the little bowers that overhang the stream are as dark and mute as the restaurants across the way which serve meals in them by day; the whole place is as forsaken as other cities at midnight. People get quickly home to bed, or if they have a mind to snatch a belated joy, they slip into the Theater-Café, where the sleepy Fräuleins serve them,

in an exemplary drowse, with plates of cold ham and bottles of the gently gaseous waters of Giesshübl. Few are of the bold badness which delights in a supper at Schwarzkopf's, and even these are glad of the drawn curtains which hide their orgy from the chance passer.

The invalids of Burnamy's party kept together, strengthening themselves in a mutual purpose not to be tempted to eat anything which was not strictly *kurgemäss*. Mrs. March played upon the interest which each of them felt in his own case so artfully that she kept them talking of their cure, and left Burnamy and Miss Triscoe to a moment on the bridge, by which they profited, while the others strolled on, to lean against the parapet and watch the lights in the skies and the water, and be alone together. The stream shone above and below, and found its way out of and into the darkness under the successive bridges; the town climbed into the night with lamp-lit windows here and there, till the woods of the hill-sides darkened down to meet it, and fold it in an embrace from which some white edifice showed palely in the farthest gloom.

He tried to make her think they could see that great iron crucifix which watches over it day and night from its piny cliff. He had a fancy for a poem, very impressionistic, which should convey the notion of the crucifix's vigil. He submitted it to her; and they remained talking till the others had got out of sight and hearing; and she was letting him keep the hand on her arm which he had put there to hold her from falling over the parapet, when they were both startled by approaching steps, and a voice calling, "Look here! Who's running this supper party, anyway?"

His wife had detached March from her group for the mission, as soon as she felt that the young people were abusing her kindness. They answered him with hysterical laughter, and Burnamy said, "Why, it's Mr. Stoller's treat, you know."

At the restaurant, where the proprietor obsequiously met the party on the threshold and bowed them into a pretty inner room, with a table set for their supper, Stoller had gained courage to play the host openly. He appointed General Triscoe to the chief seat; he would have put his daughter next to him, if the girl had not insisted upon Mrs. March's having the place, and going herself to sit next

to March, whom she said she had not been able to speak a word to the whole evening. But she did not talk a great deal to him; he smiled to find how soon he dropped out of the conversation, and Burnamy, from his greater remoteness across the table, dropped into it. He really preferred the study of Stoller, whose instinct of a greater worldly quality in the Triscoes interested him; he could see him listening now to what General Triscoe was saying to Mrs. March, and now to what Burnamy was saying to Miss Triscoe; his strong, selfish face, as he turned it on the young people, expressed a mingled grudge and greed that was very curious.

Stoller's courage, which had come and gone at moments throughout, rose at the end, and while they lingered at the table well on to the hour of ten, he said, in the sort of helpless offence he had with Burnamy, "What's the reason we can't all go out to-morrow to that old castle you was talking about?"

"To Engelhaus? I don't know any reason, as far as I'm concerned," answered Burnamy; but he refused the initiative offered him, and Stoller was obliged to ask March:

"You heard about it?"

"Yes." General Triscoe was listening, and March added for him, "It was the hold of an old robber baron; Gustavus Adolphus knocked it down, and it's very picturesque, I believe."

"It sounds promising," said the general. "Where is it?"

"Isn't to-morrow your mineral bath?" Mrs. March interposed between her husband and temptation.

"No; the day after. Why, it's about ten or twelve miles out on the old post-road that Napoleon took for Prague."

"Napoleon knew a good road when he saw it," said the general, and he alone of the company lighted a cigar. He was decidedly in favor of the excursion, and he arranged for it with Stoller, whom he had the effect of using for his pleasure as if he were doing him a favor. They were six, and two carriages would take them: a two-spanner for four, and a one-spanner for two; they could start directly after dinner, and get home in time for supper.

Stoller asserted himself to say: "That's all right, then. I want you to be my guests, and I'll see about the carriages."

He turned to Burnamy: "Will you order them?"

"Oh," said the young fellow, with a sort of dryness, "the portier will get them."

"I don't understand why General Triscoe was so willing to accept. Surely, he can't *like* that man!" said Mrs. March to her husband in their own room.

"Oh, I fancy that wouldn't be essential. The general seems to me capable of letting even an enemy serve his turn. Why didn't you speak, if you didn't want to go?"

"Why didn't you?"

"I wanted to go."

"And I knew it wouldn't do to let Miss Triscoe go alone; I could see that she wished to go." •

"Do you think Burnamy did?"

"He seemed rather indifferent. And yet he must have realized that he would be with Miss Triscoe the whole afternoon."

XXXV.

If Barnamy and Miss Triscoe took the lead in the one-spanner, and the others followed in the two-spanner, it was not from want of politeness on the part of the young people in offering to give up their places to each of their elders in turn. It would have been grotesque for either March or Stoller to drive with the girls; for her father it was apparently no question, after a glance at the more rigid uprightness of the seat in the one-spanner; and he accepted the place beside Mrs. March on the back seat of the two-spanner without demur. He asked her leave to smoke, and then he scarcely spoke to her. But he talked to the two men in front of him almost incessantly, haranguing them upon the inferiority of our conditions and the futility of our hopes as a people, with the effect of bewildering the cruder arrogance of Stoller, who could have got on with Triscoe's contempt for the worthlessness of our working-classes, but did not know what to do with his scorn of the vulgarity and venality of their employers. He accused some of Stoller's most honored and envied capitalists of being the source of our worst corruptions, and guiltier than the voting-cattle whom they bought and sold.

"I think we can get rid of the whole trouble if we go at it the right way," Stoller said, diverging for the sake of the point he wished to bring in. "I believe

in having the government run on business principles. They've got it here in Carlsbad, already, just the right sort of thing, and it works. I been lookin' into it, and I got this young man, yonder"—he twisted his hand in the direction of the one-spanner—"to help me put it in shape. I believe it's going to make our folks think, the best ones among them. Here!" He drew a newspaper out of his pocket, folded to show two columns in their full length, and handed it to Triscoe, who took it with no great eagerness, and began to run his eye over it. "You tell me what you think of that. I've put it out for a kind of a feeler. I got some money in that paper, and I just thought I'd let our people see how a city can be managed on business principles."

In what he would, a few years earlier, have called his piece, Stoller praised the division of voters at Carlsbad into three classes, with a share in the government proportioned to their respective taxes. It had seemed to him just that those who paid the most taxes should have the most power, and that those who had the largest incomes should pay the most taxes. He thought it wise that the city should own not only all the medicinal springs, but all the land within it and without it for leagues round about, and should lease it to citizens for building and to peasants for farming. He pointed out the advantages, in this strictly business arrangement, of the city's ownership in gas, water, and transportation, and its control in everything relating to the public interests. The taxes, he admitted, were heavy, but the people got the worth of the money paid out in them.

He kept his eye eagerly upon Triscoe, as if to follow his thought while he read, and keep him up to the work, and he ignored the Marches so entirely that they began in self-defence to talk with each other.

Their carriage had climbed from Carlsbad in long irregular curves to the breezy upland where the great highroad to Prague ran through fields of harvest. They had come by heights and slopes of forest, where the serried stems of the tall firs showed brown and whitish-blue and grew straight as stalks of grain; and now on either side the farms opened under a sky of unwonted cloudlessness. Narrow strips of wheat and rye, which the men were cutting with sickles, and the women

in red bodices were binding, alternated with ribands of yellowing oats and grass, and breadths of beets and turnips, with now and then lengths of ploughed land. In the meadows the peasants were piling their carts with heavy rowen, the girls lifting the hay on the forks, and the men giving themselves the lighter labor of ordering the load. From the upturned earth, where there ought to have been troops of strutting crows, a few sombre ravens rose. But they could not rob the scene of its gayety; it smiled in the sunshine with colors which vividly followed the slope of the land till they were dimmed in the forests on the far-off mountains. Nearer and farther, the cottages and villages shone in the valleys, or glimmered through the veils of the distant haze. Over all breathed the keen pure air of the hills, with a sentiment of changeless eld, which charmed March back to his boyhood, where he lost the sense of his wife's presence, and answered her vaguely. She talked contentedly on in the monologue to which the wives of absent-minded men learn to resign themselves. They were both roused from their vagary by the voice of General Triscoe. He was handing back the folded newspaper to Stoller, and saying, with a queer look at him over his glasses, "I should like to see what your contemporaries have to say to all that."

"Well, sir," Stoller returned, "maybe I'll have the chance to show you. They got my instructions over there to send everything to me."

Burnamy and Miss Triscoe gave little heed to the landscape as landscape. They agreed that the human interest was the great thing on a landscape, after all; but they ignored the peasants in the fields and meadows, who were no more to them than the driver on the box, or the people in the two-spanner behind. They were talking of the hero and heroine of a novel they had both read, and he was saying, "I suppose you think he was justly punished."

"Punished?" she repeated. "Why, they got married, after all!"

"Yes, but you could see that they were not going to be happy."

"Then it seems to me that she was punished, too."

"Well, yes; you might say that. The author couldn't help that."

Miss Triscoe was silent a moment be-

fore she said: "I always thought the author was rather hard on the hero. The girl was very exacting."

"Why," said Burnamy, "I supposed that women hated anything like deception in men too much to tolerate it at all. Of course, in this case, he didn't deceive her; he let her deceive herself; but wasn't that worse?"

"Yes, that *was* worse. She could have forgiven *him* for deceiving her."

"Oh!"

"He might have *had* to do that. She wouldn't have minded his fibbing outright, so much, for then it wouldn't have seemed to come from his nature. But if he just let her believe what wasn't true, and didn't say a word to prevent her, of course it was worse. It showed something weak, something cowardly in him."

Burnamy gave a little cynical laugh. "I suppose it did. But don't you think it's rather rough, expecting us to have *all* the kinds of courage?"

"Yes, it is," she assented. "That is why I say she was too exacting. But a man oughtn't to defend him."

Burnamy's laugh had more pleasure in it, now. "Another woman might?"

"No. Excuse him."

He turned to look back at the two-spanner; it was rather far behind, and he spoke to their driver bidding him go slowly till it caught up with them. By the time it did so, they were so close to the ruin that they could distinguish the lines of its wandering and broken walls. Ever since they had climbed from the wooded depths of the hills above Carlsbad to the open plateau, it had shown itself in greater and greater detail. The detached mound of rock on which it stood rose like an island in the midst of the vast plain, and commanded the highways in every direction.

"I believe," Burnamy broke out, with a bitterness apparently relevant to the ruin alone, "that if you hadn't required any quarterings of nobility from him, Stoller would have made a good sort of robber baron. He's a robber baron by nature, now, and he wouldn't have any scruple in levying tribute on us here in our one-spanner, if his castle was in good repair and his crossbowmen were not on a strike. But they *would* be on a strike, probably, and then he would lock them out, and employ none but non-union crossbowmen."

If Miss Triscoe understood that he arraigned the morality as well as the civility of his employer, she did not take him more seriously than he meant, apparently, for she laughed as she said, "I don't see how you can have anything to do with him, if you feel so about him."

"Oh," Burnamy replied in kind, "he buys my poverty and not my will. And perhaps if I thought better of myself, I should respect him more."

"Have you been doing something very wicked?" she asked.

"What should you have to say to me, if I had?" he bantered.

"Oh, I should have nothing at all to say to you," she mocked back.

They turned a corner of the highway, and drove rattling through a village street up a long slope to the rounded hill which it crowned. A church at its base looked out upon an irregular square.

A gaunt figure of a man, with a staring mask, which seemed to hide a darkling mind within, came out of the church, and locked it behind him. He proved to be the sacristan, and the keeper of all the village's claims upon the visitors' interest; he mastered, after a moment, their wishes in respect to the castle, and showed the path that led to it; at the top, he said, they would find a custodian of the ruins who would admit them.

XXXVI.

The path to the castle slanted upward across the shoulder of the hill, to a certain point, and there some rude stone steps mounted more directly. Wilding lilac-bushes, as if from some forgotten garden, bordered the ascent; the chickory opened its blue flower; the clean bitter odor of vermouth rose from the trodden turf; but Nature spreads no such lavish feast in wood or field in the Old World as she spoils us with in the New; a few kinds, repeated again and again, seem to be all her store, and man must make the most of them. Miss Triscoe seemed to find flowers enough in the simple bouquet which Burnamy put together for her. She took it, and then gave it back to him, that she might have both hands for her skirt, and so did him two favors.

A superannuated forester of the nobleman who owns the ruin opened a gate for the party at the top, and levied a tax of thirty kreutzers each upon them, for its maintenance. The castle, by his

story, had descended from robber sire to robber son, till Gustavus knocked it to pieces in the sixteenth century; three hundred years later, the present owner restored it; and now its broken walls and arches, built of rubble mixed with brick, and neatly pointed up with cement, form a ruin satisfyingly permanent. The walls were not of great extent, but such as they were they enclosed several dungeons and a chapel, all underground, and a cistern which once enabled the barons and their retainers to water their wine in time of siege.

From that height they could overlook the neighboring highways in every direction, and could bring a merchant train to, with a shaft from a crossbow, or a shot from an arquebuse, at pleasure. With General Triscoe's leave, March praised the strategic strength of the unique position, which he found expressive of the past, and yet suggestive of the present. It was more a difference in method than anything else that distinguished the levy of customs by the authorities then and now. What was the essential difference between taking tribute of travellers passing on horseback, and collecting dues from travellers arriving by steamer? They did not pay voluntarily in either case; but it might be a proof of progress that they no longer fought the customs officials.

"Then you believe in free trade," said Stoller, severely.

"No. I am just inquiring which is the best way of enforcing the tariff laws."

"I saw in the *Paris Chronicle*, last night," said Miss Triscoe, "that people are kept on the docks now for hours, and ladies cry at the way their things are tumbled over by the inspectors."

"It's shocking," said Mrs. March.

"It seems to be a return to the scenes of feudal times," her husband resumed. "But I'm glad the travellers make no resistance. I'm opposed to private war as much as I am to free trade."

"It all comes round to the same thing at last," said General Triscoe. "Your precious humanity—"

"Oh, I don't claim it exclusively," March protested.

"Well, then, *our* precious humanity is like a man that has lost his road. He thinks he is finding his way out, but he is merely rounding on his course, and coming back to where he started."

Stoller said, "I think we ought to make it so rough for them, over here, that they will come to America and set up, if they can't stand the duties."

"Oh, we ought to make it rough for them anyway," March consented.

If Stoller felt his irony, he did not know what to answer. He followed with his eyes the manœuvre by which Burnamy and Miss Triscoe eliminated themselves from the discussion, and strayed off to another corner of the ruin, where they sat down on the turf in the shadow of the wall; a thin, upland breeze drew across them, but the sun was hot. The land fell away from the height, and then rose again on every side in carpetlike fields and in long curving bands, whose parallel colors passed unblended into the distance. "I don't suppose," Burnamy said, "that life ever does much better than this, do you? I feel like knocking on a piece of wood and saying 'Unberufen.' I might knock on your bouquet; that's wood."

"It would spoil the flowers," she said, looking down at them in her belt. She looked up and their eyes met.

"I wonder," he said, presently, "what makes us always have a feeling of dread when we are happy?"

"Do *you* have that, too?" she asked.

"Yes. Perhaps it's because we know that change must come, and it must be for the worse."

"That must be it. I never thought of it before, though."

"If we had got so far in science that we could predict psychological weather, and could know twenty-four hours ahead when a warm wave of bliss or a cold wave of misery was coming, and prepare for smiles and tears beforehand—it may come to that."

"I hope it won't. I'd rather not know when I was to be happy; it would spoil the pleasure; and wouldn't be any compensation when it was the other way."

A shadow fell across them, and Burnamy glanced round to see Stoller looking down at them, with a slant of the face that brought his aquiline profile into relief. "Oh! Have a turf, Mr. Stoller?" he called gayly up to him.

"I guess we've seen about all there is," he answered. "Hadn't we better be going?" He probably did not mean to be mandatory.

"All right," said Burnamy, and he

turned to speak to Miss Triscoe again without further notice of him.

They all descended to the church at the foot of the hill where the weird sacristan was waiting to show them the cold, bare interior, and to account for its newness with the fact that the old church had been burnt, and this one built only a few years before. Then he locked the doors after them, and ran forward to open against their coming the chapel of the village cemetery, which they were to visit after they had fortified themselves for it at the village café.

They were served by a little hunchback maid; and she told them who lived in the chief house of the village. It was uncommonly pretty, where all the houses were picturesque, and she spoke of it with respect as the dwelling of a rich magistrate who was clearly the great man of the place. March admired the cat which rubbed against her skirt while she stood and talked, and she took his praises modestly for the cat; but they wrought upon the envy of her brother so that he ran off to the garden, and came back with two fat, sleepy-eyed puppies which he held up, with an arm across each of their stomachs, for the acclaim of the spectators.

"Oh, *give* him something!" Mrs. March entreated. "He's such a dear."

"No, no! I am not going to have my little hunchback and her cat outdone," he refused; and then he was about to yield.

"Hold on!" said Stoller, assuming the host. "I got the change."

He gave the boy a few kreutzers, when Mrs. March had meant her husband to reward his naïveté with half a florin at least; but he seemed to feel that he had now ingratiated himself with the ladies, and he put himself in charge of them for the walk to the cemetery chapel: he made Miss Triscoe let him carry her jacket when she found it warm.

The chapel is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and the Jesuit brother who designed it, two or three centuries ago, indulged a devotional fancy in the triangular form of the structure and the decorative details. Everything is three-cornered; the whole chapel, to begin with, and then the ark of the high altar in the middle of it, and each of the three side-altars. The clumsy baroque taste of the architecture is a German version of the impulse that was making Italy fantastic at the

time; the carving is coarse, and the color harsh, and unsoftened by years, though it is blurred and obliterated in places.

The sacristan said that the chapel was never used for anything but funeral services, and he led the way out into the cemetery, where he wished to display the sepulchral devices. The graves here were planted with flowers, and some were in a mourning of black pansies; but a space fenced apart from the rest held a few neglected mounds, overgrown with weeds and brambles. This space, he said, was for suicides; but to March it was not so ghastly as the dapper grief of certain tombs in consecrated ground where the stones had photographs of the dead on porcelain let into them. One was the picture of a beautiful young woman, who had been the wife of the local magnate; an eternal love was vowed to her in the inscription, but now, the sacristan said, with nothing of irony, the magnate was married again, and lived in that prettiest house of the village. He seemed proud of the monument, as the thing worthiest the attention of the strangers, and he led them with less apparent hopefulness to the unfinished chapel representing a Gethsemane, with the figure of Christ praying and his apostles sleeping. It is a subject much celebrated in terra-cotta about Carlsbad, and it was not a novelty to his party; still, from its surroundings, it had a fresh pathos, and March tried to make him understand that they appreciated it. He knew that his wife wished the poor man to think he had done them a great favor in showing it; he had been touched with all the vain shows of grief in the poor, ugly little place; most of all he had felt the exile of those who had taken their own lives and were parted in death from the more patient sufferers who had waited for God to take them. With a curious, unpainful self-analysis he noted that the older members of the party, who in the course of nature were so much nearer death, did not shrink from its shows; but the young girl and the young man had not borne to look on them, and had quickly escaped from the place, somewhere outside the gate. Was it the beginning, the promise, of that reconciliation with death which nature brings to life at last, or was it merely the effect, or defect, of ossified sensibilities, of toughened nerves?

"That is all?" he asked of the spectral sacristan.

"That is all," the man said, and March felt in his pocket for a coin commensurate to the service he had done them; it ought to be something handsome.

"No, no," said Stoller, detecting his gesture. "Your money a'n't good."

He put twenty or thirty kreutzers into the hand of the man, who regarded them with a disappointment none the less cruel because it was so patient. In France, he would have been insolent; in Italy, he would have frankly said it was too little; here, he merely looked at the money and whispered a sad "Danke."

Burnamy and Miss Triscoe rose from the grassy bank outside where they were sitting, and waited for the elders to get into their two-spanner.

"Oh, have I lost my glove in there?" said Mrs. March, looking at her hands and such parts of her dress as a glove might cling to.

"Let me go and find it for you," Burnamy entreated.

"Well," she consented, and she added, "If the sacristan has found it, give him something for me—something really handsome, poor fellow."

As Burnamy passed her, she let him see that she had both her gloves, and her heart yearned upon him for his instant smile of intelligence: some men would have blundered out that she had the lost glove in her hand. He came back directly, saying, "No, he didn't find it."

She laughed, and held both gloves up. "No wonder! I had it all the time. Thank you ever so much."

"How are we going to ride back?" asked Stoller.

Burnamy almost turned pale; Miss Triscoe smiled impenetrably. No one else spoke, and Mrs. March said, with placid authority, "Oh, I think the way we came, is best."

"Did that absurd creature," she apostrophized her husband as soon as she got him alone after their arrival at Pupp's, "think I was going to let him drive back with Agatha?"

"I wonder," said March, "if that's what Burnamy calls her now?"

"I shall despise him if it isn't."

XXXVII.

Burnamy took up his mail to Stoller after the supper which they had eaten in a silence natural with two men who have been off on a picnic together. He did

not rise from his writing-desk when Burnamy came in, and the young man did not sit down after putting his letters before him. He said, with an effort of forcing himself to speak at once, "I have looked through the papers, and there is something that I think you ought to see."

"What do you mean?" said Stoller.

Burnamy laid down three or four papers opened to pages where certain articles were strongly circumscribed in ink. The papers varied, but their editorials did not, in purport at least. Some were grave and some were gay; one indignantly denounced; another affected an ironical bewilderment; the third simply had fun with the Hon. Jacob Stoller. They all, however, treated his letter on the city government of Carlsbad as the praise of municipal socialism, and the paper which had fun with him gleefully congratulated the dangerous classes on the accession of the Honorable Jacob to their ranks.

Stoller read the articles, one after another, with parted lips and gathering drops of perspiration on his upper lip, while Burnamy waited on foot. He flung the papers all down at last. "Why, they're a pack of fools! They don't know what they're talking about! I want city government carried on on business principles, by the people, for the people. I don't care what they say! I know I'm right, and I'm going ahead on this line if it takes all—" The note of defiance died out of his voice at the sight of Burnamy's pale face. "What's the matter with you?"

"There's nothing the matter with me."

"Do you mean to tell me it *is*—he could not bring himself to use the word—"what they say?"

"I suppose," said Burnamy, with a dry mouth, "it's what you may call municipal socialism."

Stoller jumped from his seat. "And you knew it when you let me do it?"

"I supposed you knew what you were about."

"It's a lie!" Stoller advanced upon him, wildly, and Burnamy took a step backward.

"Look out!" shouted Burnamy. "You never asked me anything about it. You told me what you wanted done, and I did it. How could I believe you were such an ignoramus as not to know the a b c of the thing you were talking about?" He added, in cynical contempt: "But you needn't worry. You can make it right

with the managers by spending a little more money than you expected to spend."

Stoller started as if the word money reminded him of something. "I can take care of myself, young man. How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing!" said Burnamy, with an effort for grandeur which failed him.

The next morning as the Marches sat over their coffee at the Posthof, he came dragging himself toward them with such a haggard air that Mrs. March called, before he reached their table, "Why, Mr. Burnamy, what's the matter?"

He smiled miserably. "Oh, I haven't slept very well. May I have my coffee with you? I want to tell you something; I want you to make me. But I can't speak till the coffee comes. *Fräulein!*" he besought a waitress going off with a tray near them. "Tell Lili, please, to bring me some coffee—only coffee."

He tried to make some talk about the weather, which was rainy, and the Marches helped him, but the poor endeavor lagged wretchedly in the interval between the ordering and the coming of the coffee. "Ah, thank you, Lili," he said, with a humility which confirmed Mrs. March in her instant belief that he had been offering himself to Miss Triscoe and been rejected. After gulping his coffee, he turned to her: "I want to say good-by. I'm going away."

"From Carlsbad?" asked Mrs. March with a keen distress.

The water came into his eyes. "Don't, *don't* be good to me, Mrs. March! I can't stand it. But you won't when you know."

He began to speak of Stoller, first to her, but addressing himself more and more to the intelligence of March, who let him go on without question, and laid a restraining hand upon his wife when he saw her about to prompt him. At the end, "That's all," he said, huskily, and then he seemed to be waiting for March's comment. He made none, and the young fellow was forced to ask, "Well, what do you think, Mr. March?"

"What do you think yourself?"

"I think I behaved badly," said Burnamy, and a movement of protest from Mrs. March nerved him to add: "I could make out that it was not my business to tell him what he was doing; but I guess it was; I guess I ought to have stopped him, or given him a chance to stop him-

self. I suppose I might have done it, if he had treated me decently when I turned up a day late, here; or hadn't acted towards me as if I were a hand in his buggy-works that had come in an hour after the whistle sounded."

He set his teeth, and an indignant sympathy shone in Mrs. March's eyes; but her husband only looked the more serious.

He asked gently, "Do you offer that fact as an explanation, or as a justification?"

Burnamy laughed forlornly. "It certainly wouldn't justify me. You might say that it made the case all the worse for me." March forbore to say, and Burnamy went on. "But I didn't suppose they would be onto him so quick, or perhaps at all. I thought—if I thought anything—that it would amuse some of the fellows in the office, who know about those things." He paused, and in March's continued silence he went on. "The chance was one in a hundred that anybody else would know where he had brought up."

"But you let him take that chance," March suggested.

"Yes, I let him take it. Oh, you know how mixed all these things are!"

"Yes."

"Of course I didn't think it out at the time. But I don't deny that I had a satisfaction in the notion of the hornets' nest he was poking his thick head into. It makes me sick, now, to think I had. I oughtn't to have let him; he was perfectly innocent in it. After the letter went, I wanted to tell him, but I couldn't; and then I took the chances too. I don't believe he could have ever got forward in politics; he's too honest—or he isn't dishonest in the right way. But that doesn't let me out. I don't defend myself! I did wrong; I behaved badly. But I've suffered for it. I've had a foreboding all the time that it would come to the worst; and felt like a murderer with his victim when I've been alone with Stoller. When I could get away from him I could shake it off, and even believe that it hadn't happened. You can't think what a nightmare it's been! Well, I've ruined Stoller politically, but I've ruined myself, too. I've spoiled my own life; I've done what I can never explain to—to the people I want to have believe in me; I've got to steal away like the thief I am. Good-

by!" He jumped to his feet, and put out his hand to March, and then to Mrs. March.

"Why, you're not going away *now*!" she cried, in a daze.

"Yes, I am. I shall leave Carlsbad on the eleven-o'clock train. I don't think I shall see you again." He clung to her hand. "If you see—General Triscoc—I wish you'd tell them I couldn't—that I had to—that I was called away suddenly—Good-by!" He pressed her hand and dropped it, and mixed with the crowd. Then he came suddenly back, with a final appeal to March: "Should you—do you think I ought to see Stoller, and—and tell him I don't think I used him fairly?"

"You ought to know—" March began.

But before he could say more, Burnamy said, "You're right," and was off again.

"Oh, how hard you were with him, my dear!" Mrs. March lamented.

"I wish," he said, "if our boy ever went wrong that some one would be as true to him as I was to that poor fellow. He condemned himself; and he was right; he has behaved very badly."

"You always overdo things so, when you act righteously!"

"Now, Isabel!"

"Oh, yes, I know what you will say. But I should have tempered justice with mercy."

Her nerves tingled with pity for Burnamy, but in her heart she was glad that her husband had had strength to side with him against himself, and she was proud of the forbearance with which he had done it. In their earlier married life she would have confidently taken the initiative on all moral questions. She still believed that she was better fitted for their decision by her Puritan tradition and her New England birth, but once in a great crisis when it seemed a question of their living, she had weakened before it, and he, with no such advantages, had somehow met the issue with courage and conscience. She could not believe that he did so by inspiration, but she had since let him take the brunt of all such issues and the responsibility. He made no reply, and she said: "I suppose you'll admit now that there was always something peculiar in the poor boy's manner toward Stoller."

He would confess no more than that there ought to have been. "I don't see

how he could stagger through with that load on his conscience. "I'm not sure I like his being able to do it."

She was silent in the misgiving which she shared with him, but she said: "I wonder how far it has gone with him and Miss Triscoe?"

"Well, from his wanting you to give his message to the general in the plural—"

"Don't laugh! It's wicked to laugh! It's heartless!" she cried, hysterically. "What will he do, poor fellow?"

"I've an idea that he will light on his feet, somehow. But, at any rate, he's doing the right thing in going to own up to Stoller."

"Oh, Stoller! I care nothing for Stoller! 'Don't speak to me of Stoller!'"

Burnamy found the Bird of Prey, as he no longer had the heart to call him, walking up and down in his room like an eagle caught in a trap. He erected his crest with sufficient fierceness, though, when the young fellow came in at his loudly shouted, "*Herein!*"

"What do you want?" he demanded, brutally.

This simplified Burnamy's task, while it made it more loathsome. He answered not much less brutally, "I want to tell you that I think I used you badly, that I let you betray yourself, that I feel myself to blame." He could have added, "Curse you!" without change of tone.

Stoller sneered in a derision that showed his lower teeth like a dog's when he snarls. "You want to get back!"

"No," said Burnamy, mildly, and with increasing sadness as he spoke. "I don't want to get back. Nothing would induce me. I'm going away on the first train."

"Well, you're *not!*" shouted Stoller. "You've lied me into this—"

"Look out!" Burnamy turned white.

"*Didn't* you lie me into it, if you let me fool myself, as you say?" Stoller pursued, and Burnamy felt himself weaken through his wrath. "Well, then, you got to lie me out of it. I been going over the damn thing all night—and you can do it for me. I *know* you can do it," he broke down in a plea that was almost a whimper. "Look here! You see if you can't. I'll make it all right with you. I'll pay you whatever you think is right—whatever you say."

"Oh!" said Burnamy, in otherwise unutterable disgust.

"You *kin*," Stoller went on, breaking down more and more into his adopted Hoosier, in the stress of his anxiety. "I know you kin, Mr. Burnamy." He pushed the paper containing his letter into Burnamy's hands, and pointed out a succession of marked passages. "There! And here! And this place! Don't you see how you could make out that it meant something else, or was just ironical?" He went on to prove how the text might be given the complexion he wished, and Burnamy saw that he had really thought it not impossibly out. "I can't put it in writing as well as you; but I've done all the work, and all you've got to do is to give it some of them turns of yours. I'll cable the fellows in our office to say I've been misrepresented, and that my correction is coming. We'll get it into shape here together, and then I'll cable that. I don't care for the money. And I'll get our counting-room to see *this scoundrel*!"—he picked up the paper that had had fun with him—"and fix him all right, so that he'll ask for a suspension of public opinion, and— You see, don't you?"

The thing did appeal to Burnamy. If it could be done, it would enable him to make Stoller the reparation he longed to make him more than anything else in the world. But he heard himself saying, very gently, almost tenderly, "It might be done, Mr. Stoller. But I couldn't do it. It wouldn't be honest—for me."

"Yah!" yelled Stoller, and he crushed the paper into a wad and flung it into Burnamy's face. "*Honest*, you damn humbug! You let me in for this, when you knew I didn't mean it, and now you won't help me out because it a'n't *honest*! Get out of my room, and get out quick before I—"

He hurled himself toward Burnamy, who straightened himself, with "If you dare!" He knew that he was right in refusing; but he knew that Stoller was right, too, and that he had not meant the logic of what he had said in his letter, and of what Burnamy had let him imply. He braved Stoller's onset, and he left his presence untouched, but feeling as little like a moral hero as he well could.

XXXVIII.

General Triscoe woke in the bad humor of an elderly man after a day's pleasure, and in the self-reproach of a pessimist

who has lost his point of view for a time, and has to work back to it. He began at the belated breakfast with his daughter when she said, after kissing him gayly, in the small two-seated bower where they breakfasted at their hotel when they did not go to the Posthof, "*Didn't* you have a nice time, yesterday, papa?"

She sank into the chair opposite, and beamed at him across the little iron table, as she lifted the pot to pour out his coffee.

"What do you call a nice time?" he temporized, not quite able to resist her gaiety.

"Well, the kind of time *I* had."

"Did you get rheumatism from sitting on the grass? I took cold in that old church, and the tea at that restaurant must have been brewed in a brass kettle. I suffered all night from it. And that ass from Illinois—"

"Oh, *poor* papa! *I couldn't* go with Mr. Stoller alone, but I might have gone in the two-spanner with him and let you have Mr. or Mrs. March in the one-spanner. They're so nice!"

"I don't know. Their interest in each other isn't so interesting to other people as they seem to think."

"Do you feel that way really, papa? Don't you like their being so much in love still?"

"At their time of life? Thank you; it's bad enough in young people."

The girl did not answer; she appeared altogether occupied in pouring out her father's coffee.

He tasted it, and then he drank pretty well all of it; but he said, as he put his cup down, "*I don't* know what they make this stuff of. I wish I had a cup of good, honest American coffee."

"Oh, there's nothing like American food!" said his daughter, with so much conciliation that he looked up sharply.

But whatever he might have been going to say was at least postponed by the approach of a serving-maid, who brought a note to his daughter. She blushed a little at sight of it, and then tore it open and read: "I am going away from Carlsbad, for a fault of my own which forbids me to look you in the face. If you wish to know the worst of me, ask Mrs. March. I have no heart to tell you."

Agatha read these mystifying words of Burnamy's several times over in a silent absorption with them which left her father to look after himself, and he had

poured out a second cup of coffee with his own hand, and was reaching for the bread beside her before she came slowly back to a sense of his presence. "Oh, excuse me, papa," she said, and she gave him the butter. "Here's a very strange letter from Mr. Burnamy, which I think you'd better see." She held the note across the table to him, and watched his face as he read it.

After he had read it twice, he turned the sheet over, as people do with letters that puzzle them, in the vain hope of something explanatory on the back. Then he looked up and asked: "What do you suppose he's been doing?"

"I don't believe he's been doing anything. It's something that Mr. Stoller's been doing to him."

"I shouldn't infer that from his own words. What makes you think the trouble is with Stoller?"

"He said—he said yesterday—something about being glad to be through with him, because he disliked him so much he was always afraid of wronging him. And that proves that now Mr. Stoller has made him believe that he's done wrong, and has worked upon him till he *does* believe it."

"It proves nothing of the kind," said the general, recurring to the note. After reading it again, he looked keenly at her: "Am I to understand that you have given him the right to suppose you would want to know the worst—or the best of him?"

The girl's eyes fell, and she pushed her knife against her plate. She began: "No—"

"Then confound his impudence!" the general broke out. "What business has he to write to you at all about this?"

"Because he couldn't go away without it!" she retorted; and she met her father's eye courageously. "He had a right to think we were his friends; and if he has done wrong, or is in disgrace any way, isn't it manly of him to wish to tell us first himself?"

Her father could not say that it was not. But he could and did say, very sceptically: "Stuff! Now, see here, Agatha: what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to see Mrs. March, and then—"

"You mustn't do anything of the kind, my dear," said her father, gently. "You've no right to give yourself away

to that romantic old goose." He put up his hand to interrupt her protest. "This thing has got to be gone to the bottom of. But you're not to do it. I will see March myself. We must consider your dignity in this matter—and mine. And you may as well understand that I'm not going to have any nonsense. It's got to be managed so that it can't be supposed we're anxious about it, one way or the other, or that he was authorized to write to you in this way—"

"No, no! He oughtn't to have done so. He was to blame— He couldn't have written to you, though, papa!"

"Well, I don't know why. But that's no reason why we should let it be understood that he has written to you. I will see March; and I will manage to see his wife, too. I shall probably find them in the reading-room at Pupp's, and—"

The Marches were in fact just coming in from their breakfast at the Posthof, and he met them at the door of Pupp's, where they all sat down on one of the iron settees of the piazza, and began to ask one another questions of their minds about the pleasure of the day before, and to beat about the bush where Burnamy lurked in their common consciousness.

Mrs. March was not able to keep long from starting him. "You knew," she said, "that Mr. Burnamy had left us?"

"Left! Why?" asked the general.

She was a woman of resource, but in a case like this she found it best to trust her husband's poverty of invention. She looked at him, and he answered for her with a promptness that made her quake at first, but finally seemed the only thing, if not the best thing: "He's had some trouble with Stoller." He went on to tell the general just what the trouble was.

At the end the general grunted as from an uncertain mind. "You think he's behaved badly."

"I think he's behaved foolishly—youthfully. But I can understand how strongly he was tempted. He could say that he was not authorized to stop Stoller in his mad career."

At this Mrs. March put her hand through her husband's arm.

"I'm not so sure about that," said the general.

March added: "Since I saw him this morning, I've heard something that disposes me to look at his performance in a friendlier light. It's something that Stol-

ler told me himself, to heighten my sense of Burnamy's wickedness. He seems to have felt that I ought to know what a serpent I was cherishing in my bosom," and he gave Triscoe the facts of Burnamy's injurious refusal to help Stoller put a false complexion on the opinions he had allowed him ignorantly to express.

The general grunted again. "Of course he had to refuse, and he has behaved like a gentleman so far. But that doesn't justify him in having let Stoller get himself into the scrape."

"No," said March. "It's a tough nut for the casuist to try his tooth on. And I must say I feel sorry for Stoller."

Mrs. March plucked her hand from his arm. "I don't, one bit. He was thoroughly selfish from first to last. He has got just what he deserved."

"Ah, very likely," said her husband. "The question is about Burnamy's part in giving him his deserts; he *had* to leave him to them, of course."

The general fixed her with the impenetrable glitter of his eye glasses, and left the subject as of no concern to him. "I believe," he said, rising, "I'll have a look at some of your papers," and he went into the reading-room.

"Now," said Mrs. March, "he will go home and poison that poor girl's mind. And you will have yourself to thank for prejudicing him against Burnamy."

"Then why didn't you do it yourself, my dear?" he teased; but he was really too sorry for the whole affair, which he nevertheless enjoyed as an ethical problem.

The general looked so little at the papers that before March went off for his morning walk he saw him come out of the reading-room and take his way down the Alte Wiese. He went directly back to his daughter, and reported Burnamy's behavior with entire exactness. He dwelt upon his making the best of a bad business in refusing to help Stoller out of it, dishonorably and mendaciously; but he did not conceal that it was a bad business.

"Now, you know all about it," he said at the end, "and I leave the whole thing to you. If you prefer, you can see Mrs. March. I don't know but I'd rather you'd satisfy yourself—"

"I will *not* see Mrs. March. Do you think I would go back of you in that way? I am satisfied now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"DIDN'T YOU HAVE A NICE TIME, YESTERDAY, PAPA?"



Building the Grass House of the Wichitas.

QUIVIRA AND THE WICHITAS.

BY JAMES MOONEY.

LATE in 1540 the general Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, with three hundred Spanish cavaliers and the usual Indian following, come up from Mexico in quest of golden kingdoms in the north, and made winter quarters in the Indian pueblo of Tiguex, on the Rio Grande, about the present Bernalillo in New Mexico. After the good old fashion of the *conquistadores*, they at once proceeded to help themselves to what they wanted, without taking the trouble to ask leave of the owners, until their exactions led to an open revolt, culminating in the storming of the pueblo and the butchery of the defenders. So the Spaniards proved very bad neighbors, and the Indians were heartily wishing to be rid of them.

While visiting the neighboring pueblo of Cicuye—identified by Bandelier as the old Pecos ruin near the head of Pecos River—the soldiers met an Indian whom

they called the Turk, a captive from a far-eastern tribe. They hired him to guide them on a buffalo-hunt, but on the way he had such stories to tell of the wealth of gold in his country of Quivira that, as the chronicler says, they did not care about looking for buffalo, but returned with the news to their general. And no great wonder, for he told of a river two leagues wide, with fishes as large as horses, and boats with sails and golden prows. The lord of the country prayed before a golden cross, or took his ease under a great tree, and was lulled to sleep by the tinkling of innumerable little golden bells in the branches. Even the bowls and dishes of the common people were of gold, which he knew well, and called *acochis* in his language.

A fair story, and it found ready listeners, for everything was possible in this New World. Cortez had taken a golden

Mexico and Pizarro a golden Peru, and why should not Coronado find a golden Quivira? Notwithstanding that the Pecos people called the Turk a liar, while one of the soldiers solemnly swore that he had seen him talking with the devil in a pitcher of water, Coronado made preparations to start for Quivira as soon as the spring opened. The Pecos chief gave him as additional guides two other Quivira captives, one of whom discounted the golden story very considerably, while the other, Ysopete, constantly insisted that the Turk was lying; but for a long time the Spaniards gave no heed to the warning.

Toward the end of April, 1541, the army left Pecos to cross the buffalo plains to Quivira. At the very outset we encounter difficulties and discrepancies in tracing the line of march. Of several contemporary narratives, no two agree in details, and some differ widely on important points. The only agreement is in the general statement that Quivira was beyond the plains eastward from Pecos, and that, after wandering about aimlessly for more than a month, Coronado finally reached it by taking a north course from the country of the Teyas. We shall therefore interpret the narrative in the light of some years of acquaintance with the tribes and territories under discussion.

Crossing the Pecos River below the pueblo, the army struck out toward the great Staked Plain. On account of the scarcity of water the regular Indian trails usually avoided the plateau by circling around its southern border, and it is probable that Coronado did the same. The chroniclers are full of wonder at the immense numbers of the buffalo, and at the terrible monotony of the grassy plains; as Coronado himself says, "with no more landmarks than if we had been swallowed up in the sea, because there was not a

stone, nor a bit of rising ground, nor a tree, nor a shrub, nor anything to go by."

Ten days after leaving the river they began to meet the roving Mescaleros, called in the narrative Querechos—the name still applied to them by the old people of Pecos, according to the researches of Bandelier and Hodge. They were then, as they were always, until confined upon their present small reservation in south-



A WICHITA MOTHER AND CHILD.

ern New Mexico, typical nomads, shifting constantly from place to place, and depending entirely upon the buffalo.

Proceeding still toward the east, they came next to the Comanches, or Teyas, as they were called by the people of Pecos, who knew them as alternately doubtful friends or open enemies, according as it suited the purpose of these wild raiders.



A WICHITA VILLAGE ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE RED RIVER IN 1534.

From the painting by Catlin, now in the National Museum.

Some of these Comanches, while roving somewhat farther south, had met Cabeza de Vaca and his companions, survivors of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition of 1528, whose story forms another of the romances of the old heroic period of Spanish discovery.

The account given of these two tribes is a perfect description of the plains Indians from Canada to Mexico, as known to us later, excepting that they had as yet no horses: "Two kinds of people travel around these plains with the cows [*i. e.*, buffaloes]. One is called Querechos, and the others Teyas. They are very well built, and painted, and are enemies of each other. They have no other settlement or location than comes from traveling around with the cows. They kill all of these they wish, and tan the hides, with which they clothe themselves and make their tents, and they eat the flesh. The tents they make are like field-tents, and they set them up over some poles they have made for this purpose, which come together and are tied at the top; and when they go from one place to another they carry them on some dogs, of

which they have many; and they load them with the tents and poles and other things, for the country is so level that they can use them, because they carry the poles dragging along on the ground. They trade robes with the people of the river for corn." They had neither corn nor pottery of their own.

The army had now been on the march thirty-seven days, but moving very slowly, and in such devious course that the return by a more direct route occupied but twenty-five days, even with several stops made to hunt buffalo. They learned afterward that they had made a great détour toward Florida—that is, toward the southeast, instead of going northeast, the direction in which Quivira lay. Ysopete had repeatedly declared that the Turk was deceiving them, and now the Comanches, on being questioned, said that his story was false—that Quivira was toward the north instead of the east, and that instead of the great stone structures and golden magnificence which he had described, it had only houses of dried grass occupied by other Indians who cultivated corn. A council was held, and Coronado decided

to send the army back to Tiguex, while he pushed on to Quivira with thirty horsemen, under the direction of Ysopete and some guides furnished by the Comanches. He took the Turk along in chains. They were now apparently in the cañon country about the head-waters of the Colorado and the Brazos, described in the chronicle as abounding in mesquite beans—a favorite food of the Comanches—wild plums and grapes, turkeys, and pecans.

With the return of the army to Tiguex we need not concern ourselves, beyond noting the remarkable fact that, through a captive Indian woman, who made her escape only to be retaken soon after by other white men, the Spaniards learned long afterward that they had been within a few days' march of De Soto's men, advancing at the same time from the opposite direction of Florida. How differently might history have read had they met!

Under the direction of Ysopete and the Comanche guides, Coronado and his small party turned squarely to the north, probably about the line of the one-hundredth meridian, and after a month or more—for the accounts do not agree—reached a great river, which his Indians said was the river of Quivira. All the evidence indicates that this was the Arkansas River, in western Kansas. Crossing to the farther side, probably about where the Santa Fe trail crossed it three centuries later, they followed it for some distance northeast, and at last came upon a hunting party of Quivira Indians, who were about to flee until Ysopete hailed them in their own language, when they approached, and soon agreed to escort the strangers to their villages, some distance beyond.

Coronado now called the Turk to account, and he confessed, "like one who had given up hope," that he had deliberately misled the Spaniards by order of the Pecos people, in order that they might

lose their way and perish upon the plains, or be so weakened by exposure and hardship that they would fall easy victims to Pueblo vengeance upon their return. For himself, he had hoped to escape to his own people. He was at once strangled, and the Spaniards went on with their new friends to Quivira—the villages of the Wichitas—then about the middle course of the Arkansas, below the Great Bend, and no great distance from the present city of Wichita, Kansas.

And now, to his bitter disappointment,



A WICHITA GIRL OF FORMER DAYS.

Coronado found only houses of grass occupied by very ordinary savages, instead of the magnificent storied structures and golden civilization which the Turk had promised. He says: "Not only are they not of stone, but of straw, and the people in them are as barbarous as all those whom I have seen and passed before, but have the advantage in the houses they build and in planting corn." An officer

who accompanied him says: "The houses were of straw, and most of them round, and the straw reached down to the ground like a wall. They have something like a sentry-box outside, where the Indians sit or recline." The Franciscan chronicler describes the people as barbarous and without decency, living in straw houses, and planting corn, beans, and melons. It being now the middle of summer, the men wore only the G-string.

Coronado spent nearly a month exploring the vicinity, visiting other grass-built villages, and receiving the submission of the inhabitants, who, it is to be hoped, understood what it all meant. Then, after setting up a cross of discovery, he started to rejoin the army at Tiguex, where he arrived in October, 1541, having made the return journey by a more direct route in forty days. From his letter to the King it is evident that he felt keen regret at

to remain in the Indian country to devote his life to the salvation of souls. With a single white companion and some Indian guides and helpers, and some sheep and mules, with which he hoped to introduce stock-culture among the wild tribes, he recrossed the plains from Tiguex the next year, but was murdered soon after his arrival by those whom he had come to befriend. Other missionaries and other commanders kept up the tradition of Quivira, until with more exact knowledge of the country and people the newer names gradually superseded the old.

We come now to the modern period. While there may be doubt as to the exact location of the so-called province of Quivira in 1541, there can be no doubt as to the identity of the people, the Wichita Indians. No other tribe of the southern plains lived in grass houses and practised

a native agriculture before the coming of the whites. The rolling *r*, so prominent in the names mentioned as those of villages or allied tribes of Quivira, is the most characteristic sound of the Wichita language, and the name *acochis*, given by the Turk as his people's name for gold, is simply the Wichita word *akwichish* (metal), according to the linguistic researches of Gatschet.

The name Quivira, like the modern name Wichita, is probably of foreign origin, perhaps having been learned by the Spaniards from the Pecos Indians. The Wichitas call themselves *Tawéhash* and *Kitikish*. From a former custom, not yet entirely obsolete, of tattooing the eyelids, chin, and breast, they were called by the French traders *Panís Piqués*, or "Tattooed Pawnees," the Pawnees being their first cousins, and speaking nearly the same language. They had several subtribes, the best known being the Wacos and Tawaconis, who have given their names to a city and stream of Texas. They are closely related to the Pawnees of the Platte and to the Rees of the upper Missouri, and there is tra-

ditional evidence that at an early period the three tribes were neighbors in the country of the lower Arkansas, from which they were driven by the pressure of invading tribes from the east.

Although sedentary, as compared with



AN OLD-FASHIONED WICHITA HAIR-CUT.

the small result of the expedition, and he soon after resigned his offices and retired to private life.

Among those who had accompanied the army was a heroic Franciscan priest, Father Juan de Padilla, who had resolved



ON THE WICHITA RESERVATION.

the roving plains tribes, the Wichitas seem to have kept up a constant slow migration toward the southwest, until the hostile pressure was removed by the interference of the United States government, when they began to return along their track. In 1541 Coronado found them on the middle Arkansas, the whole course of which stream, from the Santa Fe crossing near Fort Dodge down to the Kansas line, was always a favorite gathering-place of tribes for the winter camp or the summer dances. In 1719 La Harpe found them lower down, about the junction of the Cimarron. Later on, their tradition says, they lived on the North Canadian; and about the opening of the present century they had their village on Red River, at the mouth of the Big Wichita. In 1834 we find their main

settlement on the North Fork of Red River, at the west end of the Wichita Mountains, and twenty years later they had removed to the present site of Fort Sill, to the eastward of the same mountains. In 1859 they were gathered upon the reservation north of the Wichita, where they have resided ever since, excepting during the troublous period of the civil war, when for some time they were refugees in Kansas, near their old homes on the Arkansas, where the town bearing their name now stands. They have been reduced by wars and disease, until they number to-day but 320 souls.

In color the Wichitas are rather darker than their neighbors. As has been already stated, they practised tattooing. The men wore the scalp-lock, with the hair shaved from one side of the head

and flowing loosely on the other. Parents still sometimes cut their children's hair after the old style, as shown in the portrait. They wore but little clothing, the women having only a short skirt in addition to the leggins. Their peculiar

years of faithful service as a government scout.

A characteristic incident will illustrate his quickness of repartee. At a council held some years ago at the agency to negotiate the purchase of the reservation,

Jim was present as spokesman for his tribe. The commissioners had exhausted every effort to induce the Indians to sell out for fifty cents an acre, but the latter preferred to keep their lands, and stood firm. At last one of the commissioners undertook to persuade the Indians that after they had selected their allotments the rest would be only worthless sand, for which the purchase-price would be clear gain. Quick as a flash the chief retorted, "Then why do you want it?" With a magnificent gesture, he girded his blanket about his waist, and stooping, took up a double handful of dust and scattered it to the winds, saying, "You white men have that many ways to cheat Indians!"

Having spent some years in ethnologic investigations among the Wichitas and other tribes of that section, the writer was requested by the Department of Justice, some five years ago, to visit a location on the upper Red River and examine some ancient remains which had an important bearing upon a pending controversy between the government and the State of

Texas, the latter having claimed them as those of an old Spanish mining settlement, with a view to proving that the region was within the original Texas jurisdiction. On visiting the spot, we found, as I had suspected, that the remains were no other than those of an old Wichita village, the identical one visited by Colonel Dodge in 1834 in connection with the first expedition sent out by the government to initiate friendly relations with the southern plains tribes. The artist Catlin, painter of the noted Catlin Indian Gallery now in the National Museum, accompanied the expedition, and has left a detailed diary of its march and the subsequent negotiations at the village,



DANCE LEADERS.

grass houses, with the grass-roofed arbors and drying-frames—the "sentry-boxes" of the old chronicle—are still in use, probably more than half the tribe being housed in this fashion. They raised large quantities of corn, which they ground upon stone *metates* or in wooden mortars. Their women were expert pottery-makers, and the art yet survives among them.

Their present chief is Tawaconi Jim, as he is known among the whites, a man of commanding presence, who rules with absolute control over his people, and defends their rights with equal force and eloquence, either in his native language or in English, which he acquired in



A WICHITA DANCE FEAST.

of which he has given us a painting, which, however, is considerably idealized, as will be seen by comparing his drawings with the photographs of actual houses. The village was upon a narrow strip of level bottom on the north bank of the North Fork of Red River, at the extreme western end of the Wichita Mountains, and within the present limits of the Kiowa reservation. We found the grass-grown circular foundations of the lodges as distinct as they might have been sixty years ago, and picked up arrow-heads, stone hammers, and *metates*. Largely upon the result of this examination, the question was decided in favor of the government.

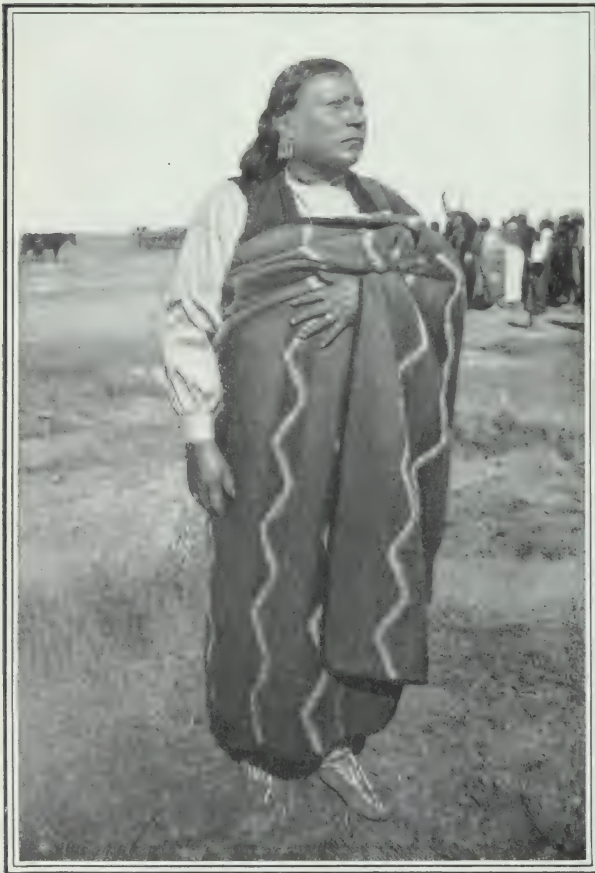
On being detailed for the ethnologic work at the Omaha Exposition last year, I resolved to give the American people an opportunity to see one of the grass houses of Quivira, described by the old Spanish conqueror so long before. As

Coronado was the first explorer of the Western plains, such an exhibit should have a special interest at a trans-Mississippi exposition. Accordingly, in making up my delegation from the southern tribes, I included a party of forty Wichitas, and contracted with them for one of the large grass houses then in actual occupancy on the reservation, which they agreed to take to pieces and set up again at Omaha.

The house having been taken down and the materials transported to the railroad in Indian wagons, a special train was made up to accommodate the delegation, consisting of nearly one hundred and fifty Indians from five tribes, with their ponies, tepees, and baggage, and the grass and poles of the house. The Wichitas had brought their drum, and as the train sped on they started up the music of the old dance songs, in which the other tribes joined, until the chorus went up from a hundred Indian throats.

As we sighted the Arkansas, which the Wichitas still recognize as the great river of their old home country, Tawaconi Jim clapped his hand to his mouth and gave a series of yells, which were echoed by every man in the car, while the drummers pounded away with all the strength of their arms, and we pulled into Wichita with a burst of noise that must have made the citizens believe for a moment that the Indians had broken out again in good earnest. The performance was repeated on the return trip, and also on coming in sight of the Platte, which the Wichitas know as the river of their kinsmen the Pawnees.

On arriving at the exposition grounds the grass house was unloaded, and set up as the central piece of the Indian camp. The supporting timbers were upright logs, forming the sides of a square, with forks at the tops, across which other timbers were laid. Long flexible poles, planted in a circle outside of this square, were then pulled over against the cross-pieces, when their tops were brought together to



TAWACONI JIM, CHIEF OF THE WICHITAS.



A WICHITA HORN-DANCE.

form a dome, and firmly bound with elm bark. Lighter rods were fastened horizontally around the circumference, and finally the bundles of long grass were laid on, round after round, in shingle fashion, beginning at the ground, in such a way that each round was overlapped by the next above. All the tying was done with elm bark, so neatly that it needed a sharp eye to detect it. Two doorways were made on opposite sides of the house, so as to allow the breeze free play, and a small smoke-hole was left near the top. Inside were high platforms, which served both as seats and as beds. Fifteen persons were comfortably accommodated in the house, which, from the outside, looked very much like a well-built hay-stack. The building required the labor of several women for about a week, every detail being supervised by the chief himself. The rest of the party were housed in canvas tepees.

Adjoining the house they put up one of the grass-roofed arbors, under which they love to sit in the hot summer days; and the old men constructed for their own use one of the little rounded sweat-

lodges of willow rods which belong to every Indian camp. With the strings of corn hanging from the rafters, the mortar and *metate* near the door, the drum in its place, the men and women at work, and the children at their play, it was all very homelike.

The Wichita camp formed one of the main attractions on the Indian grounds while the exposition lasted, and almost every night a dance or a hand game, to which all the other tribes were invited, made the place resound with shout and song. When the great show was at an end, the grass house and its belongings were bought for the National Museum. The structures were taken down, and the materials again packed and shipped, this time to Washington, where I hope at some favorable opportunity to set up in the beautiful park on Rock Creek one of the last remaining specimens of the straw houses of Quivira.

NOTE.—The account of Coronado's march is based chiefly upon Winship's translation in the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, supplemented by Bandelier and others. The identification is my own.—J. M.

PHILOSOPHIES.

BY ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

WE know not what doth lie beyond the Door,
But chained and guarded here, behold us grown
Enamoured of our Cell, in scrolling o'er
With tales of freedom each confining stone.

BURLINGAME
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LIB.



"HE APPEARED AT THE DOOR, AND IT WAS HONORÉ." — [SEE PAGE 141.]

THE MOTHERS OF HONORÉ.

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

THE sun was shining again after squalls, and the strait showed violet, green, red, and bronze lines, melting and intermingling each changing second. Metallic lustres shone as if some volcanic fountain on the lake-bed were spraying the surface. Jules McCarty stood at his gate, noting this change in the weather with one eye. He was a small old man, having the appearance of a mummied boy. His cheek-bones shone apple-red, and his partial blindness had merely the effect of a prolonged wink. Jules was keeping melancholy holiday in his best clothes, the well-preserved coat parting its jaunty tails a little below the middle of his back.

Another old islander paused at the gate in passing. The two men shook their heads at each other.

"I went to your wife's funeral this morning, Jules," said the passer, impressing on the widower's hearing an important fact which might have escaped his one eye.

"You was at de funer'l? Did you see Therese?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"Ah, what a fat woman dat was! I make some of de peop' feel her arm. I feed her well."

The other old man smiled, but he was bound to say,

"I'm sorry for you, Jules."

"Did you see me at de church?"

"Yes, I went to the church."

"You t'ink I feel bad—eh?"

"I thought you felt pretty bad."

"You go to de graveyard, too?"

"No," admitted his sympathizer, reluctantly, "I didn't go to the graveyard."

"But dat was de fines'. You ought see me at de graveyard. You t'ink I feel bad at de church—I raise hell at de graveyard."

The friend shuffled his feet and coughed behind his hand.

"Yes, I feel bad, me," ruminated the bereaved man. "You get used to some woman in de house, and not know where to get anodder."

"Haven't you had your share, Jules?"

inquired his friend, relaxing gladly to banter.

"I have one fine wife, maman to Honoré," enumerated Jules, "and de squaw, and Lavelotte's widow, and Therese. It is not much."

"I've often wondered why you didn't take Melinda Cree. You've no objection to Indians. She's next door to you, and she knows how to nurse in sickness, besides being a good washer and ironer. The summer folks say she makes the best fish pies on the island."

"It is de trut'!" exclaimed Jules, a new light shining in his dim blue eye as he turned it toward the house of Melinda Cree. The weather-worn, low domicile was bowered in trees. There was a convenient stile two steps high in the separating fence, and it had long been made a thoroughfare by the families. On the top step sat Clethera, Melinda Cree's granddaughter. Clethera had been Honoré's playmate since infancy. She was a lithe, dark girl, with more of her French father in her than of her half-breed mother. Some needle-work busied her hands, but her ear caught every accent of the conference at the gate. She flattened her lips, and determined to tell Honoré as soon as he came in with the boat. Honoré was the favorite skipper of the summer visitors. He went out immediately after the funeral to earn money to apply on his last mother's burial expenses.

When the old men parted, Clethera examined her grandmother with stealthy eyes in a kind of aboriginal reconnoitring. Melinda Cree's black hair and dark masses of wrinkles showed through a sashless shed window where she stood at her ironing-board. Her stoical eyelids were lowered, and she moved with the rhythmical motion of the smoothing-iron. Whether she had overheard the talk, or was meditating on her own matrimonial troubles, was impossible to gather from facial muscles rigid as carved wood. Melinda Cree was one of the few pure-blooded Indians on the island. If she was fond of anything in the world, her preference had not declared itself, though she

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vious to receiving her orphaned granddaughter into her house she had consented to become the bride of a drunken youth in his teens. This incipient husband—before he got drowned in a squall off Detour, thereby saving his aged wife some outlay—visited her only when he needed funds, and she silently paid the levy if her toil had provided the means. He also inclined to offer delicate attentions to Clethera, who spat at him like a cat, and at sight of him ever afterwards took to the attic, locking the door.

But while Melinda Cree submitted to the shackles of civilization, she did not entirely give up the ways of her own people. She kept a conical tent of poles and birch bark in her back yard, in which she slept during summer. And she was noted as wise and skilled in herbs, guarding their secrets so jealously that the knowledge was likely to die with her. Once she appeared at the bedside of a dying islander, and asked, as the doctor had withdrawn, to try her own remedies. Permission being given, she went to the kitchen, took some dried vegetable substance from her pocket, and made a tea of it. A little was poured down the sick man's throat. He revived. He drank more, and grew better. Melinda Cree's decoction cured him, and the chagrined doctor visited her to learn what wonderful remedy she had used.

"It was nothing but some little bushes," responded the Indian woman.

"If you tell me what they are, I will pay you fifty dollars," he pleaded.

Melinda Cree shook her head. She continued to repeat, as he raised the bid higher, "It was nothing but some little bushes, doctor; it was nothing but some little bushes."

Clethera felt the same kind of protecting tenderness for this self-restrained squaw that Honoré had for his undersized parent, whom he always called by the baptismal name. Melinda had been the wife of a great medicine-man, who wore a trailing blanket, and white gulls' wings bound around and spread behind his head. During his lifetime he was often seen stretched on his back invoking the sun. A stranger observing him declared he was using the signs of Freemasonry, and must know its secrets.

With the readiness of custom, Honoré and Clethera met each other at the steps in the fence about dusk. She sat down

on her side, and he sat down on his, the broad top of the stile separating them. Honoré was a stalwart Saxon-looking youth in his early twenties. Wind and weather had painted his large-featured countenance a rosy tan. By the employing class Honoré was considered one of the finest and most promising young quarter-breeds on the island.

The fresh moist odor of the lake, with its incessant wash upon pebbles, came to them accompanied by piercing sweetness of wild roses. For the wind had turned to the west, raking fragrant thickets. Dusk was moving from eastern fastnesses to rock battlements still tinged with sunset. The fort, dismantled of its garrison, reared a whitewashed crown against the island's back of evergreens.

Both Honoré and Clethera knew there was a Spanish war. As summer day followed summer day, the village seethed with it, as other spots then seethed. A military post, even when dismantled, always brings home to the community where it is situated the dignity and pomp of arms. Young men enlisted, and Honoré restlessly followed, with a friend from the North Shore, to look at the camp. His pulses beat with the drums. But he was carrying the burden of the family; to leave Jules and Jules's dependent wife would be deserting infants.

Clethera gave little more thought to fleets sailing tropical seas than to La Salle's vanished *Griffin* on Northern waters. It was nothing to her, for she had never heard of it, that pioneers of her father's blood once trod that island, and lifted up the cross at St. Ignace, and planted outposts along the South Shore. Bareheaded, or with a crimson kerchief bound about her hair, she loved to help her grandmother spread the white clothes to bleach, or to be seen and respected as a prosperous laundress carrying her basket through the teeming streets. The island was her world. Its crowds in summer brought variety enough; and its virgin winter snows, the dog-sledges, the ice-boats, were month by month a procession of joys.

Clethera wondered that Honoré persistently went where newspapers were read and discussed. He stuffed them in his pockets, and pored over them while waiting in his boat beside the wharf. People would fight out that war with Spain. What thrilled her was the boom

of winter surf, piling iridescent frozen spume as high as a man's head, and rimming the island in a corona of shattered rainbows. And she had an eye for summer lightning infusing itself through sheets of water as if descending in the downpour, glorifying for one instant every distinct drop.

The pair sitting with the broad top step betwixt them exchanged the smiling good-will of youth.

"I take some more party out to-night for de lightmoon sail," said Honoré, pleased to report his prosperity. "It is consider' gran' to sail in de lightmoon."

"Did you find de hot fish pie?" inquired Clethera, solicitous about man thrown on his own resources as cook.

Honoré acknowledged with hearty gratitude the supper which Melinda Cree had baked, and her granddaughter had carried into the bereaved house while its inmates were out.

"They not get fish pie like that in de war. Jules, he say it is better than poor Therese could make," Honoré added, handsomely, with large unsuspicion.

Clethera shook a finger in his face.

"Honoré McCarty, you got watch dat Jules! I got to watch Melinda. Simon Leslie, he have come by and put it in Jules' head since de funer'l! I hear it, me."

The young man's face changed through the dusk. He braced his back against the fence and breathed the deep sigh of tried patience.

"Honoré, how many mothers is it you have already?"

"I have not count'," said the young man, testily.

"Count dem mothers," ordered Clethera.

"Maman," he began the enumeration, reverently. His companion allowed him a minute's silence after the mention of that fine woman.

"One," she tallied.

"Nex'," proceeded Honoré, "poor Jules is involve' with de Chippewa woman."

"Two," clinched Clethera.

The Chippewa squaw was a sore theme. She had entered Jules's wigwam in good faith; but during one of his merry carouses, while both Honoré and the priest were absent, he traded her off to a North Shore man for a horse. Long after she tramped away across the frozen strait with her new possessor, and all trace of

her was lost, Jules had the grace to be shamefaced about the scandal; but he got a good bargain in the horse.

"Then there is Lavelotte's widow," continued Honoré.

"Three," marked Clethera.

Yes, there was Lavelotte's widow, the worst of all. She whipped little Jules unmercifully, and if Honoré had not taken his part and stood before him, she might have ended by being Jules's widow. She stripped him of his whole fortune, four hundred dollars, when he finally obtained a separation from her. But instead of curing him, this experience only whetted his zest for another wife.

"And there is Therese." Honoré did not say, "Last, Therese." While Jules lived and his wives died, or were traded off or divorced, there would be no last.

"It is four," declared Clethera; and the count was true. Honoré had taken Jules in hand like a father, after the adventure with Lavelotte's widow. He made his parent work hard at the boat, and in winter walked him to and from mass literally with hand on collar. He encouraged the little man, moreover, with a half-interest in their house on the beach, which long-accumulated earnings of the boat paid for. But all this care was thrown away; though after Jules brought Therese home, and saw that Honoré was not appeased by a woman's cooking, he had qualms about the homestead, and secretly carried the deed back to the original owner.

"I want you keep my part of de deed," he explained. "I not let some more women rob Honoré. My wife, if she get de deed in her han', she might sell de whole t'ing!"

"Why, no, Jules, she couldn't sell your real estate!" the former owner declared. "She would only have a life interest in your share."

"You say she couldn't sell it?"

"No. She would have nothing but a life interest."

"She have only life interest? By gar! I t'ink I pay somebody twenty dollar to kill her!"

But lacking both twenty dollars and determination, he lived peaceably with Therese until she died a natural death, on that occasion proudly doing his whole duty as a man and a mourner.

Remembering these affairs, which had not been kept secret from anybody on

the island, Clethera spoke out under conviction.

"Honoré, it a scandal' t'ing, to get marry."

"Me, I t'ink so too," assented Honoré.

"Jules McCarty have disgrace' his son!"

"Melinda Cree," retorted Honoré, obliged to defend his own, "she take a little 'usban' houly nineteen."

"She 'ave no chance like Jules; she is oblige' to wait and take what invite her."

The voices of children from other quarter-breed cottages, playing along the beach, added cheer to the sweet darkness. Clethera and Honoré sat silently enjoying each other's company, unconscious that their aboriginal forefathers had courted in that manner, sitting under arbors of branches.

"Why do peop' want to get marry?" propounded Clethera.

"I don' know," said Honoré.

"Me, if some man hask me, I box his ear! I have know you all my life—but don' you never hask me to get marry!"

"I not such a fool," heartily responded Honoré. "You and me, we have seen de folly. I not form de habit, like Jules."

"But what we do, Honoré, to keep dat Jules and dat Melinda apart?"

Though they discussed many plans, the sequel showed that nothing effectual could be done. All their traditions and instincts were against making themselves disagreeable or showing discourtesy to their elders. The young man's French and Irish and Chippewa blood and the young girl's French and Cree blood exhausted all their inherited diplomacy. But as steadily as the waters set like a strong tide through the strait, in spite of wind which combed them to ridging foam, the rapid courtship of age went on.

In carrying laundered clothing through the village street, Melinda Cree was carefully chaperoned by her granddaughter, and Honoré kept Jules under orders in the boat. But of early mornings and late twilights there was no restraining the twittering widower.

"Melinda t'end to her work and is behave if Jules let her alone," Clethera reported to Honoré. "But he slip around de garden and talk over de back fence, and he is by de ironing-board de minute my back is turn'! If he belong to me, I could 'mos' whip him!"

"Jules McCarty," declared Honoré, with some bitterness, "when he fix his min' to marry some more, he is not turn' if he is hexcommunicate'!"

Jules, indeed, became so bold that he crowded across the stile through the very conferences of the pair united to prevent him; and his loud voice could be heard beside Melinda's ironing-board, proclaiming in the manner of a callow young suitor,

"Some peop' like separate us, Melinda, but we not let them."

The conflict of Honoré and Clethera with Jules and Melinda ended one day in August. There had been no domestic clamor in this silent grapple of forces. The young man used no argument except maxims and morals and a tightening of authority; the young girl permitted neither neighboring maids nor the duties of religion to lure her off guard. It may be said of any French half-breed that he has all the instincts of gentility except an inclination to lying, and that arises from excessive politeness.

Honoré came to the fence at noon and called Clethera. In his excitement he crossed the stile and stood on her premises.

"It no use, Clethera. Jules have tell me this morning he have arrange' de marriage."

Clethera glanced behind her at the house she called home, and threw herself in Honoré's arms, as she had often done in childish despairs. Neither misunderstood the action, and it relieved them to shed a few tears on each other's necks. This truly Latin outburst being over, they stood apart and wiped their eyes on their sleeves.

"It no use," exclaimed Clethera, "to set a good examp' to your grandmother!"

"I not wait any longer now," announced Honoré, giving rein to fierce eagerness. "I go to de war to-day."

"But de camp is move," objected Clethera.

"I have pass' de examin', and I know de man to go to when I am ready; he promis' to get me into de war. Jules have de sails up now, ready to take me across to de train."

"But who will have de boat when you are gone, Honoré?"

"Jules. And he bring Melinda to de house."

"She not come. She not leave her own house. She take her 'usban's in."

"Then Jules must rent de house. You not detest poor Jules?"

"I not detest him like de hudder one."

"Au 'voir, Clethera."

"Au 'voir, Honoré."

They shook hands, the young man wringing himself away with the animation of one who goes, the girl standing in the dull anxiety of one who stays. War, so remote that she had heard of it indifferently, rushed suddenly from the tropics over the island.

"Are your clothes all mend' and ready, Honoré?"

But what thought can a young man give to his clothes when about to wrap himself in glory? He is politely tapping at the shed window of the Indian woman, and touching his cap in farewell and gallant capitulation, and with long-limbed sweeping haste, unusual in a quarter-breed, he is gone to the docks, with a bundle under one arm, waving his hand as he passes. All the women and children along the street would turn out to see him go to the war if his intention were known, and even summer idlers about the bazars would look at him with new interest.

Clethera could not imagine the moist and horrid heat of those Southern latitudes into which Honoré departed to throw himself. Shifting mists on the lake rim were no vaguer than her conception of her country's mighty undertaking. But she could feel; and the life she had lived to that day was wrenched up by the roots, leaving her as with a bleeding socket.

All afternoon she drenched herself with soapsuds in the ferocity of her washing. By the time Jules returned with the boat, the lake was black as ink under a storm cloud, with glints of steel; a dull bar stretched diagonally across the water. Beyond that a whitening of rain showed against the horizon. Points of cedars on the opposite island pricked a sullen sky.

Clethera's tubs were under the trees. She paid no attention to what befell her, or to her grandmother, who called her out of the rain. It came like a powder of dust, and then a moving blanched wall, pushing islands of flattened mist before it. Under a steady pour the waters turned dull green, and lightened shade by shade as if diluting an infusion of grass. Waves began to come in regular windrows. Though Clethera told herself savagely she not care for anything in de world, her Indian

eye took joy of these sights. The shower-bath from the trees she endured without a shiver.

Jules sat beside Melinda to be comforted. He wept for Honoré, and praised his boy, gasconading with time-worn boasts.

"I got de hang of him, and now I got to part! But de war will end, now Honoré have gone into it. His gran'fodder was such a fighter when de British come to take de island, he turn' de cannon and blow de British off. The gran'fodder of Honoré was a fine man. He always keep de bes' liquors and high-wines on his sideboa'd."

When Honoré had been gone twenty-four hours, and Jules was still idling like a boy undriven by his task-master, leaving the boat to rock under bare poles at anchor on the rise and fall of the water, Clethera went into their empty house. It contained three rooms, and she laid violent hands on male housekeeping. The service was almost religious, like preparing linen for an altar. It comforted her unacknowledged anguish, which increased rather than diminished, the unrest of which she resented with all her stoic Indian nature.

Nets, sledge-harness, and Honoré's every-day clothes hung on his whitewashed wall. The most touching relic of any man is the hat he has worn. Honoré's cap crowned the post of his bed like a wraith. The room might have been a young hermit's cell in a cave, or a tunnel in the evergreens, it was so simple and bare of human appointments. Clethera stood with the broom in one hand, and tipped forward a piece of broken looking-glass on his shaving-shelf. A new, unforeseen Clethera, whom she had never been obliged to deal with before, gave her a desperate stony stare out of a haggard face. She was young, her skin had not a line. But it was as if she had changed places with her wrinkled grandmother, to whom the expression of complacent maidenhood now belonged.

As Clethera propped the glass again in place, she heard Jules come in. She resumed her sweeping with resolute strokes on the bare boards, which would explain to his ear the necessity of her presence. He appeared at the door, and it was Honoré!

It was Honoré, shamefaced but laughing, back from the war within twenty-four hours! Clethera heard the broom-handle

strike the floor as one hears the far-off fall of a spar on a ship in harbor. She put her palms together, without flying into his arms or even offering to shake hands.

"You come back?" she cried out, her voice sharpened by joy.

"The war is end'," said Honoré. "Peace is declare' yesterday!" He threw his bundle down and looked fondly around the rough walls. "All de peop' laugh at me because I go to war when de war is end'!"

"They laugh because de war is end'! I laugh too!" said Clethera, relaxing to sobs. Tears and cries which had been shut up a day and a night were let loose with French abandon. Honoré opened his arms to comfort her in the old manner, and although she rushed into them, strange embarrassment went with her. The two could not look at each other.

"It is de 'omesick," she explained. "When you go to war it make me 'omesick."

"Me, too," owned Honoré. "I never know what it is before. I not mind de fighting, but I am glad de war is end', account of de 'omesick!"

He pushed the hair from her wet face. Their fate or temperament and the deep

tides of existence had them in merciless sweep.

"Clethera," represented Honoré, "the rillation is not mix' bad with Jules and Melinda."

Clethera let the assertion pass unchallenged.

"And this house, it pretty good house. You like it well as de hudder?"

"It have no loft," responded Clethera, faintly, "but de chimney not smoke."

"We not want de 'omesick some more, Clethera—eh? You t'ink de fools is all marry yet?"

Clethera laughed and raised her head from his arm, but not to look at him or box his ear. She looked through the open door at an oblong of little world, where the land was an amethyst strip betwixt lake and horizon. Across that beloved background she saw the future pass: hale, long years with Honoré; the piled-up wood of winter fires; her own home; her children—the whole scheme of sweet and humble living.

"You t'ink, after all de folly we have see' in de family, Clethera, you can go de lenk—to get marry?"

"I go dat lenk for you, Honoré,—but not for any hudder man."

NEEDFUL PRECAUTIONS FOR SAFE NAVIGATION.

BY JOHN HYSLOP.

THERE was no apparent occasion for discomfort or apprehension on board the steamship *Mohegan* when, last October, twenty-eight hours after she had started from London on her voyage to New York, nearly all of the fifty-three passengers sat down to dinner. There was a strong breeze blowing, perhaps twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and a corresponding amount of channel sea was running, but it was from about east-southeast, and much in line with the vessel's course. Alas! the meal was never finished. It was scarcely well begun. A rude shock came, as unlooked-for as an earthquake, and much more terrible, a jar, a grating sound, a sudden stop, "She has struck!" followed immediately by a rapid movement to the deck, and very quickly by darkness, as the lights (all electric) went out. Here on deck all was activity, effort, and strain; no lack of fidelity, self-sacrifice, courage,

and heroism, but, oh, how ineffectual, how abortive! Within a few short minutes, and long before that company seated at the tables, so cheerful and free of apprehension, would in due course have risen, the relentless sea had swept into its depths forty of their number, and had as ruthlessly and with resistless force carried out of life (and most of them straight from the posts of duty which they so nobly filled) sixty-six of the ship's company, officers, seamen, and others.

The cause or causes which could have led to this calamity (so lacking in explanation from weather or circumstance) were made a matter of formal inquiry, extending over many days, and including the examination of many witnesses, by the "Board of Trade," which ended with the pronouncement that the vessel was wrecked "by steering a wrong course."

To any one who had a part in the ex-

periences of that night, and who is fortunate enough to have survived its hazards and hardships, this conclusion must appear most lamentably lame and impotent; and the question presents itself, is there really nothing to be learned by this disaster? Is the risk in coast navigation, which ended so disastrously here, normal to it and inseparable from it? Are all other vessels moving along coast-lines liable to a similar fate, and if not, why not? It would be difficult—the writer believes—to find a captain whose character, experience, watchfulness, and competency had earned for him more implicit trust than was reposed in Captain Griffith, and earned it, too, from those who knew him best, and who, like the officers who had sailed with him, were best fitted to judge of his qualifications. One of these (now himself captain of a large steamer) said to the writer, “He was a good man to be with in a trying time.”

Captain Griffith had been with the same company about twelve years. He had been across the Atlantic about two hundred times, and he had with him as officers men who had also been long in the service of the company, and who had the confidence of the company and of those about them.

Any one of these men was no doubt capable of navigating a vessel between the ports of London and New York in safety. Yet, notwithstanding this, and under conditions not in any way to be counted dangerous or difficult, the vessel was lost, and with it over a hundred people; and of the eight boats carried, the hard and faithful work of the crew barely sufficed to get one boat launched and away from the vessel before she sank, the time occupied in the effort having probably been between ten and fifteen minutes.

How much greater would have been the loss of life had the vessel been one of those carrying hundreds of passengers and a greater number of boats? In this vessel there was a peculiar difficulty not ordinarily present, and not present in other vessels of the same company—the rail which was carried along the upper deck, inside the line of boats, and on each side of the vessel, and which prevented the proper application of pressure to get the davits and the boats hanging from them swung outboard. In other respects there was advantage over that commonly had: to each pair of davits there was only

one boat, and this was duly hooked on to the hoisting-tackle. In many other cases the davits are only about half as numerous as the boats to be lowered, and one set of boats must be got out and lowered before the second can be started.

Two questions arise. Given a due complement of competent officers for the proper navigation of a ship, do existing methods give full effect to their combined skill, care, and direction, or is it a fact that in important respects the captain is not only supreme, as he ought to be and must necessarily be, but that he is practically left without systematized help or check? The other question is, is it sufficient to merely provide for vessels boats of a sufficient number and size, even though the means of launching them are so utterly crude and inadequate that, under conditions of any difficulty, and where many boats would need to be launched together or within a limited time, miserable failure could be the only result?

It should be understood that the *Mohagan* was lost by striking the Manacle Rocks near to Falmouth and to Land's End, shortly after dark and two and one-half hours after passing three miles to the southward of Eddystone Light-house.

She had on deck the second and third officers, and, it is believed, the captain also. It is known that he had observed the course and the compass shortly before the ship struck. A course west by north—the course she was being steered—extended on the chart to thirty sea-miles would run just inside the Manacles, as would be plainly apparent to any one with a chart before him. The course was half a point more northerly, and more into the land, than the same vessel under the same captain had been steered on the next preceding voyage from a position four miles farther off shore. The questions have since been asked, perhaps thousands of times: “Was the captain sick?” “Had he been up all the night before?” etc., “If anything was wrong with him, where were the other officers?” “Why did they not interfere?” The captain and his four officers perished, and no answer can be had from them.

That the captain was a sober, careful, and capable man, with an excellent record, I fully believe. What the particular debility or ailing was that had for a time possession of him I cannot say, and it does not seem to have been apparent to

others; but I cannot believe that this brave and unfortunate man had a mind clear and in its normal working condition. Various conditions and statements have appeared in print bearing on this point, and whatever may or may not have been the nature of Captain Griffith's misfortune, it cannot be doubted that ship-masters as a class are subjected from time to time to the most severe trials of physical hardship, to responsibility, care, and exhaustive effort, to sleepless nights, and, added to these, to the ordinary ills and cares of men, to consequent periods of reduced mental vigor, to preoccupation, and to errors of perception and calculation. The system which to so large an extent depends on the healthy and vigorous working of one mind for the direction of affairs has (it is only a truism to state) not yet attained to the most desirable condition, or to a maximum of safety, if consistently and properly needed checks and safeguards can be introduced. It is the opinion of the writer that to no single mind should be left unaided and unchecked the control and direction of the course of a passenger-vessel to the extent which now obtains, and it appears quite practicable to devise a method and routine by which added safeguards may be had without injury to discipline, and without, by the method, questioning that supreme and ultimate control which must always properly remain with the captain. As the custom now is, when a vessel is out at sea, and it becomes necessary to take an observation with the sextant and to work out by calculations a knowledge of the vessel's position, the captain will do this, but it will also be done independently by one, and perhaps two, of his officers, and the result of the calculations, when these have been completed, will be compared. If, in consequence of a lack of such check, a considerable error were made, there would be (so long as the vessel was far from land) no immediate danger.

If, however, during night or day the vessel were moving along a coast-line and near to rocks or other dangers, and on a course set by the captain, and if an officer saw danger in it, or failed to see why such a course was set, he would, I think, in most cases be very chary about asking questions or in offering suggestions; and he would be especially so if, from not having a chart open before him, or if for any other reason,

such as the captain's known experience and carefulness, he entertained the least doubt of his own correctness.

In any case he would probably be willing to run very close to danger, in the hope and expectation that the captain might detect his own error. This matter of the relations of officers to the captain receives some light from the evidence given before the court of inquiry by Captain Pollard, who had formerly sailed with Captain Griffith as third officer. In reply to the question as to whether the captain "would have been extremely pleased if he had seen any of the officers looking at the charts going down channel,"—"No, I do not think he would; he generally looked after that sort of thing himself."

I find that among sea-captains and officers there is a common opinion that any examination of charts, or questioning of the correctness of a course given by a captain, would, in the majority of cases, be resented, and would be too risky to be undertaken. So that while we see under present conditions a vessel's position is most carefully taken and checked off when she is in open water, where a very large error would bring no peril, when she is close to land, and when the smallest deviation from a correct course may make all the difference between safety and destruction, a ship's safety is practically wholly in the charge of one man, and a headache or a fit of forgetfulness may determine things the wrong way, and send the ship to the bottom. Some years since, on one of the Brooklyn ferry-boats, a pilot was found dead in the wheel-house, and had the boat been moving at the time, some accident might have happened. Since then, on ferry-boats, it has become the custom to have two men in the pilot-house at the same time, and a law of the State now requires it. So far as the safety of ship and passengers is involved, in the case of an ocean steamer navigating channel waters or moving along coast-lines, for the captain to die outright might, in some cases, assure the safety of the vessel and of all on board, but an attack of *petit mal*, or of some other possibly unobserved and temporary disability, might wreck the vessel. There could be found much to support the belief and contention of any one who should say that to unchecked errors made in regard

to such matters as ship's position and course very many vessels have been wrecked—perhaps thousands of them—and this is not to suggest that ships' captains are not as trustworthy as any other class of men; but it comes from the nature of the work to be done, to the way of doing it, and to the liability of all men to ills, weariness, and error.

The subject of an improvement on present methods is well deserving of consideration and discussion by all men interested in it. It may, however, be said, suggestively, that if, instead of the captain laying the vessel's course, it was made to be the ordinary routine that this should be done by an officer under him, subject of course to the captain's concurrence, a new and valuable check would be provided, and without any trenching on the dignity of the captain's position, or on discipline, an understanding would be had of purposes which might otherwise be unknown excepting to the captain himself, and which might quite possibly be unsafe. In cases of error, or of differences of view, these would naturally lead to comparison. With the officers there would be a new responsibility, and a call for increased watchfulness. Due warrant to look at and examine the charts would then exist, and these would be referred to whenever there was occasion for it. If in addition to this regulation there was a further one that when the vessel was within a distance from shore, to be defined—say, for instance, fifty miles—a chart or charts of the locality should be spread open in the chart-room, and when the officer of the deck was relieved he should mark the vessel's position and course, and this should be checked by his successor.

Of this suggestion it may be enough to say that, whatever else in connection with the wreck of the *Mohegan* is mysterious or uncertain, this at least appears absolutely plain and indisputable, that, had this plan been followed, not only must it have been seen by at least two of her officers, for hours before she struck, that the ship was pointed directly for shore, but the exact moment that she would strike could have been foretold within a very few minutes.

There are, however, perils and accidents such as no human foresight or provision can prevent, but to meet which fittingly, when they occur, very much bet-

ter provision could be made than there is in use at present. In an age when ingenuity is showing its restless activity in all lines of production, and when we see proof every day that no really active demand can long exist for anything mechanical which skill and inventive genius is not ready to supply, it yet remains that in nearly all our large passenger-steamers, and indeed all other kinds of vessels, only the same kind of davits and only the same means of launching boats are in use that were in use fifty years ago; and if the comparison were extended to include an old New Bedford whaling-ship, it might well be claimed that in a time of difficulty, with a ship rolling or listed over, every one of her boats would likely be put afloat before any of those of a passenger-steamer were well started from their position on deck.

No doubt, with the ordinary swivelling cranes and the other ordinary appliances, and with a good crew of sailormen, there is no particular difficulty in getting an empty boat hoisted out of the chocks and swung outboard, if this is done in daylight, in smooth water, and if there is no need of hurry, and if the crew of trained sailors is like that of a man-of-war (large enough), many boats can be launched at once. But in reality conditions on a passenger-steamer are ordinarily different.

A vessel may carry several hundred passengers and perhaps twenty boats, and have only between thirty and forty real sailors, or, if she has fewer boats, she will probably have fewer sailors, and these will likely not average over two men to a boat.

If boat drill is carried out, or if the boats have to be manned, the due complement of men must be made up of engineers, stewards, stokers, and others, and even frequent drill can scarcely be expected to make these men as efficient and reliable as regular sailors. The work involved in getting the boat out includes removal of the covers, casting off the gripe fastenings, hoisting up the boat free of the chocks, or far enough for these to be thrown down, pressing out the boat (with people in her, or otherwise) between and outside the davits, swinging these outward and securing them in that position by the guys, and at this or at a previous stage getting in the passengers and lowering away, casting off and getting clear

of the ship. If the need for launching would only occur in daylight, when water was smooth, when there was no roll or inclination to the vessel; if it was always practicable to launch on both sides the ship; if passengers and others understood the right time to get into boats, and would only get in at the right moment; and if ships would not go down too quickly—present modes of launching, while still defective, would be more nearly adequate. To any one who has seen the strenuous, painful efforts to launch boats from the deck of a vessel, where scores of lives were dependent on success or failure, where the conditions were difficult but not in the early stage of an extreme kind, who has witnessed the minutes of anxious peril, one after another, expire in fruitless waiting and vain expectancy, the efforts to be ended only when the sea engulfed workers and waiters alike—to any one who has seen these things, the appliances in common use must ever be looked upon with incensed feelings, and with some amazement, as being practically miserable shams, evidences of inertia rather than of a condition of earnest and intelligent effort to achieve an important practical purpose. Some part of that which appears like indifference of ship-owners, and of others who might reasonably be expected to be interested in improvements, is not necessarily or really quite that; there are those closely connected with shipping interests who are convinced that present methods of launching boats are not what they should be, but the devices submitted to them have usually been of some mere detail, or, if they have been more than that, they have been more or less lacking in simplicity and adaptability; or it has happened that the contrivance has favorably impressed the person who has seen it, but, not being an expert or a mechanical engineer, he has lacked confidence in and satisfaction with his own judgment of its merits, and has been content to remain on the common do-nothing level. The fact remains that the subject has failed to receive the quality and amount of attention which its importance demands, and there has been very little practical action as the result of such attention as has been given. It would be out of place here to go into a close and more or less technical description and consideration of any of the many contrivances brought out within the last thir-

ty years, though many of these are well deserving of close examination. It may be said of some of them that they possess features of such excellence, and that they are so vastly superior to the out-of-date things in use, that the wonder is how they could have failed, nearly totally, of recognition and adoption.

As an instance of a company alert in this matter, I may refer to the fact that the Old Dominion Line of steamers is having its new vessels fitted with davits (old in design but apparently little known or used) which are free from some of the most serious defects of the old style swivel davit.

The boats with this arrangement are always outside the davits, even when resting in the chocks; the arms of the davits are always pointed outboard. When the vessel is without list the boat has merely to be raised about two inches by the falls, when she and the davits from which she depends move outboard by their own weight, to a position from which the boat can be lowered into the water in the usual way. A small inclination inward, such as might frustrate the attempt to launch a boat from the ordinary swivel davits, would have no unfavorable effect, and a more serious inclination would be comparatively easy to overcome; with a stationary device added, always ready for use, to control the movement outboard of the davits, boats, etc., to substitute the blocks and falls now used for this purpose (a thing not difficult to provide), the ocean voyager, whether traveller or seaman, might be congratulated that in the event of the sudden loss of his vessel his chance of safety would be vastly greater than it is to-day. The matters that have been touched upon do not, however, include the whole subject. It is one that may well engage the earnest attention of thoughtful and capable men connected with shipping interests, and which should have this attention promptly.

It is therefore with much satisfaction that I learn that it is the purpose of the Society of Naval Architects to have papers read on the launching of ships' boats, at their annual convention in New York next autumn. It is to be hoped that in the mean time the subject will not escape attention, and that the need of this may not be emphasized by some stirring calamity.

MR. PERKINS'S WIFE.

BY HULBERT FULLER.

I.

"VERY well, Mr. Perkins. But how would you like to have her delivered?"

"Eh? What's that?"

"I asked, Mr. Perkins, how you would prefer—to have her sent home, you know. Do you want her put in a box?"

Perkins jumped. "A box? Good Lord! do you want to insult her? She must have a carriage, of course. How do ladies generally go home from your store, Mr. Jones—in a box?"

Jones apologized, suggesting, however, that this case was slightly different.

"No, it isn't, Mr. Jones," Perkins insisted. "I want you to understand that from now on that lady is my wife, and is to be treated exactly like others of your wealthy customers. You are to hand her out and assist her into her carriage, and mind you wrap her up well, too. And look here, Jones"—catching the clerk's lapel mysteriously—"not a word to any one about who bought her. Do you hear? If any one misses her, wants to know what's become of her, just tell them—well, tell them anything, except that. Do you understand?"

Jones bowed courteously. "Perfectly, Mr. Perkins. You've always been a good friend to me. She shall be placed in your hands in prime condition, and none shall ever be the wiser."

"Good! And you can rest assured, Jones, that I sha'n't forget it. In fact, there's likely to be a change in our firm before long. But as for this woman, Jones—you and I have belonged to the same dancing-club for too many years to have any doubt about her. Lord! hasn't she a perfect figure? and did you ever see a prettier face? Oh yes, I know she'll make all the ladies jealous and envious at first; they won't understand her, will try to make out that she doesn't belong to their set, and all that sort o' thing. But, Jones, you recollect how they've always treated me! Here I've been going round with them a matter of ten years, giving them flowers, taking them to theatres, parties—everywhere; but when-

ever I've asked one of them to marry me—you know how *that's* been, Jones."

Jones sighed. "Yes, Mr. Perkins, girls of that kind don't seem to appreciate a man for what he is."

"Exactly! They are perfectly willing to have us spend our money on them, but when it comes to marriage, they want some dude whose father supports him. Why, I heard Miss Childs say, at the party where I took her the other night—referring to me, of course, and not knowing I was right behind her—'Mr. Perkins *trims bonnets*, you know, for a living.' Now wasn't that sudden?"

"I should say so! What answer did you give?"

"Answer, Jones! What answer can a man ever give to a woman? I tell you I'm sick and tired of women who talk! After this, you can just give me a woman who looks beautiful, dresses stylishly, and says nothing. And, by Jove! I believe I've found her." And again giving his directions almost word for word as we have heard them, Mr. Perkins hurriedly quit the store and became one with the multitude on the street.

Perkins was a little man, and, like many others of his size, he was of a quick, hustling, business habit, sustained and impelled, moreover, by a generally flattering and joyous opinion of himself. Nor was such wholly without warrant, nor undeserved; for aside from a few brief years unavoidably spent in the nursery, Mr. Perkins had made his own way in the world; in fact, he had practically been a milliner all his life. But in a large way—oh yes, a very large way. Starting as a boy in the well-known firm of Bowman, Crinkles, and Co., he had been advanced steadily from one honorable position to another, until now he was perhaps the most valuable member of the firm. He had served in the shop and on the road, and there was really no insignificant detail of their extensive business that was not by this time almost a matter of second nature to him. And yet, with all this to his credit, whenever Perkins dared to demand a favor of so-

ciety, or, more especially, whenever he modestly placed his heart at the disposal of any of its lovely butterflies, who were only too glad to wear his violets, and "perfectly adored" the bonnets created by his house, there were many, like Miss Childs, who heartlessly challenged his social status, with the titter, behind his back, "Mr. Perkins trims bonnets, you know, for a living." An accusation wholly fallacious and outrageous, as we have seen; for, obviously, following the accepted precedent that if a man kills and cuts up one hog a day he is only a butcher, and deserves no place in society, whereas if he kills a thousand hogs a day he is a packer, and his daughter may marry a duke—following this precedent, I say, if Mr. Perkins had only trimmed one or two bonnets a day, then there would have been ample justification for Miss Childs's remarks, and Mr. Perkins could be considered nothing less than a social interloper; but, on the contrary, trimming as he did over one thousand bonnets a day— Well, well, let us admit that Mr. Perkins was justified in becoming somewhat of a misanthrope, not to say a misogynist.

Darkly meditating on the foregoing, though congratulating himself jubilantly at the last that now, at least, everything that a successful man of business might desire was satisfactorily settled and won, he hurried along the street to the first employment office. Going straight to the clerk at the window over which he read "Intelligence Bureau," he asked, briskly,

"Have you any one wishing a position as lady's-maid?"

The clerk referred to his list. "Married or single?" he asked.

"Married, of course."

"Here is one," said the clerk, scanning his list; "but I don't suppose you want to be bothered with any children?"

Perkins fell back; thinking only of his wife, the query took him by surprise. "Well, really, I—I hardly know yet; I've only just been married, you know." Confound his impudence! What right had he to ask such a question! If he wanted any children, he guessed he could arrange for that when the time came.

"I beg your pardon," the clerk smiled, "but I'm afraid we misunderstood each other. What I asked was, do you want a married or a single woman for a maid? Now here is a woman with two children—"

"Oh, no, no! What under heavens would I do with two children? Of course I don't want *her*."

The clerk closed his book slowly. "I'm very sorry," said he; "she's an eminently worthy woman, young—only twenty-five—and women of that kind are not so easy to find."

Perkins's sympathies were excited. "What's her name?" he asked, involuntarily.

"Adams—Mary Adams."

The name was inviting. "A widow? Humph! No, she won't do. Have you no one else?"

"No, sir; not at present. Still, some one may drop in at any time. I'll take your name and address, and if any one comes, I'll send her round to you."

He gave his store address; for, though he occupied a small flat and kept a house-keeper, he didn't care to have the maid call when he might not be at home. Thence he went the round of the other employment offices.

II.

"Oh, mamma, don't you think papa will come to-night?"

"No, darling, not to-night."

"But in the mornin', p'haps," echoed Flossie, a younger sister of the first inquirer—too young, in fact, to have any idea of the words' significance, save as being her mother's usual reply to Mabel's nightly question.

"Yes, darling—in the morning, perhaps."

Such the queries and such the responses that Mary Adams had reckoned with for six months past. Two years ago, after being out of work for more than a year, her husband had left her to go to Alaska. Flossie was then a babe in arms, and Mabel but two years older. Of her six years of married life Mary had known but one of genuine happiness and security, namely, their first year, when her husband had a good position, and was drawing a fair salary as a book-keeper. Beyond that comfortable day—nay, that there would ever be a day beyond—neither of them had ever paused to consider. Like the majority of people in their station in life, they knew nothing whatever of those inevitable causes, ruinous, ruthless, and unavoidable, that undermine our industrial life and fetch things to a crisis in what the wealthy

call overproduction, the poor, starvation, and the many, lack of confidence. No, all they knew was that the firm for which he worked had failed—hopelessly failed, and, moreover, that it was only one of many.

Thereafter, for many months, her husband had walked the streets, searched high and low, answering advertisements in the hope of finding some position, however humble, whereby he could live and support his family. A conventional task, and it were a redundancy to add that he was unsuccessful; more men were being discharged everywhere than were being employed. For this contingency society had as yet provided no remedy, nay, even refused to recognize it or admit that it was so. Hence, when he had come home one night tired, disheartened, bereft of hope of ever again finding anything to do in the city's narrowing whirlpool of commerce, and had declared bluntly, without sentiment, even without affection, "Mary, I'm going to Alaska," she had merely continued her slow rocking back and forth in the chair while the babe pulled at her breast. Affection need seek no favors, no compassion, in the ultimatum of poverty, no more than budding life in the blast of winter.

Yet theirs had been a love-match, and it was the memory of it still that lent her courage. They had barely five hundred dollars remaining of the little money he had saved when at work. This they divided equally; and when he had put his arm around her, kissed her on the eyes, the mouth, with a murmured "Good-by, Mary," she smiled up at him, winked her eyes hard that were bright, bright, swallowed a name that she feared would be a sob, and smiled again. He had borne enough without the burden of her sorrow; she would bear that herself.

But afterwards, kneeling just inside the door, face buried in the babe's breast and Mabel's arms round her neck, she had prayed—or tried to. But, oh mockery of joyless superstition! the only prayer her heart could utter was as the fluttering leaf in the storm: "O God, how could you be so cruel—so cruel, O God! Is our great country already too small to hold its people that men must be thrust out like this, out of home, out of family, into the most worthless and inhospitable spot of all the earth, there to search, sick, crazed, despairing, for a few grains of

gold the more to swell the hideous idol? O God, and he could have worked, we might have been so happy, if men who profess to worship Thee had but given him the chance!"

From the coast there came a letter just before he sailed. Still in a tone cheerful, even light; he would act the farce as though it were but a summer's frolic to the end. "We are a motley crowd," wrote he; "and oh, you should see some of the people here taking leave of their husbands and lovers! You would think we were going to the ends of the earth, perhaps never to return. Ah, Mary, my love, we could give them a lesson in that! How brave you were!" Choking, blind with tears, she read on: "Ninety-nine per cent. of our party are poor, without a penny save what is invested in their packs. All are leaving because they could find no work; yet here in this great fallow fertile State alone, California, should be work and subsistence for half the population of the United States. God bless you, Mary! Kisses for you and the children—and good-by!"

A year passed: a year wherein two hundred and fifty dollars stood between a woman, two children, and starvation. Of her husband she heard nothing, the papers as yet containing scant if any report of that Northern country. Ere her money was half consumed she began to search for work, being already shadowed and haunted by the stalking fear of what must come to them should she be unable to find it. Her husband, however, had always said that women could get work when men couldn't; that whenever competition became inordinately sharp, it was merely a question of what employees could work the cheapest—men, women, or Chinamen. But be that as it may, her efforts in soliciting work in the retail districts were no more successful than his had been. No more help was needed in the great department stores; and even then, position attained, she did not see how they would be able to live on the wages paid. That, however, was her own lookout: other girls worked for that, and some of them dressed very tastefully, even handsomely, and seemed to be quite jolly over it. The manager of one of the stores gave her the address of several of their shops where their goods were made—she might possibly find something to do in one of them.

She went the rounds, shop after shop, encountering pitiable wretches who had once been men and women, whom every one sees and nobody cares for, together with children, pinched, starved, woe-driven, all alike toiling automatically, insanely, in obedience to the commands of a periphrastic Pharaoh more prolific of subtle promise, excuse, and repudiation than Israel had ever known. Yes, there was work for her here. Their masters were paying twenty cents a dozen for making shirts; they really had all the help they needed, yet, if she would like to make them for eighteen—

On the way home with her bundle she computed dully how much she could earn by working from sunrise till midnight.

But at last came a break in the clouds, yea, like a flash of lightning, as swift and as golden. She had heard from him; he was coming home; and rich: "Oh, Mary! I should not dare to tell you how rich, lest you drop dead for very joy," and regretting that he had not some way of sending her part of his wealth in the letter. He had disposed of all his claims; would never go back there again for any price; was only waiting now to settle up a few minor details before sailing on the *Bonita*.

The following day came the intelligence that the *Bonita* had gone down at sea with all on board.

III.

"Have you found no position for me yet, sir?"

The employment clerk glanced up. "Ah, it is Mrs. Adams."

"Yes. Oh, you must surely have found something by this time!"

Being long accustomed to this appeal, coming in the same words, same manner, with access of pressing necessities in its tone, there was nothing in particular to stir his sympathies. The world ruled that the many should be granted the right to live merely in accordance with the more or less capricious demands of the few, and employment bureaus had nothing whatever to do with the initiating of occasions of supply and demand.

"No, there is nothing yet," said he.

The woman looked at him hopelessly; a pallor came over her face. He thought she was going to faint. But, fortunately, another feminine relief came to her aid: a moment her mouth twitched helplessly,

then she burst out into uncontrollable weeping.

This too was not uncommon, yet the clerk could never quite harden his heart to it, especially when the applicant was young and gentle and pretty, and worthy withal. He closed the window, came out, touched her on the shoulder, and stood by her side a moment in silence.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," he began, finally; "but come inside and be seated"—forcing her gently to obey. "Now if you could only wait—"

"Wait—wait!" she sobbed. "Why, I could wait if we did not have to eat and have fire! Oh, you don't know—you don't know what it is: no one knows—nor cares—who has not felt it."

Again she wept, bitterly and long, till the Lethæan tears had quieted.

The clerk was speaking, but his words sounded afar off. "If it wasn't for the children"—poor little accidents! poor little accidents in the crush of humanity!—"if it wasn't for the children, Mrs. Adams, I think I might have found you a position to-day—"

"Oh, then, why didn't you tell me, Mr. Peebles? But tell me now. It may not be too late. I can get rid of the children. Here, burn this thing"—rising and tearing the crape from her hat, wildly. "I have no children; no, I was never even married!" She threw the crape under the counter. "Tell me, Mr. Peebles, where is the position?"

He started back. What! Would she desert her children?

She read it in his glance. "No, no! I'll leave them in the settlement-house. Afterwards I can explain. Quick! Give me the address."

She got it—"Bowman, Crinkles, and Co., 29 Main Street"—and hurried out, with the clerk's sigh following her.

"Ah, if I only had money, or a better position—" He was a man of really refined tastes and poetic aspirations, was Peebles; consequently he was poor, and knew that he always would be.

Mary found Mr. Perkins in his private office. On the way in she passed through the shop where hundreds of girls were at work trimming bonnets, and, with that aberrant avidity for work that had never yet been gratified, she asked, "Why couldn't I do this, too?" Perhaps, if some one would only let her.

"A lady to see you, Mr. Perkins," said

the clerk who showed her in to a little man sitting at his desk.

Perkins wheeled round in his chair, his wife's interest still paramount in his mind. "Ah, you've come from one of the employment bureaus, I suppose?" he asked, briskly. "What is the name?"

"Adams, sir."

He scanned her sharply. "And the first name?" he demanded, quickly.

"Florence," gasped Mary, her baby's name startled uppermost, and surmising swiftly, "Mr. Peebles must have mentioned my name."

"Humph! Florence Adams. You've never been married, and have no children, I suppose?"

"No, sir," declared Mary, stoutly. What is truth in a starving person's vocabulary save a nuisance whereby to tighten the noose of prejudice and effectually strangle one the sooner! "I was never married, and have no children."

Cheeks flushed and eyes snapped as she said it, fetching Perkins's approval. After further questioning, during which he discovered that Mary had been through the high-school and seemed to be a person of taste and culture, he engaged her.

"Your work will be light," said he. "Mrs. Perkins is the kind that makes very little trouble, and she never scolds nor nags any one. You may have to read to her some, I presume; she is anxious to improve her mind, you know, and I don't suppose we shall go very much in society this winter. I'm getting tired of it. But can you sew?"

"Sew!" stammered Mary. "Oh yes, I think so, a little."

"That's good, Miss Adams. Really, I believe you will just fill the bill. Now your duties will be simply as follows: In the first place, you are to keep her dressed properly and seasonably—seasonably, you know," he repeated, forcibly; "that is to say, when I come home to dinner at night I don't want to find Mrs. Perkins in a morning gown and hair rumpled over her face. Do you understand? I think there's no excuse for that kind of thing, and I shall have to hold you strictly to account for it, Miss Adams, if I ever find Mrs. Perkins arrayed unseasonably."

"Yes, sir," answered Mary, mildly, yet wondering why Mrs. Perkins could not have a little pride and accountability in the matter herself.

"Another thing," he continued, cumulatively, with caution; "you must never wash her face."

"Wash her face!" she gasped suddenly.

"Yes, of course; no woman of any respectability or refinement ever washes her face nowadays. Water spoils it, you know. You must just take a soft cloth, or a very fine camel's-hair brush, and wipe the dust off, but very carefully, you know, very carefully."

"Very well," Mary murmured, surprised into something like a smile—the first she had known for many a day—at this cosmetic glimpse of another world. "I sha'n't wash her face."

"And how about music? Do you play the piano, Miss Adams?"

"I used to," sadly; "but my piano was sold, and I'm all out of practice."

"Oh, that'll make no difference," he assured her quickly. "I shall purchase for Mrs. Perkins one of those pianos that run by electricity. You've seen them, of course; the music is punched on a roll of paper, and you simply slip it inside the piano, touch the button, and it does the rest. Now do you suppose you could teach Mrs. Perkins to do that?"

Mary marvelled. Could it be that Mrs. Perkins was as helpless as all that—couldn't even touch the button? Still, she was a society lady, very likely, who probably had never had time nor inclination to learn anything useful. It at least aroused her compassion.

"Why, yes, sir; I should think I could teach her *that*."

"Ah, if you could, Miss Adams—Florence—Miss Florence. May I call you Miss Florence? It will sound more comfortable and homelike, you know—more as though you were one of the family. Now if you really could teach Mrs. Perkins such an accomplishment, Miss Florence, I declare you—you would make me the happiest man on earth!"

Perkins's face was effulgent as he said this, lambent of dreams and creations, beautiful, magnificent, hitherto not thought of nor hoped for. For if Miss Florence could by any possibility teach his wife to do this, then how she would shine in society!

"You mean for me to teach her to put the roll in the piano and touch the button?"

"Yes, yes"—fairly giggling all over and catching his breath between the

words. "If you—if you could only teach her to do that! You see, Miss Florence—you see how it is. I must tell you that Mrs. Perkins has just begun to live with me—"

"Live with you, sir?"

"Yes—in my house, you know; but it wasn't exactly my fault; you will understand all about that after a while. And so, while I don't mind telling you, Miss Adams, that I consider myself a pretty good judge of women in general, I must confess that—that I don't begin to appreciate yet one particle of what Mrs. Perkins's susceptibilities really are, in the line of acquiring accomplishments, you know. No; no man could answer that problem at first sight. But with your assistance, Miss Florence— Ah, will you really help me to teach her, to bring her out? Your salary will be ten dollars a week and your board."

Fairly dumb with mystery, Mary managed to give an affirmative, took the address of his residence, and passed out.

IV.

The months went by. Mary had found a comfortable home for her children, not too far away, and where she could see them every day; while more and more was she becoming completely fascinated and bewildered with the combined duties of maid and governess to the beautiful Mrs. Perkins. For beautiful that lady was, beyond a dream or a doubt. Such a complexion Mary had never seen, and not for the world would she have run the risk of ruining it with water; nay, she would not even presume to touch Mrs. Perkins if there was so much as a drop of moisture on the tips of her fingers; if that lady were afflicted with some form of facial hydrophobia—as mayhap she was—Mary could scarcely have been more cautious. Moreover, what a figure her mistress had! Mr. Perkins certainly stated no more than was brilliantly obvious, as regarded her form, on that day when he was giving explicit directions to Mr. Jones how to send her home from the store.

But it was in the ball-room, as Mr. Perkins had faithfully hoped from the very first time he saw her, that she showed herself to the best and the fullest in beauty of figure and face. Ah, here she was a dazzling, an effulgent reality. There was not a woman in the whole city to be in

the least compared with her. Dancing had been one of her first accomplishments, and the easiest to acquire. She was as light as a fairy; moved in perfect time and sway to the music's rhythm; and besides, whatever the ecstatic transport that invariably seized her partners as they floated with her in the waltz, none could ever quite lose the sensation that the woman he held in his arms was a substantial creature of flesh and blood as well as a divinity of perfection. Rather a rare treat and surprise to some men, to be sure, who had quite abandoned dancing unless forced, because therein the women who were a joy were so generally idiotic, while intelligent women, with their feet of lead, dragged one to the depths of despair.

And her conversation! In the ball-room she was all repartee that flashed and bubbled and ran like the brook in May-time; while in the repose of her parlor she was now sensible, womanly, poetic, and anon oracular, serene, flagrant of fads and of argument as a female writer of fiction. But of her varied accomplishments this one of speech had been perhaps the hardest to perfect. Not the speech itself—oh, no! for Mary had quickly taught her all that she herself knew, and more too, in English and German, and afterwards French. Mr. Perkins quite insisted that his wife should speak French. "It shows culture and superiority," he declared; the which was a sore trial to Mary, as it compelled her to take lessons of a native teacher, so as to be sure of the correct accent, of course, and even then she could not be quite sure. However, this difficulty was finally obviated by having the French teacher come to the house and read aloud to Mary such French conversation as her judgment dictated would be profitable to Mrs. Perkins, while that lady stood behind the portiere and listened. Afterwards, when the Frenchman had gone, Mrs. Perkins would repeat, word for word, every remark he had uttered, with accent impossible to identify from his own. Then Mary would work over her for a while, striking out all such matter as was redundant or improper for a lady in Mrs. Perkins's position in society, and—*voilà tout!*

Conventional, this, and common enough to society women in general; but, as we started to explain, there was something, aside from the mere uttering of Mrs. Perkins's syllables, that bothered her husband

and Mary not a little. The reason for which was simply this: Mrs. Perkins's lips absolutely refused to move when she spoke! Terribly strange it seemed, and pitiable, to see her speaking now so gayly, and again even profoundly, while all the time her lips remained tightly sealed. Finally Perkins could stand it no longer. He called on a professor who made a specialty of that sort of stammering. "One hundred dollars, professor, if you will cure my wife," said he. The professor smiled; that kind of a fee was what he called "dead easy." So one day he came to the house, his little tool-bag in hand, gently pried her lips apart, and inside of two hours' time Mrs. Perkins was smiling, prattling, and flashing her pearly teeth when she spoke, in a way that was perfectly charming.

Thence there was but one fault remaining in her conversational accomplishment; and this was that she was apt to be a little headstrong, self-willed, and to carry the burden, but sweetly, to her own erratic fancy; still, this was a mere caprice, very likely, and could, like everything else, easily be forgiven a beautiful woman whom it was rapture merely to watch.

Now all of this happened, of course, before Perkins introduced his wife to society.

"Miss Florence," he asked one evening, as they sat at dinner, "is there no friend you would like to invite to our next post-nuptial?"

Mary bethought herself; in the days of her struggles with poverty her old friends had all somehow drifted outside of her life. She could think of but one that she cared to ask.

"There is Mr. Peebles," she answered. "I think you must have met him in the employment office."

"Peebles? Peebles?" repeated Perkins. "Oh yes, I believe I do recollect him—long white hands, pale face, thin mustache, rather a heavy head of hair. Humph! I didn't know that he ever went out in society."

"No, I believe he doesn't, Mr. Perkins. Still, I know he is fond of music, is quite literary, and has little opportunity for meeting people of culture. I think he would enjoy coming, and, besides, I can never forget that he obtained this position for me, nor cease to feel grateful towards him."

"No; oh my, no! and neither can I, Miss Florence. You know I never should have got along at all if it hadn't been for you. By all means invite Mr. Peebles!"

So to the last post-nuptial came Peebles. His eyes brightened as he entered the hall and Mary greeted him. She showed him to the room where the men put aside their hats and coats, brushed their hair automatically, and took a lozenge from their waistcoat pockets. There was no conversation—there never is. One man said something and smiled; whereupon three other men, who were looking at his shirt-studs, smiled too, sympathetically, forlornly, inanely. If only some one would say something funny; they were all hoping for it, waiting for it, and would have laughed uproariously on hearing it! In lieu of it, some one told something that some other man had said was funny; and all tried to laugh, but failed hideously. It was awful. The rapid silence struck Peebles; still, as he laid his coat smoothly on the bed, he sighed that even this was preferable to his own life. What a comfortable home Mr. Perkins had! And the men round him, young business men, how lightly they took the world, and how little it meant to them! Ah, he might have been a business man too if he hadn't been a fool when he was young; if he hadn't tried to live on literature, writing stories that were so pathetically true to life that the world positively refused to believe in their reality, to accept them. Hence he now considered himself fortunate to have a position in an employment office at ten dollars per week.

"Are you fond of the piano, Mr. Peebles?" asked Mary, as they sat chatting in one corner midway in the evening.

"Well, no, not in general; but when it is played like that."

It was one of Chopin's waltzes. There was probably not another woman present capable of executing it, even had she taken lessons since babyhood. Mrs. Perkins gave it brilliantly.

"She's a remarkable woman," quoth Peebles.

"Very; and so inexpensive."

"What! Inexpensive? She?"

"Yes. Do you know, Mr. Peebles, I think she would be just the wife for a literary man."

Peebles couldn't pretend to believe it. Besides—and he glanced at Mary—his choice was already made.

"Nonsense, Mr. Peebles. I know what it means, but you don't. I tell you that poverty kills love, crowds it out ruthlessly. I'd never endure it again."

Her words sounded final. There was really no hope for him, and he knew it.

"Do you—do you ever see your children, Mrs. Adams?" he asked, after a pause.

"Sh! Oh yes, every day. No, I haven't told Mr. Perkins yet, but I shall some day."

"Tell me, Mary," he persisted, "would you marry him?"

She did not start, blush, nor resent it. She replied quite naturally: "Yes, I might. He is very kind to me, and seems to have a successful business. But in that case, you know"—and she laughed prettily—"he would first have to get rid of Mrs. Perkins. But really, Mr. Peebles, I insist that she is just the wife for a literary man—would please him, on the whole, even better than she does Mr. Perkins. Why not think of it?"

Peebles pondered.

V.

"Yes, I'm getting infernally tired of so much society, Miss Florence. It's all well enough to have a fashionable wife—beautiful, too, and intellectual—but I tell you it makes too great demands on a man of business. And I'm sick of it—receptions, dances, musicales—and if—"

Here Mrs. Perkins interrupted his protests with a gush of society small-talk, a perfect stream of it—frothy, vapid, senseless, impossible to adequately record: "Yes? Oh, how very delightful! I can't begin to express—What, I needn't? Ha, ha, ha! But I know you were merely flattering. Oh no, you needn't deny it. I missed you at church last Sunday. Confirmation, you know. You should have seen it. The bishop did it so prettily; took them two by two, you know; made me think of how Noah drove the animals into—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Florence, stop her! stop her! Touch the button, and let us have Henry George, or Herbert Spencer, or anything—anything but that idiotic stuff. It'll drive me mad!"

Mary smiled, pressing the extinguisher, that was adjusted to keep Mrs. Perkins silent for one hour.

"As I was saying, Miss Florence," Perkins continued, rising from the dinner

table and taking Mary's arm as he walked into the sitting-room—meanwhile leaving Mrs. Perkins sitting there in silence alone—"as I was saying, I'm tired of all this nonsense, and if you would only marry me I'd be the happiest man on earth. Now what do you say?"

She shuddered. "You wouldn't ask me if you knew."

"Knew? Knew what, Florence, my dear?"

"No, my name is not Florence; it's Mary. I lied to you." Whereupon she told the whole story—children, poverty, and all.

Perkins paused, but only a moment. "My dear Mary," said he, tenderly, "that was not lying, but purely a matter of business. Why, for the matter of that, I lied to you about Mrs. Perkins, too, when I engaged you—about her being the real thing, you know! And the children! God bless them, Mary! All the better—all the better. Wait! Didn't you say one was five years old? Eh? Ha, ha, ha! Why, my dear Mary, just think what a *start* that gives me! It puts me on my feet at once—a father, with a family already growing up! Ah, if you only knew how often I've been pestered by friends saying to me—generally good customers, too, whom it wouldn't do to offend—'Perkins,' they say, 'why don't you get married and have a family?'—just as though I had never tried, you know. Yes, every time I meet any of them on a fresh trip, spring or fall, 'Perkins, why the devil don't you get married and have a family?' But I'll teach them now. Ha, ha, ha! I'll pretend I've been keeping it quiet, you know, all these years; and the very next trip I make I'll take the children along and show them. Won't that surprise 'em? Ha, ha, ha!"

And so Mary consented. None, she knew, could ever be kinder and truer to her than Mr. Perkins. Whereupon preliminaries were about completed while they sat there, when suddenly, without warning, came a voice from the adjoining dining-room. It began with a calm, dispassionate oration on marriage customs of different races, and had obviously been lifted bodily from Herbert Spencer. A moment's pause, and there followed one of those characteristic selections from a novel of Sarah Grand's, all about man—beastly, horrid man!

Perkins collapsed; the shock was ter-

rible. An oath escaped him. "Ah, I forgot her," he whispered, meaning Mrs. Perkins, of course, not Sarah.

Mary laughed till she was red in the face. Which was perfectly proper, we suppose. We don't pretend to explain man, but it is said to be the nature of a woman to laugh when she has stolen the affections of a true-hearted husband.

"I'll get a box to-morrow," muttered Perkins, "and put her up in the attic."

"N-no, no; you can't. Wh-what will society say? Every one will miss her. They'll say you've made way with her."

Mary was getting hysterical.

"The devil! Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. Jones must take her back."

"But perhaps he won't."

"Won't? Why, I say he must; he's got to!"

But Jones was invincible. "I'm very sorry to say anything contrary to your wishes, Mr. Perkins, especially as you've always been a good friend—"

"Oh, drop it, Jones; never mind that. But look here, now, I say you must."

"And I say again that I can't. Why, Mr. Perkins, you took her in good faith, knew all about her—no deception practised. If I remember rightly, you saw her the first time in a pair of those exquisite all-wool combination under-suits. She excited your admiration, and you stopped and spoke about her. The next time she had a pair of those long plaid stockings, and the following week we rigged her up in a corset and a beautiful silk petticoat. You wanted to buy her then, you remember, but we wouldn't consider it. Finally," Jones continued, cumulatively, "after we had completely attired her in seal-skin sacque, Gainsborough hat and veil, dark blue crépon skirt, with patent-leather shoes, and the crowds in front of our window grew so large we had to hire two policemen to keep the street from getting blocked—after all this, I say, knowing her as thoroughly as you did from the basement up, you came and bought her. And now you ask us to take her back. Why, it is impossible! Every one would recognize her as Mrs. Perkins. Society would say that our firm was employing grass-widows to serve as dummies. Now you know *that* would never do, Mr. Perkins."

But no, he would not admit the argument, broke into a passion, and told Jones squarely that he need never expect any opening for him in the firm of Bowman, Crinkles, and Co. Then he flew out and made his way to the employment office.

"Mr. Peebles, can you find a position for a widow?"

Peebles looked up aghast. Ah, he has found out about Mary, thought he, and is about to discharge her, poor girl!

"What kind of a widow, Mr. Perkins," he asked, wearily searching his page—"grass or under the grass?"

But Perkins was mad, not to be trifled with. "Now look here, Mr. Peebles," said he, "when a man searches for a job for his own widow, you can be precious sure that he's not under the grass yet. Do you hear?"

"Ah, it's your widow, then," Peebles peeped, mildly.

"Why, of course it is! You don't think I would be trying to find a position for any one else's widow, do you? But what do you say? Can you fix her up? Any old place will do for her."

Again Peebles pondered.

Swiftly he recalled Mary's remarks on the numerous advantages that Mrs. Perkins would afford to a literary man. He knew that she had a wonderful memory, that she could recite the airiest trifles, as well as whole pages of encyclopedic matter that at times would be of invaluable assistance to him in the writing of certain essays on finance and political economy, wherein the author is sometimes supposed to tell the truth. And again, to her dictation, inspired by a mind so versatile, even volatile, he might attempt some day to write one of those clever three-volume novels. In which case there would be a chance that he could abandon the employment office for good. Moreover, he had long known that what his work principally lacked was a woman's soul. He needed to hear a woman's voice in his ears, and to see a woman's face and a woman's form at his side. All of which were, in general, very expensive; but now here they were offered—and as for Mary, was she not lost to him?

"Fetch her round, Mr. Perkins."

YOUNG TAYLOR HIBBARD'S STUDIO.

BY KATHARINE DE FOREST.

YOUNG TAYLOR HIBBARD, perched on the top of an extremely high stepladder, was planting, with a remarkable lack of skill, a row of staples in the great glass window of his studio. His studio it had been exactly two hours. At noon of that day he had entered into possession of this domain by turning over into the hands of its legitimate proprietor the sum of 136 francs 45 centimes, the amount of three months' rent in advance, and making solemnly the agreement—traditional in all the houses frequented by artists in the Impasse Boissonnade, but never observed—not to play the piano after eleven o'clock at night, nor to keep at domicile any animal of height superior to that of a middle-sized dog.

Young Taylor Hibbard, arrived in Paris the evening before, for that matter, had neither piano nor dog. His worldly possessions at that moment comprised simply two large trunks, a pipe-holder left by his predecessor, a bottle of cherry brandy, and a muslin curtain. It was this very curtain that he was endeavoring to hang—in particular, to mask from view an eider-down quilt of cruel color which was taking the air in an opposite window: in general, to prevent its proprietor, or any other immediate neighbor, from too intimate an acquaintance with his new existence.

He had just succeeded, with a sigh of satisfaction, in fixing the eighth and last staple, when suddenly he heard the key of the studio door turn in the lock, and looking around carefully on the angle of his ladder, to his intense surprise perceived on the threshold the young figure of Lady Elizabeth Parker, such as Holbein drew her *à la manière noire*, and such as she is to be seen to-day in Windsor Castle. There was no mistaking the pure oval of her face, her delicate nose, her large clear eyes, and her lips turning up naturally at the corners as if ready to smile. But by a singular anachronism the diadem was replaced by a sailor hat, while the *justaucorps* in the mode of the sixteenth century had become a little nankin coat with 1830 sleeves.

"You don't want a model?" asked Lady Parker, in French, in the most natural manner in the world.

"Well, not just at this minute," replied young Taylor Hibbard, his brain rapidly making a leap forward of three centuries, and at the same time trying its first practical struggle with the French language as met with in Paris studios. This he discovered he could

understand, but words in response did not come with that facility which his various courses in foreign tongues at home had led him to expect.

She showed neither surprise nor disappointment, but walked tranquilly into the room, closing the door behind her, and began to examine successively, in minute detail, the pipe-holder, the bottle of cherry brandy, and the two trunks. Then she raised her eyes towards the painter, who was regarding her with stupefaction.

"You're English, aren't you?" she said.

"No," said Hibbard; "American."

"So much the better," said she. "I don't like the English. C'est des sales types, pas polis. And then it was they who burned Jeanne d'Arc."

Evidently this preference shown to the American nation, in the eyes of Lady Parker, gave her certain rights in the place, for without more ceremony she sat down on one of the trunks, and began to beam calmly on Taylor, still perched upon his ladder, and craning himself forward in a manner that would have done credit to a professional acrobat. In the depths of his soul, meanwhile, he was meditating what he should do with his distinguished visitor. The grim consciousness forced itself upon him that it was the part of wisdom to show her the door, neither more nor less than he would to a little domestic animal too familiar. But, on the other hand, she was possessed of such a frank and friendly expression, her movements were so full of supple grace, and, above all, she resuscitated so strangely the charming model of the old master of Basle, that it was as impossible as it would have been to put out of doors the *chef-d'œuvre* of Holbein itself.

Lady Parker, with delicious condescension, took it upon herself to put him at his ease.

"You mustn't put yourself out for me," she said. "If you do, I shall go."

And at the same time she settled herself more comfortably on her improvised seat, swinging her little feet over its side. For the space of half a minute she was silent, watching Taylor's efforts. Then, apparently satisfied with his work, she began to talk, evidently amused by the echo of her voice in the great empty room.

"You'll give me some sittings, won't you, monsieur? I'll write my name and address on the wall, so you'll know where to find me—

Mlle. Léontine Champin,
Chez madame sa mère,
33 rue Le Verrier.

"C'est pas très joli, hein, ce nom-là, Léontine? Me, I should rather be called Yolande. C'est chic, ça, et puis ça a l'air noble. There was a poet at the Restaurant Hilaire who always called me Yolande. A real poet, you know,

monsieur. I don't remember his name, but they printed some of his verses in a newspaper. J'en connais des *flottes*, moi, de gens *épatants*. Tenez, I posed three weeks for Forain—you know Forain, who does the drawings in the *Figaro*? No? Ah bien, il est cependant assez connu. It's with me he did the young girl who says to her mother, 'If papa had only listened to us, he would come out of prison to-



"YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME SITTINGS, WON'T YOU?"

BURLINGAME
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day with an income of fifty thousand francs that would owe nothing to nobody? I posed, too, for Machin. You don't know him, either? It's astonishing! Why, he's invented a new method of painting—*le pipisme*! Each stroke of the brush has the form of a little pipe. He says it's the art of the future—that the Bougnereau school is '*vieille pommade*.' Do you like Bougnereau?"

Taylor Hibbard, in the most critical of positions, his body hanging in space, the end of the curtain between his teeth, could respond to these questions by not so much as a shrug of the shoulder. This in no way disconcerted Lady Parker, however, whose chattering began again like the rippling of a stream, as she proceeded to enumerate the various artists who had been inspired by her harmonious lines. Seigneur, what a list of them! Painters, sculptors, engravers, even architects—enough to make one think that she had lived numberless existences, and sacrificed to her work a large part of the repose of her nights. When this *fécond* subject was exhausted she passed on to details of a more intimate order, and imparted successively to her host that her physician had ordered her Fowler's pills, that she wore half-length corsets of mauve satin, and that at home they called her Titine, in revenge for which ungrateful title she had named her father "*le singe*," and her mother "*ma grosse Lotte*." She was embarking upon a detailed history of the rheumatism of her grandfather when Taylor attached the last end of the curtain to the last staple and began to come down the ladder.

"There is only one of two things to do," had been the result of his meditations. "She is evidently wound up like a clock, for eight days. Either she goes, or I do."

It was upon this latter course that he had the weakness to decide. "*Mademoiselle Léontine*," he said, finding the words as best he could, "I am desolated, but I must leave you. I must go out to buy some furniture."

Without a moment's hesitation she sprang to her feet. "*Allons!*" said she, smiling upon him with her great frank eyes.

She was so irresistible with her little air of resolution, and at the same time Hibbard searched so vainly for sentences adequate to put an end to the situation, that, in spite of himself, he jammed on his hat and followed her lead down the stairway into the street.

"Of course we are going to the *Bon Marché*," she said, in a tone of conviction that left no room for hesitation.

"Yes," acquiesced, somewhat feebly, her companion, without too definite an idea of exactly what sort of a place the *Bon Marché* was.

"You'll find there everything you need. I'll help you to choose. And then on the way I'll show you a little of Paris. Oh, you're lucky to have met me!"

The word "*met*" struck Hibbard as so happy a euphemism that he cast a quick glance

at Lady Elizabeth to see if she might be in jest, but nothing, evidently, was further from her thoughts. Her clear-cut profile had the grave serenity of those who have assumed the charge of a soul, and accept all the responsibilities of their mission.

"The house of Labréchelle," said she, with a wave of the hand, as they passed a construction that seemed to Hibbard as unsuggestive as the name itself, but which it was evident, from Léontine's tone, must be an object of interest to every self-respecting person.

A long wall of blank stone stretched away in the distance on one side of them. This Léontine pronounced the wall of the Montparnasse Cemetery, and went on with certain reflections on the shortness of life and the uncertainty of all human things, to which Hibbard was still vainly endeavoring to find a suitable response when the visage of his companion suddenly became illuminated at the sight of a front ornamented with highly colored posters and many rows of gas-jets with globes of multi-colored shades.

"The most *rigolo* café-concert of the quarter," she said, impressively. "I know a lady who sings there. She invited me twice. Once to see the *mardi-gras* procession from the balcony, and the other time the funeral of Canrobert."

At the Montparnasse railway station Léontine insisted on a little halt, while she explained in detail her singular good-fortune in having been on the spot when an engine ran at full speed through the wall of the second story and precipitated itself upon the *place* beneath, thereby killing several people.

"I saw it as I see you," she said.

The only objects of interest to the new Lady Parker in the rue de Rennes seemed to be the pawn-shops, which she alluded to familiarly as "*le clou*" and "*ma tante*." She endeavored to vaunt the tramways, and was vexed when Hibbard, instead of being impressed, succeeded in imparting to her that in his own town they went twice as fast, and by electricity. Her good-nature only returned when she found that, in revenge, America, so far as he knew, was unacquainted with the roasting of chestnuts on the public streets.

This interesting and patriotic conversation was still going on when they came out upon the enormous carved, gilded, and flag-draped mass which constitutes "*Les Grands Magasins du Bon Marché*." The great gaping door breathed out at each instant two opposing streams of men and women, and as the two were caught in the current they seemed to have a presentiment of the seething mass of human beings, the inextricable labyrinth of counters and tables, the mountains of stuffs, the hills of bibelots, the forests of ribbons, that lay before them.

To Hibbard it brought a feeling of relief. "I shall lose her in five minutes," he said to himself.

But he had reckoned without a knowledge of the Latin Quarter. Not thus did it desert

those of its adoption. The moment they were inside, Léontine stopped, reached down into her pocket, and, after various ineffectual dives, brought forth triumphantly an end of lead-pencil and a tiny note-book.

"I'll write down your name and address, so as to have everything you buy sent home. You can pay then," she said, at the same time regarding him with her great limpid eyes and her habitual bewildering smile. Under the influence of this combination Hibbard could think of nothing but to dictate, while she wrote in a sprawling childish hand upon the empty page,

Monsieur Télaure Ybart,
38 Impasse Boissonnade.

Then she started in, with the young painter in her wake.

Now the *grands magasins* of the Bon Marché possess this striking characteristic—that all the articles most necessary to existence, such as beds, tables, stools, and candlesticks, to say nothing of frying-pans and similar utensils, are only to be found on the top floor, while the bibelots and endless superfluities are exposed in brilliant and seductive masses on the stories below. The consequence is that, dazed by the crowds, the heat, the noise, the color, he or she who has gone in with some such purpose as that of buying a modest saucepan at twenty-five sous, comes out with a hundred and twenty-five francs' worth of remnants and silver-gilt photograph-frames. This sort of experience, which happens every day to a thousand or so of Parisians, is called "taking advantage of bargains."

Léontine being the most feeble of Parisians, especially when it was a question of spending the money of some one else, no one will be surprised to learn that the hour for illuminating the great electric globes found Lady Parker and her charge no farther than the entresol, and still two stories from the "kitchen utensils and articles of house-furnishing."

Upon each object that struck her fancy Léontine had precipitated herself, with a series of little cries something such as one would imagine might be uttered by a bird who suddenly catches sight of one of Millet's fields. *Épatants*, these paper-knives, bicycle-lanterns, candlesticks, umbrella-holders, etc.! Whenever she detected the faintest sign of assent on the face of her companion, who, as the day wore on, and he felt more and more the reaction of his voyage and the fatigue of adjusting one's self to foreign surroundings grew proportionately dulled and stupid, she rushed off at once with the salesman to the nearest counter, and ordered the article sent home.

The closing of the great store would probably still have found them there if, towards seven, Léontine had not suddenly remembered that she was to go to the theatre that night with a friend who lived quite at the other end of Paris. There was no time to lose, so with

the swiftness of a bird she flew down the stairway, out of the door, and into the first cab that passed. She shook hands warmly with Taylor as she bade him good-by, and expressed her pleasure at having been able to spend the afternoon with him, and, above all, to be of service. "Oh, no thanks!" she added, with a charming little gesture, as he made an effort to reply. "Don't mention my lost time. *C'est la vieille hospitalité française, vous savez!*"

The next noon, when Taylor, who had passed the night at a neighboring hotel, tried to open the door of his studio, it was with the greatest difficulty he could enter the place, so encumbered was it with boxes and packages of every description.

He set himself to work to examine his new possessions, which by nightfall had given the following inventory:

One watering-pot in so-called Dresden porcelain, decorated with forget-me-nots.

One Dutch top.

A night lamp in papier-maché representing the Kremlin at Moscow, with windows of colored glass.

A Peruvian hammock.

A Swiss lamp of a new model, lighting by electricity and by explosion.

An automatic cigar-box.

A musical centre-piece for the table, playing alternately a polka by Offenbach and a funeral march adapted from Chopin.

An aluminum foot-bath.

Four Japanese screens.

An umbrella-holder decorated with antelopes' horns.

A perfume-burner of Etruscan shape, with violet designs upon a green ground.

A dozen boxes of shoeblacking capable of resisting the heaviest storms.

A Morocco gun.

A pair of alabaster chandeliers.

A jug in faience containing fifty litres of olive oil (it being, according to Léontine, so much more economical to buy oil in large quantities than in small).

With the fifty litres of oil the young painter stopped.

When the collector of the Bon Marché came a little later for the amount of the bill, Hibbard told him, with much sang-froid, that he had intended, the day before, to open a fancy bazar, but, after sleeping on the idea, had changed his mind. Everything, therefore, the Bon Marché might take back except the Morocco gun.

This gun he hung upon the wall, as a souvenir of his first day in Paris. Then he wrote on the visiting-card which he had already tacked up on the door of the studio the following inscription, which for some time excited the curiosity of the members of a certain one of the younger artistic circles of the French capital:

"Here no visitors are received
with heads genre Holbein."

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TIMID HORTENSE.

"Now if the fish will only bite, we'll have some royal fun."
 "And do fish bite? The horrid things! Indeed I'll not catch one!"



A VICIOUS GOAT.

"I do not love my billy-goat; I wish that he were dead;
 Because he kicked me, so he did—he kicked me with his head."



A GENERAL PRICKING SENSATION.

"To ruthlessly destroy a home where countless bees do dwell
Doth prick my conscience," quoth Hoban, "and cuticle as well."



AN INTERESTING SITUATION.

"DEAR aunt, the kitty chased a mouse—the naughty little witch—
And it ran up a curl, it did, and I can't tell you which."

HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

VIII.

LIKE all great events that have been carefully led up to and prepared for, the marriage of Dorothy and Leroy takes place at the appointed hour, and the affair—as Benton tries to express it poetically to his wife—"passes from the fervid sunshine of anticipation into the soft twilight of reminiscence." Everybody says it is a beautiful wedding—as everybody always does; then everybody goes home, and the affairs of Dorothy and Leroy pass out of their heads, in order that the affairs of somebody else may pass in. New-Yorkers cannot think about more than one thing at one time.



"I DIDN'T SAY JAM!"

That is why there are no weddings during Horse Show week or in Lent.

Benton, and Ethel his wife, may perhaps be left out of this generalization, for it is true that upon their return

home they talk considerably of Dorothy and of her prospects, although their conversation dwells mostly upon the events of the afternoon, with but occasional reference to the central figures of the day.

"It was a deuce of a jam," says Benton, wearily, as he looks vacantly into the depths of his soup-plate.

"I did not take any," replies Ethel, absent-mindedly, for she is thinking a little of Dorothy, and much of herself and of her own bridal days, which Dorothy's wedding has recalled.

"I did not say *jam*," exclaims Benton, almost peevishly, as a man will whose appetite has been smothered at mid-day in deviled lobster and sweets.

"What *did* you say?" asks Ethel, pulling herself together.

"I said 'jam'—meaning crowd, concourse, gathering, assemblage, mob. Did you think I was talking about preserves?"

"My dear Arthur," returns Ethel, "I did not hear exactly what you *were* saying. My thoughts were with Dorothy. But I understood you to remark that 'it was gooseberry jam.'"

"I said it was 'a deuce of a jam,'" repeats Benton.

"Well, so it is," agrees Ethel, "and likewise so it was. If I had not found that corner of refuge behind the bookcase, I think I should have perished. But it was a great coign of vantage, and wholly out of range of the spillers."

"The spillers?" queries Benton.

"Yes, the spillers—the creamed-oyster, and punch, and coffee spillers. You know the tribe. There are always two or three at every place one goes. There was a pretty fair representation at Dorothy's this afternoon, although I did not see anything very serious—nothing worse than two or three dollars' worth."

"Well, you've lost me!" says Benton.

"Lost you?" repeats Ethel, with a puzzled little frown.

"Yes; I don't follow your argument," explains Benton. "What is it that was no worse than two or three dollars' worth?"

"Oh!" she exclaims, laughing; "I meant that none of the spillers did more than two or three dollars' worth of damage per spill. Now, under favorable conditions, a full-grown active spiller can do a hundred dollars' worth of damage by a mere turn of the hand—or the plate, rather. You make an application of lobster Newburg to a lilac silk skirt, for instance, and you have knocked a big hole in a hundred-dollar bill."

"I should think the dressmakers would have spillers working for them on commission," remarks Benton. "It must have been one of your spiller friends whom I saw upset the table with the wedding-cake on it in the hall—"

"Oh, the wedding-cake!" cries Ethel. "Did you bring any home?"

"Yes, of course; you gave me three boxes."

"One is for mamma."

"Did not she get any herself?"

"Oh yes, but she will want another box."

"What for?"

"I don't know," says Ethel, frankly; "but she always does. I think she gives them away."

"I suppose she gives the stuff to the little girls who bring home those boxes with patent-leather tops from the dressmakers'?"

"I should not be surprised," admits Ethel.

"I'll bet the little girls are; and I'll bet their little insides are surprised too, after they swallow that cake stuff."

"No doubt it makes them dream of wedding-bells and brides, and all that sort of thing," advances Ethel, on behalf of her mother's charity methods.

"I'll wager it makes them dream of bigamy at the very least," exclaims Benton. "I know I should see double if I ate any of it. The idea! I think it is almost criminal to give that stuff to any one who is likely to eat it. It's all well enough," he continues, "to leave it lying around where only butlers and wedding-guests will take it; but to pass it on to unsophisticated and undispepsified children is a crime, pure and simple. Why, even rats—"

"Arthur dear," interrupts Ethel, "please don't talk about rats at the table. Come back to the subject of the wedding. Tell me what you thought of the presents."

"Pretty good lot," avers Benton. "Con-

sidering Leroy is from Philadelphia, they did well."

"They did not get as many pretty things as we got," asserts Ethel.

"Oh, of course not! Nobody ever did, or ever will!"

"Well, now, Arthur, they did not!" persists Ethel. "We had much more silver—big pieces—"

"Comparisons are invidious and odious, my dear," puts in Benton. "I noticed that our candelabrum showed up pretty well."

"Did not it?" exclaims Ethel, joyfully. "I was surprised. It looked much better there than it did in the shop."

"Yes, it put up quite a good bluff," says Benton, sententiously. "There was not another among the presents, either. But I heard one overdressed female say she thought it was

stupid for any one to give people candlesticks nowadays, when almost all flats are provided with electric lights."

"Gracious!" exclaims Ethel. "How do you suppose *she* got in? Perhaps she was a dress-maker, or something?"

"I don't know. But there was another queer one that seemed to take great interest in the pres-

ents. He was there looking at them every time I went in, and I had to take two or three women around. You must have seen him—a regular plug-ugly, with a red mustache and a black cutaway coat?"

"Why, that was the detective," explains Ethel, sagely.

"The detective?"

"Certainly. People always have a detective in the room with the wedding-presents."

"Nice idea of hospitality, that," comments Benton, "to ask your friends in, and then set the police to watch them!"

"You can't tell who might get into the house," explains Ethel. "Thieves are always watching for a chance."

"I suppose, too," adds Benton, "there is always the possibility of somebody's getting the remorse, and trying to take his present back again. That would be easy enough for the bon-bon-spoon and sugar-tongs class of givers, but rather difficult, I should imagine, for any one of the cut-glass-punch-bowl or candelabrum class, like us. I should think," he pursues, reflectively, after a pause, "it would be simpler to have a man at the front door to search each guest as he goes out. Did *we* have cops?"

"No," answers Ethel; "the presents were

not shown on the day of our wedding. Don't you remember?"

"I had forgotten it," says Benton, solemnly. "It must have broken your mother's heart. She must have imagined people would think we did not get any."

"Oh, she sent out cards after we left," protests Ethel, "and showed our presents to her intimates and to the gossips for three days afterwards."

"I think the non-combatants and camp-followers get more fun out of a wedding than the principals every time," asserts Benton. "But that's one of those things you don't realize until you've been through it. Women especially always have a good time at other women's weddings. I suppose that is what makes them such inveterate match-makers."

"How you do love to hear yourself talk, Arthur!" says Ethel. "I am glad there is no one here to-night to listen to you express your opinions about matrimony—"

"I have not mentioned matrimony!" exclaims Benton.

"Men always think it is funny to ridicule serious and sacred things," continues Ethel.

"Are you a serious or a sacred thing?" asks Benton, solemnly.

"I am very serious just now; and when you sit up and ridicule your wedding-day—"

"I did nothing of the sort," cries Benton.

"Well, it sounded very much like it," persists Ethel, with an injured expression.

"Why," returns the crafty Benton, cheerfully, "the only reason I like to go to other people's weddings is because they remind me so vividly of my own."

"That's a very good way to get out of it," returns Ethel; "and if that is really the view you take of the matter, you may go with me to the Burton wedding next week, and to Peggie Turner's wedding at Montclair on the 10th."

And Benton, who is quick to recognize the pitfall he has dug for himself, and which Ethel has seen and availed herself of, agrees as cheerfully as he can to the proposed ordeals, devoutly hoping meanwhile that something will occur to rescue him from his obligations.



THE LITTLE GIRLS.



SHE GAVE HIM THREE BOXES.



THE DETECTIVE.



HER STRONG GAME.

"She can't drive, she can't approach, and she can't putt, and yet she goes around in 95 and 96 all the time."

"She must know how to play cards."

AN IRISHMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

It had been one of those sweltering days in August when the East Side had poured forth *en masse* to seek the few cooling breezes and the various amusements of Coney Island. With the evening had come back to the city the returning crowds, hot, cross, and weary. They had poured up from the ferry-house and filled the waiting Elevated trains. When all of the seats and most of the standing-room in the aisles were occupied, an Irishman came wearily in, holding a baby on one arm and the big fam-

ily lunch-basket on the other. Behind him came the wife and mother with two other children. All were tired, the children fretful. The crowd was sweltering, and the numerous double curves through Battery Park around which the train lunged added to the general discomfort. Turning to a gentleman struggling for foothold beside him, the Irishman remarked, with sincere heartiness, "Do yez know, sur, I've often thought we cud git on purty comfortable in this life ef it wasn't fur our pleasures."

Scott

1899



See "Transitional," by I. Zangwill, page 199.

"HEAR, O ISRAEL!"

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

VI.—THE BLOCKADE OF MANILA AND THE CAPTURE OF GUAM.

ADMIRAL DEWEY employed the first two days after his victory in making all fast, seizing the arsenal at Cavite and the islands at the harbor mouth, and announcing a blockade of the port of Manila, lying somewhat helpless just now before his guns. Then, having prudently cut the cables, he sent to Washington, by way of boat to Hong-kong, a laconic despatch, telling of his victory in a few simple sentences, and in figures as dry as the multiplication table. It had one great merit—exact truth—a quality much lost and clouded in the Spanish reports which had gone to Madrid, and from which alone the world knew anything of the doings in the distant East on May 1. Yet the victory had been so absolute, the destruction of Montojo's squadron so utter and complete, that even the Spanish could not hide the facts with language, an exercise in which they have great proficiency. The truth tore its way through the thin phrases; it broke the pompous sentences, and made itself sufficiently visible to Europe. To the great powers there it came with a shock. They were not pained by the unhappy lot of Spain, for that they regarded with all the philosophy which had just manifested itself so attractively in regard to poor Greece. The downfall of a broken, bankrupt nation they bore well enough; and although they were surprised and annoyed by the swiftness, accuracy, and fighting efficiency of the Americans, they were prepared to belittle the whole affair, and pretend that it was no such great matter after all. But what shocked and alarmed them very seriously indeed was that a new power, known to be of great wealth and strength, had suddenly swept down on Manila, toppled over in ruin the harm-

less remains of Spanish power, and in one morning had risen up master of a great port and city, and a disagreeable factor of unlimited possibilities in the East, where they were having a "question" and starting in to divide the vast Empire of China. This was obviously objectionable, and ought to be stopped. It became clear at once to several imperial and many diplomatic minds that something should be done. There was much running about, much sending of cipher despatches, many grave unofficial conversations and representations, and a general urgency to set the concert of Europe, which had performed so beautifully in the Cretan business, to playing again. And then it was found that the most important performer, the great sea power of the world, would not take part. It appeared that these people who had flung Spain's fleet to destruction spoke the English tongue; that so long as they sent their grain across the ocean to Great Britain, England had a base on the Atlantic, and could defy the world; that England rather wanted them as neighbors in the East, and had no mind to be aught but friendly to them. So England would not play her part, and without her fleets, still more with those fleets hostile, there could be no concert of Europe; and that harmonious body sank into silence after this attempt at tuning up, and was never heard of in the Philippines. Many results came from this English action. The people of the United States knew instinctively what had happened, although all details were kept quite obscure; they valued the friendly deed, which was not to be forgotten; and they saw in a flash the community of interests which bound them to their kins-

men over-seas. So the two great English-speaking nations drew together—a very momentous fact, well understood and much disliked on the continent of Europe, and something destined to have serious effect on the world's history of the future. The more immediate and direct outcome of England's refusal to interfere—as well as her evident intention to let no one else interfere in what was going on in the Philippines—was that Admiral Dewey was left with a free hand to work out the situation which he had himself created.

He had sprung in a few hours into the ranks of the world's great admirals. It was now to be seen whether the victorious seaman was also a commander in the widest naval sense, and at the same time a statesman and diplomatist. The conditions were full of peril. He was seven thousand miles from home, the enemy held the city in his front, he had no troops to aid him, and he knew that unfriendly eyes were watching him narrowly, while he could not know at first that the concert of Europe had broken down, and that England was the friend of the United States.

The war-ships of other powers began to collect at Manila—French, English, Japanese, and German, the last finally reaching five in number, and including two armored vessels. What was their meaning and intent?—a question very important to Admiral Dewey, and demanding much thought. As they watched him it quickly became apparent that in England and Japan he had friends and sympathizers. In France an ill-wisher was soon discovered, but nothing more. The ill wishes of the French indeed never took the form of overt action, but we can learn their feelings from the diary of a naval lieutenant at Manila, thoughtfully published in the *Revue de Paris*. The diarist was much disturbed that Europe did not intervene. He writes mournfully that the European powers were doing no more than watching fate, which was true enough. His mind was filled with dark suspicions of England and of the Anglo-Saxon, and he thought that America ought promptly to be shut out from the East. He belittles Dewey's victory, but blames the Spaniards for allowing him to win it, which is, of course, one way of looking at that event. Such a fact ought not to have been, and yet it

was. The explanation of it is that we had English gunners, deserters, picked up in Hong-kong—a dear old falsehood which has done much hard service, never harder than in this case, for Dewey's crews, except for a few Chinamen, were practically all American. But the thought soothes the French diarist, who has never heard of Truxtun and *L'Insurgente*, or of some American shooting at French frigates just a hundred years ago. Then comes the conventional cry that the Americans care only for dollars, are treacherous, mean braggarts (this last a heinous offence in French contemplation), and, saddest of all, have no nobility of soul. And the philosopher, as he reads, wonders about the nobility of soul shown in the Dreyfus case and some of its attendant incidents, and thinks how differently the phrase is interpreted in different countries. But the lieutenant's diary is none the less instructive, and, joined to many much louder manifestations by Paris newspapers and French men generally, causes Americans to draw some conclusions as to French friendship not soon to be forgotten. Still, whatever they felt or thought, the Frenchmen did nothing serious while they watched fate, and hostile feelings certainly troubled Admiral Dewey little enough. But there was one power present who pushed her hostility from thoughts and words to action. This power was Germany. She had no especial claim to be there, no large or peculiar interests, but she sent more ships than any other power, kept on meddling, and went to the verge of war. The Germans broke through Dewey's regulations, which he had the right to make, and he called them sharply to order. They would violate the rules by moving about at night, and then the American search-lights fell with a glare upon them, and followed them about in a manner which checked and annoyed them. One German ship put out her lights and tried to slip in at night, but a shell across her bows brought her to. Another made herself offensive by following and running close up to our transports when they first arrived. A German ship went up to Subig Bay and prevented the insurgents from taking the Isla Grande. So the *Raleigh* and *Concord* went up too, stripped for action, and as they went in, the *Irene* went out, and the Americans took Isla Grande. Very



GEORGE DEWEY.

trying all this to a man charged with great responsibilities and seven thousand miles from home. There must be no haste, no rashness, nothing that could give his opponents a hold, and yet there must be no yielding, and no threat except with action behind it, and on a provocation which the whole world would

justify. Every annoyance, every improper movement, was quickly checked. The diplomacy was perfect. Then came the sufficient provocation, and the teeth were shown. To the vigilant admiral the opportunity came at last when one of the German vessels was proved to have landed provisions in Manila. Let us



THE "CHARLESTON" ENTERING THE HARBOR OF GUAM.

read what follows, as it is told by Mr. Stickney, an eye-witness.

"Orderly, tell Mr. Brumby I would like to see him," said Admiral Dewey, one forenoon.

"Oh, Brumby," he continued, when the flag-lieutenant made his appearance on the quarter-deck, "I wish you to take the barge and go over to the German flag-ship. Give Admiral von Diederich my compliments, and say that I wish to call his attention to the fact that the vessels of his squadron have shown an extraordinary disregard of the usual courtesies of naval intercourse, and that finally one of them has committed a gross breach of neutrality in landing provisions in Manila, a port which I am blockading."

The commodore's voice had been as low and as sweetly modulated as if he had been sending von Diederich an invitation to dinner. When he stopped speaking, Brumby, who did not need any better indication of the commodore's mood than the unusually formal and gentle manner of his chief, turned to go, making the usual official salute, and replying with the customary, "Ay, ay, sir."

"And, Brumby," continued the commodore, his voice rising and ringing with the intensity of feeling that he felt he had repressed about long enough, "tell Admiral von Diederich that if he wants a fight, he can have it right now!"

Thereupon the German admiral became sorry for what had happened, and,

it appeared, did not know what his captains had been doing—a sad reflection upon German discipline. But it seemed that, although he had two armored ships, and Dewey none, he did not desire a fight, and the meddling abated sensibly. Then much later, in a manner to be described hereafter, when the *Monterey* came in, with her heavy armor and big guns, it was found that important interests required the presence of the German war-ships elsewhere. Why the Germans behaved as they did, manifesting every possible dislike and hostility without doing anything effective, and breeding a strong and just enmity toward them in the United States, is difficult to understand. To the higher and more refined statesmanship of Europe it may have seemed wise. To the ruder and simpler American mind it seemed stupid and profitless, and, in any event, Americans will not forget it. But every one can admire the manner in which Admiral Dewey mixed tact with firmness, and in the midst of jealous and meddling neutrals steered his course without an error, and never relaxed for a moment his iron grip on the great bay he had conquered and the city which lay beneath his guns.

To keep the sympathy and support of the friendly powers and hold at bay the hostile nations were difficult and perplexing tasks, trying to nerves, temper, and wits. But this was not all. The war in Cuba had in due course lighted up the flames of insurrection in the Philippines, where Spanish tyranny and extortion, supplemented by the oppression, cruelty, corruption, and outrages of the powerful monastic orders, had been heaping up the material of revolt. To this mass of explosives the troubles of Spain in Cuba had applied the torch. The black-robed bodies of the hated monks floating down the Pasig River were grim signals of the coming storm. Rebellion broke out in the back country and in the provinces of Luzon, and a guerilla warfare began to desolate the country. The Spaniards met the outbreak vigorously and repressed it savagely, shooting down their prisoners by scores to make a holiday spectacle for the crowds on the Luneta. The fighting dragged along, exhausting to the Spaniards and without substantial gain to the rebels, until July, 1897, when the insurgent chiefs surrendered, on condition that certain reforms should be made, and that a sum of money should be paid over to the families of those who had been killed in the war or ruined by it. Spain, as usual, broke her word, as she had done with the Cubans in 1878. The reforms were not made, and only a part of the money was ever paid. Emilio Aguinaldo and the other leaders withdrew to Hong-kong in September, 1897, bringing with them \$400,000, which they had received from the Spanish government. The insurrection was over, although there was fitful fighting here and there; but the chiefs had retired to a safe haven and were helpless at Hong-kong. Such was the situation which Admiral Dewey found when war was declared. The insurgent chiefs, however, stimulated by the approach of trouble between the United States and Spain, put themselves in communication with Mr. Wildman, our consul at Hong-kong, and opened negotiations with him. They declared that they desired annexation to the United States, above all independence of Spain and relief from Spanish rule, and wished to aid the Americans in all possible ways. Admiral Dewey took the obvious course of encouraging them, which from a military point of view was entirely sound. He caused Aguinaldo to

be brought over, and protected his landing on May 19. So little response came at first to Aguinaldo's appeal to his countrymen that he wished to turn round and return to Hong-kong, and was kept only by much pressure. Gradually at first, and then rapidly, the natives began to come in; Admiral Dewey furnished arms from the arsenal at Cavite, and the insurgents had presently a respectable force.



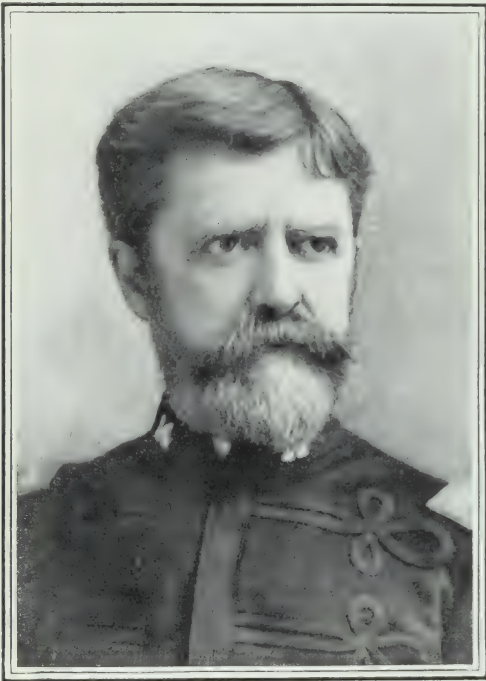
HENRY GLASS.

They soon found that, with the Spanish sea power destroyed and an American fleet in possession of Manila Bay, the situation was widely different from that in which they had struggled alone, desperately and helplessly against the forces of Spain. They began to win victories, to cut off detached bodies of Spanish troops and take outlying towns. With victory their numbers rapidly increased, and they were soon able, under cover of the American war-ships, to surround Manila. So far all went well, and the insurgent forces and their operations put Manila even more securely at Admiral Dewey's mercy. Then the difficulties began. The insurgents forgot that they owed their position entirely to the American fleet, and that but for the American

war-ships the chiefs would have been vegetating in exile at Hong-kong, and their followers hewing wood and drawing water for the Spaniards as of yore. Aguinaldo, who had never adjusted his relations to the universe, began to regard himself as a government and a nation, and started to plan for a dictatorship. Admiral Dewey, who had most carefully avoided recognizing the insurgents or treating them as allies, was obliged to hold them constantly under control. He forced them to conduct their war in a civilized manner; he insisted upon and secured the humane treatment of their

and dangerous and untrustworthy supporters on the other. Very often must he have thought of the seven thousand miles which separated him from home as he paced the deck, counting the days which lay between him and the coming of re-enforcements. For the re-enforcements were very slow in starting, owing to the great delay in getting transports and mobilizing the troops at San Francisco. So deliberate did the movements seem, so many were the announcements of departure, only to be followed by postponement, that the country began to grow restive, and there were mutterings about the apparent abandonment of Dewey and the fate of Gordon at Khartoom.

But the delays which undoubtedly existed were due to the surprise of Dewey's victory, to the magnitude of its results, and to the unreadiness of the military organization to meet such an emergency. Admiral Dewey had asked on May 13 for 5000 men, and needed, of course, fresh ammunition and naval re-enforcements as well. Three weeks elapsed after the eventful 1st of May before the cruiser *Charleston* left San Francisco, and then she went without the troops. The three transports the *City of Pekin*, *Australia*, and *City of Sydney* finally got off on May 25, carrying the First California and Second Oregon regiments of volunteers, five companies of the Fourteenth Infantry United States regulars, a detachment of California artillery—in all, 115 officers and 2386 enlisted men—under General Anderson, the division commander. They joined the *Charleston* at Honolulu, where she was waiting for them, and started thence on June 4. As soon as they were clear of the land Captain Glass of the *Charleston* opened the sealed orders brought to him by the *Pekin*, and found that he was directed to stop at the Ladrões on his way to Manila and capture the island of Guam. The course was then shaped toward the first land seen by Magellan after his long wandering over the wastes of the Pacific, and on June 20, at daylight, the American ships were off the island. They looked in at the port of Agaña, the capital, found no vessels there, nor any sign of a Spanish force, and so proceeded to the other port of San Luis de Apra, where rumors at Honolulu had placed a Spanish gunboat and soldiers. When they reached the harbor, shut in by Apepas Island and the peninsula of



THOMAS M. ANDERSON.

Spanish prisoners; and he kept a watchful eye upon their intrigues with foreign powers, which they almost at once began.

Taken altogether, it was a most difficult position, and required all the best talents of the statesman and diplomatist. But the admiral proved himself to be both in high degree, and kept the whole situation always in hand, never losing the mastery for a moment. So the slow days wore by. Very slow and very anxious they must have been to a victorious sailor suddenly charged with vast responsibilities, with hostile European powers on one side,

Orote, the *Charleston* suddenly disappeared from the sight of the watching eyes on the troop-ships. She had plunged boldly in, following the deep, narrow, and tortuous channel hedged by coral reefs. Against the gray and greens of the cliffs, with sudden rain-squalls coming and going, the lead-colored cruiser could not be made out from the transports. At last something white was discovered moving against the cliffs. Then the white spots were discovered to be the boats on the superstructure of the *Charleston*, and it was apparent that the cruiser was going steadily in. Presently she made out the masts of a vessel beyond Apepas, and the spirits of the crew rose at the hope of an action. Then they rounded the end of the island, and disappointment fell upon them when they discovered that the longed-for enemy was only a peaceful Japanese brigantine. No fight there. On the cruiser crept through the dangerous waters, past old Fort Santiago. No sound, no movement, no enemy there. All as quiet, one would think, as in Magellan's day. On again, and now the *Charleston* was opposite Fort Santa Cruz, and opened sharply with her three-pounders. The guns cracked, the shells whistled over the fort, a dozen shots were fired, there was no reply, and in five minutes the only action seen by Guam was over. The *Charleston* slipped along a little farther, ever more slowly, and at last stopped. Soon boats put off from the shore, and the captain of the port and some other Spanish officers came on board the *Charleston*. They began to apologize in the best Spanish manner for their inability to return the American "salute." "What salute?" said Captain Glass. It appeared that they referred to the shelling of Fort Santa Cruz. "Make no mistake," said Captain Glass; "I fired no salute. Our countries are at war, and those were hostile shots." Poor Spanish officers, stranded far away in the dim Pacific! They had heard no news of war, and now they were prisoners. Then Captain Glass demanded the Governor, who



FRANCIS V. GREENE.

was at Agaña, and paroled his suddenly acquired prisoners to go ashore and get him. This brought a pause in the operations, and the three transports were convoyed in and anchored near the cruiser. As evening drew on a message arrived from the Governor, stating that the military regulations of Spain forbade his going aboard an enemy's ship, and that he would be happy to see the American commander at his office. This characteristic exhibition of pompous Spanish etiquette and of piteous inability to recognize facts made the American captain hesitate between anger and amusement. But good-nature and the sense of humor prevailed, and word was sent to the Governor that the captain or some officer representing him would call on the following day. The next morning Lieutenant Braunersreuther went ashore with only four sailors, but with two Oregon companies and fifty marines in the background making ready to follow. Before the soldiers and marines could be landed, however—a some-

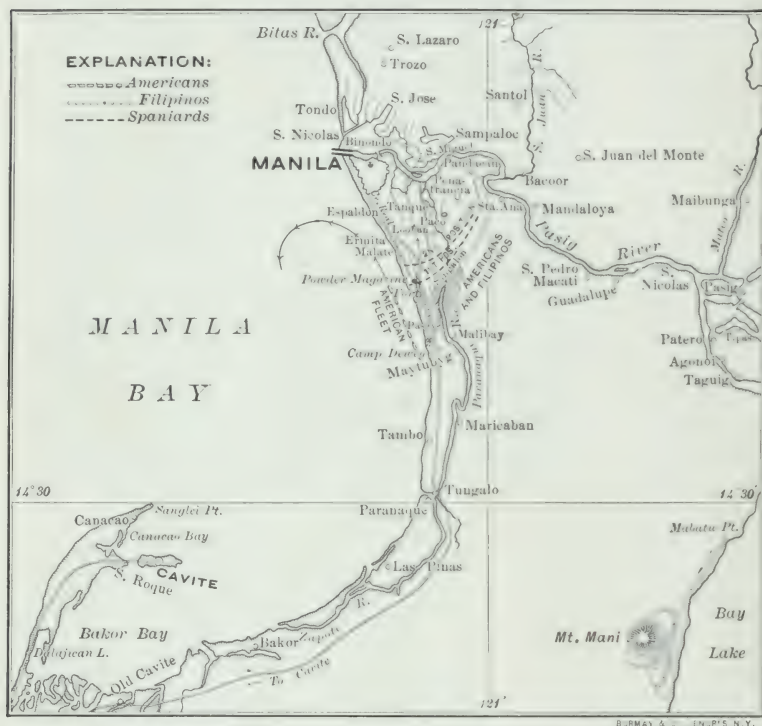
what slow piece of work — Lieutenant Braunersreuther appeared, his task completed, and the Spanish Governor and his staff prisoners in the whale-boat. The poor Spaniards had faced the inevitable, and bowed to the inexorable argument of an overwhelming force. The Governor had written an order to the commandant of the troops to bring them down and surrender them, had then penned a

new masters. The ceremony done, the practical work which the flag symbolized was soon finished. At four o'clock the two companies, one of Spanish regulars and one of native Chamorros, came down to the boat-house, where Lieutenant Braunersreuther, backed by his bluejackets and forty marines, received the surrender. The Spanish troops were all disarmed, the regulars were taken on board

the ships as prisoners, and the Chamorros, perfectly overjoyed at the overthrow of Spain, as is the case with all who have called Spain master, were left behind. The little play, in which comedy and tragedy had mingled closely, was over. The moss-grown, picturesque old Spanish forts, the slender garrison, the whole civil government of Spain, had passed into the power of the United States. There were scenes which seemed to recall the fantastic conceptions of comic opera, and bring

only laughter to the onlookers. Yet behind the absurdity was the pathos of the helpless, yielding Spaniards, and the stern historic fact that the first possession in the Pacific which Magellan had given to the Spain that dominated and frightened Europe had passed away forever from the Spain which had ceased to rule, and become a part of the Western republic, whose very existence depended on the denial of all that Charles V. and Philip II. represented among men.

On June 22 the *Charleston* steamed away with her prisoners, followed by the transports. In the early afternoon of Tuesday, June 28, they were off Cape



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

melancholy letter to his wife, and in deep dejection had followed his captors to the *Charleston*. After they had been assigned to quarters Captain Glass went ashore and inspected Fort Santa Cruz, and then on the southeast corner of the terre-plein the flag was hoisted. As it climbed slowly to the top of the staff the national salute rang out, gun after gun, from the cruiser, and the air was filled as the crash of the reports died away in echoes with the music of the regimental bands on the troop-ships. Then all was done, and the flag which had risen first on the distant Atlantic coast floated out before the afternoon breeze of these remote islands which were henceforth to know



THE ADVANCE TOWARD MANILA.

The First Colorado Regiment marching along the beach and in the water.



THE "MONTEREY" IN ACTION.

Engano, and in a short time were joined by the *Baltimore*, sent out to meet them. Two days more and they were running into Manila Bay. As they passed Corregidor three German vessels were lying near by, and the *Kaiserin Augusta*, a large armored cruiser, got up steam and followed close to the *Australia*, hung to her until the flag-ship was reached, and then broke out the American flag and saluted. The whole movement was offensive, and to be offensive without doing anything to support it is not only ill-bred, but stupid. So the performance of the *Kaiserin Augusta* went down in the American books charged to the German account, and the ships went on. Before them lay the French ships, sulky and suspicious, the Japanese, the trim black English ships, with the "old red ensign" looking very friendly and very welcome to the American troop-ships. And then came the ships flying the flag they loved, and which they had come so far to serve. There was the victor fleet near together off Cavite, and salutes rang out from the *Olympia* and the *Charleston*. Support had come at last, and Dewey had a new cruiser and troops of the United States at his back. It must have been a great relief to feel that the long separation from home was over,

and that the *Pekin* and her consorts were but the first in a long line of re-enforcements now fairly started from the United States. The moral effect of the arrival of General Anderson and his troops was great, although in actual numbers the force was a small one, but it was put to immediate use. The soldiers were quickly landed and established at Cavite, which had been in American possession since the battle of May 1. Then the admiral faced the situation again. There was still the hostility of the European powers to be met. German enmity was still shown in a way which bordered on intolerable insolence. The American troops had been barely a week in their new quarters when Admiral Dewey was obliged to drive the *Irene* from Subig Bay and stop German interference at that point with the insurgents. On the other hand were the insurgents themselves, massed round Manila, and inflated by the victories won and the prisoners captured from outlying Spanish forces. It was the 15th of July when Aguinaldo, destitute of either loyalty or gratitude, forgetting the hand which had raised him up, and swelling with a sense of his own importance, felt it necessary to establish a government, of which he duly apprised Admiral Dewey. The govern-

ment consisted simply of himself as dictator, but he showed his Latin blood by accompanying the fact of his own dictatorship with high-sounding proclamations, and a constitution in many paragraphs, which he apparently made himself, and which was therefore certainly new, and to him probably satisfactory. The cloud of words which he emitted was of little moment, but the fact of his dictatorship and his assumption of autocratic power added to the perils of the situation. Altogether the conditions were menacing enough. In the front was Spain, an open and public enemy, comparatively easy to deal with. On either hand were the war-ships of unfriendly powers watching sullenly and eagerly for an error, for a sign of weakness, for the least excuse for interference. All around Manila were the insurgents, supporters in theory, but untrustworthy, treacherously led, and capable at any moment of actions which might endanger our relations with other powers, or of intriguing with those same powers against us.

So the days dragged by, the admiral cool, firm, and vigilant, always ready, and making no mistakes, and then, two days after Aguinaldo's announcement of his own greatness, came a great and signal relief. On July 17 the second expedition, under General Greene, which had left San Francisco on June 25, arrived. General Greene came on the *China*, and the three other transports, the *Senator*, *Colon*, and *Zealandia*, came in soon after. They brought the First Nebraska, the First Colorado, the Tenth Pennsylvania, and the Utah artillery—all volunteers—eight companies of regulars, and a detachment of engineers, in all 158 officers and 3428 enlisted men. This raised

the total force at Manila to more than 6000 men, and greatly strengthened the American position. The net about the Spaniards holding the Philippine capital was beginning to draw tighter.

This second expedition had stopped at Wake Island—a barren sand strip, but with possible value for future cables—had then looked in at Guam, and now, on a peaceful Sunday, rapidly disembarked on



WESLEY MERRITT.

the shores of Manila Bay. Thus re-enforced, the American troops were moved forward, and the camp established between the beach and the Manila road, about two miles from Malate. This brought the lines very near the Spaniards and the Malate fort. There was a false alarm one night, produced by some Spanish shots at the insurgents, but, on the whole, the Spaniards kept quiet enough,

having a proper respect, no doubt, for the war-ships frowning upon them from a very reasonable range. But events were moving faster now than in the long dreary time which followed the battle of May 1. The second expedition had scarcely had time to settle down in their camps when, on July 25, General Merritt, one of the most distinguished officers in the army, arrived on the *Newport*. To him had been confided the command of all the American forces in the Philippines—both those already there and those which were still to come. He had intended to bring with him the third expedition, but, impatient of delay, had sailed with his staff on the *Newport* on June 27, and pushed on alone at the highest speed attainable. When he arrived he found General Anderson with headquarters at Cavite, and some troops holding the town, and General Greene encamped with his brigade near Paranaque. On the north flank General Greene was within 3200 yards of the outer defences of Manila, which ran from old Fort San Antonio south of the Malate suburb, with more or less detached forts to the eastward, and to the swamps on the Spanish left. The queer feature of the situation was that between our lines and those of the Spaniards the insurgents, who had established scattered posts all about the city, had intrenched themselves within 800 yards of the old powder-magazine fort. Thus in the direct line of the American advance lay the forces of their would-be allies. In order to make that advance it was necessary to get this intervening line out of the way. General Merritt, as clear on this point as Admiral Dewey, was wisely determined that he would recognize the insurgents in no way which could possibly involve the government of the United States. He was equally determined that he would have no military operations which depended in any degree upon them, and no joint military movements, the difficulties and perils of which he plainly foresaw. He therefore opened no communications with Aguinaldo, who had now reached such a point of pompous self-importance that he had not come to see the American commander-in-chief upon the latter's arrival. This made it all the easier for General Merritt to ignore him, which was desirable, but did not clear the insurgent line away from the American front. The

difficulty was solved by General Greene's inducing the insurgent brigade commander to move to the right, which did not commit us to anything, and gave us what we wanted—an unobstructed control of the roads necessary for the forward movement. With this point gained, General Greene, on July 29, advanced and took possession of the insurgent trenches with a battalion of regulars, another from the Colorado regiment, and a portion of the Utah battery. Finding the trenches weak and of bad construction, General Greene ordered another line constructed 100 yards farther to the front, which was rapidly done during the night by the Colorado men. The line of intrenchments was short, not more than 270 yards in length, and on the right was protected only by some scattered barricades of the insurgents. Facing it, at close quarters now, were the stone fort, heavy intrenchments with seven guns, a block-house which flanked the Americans on the right—all manned by regular soldiers, with abundant reserves in the city near at hand. The position was by no means a safe one, and the Spaniards, disturbed by the American advance, now beginning to press upon them, undertook to break up the intrenchments before they should be further strengthened or extended, and drive their approaching enemies back. They had kept up a desultory firing upon our lines, as they had done with the insurgents, but it had been entirely harmless, and so long as our men kept under cover the bullets had spent themselves vainly against the earth-works, or flown high and wide through the air. On the night of July 31, however, a serious and concerted effort was made to force our lines back. The night was intensely dark, a tropical storm was raging, and the rain was falling in torrents. In the blackness and noise of the storm it was almost impossible to know just what happened. The Tenth Pennsylvania were in the trenches, and when the Spanish fire increased in volume they began to reply to it, exposing themselves in doing so. Then their outposts came in with a report of a Spanish advance, and although the outposts of regulars staid where they were through the night, there can be little doubt that the enemy came forward, and also tried to flank us from the block-house and on our exposed right. No circumstances



RESISTANCE FROM THE HOUSES IN MALATE.
Volunteers from the First California in conflict with the resistants.



AFTERNOON ON THE LUNETTA, NORTH OF THE ERMITA SUBURB OF MANILA.

The American troops advanced under fire through the Luneta to the walls of Manila.

could be imagined more trying for new troops, with an unseen enemy firing heavily, an utter impossibility of seeing or hearing anything, and a welter of confusion caused by storm and darkness. But the Pennsylvanians fired vigorously, and their reserves, brought up through the zone of fire in rear of the firing-line, suffered not a little. The Utah and regular artillery stood their ground undisturbed, served their guns steadily and efficiently, and held the Spaniards in check. Nothing could have been better than their behavior. General Greene, informed of what was occurring by some excited and not over-accurate messengers, sent forward to the trenches the California regiment and the Third Artillery, supported by the First Colorado, who were to stop just out of range. The Californians and the artillery suffered in crossing the open ground in rear of the trenches, but went steadily forward, and by the time they reached the firing-line the Spanish fire was slackening and the attack had been repulsed. The firing, which soon after ceased, was renewed in the morning about nine o'clock, but was

without effect. In this night assault the American loss reached 10 killed and 43 wounded, but despite the most trying conditions, after the first excitement and confusion our men stood their ground coolly; and the heavy fire of the infantry, and especially of the Utah and regular artillery, proved too much for the Spaniards, whose attempt failed completely. Many Spanish dead and wounded were carried into Manila, but what their actual loss was it is impossible to determine, as even their wild official reports are lacking in this instance.

The Americans not only held their line, but General Greene, feeling that the right flank could no longer be left as it was, weak and exposed, opened a new line of trenches, which was rapidly extended for 1200 yards from the bay to the Pasay road. This was a strong line and well protected on both flanks, but the work both of making the trenches and of holding them was severe in the extreme. The incessant rain washed away the parapets, which could only be sustained by bags of earth. In the trenches themselves there was two feet of water, but the men worked



PUERTA REAL, OR THE KING'S GATE—IN THE OLD WALL OF MANILA.

away effectively and rapidly without complaint. They had also, as an accompaniment to their labors, constant firing from the Spanish lines. Sometimes it was heavy and concerted. At other times it was desultory, but any man working in the trenches who showed his head above the parapet was likely to be shot. When the firing became heavy the Utah battery would reply; and if it was thought that the Spaniards were coming out, the infantry would join in. The heaviest firing came on August 5, when the Spaniards opened at seven o'clock and kept it up until ten, and the Americans replied vigorously and effectively. Our loss was 3 killed and 7 wounded, but beyond this the whole of the Spanish firing was utterly futile. It was their approved method of conducting war in Cuba, and, as it now seemed, everywhere else; but although it had no results, and was pitifully useless as a substitute for fighting, it was none the less annoying to men in trenches who were not yet ready to advance, because the commanders meant to take the city, if possible, without regular assault. So it was decided to put a stop to the Spanish firing, and word was sent, on August 7,

that if there was not an end to it the ships would bombard. Thereupon silence fell upon the Spanish lines, and no more shots were fired in the American direction until the general and final advance began, a week later.

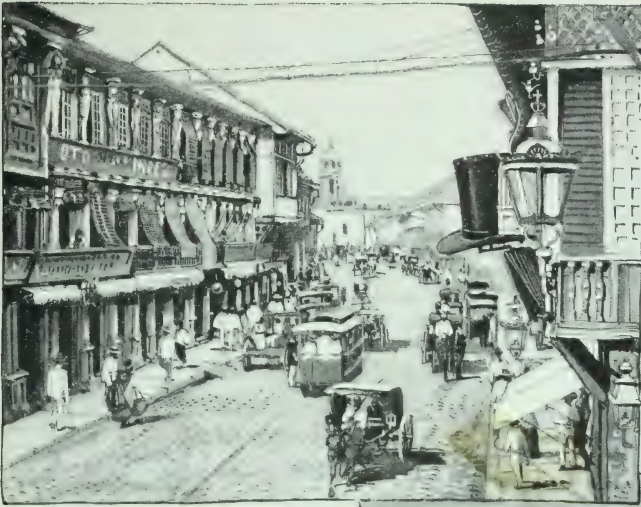
At no time would the Spaniards have failed to comply with any reasonable request backed by a suggestion of bombardment, but now the threat had a deeper meaning than ever before. The third expedition, which followed General Merritt, arrived on July 31, the day of the fight at Malate, and brought nearly 5000 officers and men—a powerful reinforcement. But the arrival which was most impressive, and which at once changed the situation in a very important manner, occurred on August 4. The new-comer was eagerly expected, and every American was on the lookout for the arrival which meant so much. Officers in the yard of the arsenal at Cavite heard the men on the walls cry out: "There she comes!" "There's the *Monterey*!" Hastily climbing up, they looked forth toward the harbor entrance, and it was true—there indeed was the *Monterey*. Leaving San Diego on June 11, she had toiled

across the Pacific slowly, not being built for such wide seafaring, and here she was at last, safe and sound. Lying low in the water, she was not very fair to see; but she was clad in armor, and four 12-inch guns looked out from her turrets—altogether a very formidable ship for the smooth waters of Manila Bay. To Admiral Dewey, facing armored ships with nothing but unarmored cruisers, and quite prepared to give a good account of himself against any odds, the coming of the *Monterey* was worth many regiments, and the balance of naval power began to come down toward his side. The meaning of the *Monterey* was easily understood—and by others than the Americans. The morning after her arrival officers looking at the line of foreign war-ships thought there had been some change. They counted, and found that in truth there had been a change, for one or two of them had slipped off in the night. So they gradually departed until only a proper force for observation remained, and the German squadron, with its interference and ill-concealed threats and insolence, was reduced to suitable proportions. The *Monterey* had demonstrated once more Nelson's famous saying—that his fighting-ships were the best negotiators in Europe.

With all danger of foreign meddling ended, with more than ten thousand soldiers on shore, and with the *Monterey* lying low and menacing alongside the American cruisers, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt felt that the time had come to bring matters to a conclusion and take possession of the city, which had been won on the 1st of May. On August 7 the American commanders notified the Spanish general-in-chief that after the expiration of forty-eight hours they might attack the defences of Manila, and that they sent the notice in order to enable non-combatants to leave the city. Augustin the truculent, the maker of the proclamation which described Dewey and his men as the "excrescences of civilization" who were about to cast down altars and carry off wives and virgins, had slipped away under orders from Madrid, it was said, when the decisive moment drew near, with German aid getting safely off, and leaving General Jaudenes to face the inevitable. That officer now replied to the American communication, expressing his thanks, but declaring that he was

unable, owing to the presence of the insurrectionary forces, to find a place of refuge for the women and children under his care. It was a manly letter, not without a note of pathos hidden under the polite and ceremonious words. His opponents were quite as anxious as he to avoid extremities if they could; and so, two days later, they again wrote to General Jaudenes, asking for the surrender of Manila. They pointed out the hopelessness of his situation, which made surrender consistent with honor, the useless sacrifice of life which an attack and bombardment would cause, and expressed the earnest desire to spare the women and children and the wounded from all the perils which might ensue. The Governor-General, who, it was reported, had been appointed because Augustin wanted to surrender unconditionally, replied with a refusal of the American demands, and then asked for time to consult his government. This General Merritt and Admiral Dewey very properly refused. Through the Belgian consul they sent a message that if the heavy batteries along the water-front kept silent, they would not shell the city, but Manila they meant to have. It was also clear that the Spaniards were really ready to surrender, but that their honor or their politics or something demanded a fight and a show of force. They so clung to shams and so shrank from realities that, although they meant to surrender, they were determined to have an attack made upon them; and the American general, equally determined to have an end to the business, ordered an attack on August 13.

The ships left their anchorage at Cavite early in the morning. As they got under way and the *Olympia* moved off, the English band on the *Immortalité* struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and then, as the battle-flags broke out on the fighting-fleet, the English band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and the cheers of the American seamen rang strong and clear across the water. As the American ships drew away, the English followed them a little farther out, and when they came to their old anchorage near the Pasig River, the French and Germans got under way too. The German flag-ship steamed down behind the *Concord*, so that a high shot from Manila aimed at the latter might easily have struck her, and thereupon the *Im-*



ESCOLTA.—MANILA.

mortalité came in between the German and the American, and stopped. The hint was not lost. The Germans and French remained near Manila, while the English and Japanese were grouped on the American side, and with this arrangement the closing act of the drama went forward.

It was after nine o'clock



THE PUENTE DE ESPAÑA. FROM THE CHURCH OF SANTO DOMINGO.



THE MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER. FROM THE CHURCH OF SANTO DOMINGO.

when the *Olympia*, followed by the *Petrel* and *Raleigh*, and with the *Callao* nearer in, opened on the Malate forts. For the first few minutes the shots fell short. Then the squalls of mist and rain passed away, the range, which was now seen to be erroneous, was readjusted, and what General Merritt called "a hot and accurate fire of heavy shells and rapid-fire projectiles" was poured upon the forts. The Utah battery also opened, and at half past ten the ships, on

signal, ceased firing, the infantry were let loose, and the skirmish-line of General Greene's brigade rushed into the powder-magazine fort and the trenches, which they found deserted. Up went the American flag, and as the troops went forward they were met by a second line of defence and a sharp fire. The Americans replied with volleys, subduing the Spanish fire, and then advanced steadily through the streets of Malate, with only some straggling shots from the direction of

Paco. Passing through Malate and then Ermita, they emerged on the open space at the Luneta, to see the white flag over the walled city. As General Greene rode forward under a heavy fire he came upon a thousand Spanish—those who had been shooting from the Paco road, but had now stopped. Detaining their commander, General Greene sent the Spanish soldiers into the walled city, and then halted his men in such a position that, if there were any more fighting, he might be in a position to rush the gates.

Meantime General MacArthur, advancing along the Pasay road, had encountered a sharper resistance and met with a more serious loss: for the Spaniards there, well out of range of the ships, made a better stand. After an artillery engagement which silenced two Spanish guns in the Spanish battery, and hearing the cheers of Greene's men on the left, the brigade advanced and had a sharp action at the village of Singalon, where the enemy vigorously defended a block-house. The ground was difficult and the advance slow; but the men were well handled and fought well, so that at the end of an hour and a half the Spanish, yielding before the steady pressure, retreated; the Americans followed, and, passing through the Paco district, entered the city.

In this advance of the two brigades upon the city General Greene lost 1 killed and 6 wounded, and General MacArthur 4 killed and 37 wounded. What loss their opponents suffered does not appear to have been ascertained or reported. But the price paid was not a heavy one for the great city which fell into the hands of the Americans and which the Spanish would not yield without an actual attack. It is obvious, from the figures, that the resistance was neither serious nor prolonged, and there is no doubt that it might have been both. The Spanish had 13,000 good troops, nearly all regulars, and 22,000 stands of arms. Their intrenchments, supported by block-houses and forts, were excellent and formidable, while in front of the old city and on the Luneta they are said to have had more than seventy heavy modern rifled guns. Here was abundant material for a desperate defence, which, if made, would have cost the Americans many lives and the utter destruction of the city.

No such defence was attempted, and the reasons are obvious. In the first place, the Spaniards had been deprived of any hope of final escape by the victory of May 1, and by the manner in which Admiral Dewey firmly held and controlled the bay, thus cutting them off from all prospect of assistance. In the second place, they were well aware that if they forced the final test the American fleet, now strengthened by the *Monterey*, would wreck and destroy the city, and that under those conditions the American troops could not be withstood. They might kill many of their foes, they would lose many themselves, and the end would always be the same. But there was another and still more convincing reason than any of these. The long years of tyranny, oppression, and torture were ready at last to exact their compensation. All about Manila were the insurgent bands, with bitter wrongs to avenge, half-civilized people raised now into very deadly activity by the coming of the new conqueror, and watching eagerly for the opportunity to settle certain long-outstanding accounts. These native people wanted to kill and plunder. A determined resistance meant a bombardment with a fierce assault by the American troops, and when they rushed in, there behind them, uncontrollable in the confusion of a stormed and shattered city, would come the insurgents, with pillage, bloodshed, and fire in their train. The Spaniards shrank from such a prospect, for they knew the insurgents, and they also knew what they had done to these people now in arms. The only escape was through the Americans, who would protect them and the city and curb the insurgents. So the white flag went up soon after the naval fire ceased, and then Lieutenant Brumby, representing the admiral, and Colonel Whittier, representing the general, went in and held a conference. General Greene went in also at the head of his troops, and General Merritt came ashore. They passed through the Plaza, crowded with Spanish soldiers, found General Jaudenes in a chapel of the cathedral, and there the capitulation was signed and the city surrendered. The Oregon troops, brought up by water from Cavite, landed through the surf and marched up the Luneta. While they were advancing, Lieutenant Brumby and his men hauled down the Spanish standard from the big flag-staff in front of the



THE CATHEDRAL, MANILA.

walls. As the great banner came down, the Americans were silent and the crowd looked on wondering, some of the Spaniards among them shedding tears. Then there rose in its place the flag brought from the *Olympia*. Up it went, and then broke out before the breeze, the sun coming through a rift in the clouds and shining bright upon it. The marching Oregon troops saw it, their cheers rang out, and their band sent the strains of "The Star-spangled Banner" floating down the promenade. The ships saw it too, and the national salute pealed out from the guns of the *Olympia*. The emblem of what had been done was at last in place. Meantime the realities were going on elsewhere in the surrendered city, where General Merritt, in the palace of a long line of Spanish governors, was taking possession of the treasure and the arms, and preparing the way for the government of Manila. Other realities were the

entrance of Greene's and MacArthur's men through streets lined with Spanish soldiers, neither sullen nor revengeful, but glad that it was all finished, and that the days of useless fighting and of wasted lives were over. Still other realities were the American troops posted at the bridges and approaches to the city, holding back the insurgents, forbidding their entrance entirely, determined that there should be no pillage, no slaughter, no burning, nothing to dim or sully the fine record which had run on without fleck or stain from the May day of the victory. It was all very simple. There was very little pomp and parade. The navy of the United States was master of the great bay. The soldiers of the United States—the highly trained regulars, the hardy volunteers from the States of the West and Northwest, where half a century ago was only wilderness—held the city. Their general was in the palace, their flag flut-

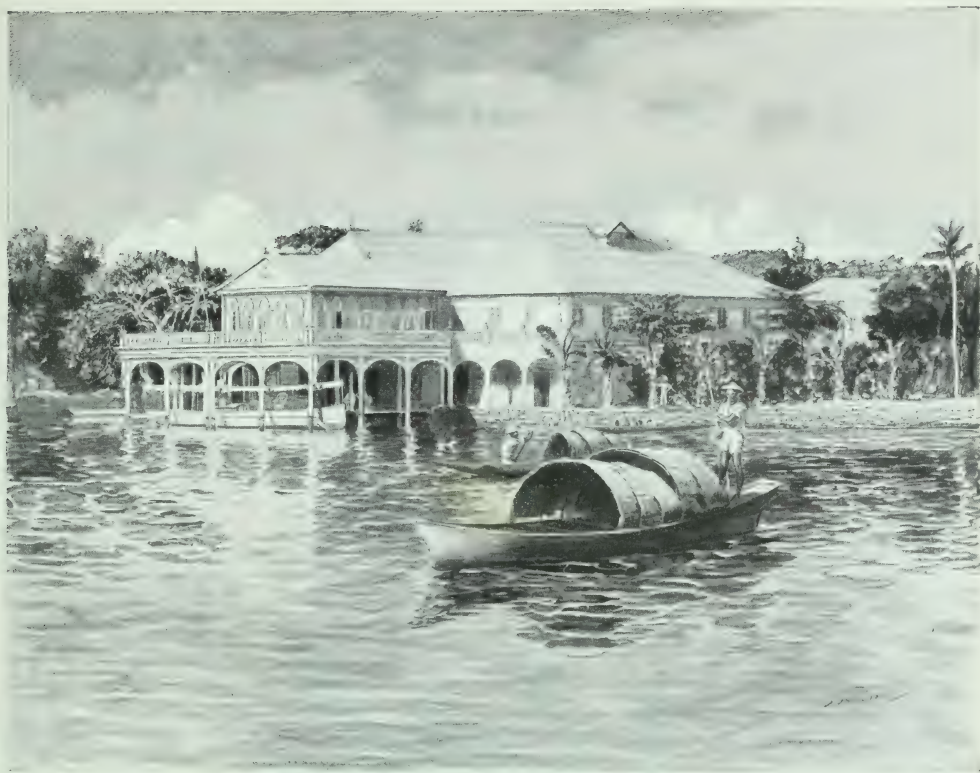
tered on the Luneta. That was all. Yet under the simple facts were many meanings. The empire which Magellan had found for Spain in the East had passed away forever. Unfit to rule, she had been expelled at last from the Western Hemisphere. Unfit to rule, the war, which she had drawn down upon her own head had driven her also from the East, and a new flag and a new power in their onward march had risen up in the Orient. The youngest of nations had come again to the edge of that marvellous region, the cradle of the race, whence the Aryans had moved westward so very long ago.

HOW PEACE CAME.

More fortunate than the generals and the troops in Puerto Rico, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, thanks to distance and a severed cable, were able to complete their work and set the final crown upon their labors by taking Manila before the order reached them to cease hostilities. That order, when it came, found them masters of the great Eastern city they had fought to win. In Puerto Rico the news stayed Schwan's cavalry in pursuit of the Spaniards, Brooke's gunners with the lanyards in their hands, and halted the other columns in their march over the island. In Cuba it saved Manzanillo, just falling before the guns of Goodrich and his little squadron, and checked the movements which were bringing port after port into American possession. It stopped also the departure of a fleet which, by its existence and intention, was a potent cause of the coming of peace. Even before the battle of the 3d of July the department at Washington was making ready to send a fleet consisting of the *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Yankee*, *Yosemite*, and *Dixie*, under Commodore Watson in the flag-ship *Newark*, direct to Spain, primarily to fight the fleet of Admiral Camara, which had wandered helplessly across the Mediterranean with vague outgivings about going to Manila, but which merely went through the Suez Canal, and then turned round and came back again. But after the battle of July 3 the preparations of Commodore Watson's squadron were pushed more energetically than ever, re-enforcements were prepared, and it was known that it was to cross the Atlantic in any event, and carry war to the very doors of Spain's coast cities. This fact was soon as well known

in Europe as in America. Presently it became clear that Watson's fleet was no pretence, but a very grim reality; that it was nearly in readiness; and finally that it was on the very eve of departure. What American ships and seamen could do had just been shown at Manila and Santiago, and there was no reason to suppose that they would be less effective on the Spanish coasts. Spain did not like the prospect, and some of her neighbors were as averse as she to the sound of American guns in the Mediterranean, not heard in those waters now for nearly a century. It would be something new, something which might disturb concerts and Bunds and other excellent arrangements, and must not be permitted. It became clear to the diplomatic mind that Spain must make peace, and make it at once, on any terms. Hence arose what is politely called pressure, although poor Spain did not need much pressing. The war which she had forced—no one knows exactly for what reason—for what she called her pride or her point of honor, had resulted in a series of rapid, crushing, and unbroken defeats. She had expected, perhaps, to make a stand, to win a fight, somewhere; but her whole system, her entire body politic, was rottener than any one dreamed, and the whole fabric went to pieces like an egg-shell when struck by the hand of a vigorous, enterprising enemy. Her sea power was shattered and entirely gone in the Pacific and in American waters. Manila Bay was in the hands of Dewey, and the surrender of the city waited only for his demand. Cuba could not be relieved; Santiago province was in American hands, and the rest of the island would go the same way as fast as the United States could land troops and capture ports. Puerto Rico was half gone, and the American columns were marching as rapidly as possible to complete conquest of the island. And then there in the background was Watson's fleet, very imminent now, and likely to be off Cadiz or Barcelona in a fortnight.

Clearly it was high time for peace, and on July 22 the Duke of Almodovar del Rio, Minister of State, transmitted through M. Cambon a letter to the President, asking if it were not possible to terminate hostilities, and confessing to the defeats which Spain had suffered, and the unequal character of the struggle in which she was



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL, MANILA.

engaged. This letter reached the President on July 26, and four days later Mr. Day, Secretary of State, made reply. He said that the President was anxious to end the war, and disposed to deal most generously with a brave adversary. He then laid down the American conditions, the preliminary acceptance of which was absolutely essential to any negotiations for a peace. These terms were—first, relinquishment by Spain of all claim of sovereignty over Cuba, and the immediate evacuation of that island; second—the President, in a spirit of generosity, not wishing to demand any pecuniary indemnity—the immediate cession to the United States of Puerto Rico, all other West Indian islands, and an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States; third, that the United States should hold and occupy the city and bay of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which should determine “the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.” On August 7 the Duke of Almodovar del Rio replied, ac-

cepting with many words, but still accepting, the first two conditions, and answering the third demand in a manner which might be taken as an acceptance or not, but which was evidently designed to open up discussion and controversy. But Mr. Day had had recently a thorough if brief schooling in Spanish diplomatic correspondence, and he had no idea of involving himself or his government in further debate of any kind. Spain was to accept our demands or war was to go on. The day of words, of phrases, and of language generally had passed away in the smoke of war, and now, if war was to cease, it was to be Yes or No. So, with admirable decision and great cleverness and ability, Mr. Day decided that the Spanish note was a plain acceptance of our terms, and nothing else. He accordingly wrote to M. Cambon, on August 10, to this effect, and added that any lack of explicitness in the Duke’s note being due, undoubtedly, to errors in transmission, or in the translation of the cipher, he proposed to end all doubts and

avoid all misunderstandings by inviting M. Cambon to sign, on behalf of Spain, a protocol embodying in precise terms the three demands of the letter of July 30, and three other articles providing for the

escape. Shams and falsehoods and large language were of no use here before the fact which could not be hidden any longer, and she authorized M. Cambon to sign the protocol. The signing took place at

Washington, on August 12, and hostilities ceased.

This was the practical end of active war, but it was only a truce or an armistice. The war was not ended or over, and could not be until a treaty was concluded. For this work, under the provisions of the protocol, the President appointed Mr. Day, who resigned the Secretaryship of State, Senator Davis of Minnesota, Senator Frye of Maine, Senator Gray of Delaware, and the Honorable White law Reid commissioners on the part of the United States, to negotiate a treaty of peace at Paris. The Spanish government appointed a like commission, headed by Don Eugenio Montero Rios, the President of the Senate, and a very learned and able lawyer of high distinction. The commissioners of both governments met in Paris on October 1, and exchanged their powers. The nego-

tiations then began, and lasted until December 10, when the treaty was signed. The Spaniards struggled hard and resisted stoutly. All Europe was with them in sympathy, and especially France and Germany. The Americans were doing their work in a hostile atmosphere, with no friendly nation near except England, and they did it in a way which added another triumph to the annals of



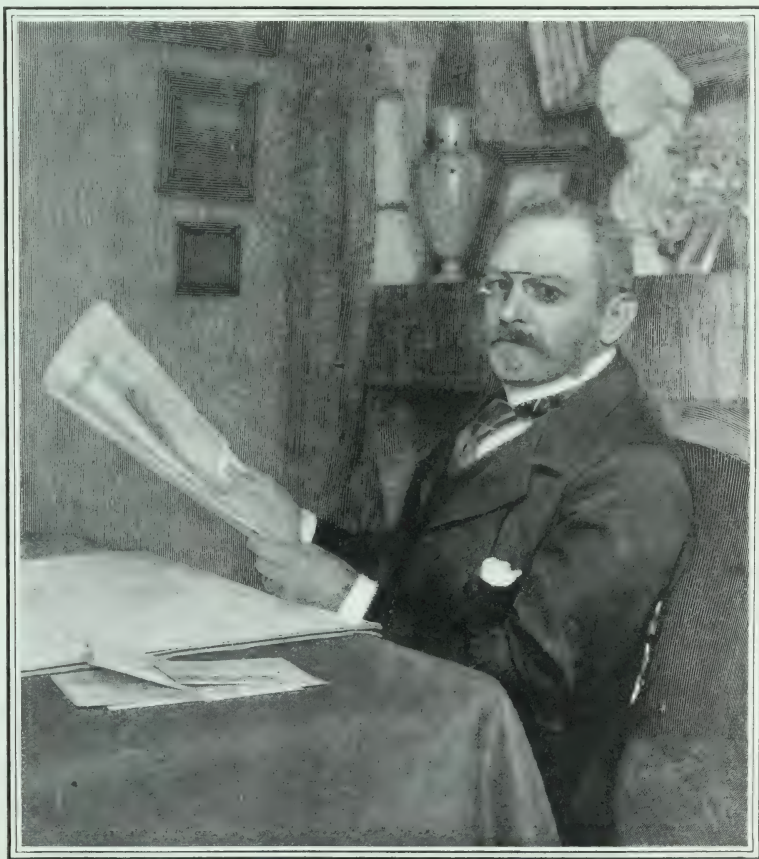
ELWELL S. OTIS.

Major-General in command of the American forces in the Philippines.

method of evacuating Cuba and Puerto Rico, for the appointment of commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace, and for the cessation of hostilities on the signing of the protocol. No room any more for explanations and notes and arguments. War or the protocol, that was the choice. Spain at last had been brought, by her refusal to admit truth, face to face with an ugly reality from which there was no es-

American diplomacy. They were all men of the highest distinction, of experience, and tried ability, and they not only met the Spanish arguments strongly and thoroughly, but they conducted their difficult task without stumbling or error. There was a contest over the Cuban and other debts, which called forth much discussion, and a most successful parrying of all the Spanish efforts to secure for those debts some recognition or some acceptance by the United States. There was also discussion on some minor points, but the question upon which the real conflict turned, and which soon overshadowed everything else, was the Philippines. Dewey's victory had come with the shock of a great surprise as well as the splendor of a great glory. No one had dreamed that the war meant the entrance of the United States into the Orient. But there the flag was, there it fluttered victorious, and the stream of events, so much more powerful than human plannings when they are the outcome of world forces, moved relentlessly on. Dewey must be supported and relieved. So a ship and some troops went to him. Then it was clear that they were inadequate, and more ships and more troops followed across the Pacific. They could not be there for nothing. Manila must be taken, and so it was taken before news of the protocol could reach that distant place with its cut cable. Hostilities ceased, and we held Manila in our grasp. No one would have consented to give up that city and its noble harbor

—the prize and pearl of the East. But if we were to retain Manila, the scene of Dewey's victory, which the American people would never surrender, were we to hold it alone and nothing else, surrounded by territory in other hands, with all the burdens and perils which such a situation implied? We must hold Manila, and if Manila, then the only possible thing was to hold the island of Luzon as well. That was as far as the President or the mass of the American people had gone when the commissioners sailed for Paris in September. Some members of the commission were utterly opposed to the retention of the Philippines or any considerable portion of any one of them. But when they settled down to work, when the inexorable demand for action came upon them, when they could no longer speculate upon possibilities without responsibility, as their fellow-citizens at home could do, then the question broadened and deepened,



JULES CAMBON.

The French ambassador, who signed the protocol on behalf of Spain.



William R. Day,
President of the American Commission

THE PEACE COMMISSION—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

Eugenio Montero Rios,
President of the Spanish Commission.

and began to settle itself and burn away all doubts, as great questions have a way of doing. The stream of events was running on in the same inevitable fashion. Those who had rejoiced in the rush of the current and those who tried to stem it alike went with it. The forces which had been let loose by the Spanish war were world forces, and they presented their arguments with the grim silence and the unforgiving certainty of fate. Will you go away and leave the Filipinos to Spain, they asked, leave them to a tyranny and oppression tenfold worse than that in Cuba which carried you into the war? Clearly impossible. Will you force Spain out of the islands, and then, having destroyed the only government and the only sovereignty which has ever existed there, will you depart yourselves and leave the islands to anarchy and bloodshed, to sanguinary dictatorship, and to the quick seizure of European powers and a possible world-wide war over the spoils? Again clearly impossible. Again no thoroughfare. Again a proposition which no strong, high-spirited people could entertain. Will you, then, call in the other powers of the earth to help you settle the question of these islands, determine their destiny, and establish a government for their people? Once more, no. Such a solution is incompatible with decent pride and honest self-respect, and could lead only to mischief and confusion, to wars and rumors of wars. What, then, will you do? Is there aught you can do but replace the sovereignty you have dashed down, and with your own sovereignty meet the responsibilities which have come to you in the evolution of the time, and take yourselves the islands you have won? Quite clearly now the answer comes that no other course is possible. The American commissioners heard in all this, as the great master of music heard in the first bars of his immortal symphony, "the hand of fate knocking at the door." Some of them had always believed in this outcome, some had not, but all became absolutely convinced that there was but one road possible, and so they demanded all the Philippines from Spain, and made the demand an ultimatum. The Spaniards struggled hard. They disputed our right to make the demand under the terms of the protocol; they argued and resisted; they threatened to break off the negotiations; and then they yielded, because they

could do nothing else. This done, the treaty was soon made, and it was an admirable instrument, a masterpiece in every respect. No loop-hole was left for any claim for debts or aught else; no words could be found which could be strained to bind the United States in any way in the future. The American commissioners came home with a triumphant treaty, a very fit result of an entirely victorious war.

Much dispute and opposition has arisen among people successful in war in times past, and will arise again, over treaties of peace, but such opposition has always proceeded on the ground that the victor nation received too little. The treaty of the United States with Spain, signed in Paris on December 10, 1898, has the unique distinction of having excited opposition and attack among the victors because it secured too much and was too triumphant. An organization called by the strange name of the Anti-Imperialist League was formed in the Eastern States. Some men who had once been eminent in politics gave their names to its support, and others who felt that they ought to be eminent in politics gave their services. A vigorous crusade was begun, but the popular response in the way of the easily signed petition was surprisingly small, for the good sense of the American people made two points clear to them. One was that a peace treaty ought to be ratified, the other that they had won these new possessions, and had no doubt that they could trust themselves to deal with them honestly, ably, and for their own truest and best interests, as well as those of the people of all the islands. A failure in the field of popular discussion before the people and in the newspapers, the fight against the treaty was transferred to the Senate of the United States.

The constitutional provision which requires a vote of two-thirds of the Senate to ratify a treaty simplifies the work of opposition to ratification. It seemed incredible at first that a treaty of peace could possibly be defeated. Party lines were not drawn on the question, and it was at first supposed that resistance to the ratification of the treaty would be confined to a very few Senators, who had been opposed to the movement in favor of the Cubans, as well as to the entrance into war, and were now consistently opposed to its results. But as time went on the necessities

of factions in the Democratic party developed an opposition which included a majority of the Democratic Senators, and this made the minority formidably large—nearly one-third of the Senate, if not in excess of it. It is not needful to trace in detail the course of the debate, which from the side of opposition proceeded on three lines—lack of constitutional power to acquire and hold the Philippines, the violation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence involved in doing so, and sympathy and admiration for the Filipinos, feelings as profound as they were rapid in growth. The friends of ratification took the very simple ground that the treaty committed the United States to no policy, but left it free to do exactly as seemed best with all the islands, that the American people could be safely intrusted with this grave responsibility, and that patriotism and common-sense alike demanded the end of war and the re-establishment of peace, which could only be effected by the adoption of the treaty. The contest was earnest and bitter, the canvass energetic to a degree never seen in the Senate, and the result close. When the Senate went into executive session on Monday, February 6, with the time for the vote fixed for three o'clock, the treaty had only 58 sure votes, 60 being needed for ratification; the opposition had 29 sure votes, and the remaining 3 were doubtful. At half past two one of the doubtful voters was declared to be for the treaty, making 59. Just before three o'clock another vote was promised, and the third doubtful vote was given to the treaty after the roll had been called. The final vote stood 57 to 27—including the pairs, 61 to 29, just two-thirds and one vote to spare. Opinion as to the outcome had fluctuated, even among those best informed, down to the last moment. Yet as one looks back when all is done, it seems clear that no other result was possible. The responsibility which had come to the American people with the flash of Dewey's guns on May 1 could not be avoided, and the American people were too strong, too high-spirited, too confident, to run away from it. The hand of fate was knocking at the door of the Senate as it had knocked at the door of the American commissioners in Paris. To that knock all doors fly open, and to the stern visitant without but one answer could be given.

Nothing remained after the end of the conflict in the Senate but the exchange of ratifications, which took place on the 11th of April, 1899, and so the war ended. Its causes lie far back in the history and character of nations. Its immediate results were as striking as they were important and full of meaning. What the more distant outcome of these results will be in the future years no man can tell. We can only say with certainty that they will be far-reaching and momentous. The war was brief, but it served to let loose forces which had long been gathering strength, and to complete movements which had been going on for centuries. For three hundred years the conflict between the English-speaking people on the one side, and the French and Spanish on the other, for the control of the New World had been in progress. France went down in 1760; the last vestige of Spanish power was swept away by the war of 1898. The result was inevitable, and the English-speaking people owned at last one-half of the New World, and had shut out Europe from all control in the other half or in the great islands of the West Indies.* Thus was the immediate object and purpose of the war achieved in fulfilment of the irrepressible conflict of centuries between races, systems, and beliefs inherently antagonistic. But war is a fire, and when it begins no one can tell where it will stop or what it will burn away. The only thing we can be quite sure of is that war, once entered upon, cannot be limited, and may produce results of which no man dreamed at the outset. This war, merely as such, was not only short, but was far from being a large or extensive one. Yet it suddenly made clear many things not realized before, and brought forth unimagined results. For thirty years the people of the United States had been binding up the wounds and trying to efface the scars of their great and terrible civil war. They knew that they had done much, they felt that the old passions had softened and were dying. The war came, and in the twinkling of an eye, in a flash of burning, living light, they suddenly saw that the long task was done, that the land was really one again without rent or seam, and men rejoiced mightily in their hearts with

* The remaining Danish, Dutch, and French possessions are too small to constitute an exception to the general proposition.

this knowledge which the new war had brought.

For thirty years the people of the United States had been absorbed in the development of their great heritage. They had been finishing the conquest of their continent, and binding all parts of it together with the tracks and highways of commerce. Once this work was complete, it was certain that the virile, ambitious, enterprising race which had done it would look abroad beyond their boundaries and seek to guard and extend their interests in other parts of the world. The work was done, but they did not realize it. Even the Venezuela intervention, a pure manifestation of the new spirit and the new time, did not make it clear to them. Then the war note rang through the land, and with dazzled eyes at first, and then with ever clearer and steadier gaze, they saw that in the years of isolation and self-absorption they had built up a great world power, that they must return to the ocean which they had temporarily abandoned, and have their share in the trade of every country and the commerce of every sea. Suddenly came the awakening to the great fact that they had founded an empire on their western coast, that they held one side of the Pacific, and could not longer be indifferent to the fate of the other side in the remote East. Now they read with instructed vision the prophecy of Seward, which foretold that the future course of trade and empire would lie in the Pacific. They knew at last that the stream of Eastern trade, which for centuries had flowed to the West, building up great cities and enriching nations as it passed from Byzantium to Venice, from Venice to Portugal, and from Portugal to Holland and to London, was now to be divided, and in part at least to pour eastward over the Pacific. Now men saw that the long connection, ever growing closer, with the Hawaiian Islands had not been chance; that the culmination of the annexation movement in the very year of the Spanish war was not accident, but that it all came from the instinct of the race, which paused in California only to learn that its course was still westward, and that Americans, and no one else, must be masters of the cross-roads of the Pacific.

But while the United States had moved

so slowly for half a century toward Hawaii, the work of one May morning carried it on to the Philippines and made it an Eastern power. Whatever the final disposition of the islands, whether we hold and govern much or little, our flag is there, our footing has been made, and in the East we shall remain, because we are entitled to and will surely have, our share of the great commerce with the millions of China, from which we shall refuse to be shut out.

One other great result of the war, like the last a world result. We found in the trial of war who were our enemies in Europe, and we saw that they were many. We also found who our friend was, not as a matter of sentiment or community of speech and thought, but on the firm and solid ground of common interests. In the brief crash of the short-lived Spanish war the English-speaking people came together. In the light of those eager, hurrying days we saw that the English fleets made any attack on Dewey, even by combined Europe, impossible; and England saw that so long as the United States was her friend her base on the Atlantic was secure, her food-supply safe, and that all Europe in arms could not harm her. Very plain also did it become to all men that in the East, where England had been so long, and where we had just entered, the interests of both nations were identical in preserving China for equal trade to all.

All these things the war made clear and certain. What these new conditions may come to mean in the future no one now can safely say. But if that future is to bring the struggle which many men peering into the darkness foresee—a conflict between the Slav and so much of Europe as he can drag with him on the one side, and the English-speaking man on the other; between the military socialism of Russia and Germany and the individualism and freedom of the United States and England; between the power of the land and the sea power—then the future historian will date the opening of this new epoch and of this mighty conflict, at once economic and social, military and naval, from the war of 1898, which in three months overthrew the empire of Spain in the Antilles and the Philippines.

THE END.

BREATH ON THE OAT.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

FREE are the Muses, and where Freedom is
They follow, as the thrushes follow spring,
Leaving the old lands songless there behind:
Parnassus disenchanted suns its woods,
Empty of every nymph; for they have flown,
And now on new Sierras think to set
Their wandering court and thrill the world anew
Where the Republic babbling waits its speech,
And but the prelude of its mighty song
As yet has sounded. Therefore would I woo
Apollo to the land I love; 'tis vain:
Unknown he spies on us; and if my verse
Ring not the empyrean round and round,
'Tis that the feeble oat is few of stops.
The noble theme awaits its nobler bard.
Then how all air will quire to it, and all
The great dead listen, America!—For lo,
Diana of the nations hath she lived
Remote, and hoarding her own happiness
In her own land, the land that seemed her first
An exile, where her bark was cast away,
Till maiden grew the backward-hearted child,
And on that sea whose waves were memories
Turned her young shoulder, looked with steadfast eyes
Upon her wilderness, her woods, her streams:
Inland she ran, and gathering virgin joy
Followed her shafts afar from humankind.
And if sometimes her isolation drooped
And yearning woke in her, she put it forth
With a high boast and with a sick disdain;
Actæons fleeing, into antlers branched
The floating tresses of her fancy, and far
Her arrows smote them with a bleeding laugh.
O vain and virgin, O the fool of love!
Lo now, her children gather round her knee.
For stricken by her path lay one that vexed
Her maiden calm; she reached a petulant hand;
Hated humanity thronged her, not uncalled.
The two-edged sword, how came it in her hand?
The sword that slays the holder if he withhold,
That none can take, or having taken drop,
The sword is in thy hand, America!
The wrath of God, that fillets thee with lightnings,
America! Strike then: the sword departs.
Ah God, once more may men crown evil days
With glorious death, upholding a great cause!
I deemed it fable: not of them am I:
Yet if they loved thee on the loud May-day
Who with exultant thunder wreathed the Flag,
With thunder and with victory,—if they
Who on the third most glorious of our Fourths
Along the seaboard mountains swept, a storm
Triumphant, strewing far the wrecks of Spain,—

And they who up the Cuban jungles charged
 And won, unordered save of challenging death,—
 If these thy sons have loved thee, and have set
 Santiago and Manila like new stars
 Crowding thy field of blue, and terror perched
 Like eagles on thy banners, O not less
 I love thee, who but prattle in the prime
 Of thrushes, and trout-lilies, and young eyes,
 Thine also, weaving sonnet-nets to catch,
 Uncaptured and unflying, the wings of song.

TRANSITIONAL.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

I.

THE day came when old Daniel Peyser could no longer withstand his wife's desire for a wider social sphere and a horizon blacker with advancing bachelors. For there were seven daughters, and not a man to the pack. Indeed, there had been only one marriage in the whole Portsmouth congregation during the last five years, and the Christian papers had had reports of the novel ceremony, with the ritual bathing of the bride and the breaking of the glass under the bridegroom's heel. To Mrs. Peyser, brought up amid the facile pairing of the Russian pale, this congestion of celibacy approached immorality.

Portsmouth with its careless soldiers and sailors might be an excellent town for pawnbroking, especially when one was not too punctiliously acceptant of the ethics of the heathen, but as a market for maidens—even with dowries and pretty faces—it was hopeless. But it was not wholly as an emporium for bachelors that London appealed. It was the natural goal of the provincial Jew, the reward of his industry. The best people had all drifted to the mighty magic city, whose fascination survived even cheap excursions to it.

Would father deny that they had now made enough to warrant that migration? No, father would not deny it. Ever since he had left Germany as a boy he had been saving money, and his surplus he had shrewdly invested in the neighboring soil of Southsea, fast growing into a watering-place. Even allowing three thousand pounds for each daughter's dowry, he would still have a goodly estate.

Was there any social reason why they should not cut as great a dash as the Benjamins or the Rosenweilers? No, father would not deny that his girls were prettier and more polished than the daughters of these pioneers, especially when six of them crowded around the stern granite figure, arguing, imploring, cajoling, kissing.

"But I don't see why we should waste the money," he urged, with the cautious instincts of early poverty.

"Waste!" and the pretty lips made reproachful "Oh's!"

"Yes, waste!" he retorted. "In India one treads on diamonds and gold, but in London the land one treads on costs diamonds and gold."

"But are we never to have a grandson?" cried Mrs. Peyser.

The Indian item was left unquestioned, so that little Schnapsie, whose childish imagination was greatly impressed by these eventful family debates, had for years a vivid picture of picking her way with bare feet over sharp-pointed diamonds and pebbly gold. Indeed, long after she had learned to wonder at her father's naïve geography the word "India" always shone for her with barbaric splendor.

Environed by so much persistent femininity, the rugged elderly toiler was at last nagged into accepting a leisured life in London.

II.

And so the family spread its wings joyfully and migrated to the wonder-town. Only its head and tail—old Daniel and little Schnapsie—felt the least sentiment for the things left behind. Old Daniel left the dingy synagogue to whose presi-

dency he had mounted with the fattening of his purse, and in which he bought for himself, or those he delighted to honor, the choicest privileges of ark-opening or scroll-bearing; left the cronies who dropped in to play "Klobbiyos" on Sunday afternoons; left the bustling lucrative Saturday nights in the shop when the heathen housewives came to redeem their Sabbath finery.

And little Schnapsie—who was only eleven, and not keen about husbands—left the twinkling tarry harbor, with its heroic hulks and modern men-of-war, amid which the half-penny steamer plied; left the great waves that smashed on the pebbly beach, and the friendly moon that threw shimmering paths across their tranquillity; left the narrow lively streets in which she had played, and the school in which she had always headed her class, and the salt wind that blew over all.

Little Schnapsie was only Schnapsie to her father. Her real name was Florence. The four younger girls all bore pagan names—Sylvia, Lily, Daisy, Florence—symbolic of the influence upon the family councils of the three elder girls, grown to years of discretion and disgust with their own Leah, Rachael, and Rebecca. Between these two strata of girls—Jewish and pagan—two boys had intervened, but their stay was brief and pitiful, so that all this plethora of progeny had not provided the father with a male mourner to say the *Kaddish*. But it seemed likely a grandson would not long be awaiting, for the eldest girl was twenty-five, and all were good-looking. As if in irony, the Jewish group was blond, almost Christian, in coloring (for they took after the Teuton father), while the pagan group had characteristically Oriental traits. In little Schnapsie these Eastern charms—a whit heavy in her sisters—were repeated in a key of exquisite refinement. The thick black eyebrows and hair were soft as silk, dark dreamy eyes suffused her oval face with poetry, and her skin was like dead ivory flushing into life.

III.

The first year at Highbury, that genteel suburb in the north of London, was an enchanted ecstasy for the mother and the Jewish group of girls, taken at once to the bosom of a great German clan, and admitted to a new world of dances and dinners, of "at homes" and theatres

and card parties. The eldest of the pagan group, Sylvia—tyrannically kept young in the interests of her sisters—was the only one who grumbled at the change, for Lily and Daisy found sufficient gain in the prospect of replacing the elder group when it should have passed away in an odor of orange blossom. The scent of that was always in the air, and Mrs. Peyser and her three hopefuls sniffed it night and day.

"No, no; Rebecca shall have him."

"Not me! I am not going to marry a man with carroty hair. Leah's the eldest; it's her turn first."

"Thank you, my dear. Don't give away what you haven't got."

Every new young man who showed the faintest signs of liking to drop in provoked a similar semi-facetious but also semi-serious canvassing—his person, his income, and the girl to whom he should be allotted supplying the sauce of every meal at which he—or his fellow—was not present.

Thus, whether in the flesh or the spirit, the Young Man—for so many of him appeared on the scene that he hovered in the air rather as a type than an individual—was a permanent guest at the Peyser table.

But all this new domestic excitement did not compensate little Schnapsie for her moonlit waters and the strange ships that came and went with their cargo of mystery.

And poor old Daniel found no cronies to appeal to him like the old, nothing in the roar of London to compensate for the Saturday-night bustle of the pawn-shop, no dingy little synagogue desirous of his presidential pomp. He sat inconspicuously in a handsome half-empty edifice, and knew himself a superfluous atom in a vast lonely wilderness.

He was not, indeed, an imposing figure, with his ragged graying whiskers and his boyish blue eyes. In the street he had the stoop and shuffle of the Ghetto, and forgot to hide his coarse red hands with gloves; in the house he persisted in wearing a pious skull-cap. At first his more adaptable wife and his English-bred daughters tried to fit him for decent society, and to make him feel at home during their "at homes." But he was soon relegated to the background of these brilliant social tableaux; for he was either too silent or too talkative, with old-

fashioned Jewish jokes which disconcerted the smart young men, and with Hebrew quotations which they could not even understand. And sometimes there thrilled through the small-talk the trumpet-note of his nose, as he blew it into a colored handkerchief. Gradually he was eliminated from the drawing-room altogether.

But for some years longer he reigned supreme in the dining-room—when there was no company. Old habit kept the girls at table when he intoned with noisy unction the Hebrew grace after meals; they even joined in the melodious *morceaux* that diversified the plain-chant. But little by little their contributions dwindled to silence. And when they had smart company to dinner, the old man himself was hushed by rows of blond and bugle eyebrows; especially after he had once or twice put young men to shame by offering them the honor of reciting the grace they did not know.

Daniel's prayer on such occasions was at length reduced to a pious mumbling, which went unobserved amid the joyous clatter of dessert, even as his pious skull-cap passed as a preventive against cold.

Last stage of all, the mumbling of his company manners passed over into the domestic circle; and this humble whispering to God became symbolic of his suppression.

IV.

"I don't think he means Rachael at all."

"Oh, how can you say so, Leah? It was me he took down to supper."

"Nonsense! it isn't either of you he's after; that's only his politeness to my sisters. Didn't he say the bouquet was for me?"

"Don't be so silly, Rebecca. You know you can't have him. The eldest must take precedence."

This changed tone indicated their humbler attitude towards the Young Man as the years went by. For the first young man did not propose, either to the sisterhood *en bloc* or to a particular sister. And his example was followed by his successors. In fact, a procession of young men passed and repassed through the house, or danced with the girls at balls, without a single application for any of these many hands. And the first season passed into the second, and the second into the third, with tantalizing mirages of

marriage. Balls, dances, dinners, a universe of nebulous matrimonial matter on the whirl, but never the shot-off star of an engagement! Mrs. Peyser's hair began to whiten faster. She even surreptitiously called in the Shadchan, or rather surrendered to his solicitations.

"Pooh! Not find any one suitable?" he declared, rubbing his hands. "I have hundreds of young men on my books, just your sort, real gentlemen."

At first the girls refused to consider applications from such a source. It was not done in their set, they said.

Mrs. Peyser snorted sceptically. "Oh, indeed! and pray how did those Rosenweiller girls find husbands?"

"Oh yes, the Rosenweillers!" They shrugged their shoulders; they knew they had not that disadvantage of hideousness.

Nevertheless they lent an ear to the agent's suggestions as filtered through the mother, though under pretence of deriding them.

But the day came when even that pretence was dropped, and with broken spirit they waited eagerly for each new possibility. And with the passing of the years the Young Man aged. He grew balder, less gentlemanly, poorer.

Once, indeed, he turned up as a handsome and wealthy Christian, but this time it was he that was rejected in a unanimous sisterly shudder. Five slow years wore by, then of a sudden the luck changed. A water-proof manufacturer on the sunny side of forty appeared, the long glacial epoch was broken up, and the first orange blossom ripened for the Peyser household.

It was Rebecca, the youngest of the Jewish group, who proved the pioneer to the canopy, but her marriage gave a new lease of youth even to the oldest. And miraculously, mysteriously, within a few months two other girls flew off Mrs. Peyser's shoulders—a Jewish and a pagan—though Sylvia was not yet formally "out."

And though Leah, the first-born, still remained unchosen, yet Sylvia's marriage to a Bayswater household had raised the family status, and provided a better field for operations. The Shadchan was frozen off.

But he returned. For despite all these auguries and auspices another arctic winter set in. No orange blossoms, only desolate lichens of fruitless flirtation.

Gradually the pagan group pushed its way into unconcealable womanhood. The problem darkened all the horizon. The Young Man grew middle-aged again. He lost all his money; he wanted old Daniel to set him up in business. Even this seemed better than a barren fine ladyhood, and Leah might have even harked back to the parental pawn-shop had not another sudden epidemic of felicity married off all save little Schnapsie within eighteen months. Mrs. Peyser was knocked breathless by all these shocks. First a rich German banker, then a prosperous solicitor (for Leah), then a Cape financier—any one in himself catch enough to “gouge out the eyes” of the neighbors.

“I told you so,” she said, her portly bosom swelling portlier with exultation as the sixth bride was whirled off in a rice shower from the Highbury villa, while the other five sat around in radiant matronhood. “I told you to come to London.”

Daniel pressed her hand in gratitude for all the happiness she had given herself and the girls.

“If it were not for Florence,” she went on wistfully.

“Ah, little Schnapsie!” sighed Daniel. Somehow he felt he would have preferred her hymeneal felicity to all these marvellous marriages. For there had grown up a strange sympathy between the poor lonely old man, now nearly seventy, and his little girl, now twenty-four. They never conversed except about commonplaces, but somehow he felt that her presence warmed the air. And she—she divined his solitude, albeit dimly; had an intuition of what life had been for him in the days before she was born: the long days behind the counter, the risings in the gray dawn to chant orisons and don phylacteries ere the pawn-shop opened, the lengthy prayer and the swift supper when the shutters were at last put up—all the bare rock on which this floriage of prosperity had been sown. And long after the others had dropped kissing him good-night, she would tender her lips, partly because of the necessary domestic fiction that she was still a baby, but also because she felt instinctively that the kiss counted in his life.

Through all these years of sordid squabbles and canvassings and weary waiting, all those endless scenes of hysteria engendered by the mutual friction of all

that close-packed femininity, poor Schnapsie had lived, shuddering. Sometimes a sense of the pathos of it all, of the tragedy of women's lives, swept over her. She regretted every inch she grew, it seemed to shame her celibate sisters so. She clung willingly to short skirts until she was of age, wore her long raven hair in a plait with a red ribbon.

“Well, Florence,” said Leah, genially, when the last outsider at Daisy's wedding had departed, “it's your turn next. You'd better hurry up.”

“Thank you,” said Florence, coldly. “I shall take my own time; fortunately there is no one behind me.”

“Humph!” said Leah, playing with her diamond rings. “It don't do to be too particular. Why don't you come around and see me sometimes?”

“There are so many of you now,” murmured Florence. She was not attracted by the solicitors and traders in whose society and carriages her mother lolled luxuriously, and she resented the matronly airs of her sisters. With Leah, however, she was conscious of a different and more paradoxical provocation. Leah had an incredible air of juvenility. All those unthinkable, innumerable years little Schnapsie had conceived of her eldest sister as an old maid, hopeless, senescent, despite the wonderful belt that had kept her figure dashing; but now that she was married she had become the girlish bride, kittenish, irresistible, while little Schnapsie was the old maid, the sister in peril of being passed by. And indeed she felt herself appallingly ancient, prematurely aged by her long stay at seventeen.

“Yes, you are right, Leah,” she said pensively, with a touch of malice. “Tomorrow I shall be twenty-four.”

“What?” shrieked Leah.

“Yes,” Florence said obstinately. “And oh, how glad I shall be!” She raised her arms exultingly and stretched herself, as if shooting up seven years as soon as the pressure of her sisters was removed.

“Do you hear, mother?” whispered Leah. “That fool of a Florence is going to celebrate her twenty-fourth birthday. Not the slightest consideration for us!”

“I didn't say I would celebrate it publicly,” said Florence. “Besides,” she suggested, smiling, “very soon people will forget I am *not* the eldest.”

"Then your folly will recoil on your own head," said Leah.

Little Schnapsie gave a devil-may-care shrug—a Ghetto trait that still clung to all the sisters.

"Yes," added Mrs. Peyser. "Think what it will be in ten years' time!"

"I shall be thirty-four," said Florence, imperturbably. Another little smile lit up the dreamy eyes. "Then I *shall* be the eldest."

"Madness!" cried Mrs. Peyser, aloud, forgetting that her daughters' husbands were about. "God forbid I should live to see any girl of mine thirty-four!"

"Hush, mother!" said Florence, quietly. "I hope you will; indeed, I am sure you will, for I shall *never* marry. So don't bother to put me on the books—I'm not on the market. Good-night."

She sought out poor Daniel, who, awed by the culture and standing of his five sons-in-law, not to speak of the guests, was hanging about the deserted supper-room, smoking cigar after cigar, much to the disgust of the caterer's men, who were waiting to spirit away the box.

Having duly kissed her father, little Schnapsie retired to bed to read Browning's love-poems. Her mother had to take a glass of champagne to restore her ruffled nerves to the appropriate ecstacy.

V.

Poor portly Mrs. Peyser was not destined to enjoy her harvest of happiness for more than a few years. But these years were an overbrimming cup, with only the bitter drop of Florence's heretical indifference to the Young Man. Environed by the six households which she had begotten, Mrs. Peyser breathed that atmosphere of ebullient babyhood which was the breath of her Jewish nostrils; babies appeared almost every other month. It was a seething well-spring of healthy life. Religious ceremonies connected with these chubby new-comers, or medical recipes for their bodily salvation, absorbed her. But her exuberant grandmotherliness usually received a check in the summer, when the babies were deported to scattered sea-shores, and thus it came to pass that the summer of her death found her still lingering in London with a bad cold, with only Daniel and little Schnapsie at hand. And before the others could be called, Mrs. Peyser passed away in peace, in the old

Portsmouth bed, overlooked by the old Hebrew picture exiled from the London dining-room.

It was a curious end. She did not know she was dying, but Daniel was anxious she should not be reft into silence before she had made the immemorial proclamation of the Unity. At the same time he hesitated to appall her with the grim knowledge.

He was blubbing piteously, yet striving to hide his sobs. The early days of his struggle came back, the first weeks of wedded happiness, then the long years of progressive prosperity and godly cheerfulness in Portsmouth ere she had grown fashionable and he unimportant; and a vast self-pity mingled with his pitiful sense of her excellencies—the children she had borne him in agony, the economy of her house management, the good bargains she had driven with the clod-pated soldiers and sailors, the later splendor of her social achievement.

And little Schnapsie wept with a sense of the vanity of these dual existences to which she owed her own empty life.

Suddenly Mrs. Peyser, over whose black eyes a glaze had been stealing, let the long dark eyelashes fall over them.

"Sarah!" whispered Daniel frantically. "Say the Shemang!"

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one," said the sensuous lips obediently.

Little Schnapsie shrugged her shoulders rebelliously. The dogma seemed so irrelevant.

Mrs. Peyser opened her eyes, and a beautiful mother-light came into them as she saw the weeping girl.

"Ah, Florrie, do not fret," she said reassuringly, in her long-lapsed Yiddish. "I will find thee a bridegroom."

Her eyes closed, and little Schnapsie shuddered with a weird image of a lover fetched from the shrouded dead.

VI.

After his Sarah had been lowered into "The House of Life," and the excitement of the tombstone recording her virtues had subsided, Daniel would have withered away in an empty world but for little Schnapsie. The two kept house together; the same big house that had reeked with so much feminine life, and about which the odors of perfumes and powders still seemed to linger. But fa-

ther and daughter only met at meals. He spent hours over the morning paper, with the old quaint delusions about India and other things he read of, and he pottered about the streets, or wandered into the Beth-Hamidrah, which a local fanatic had just instituted in North London, and in which, under the guidance of a Polish sage, Daniel strove to concentrate his aged wits on the ritual problems of Babylon. At long intervals he brushed his old-fashioned high hat carefully, and timidly rang the bell of one of his daughters' mansions, and was permitted to caress a loudly remonstrating baby; but they all lived so far from him and one another in this mighty London. From Sylvia's, where there was a boy with buttons, he had always been frightened off, and when the others began to emulate her, his visits ceased altogether. As for the sisters coming to see him, all pleaded overwhelming domestic duty, and the frigidity of Florence's reception of them. "Now if you lived alone—or with one of us!" But somehow Daniel felt the latter alternative would be as desolate as the former. And though he knew some wide vague river flowed between even his present housemate's life and his own, yet he felt far more clearly the bridge of love over which their souls passed to each other.

Figure then the septuagenarian's amaze when, one fine morning, as he was shuffling about in his carpet slippers, the servant brought him word that his six daughters demanded his instantaneous presence in the drawing-room.

The shock drove out all thoughts of toilet; his heart beat quicker with a painful premonition of he knew not what. This simultaneous visit recalled funerals, weddings. He looked out of a window and saw four carriages drawn up, and that completed his sense of something elemental. He tottered into the drawing-room—grown dingy now that it had no more daughters to dispose of—and shrank before the resplendence with which their presence reinvested it. They rustled with silks, shone with gold necklaces, and impregnated the air with its ancient aroma of powders and perfumes. He felt himself dwindling before all this pungent prosperity, like some more creative Frankenstein before a congress of his own monsters.

They did not rise as he entered. The

Jewish group and the pagan group were promiscuously seated—marriage had broken down all the ancient landmarks. They all looked about the same agelessness—a standstill buxom matronhood.

Daniel stood at the door, glancing from one to another. Some coughed; others fidgeted with muffs.

"Sit down, sit down, father," said Rachael kindly—though she retained the arm-chair—and there was a general air of relief at her voice. But the old embarrassment returned as the silence re-established itself when Daniel had dropped into a stiff chair.

At last Leah took the word: "We have come while Florrie is at her slumming—"

"At her slumming!" repeated Sylvia, with more significance, and a meaning smile spread over the six faces.

"Yes?" Daniel murmured.

"—Because we did not want her to know of our coming."

"It concerns Schnapsie?" he murmured.

"Yes, your little Schnapsie," said Daisy viciously.

"Yes; she has no time to come and see us," cried Rebecca. "But she has plenty of time for her—*slumming*."

"Well, she does good," he murmured apologetically.

"A fat lot of good!" sniggered Rachael.

"To herself!" corrected Lily.

"I do not understand," he muttered uneasily.

"Well—" began Lily. "You tell him, Leah; you know more about it."

"You know as much as I do."

He looked appealingly from one to the other.

"I always said the slums were dangerous places for people of our class," said Sylvia. "She doesn't even confine herself to her own people."

The faces began to lighten—evidently they felt the ice broken.

"Dangerous!" he repeated, catching at the ominous word.

"Dreadful!" in a common shudder.

He half rose. "You have bad news?" he cried.

The faces gloomed over, the heads nodded.

"About Schnapsie?" he shrieked, jumping up.

"Sit down, sit down; she's not dead," said Leah contemptuously.

He sat down.

"Well, what is it? What has happened?"

"She's engaged!" In Leah's mouth the word sounded like a death-bell.

"Engaged!" he breathed, with a glimmering foreboding of the horror.

"To a Christian!" said Daisy brutally.

He sank back, pale and trembling. A tense silence fell on the room.

"But how? Who?" he murmured at last.

The girls recovered themselves. Now they were all speaking at once.

"Another slummer."

"He's the son of an archdeacon."

"An awful Christian crank."

"And that's your pet Schnapsie."

"If *we* had wanted Christians, we could have been married twenty years ago."

"It's a terrible disgrace for us."

"She doesn't consider us in the least."

"She'll be miserable, anyhow. When they quarrel, he'll always throw it up to her that she's a Jewess."

"And wouldn't join our Daughters of Mercy committee—had no time."

"Wasn't going to marry—turned up her nose at all the Jewish young men!"

"But she would have told me!" he murmured hopelessly. "I don't believe it. My little Schnapsie!"

"Don't believe it?" snorted Leah. "Why, she didn't even deny it!"

"Have you spoken to her, then?"

"Have you spoken to her! Why, she says Judaism is all nonsense! She will disgrace us all."

The blind racial instinct spoke through them—the twenty-five centuries of tested separateness. But Daniel felt in super-addition the conscious religious horror.

"But is she to be married in a Christian church?" he breathed.

"Oh, she isn't going to marry—yet."

His poor heart fluttered at the reprieve.

"She doesn't care a pin for *our* feelings," went on Leah. "But of course she won't marry while *you* are alive."

Lily took up the thread. "We all told her if she'd only marry a Jew, we'd all be glad to have you—in turn. But she said it wasn't that. She could have you herself; her Alfred wouldn't mind. It's the shock to your religious feelings that keeps her back. She doesn't want to hurt you."

"God bless her, my good little Schnapsie!" he murmured. His dazed brain did

not grasp all the bearings, was only conscious of a vast relief.

Disgust darkened all the faces.

He groped to understand it, putting his hand over the white hairs that straggled from his skull-cap.

"But then—then it's all right."

"Yes, all right," said Leah brutally.

"But for how long?"

Her meaning seized him like an icy claw upon his heart. For the first time in his life he realized the certainty of death, and simultaneously with the certainty its imminence.

"We want you to put a stop to it *now*," said Sylvia. "For our sakes, make her promise that even when— You're the only one who has any influence over her."

She rose, as if to wind up the painful interview, and the others rose too, with a multiplex rustling of silken skirts. He shook the six jewelled hands as in a dream, and promised to do his best; and as he watched the little procession of carriages roll off, it seemed to him indeed a funeral, and his own.

VII.

Ah God, that it should have come to this! Little Schnapsie could not be happy till he was dead. Well, why should he keep her waiting? What mattered the few odd years or months? He was already dead. There was his funeral going down the street.

To speak to Schnapsie he had never intended, even while he was promising it. Those years of silent life together had made real conversation impossible. The bridge on which his soul passed over to hers was a bridge over which hung a sacred silence. Under the weight of words, especially of angry parental words, it might break down forever. And that would be worse than death.

No; little Schnapsie had her own life, and he somehow knew he had not the right to question it, even though it seemed on the verge of deadly sin. He could not have expressed it in logical speech, was not even clearly conscious of it; but his tender relation with her had educated him to a sense of her moral rightness, which now survived and subsisted with his conviction that she was hopelessly astray. No, he had not the right to interfere with her life, with her prospect of happiness in her own way. He must give up living.

Little Schnapsie must be nearly thirty; the best of her youth was gone. She should be happy with this strange man.

But if he killed himself, that would bring disgrace on the family—and little Schnapsie. Perhaps, too, Alfred would not marry her. Was there no way of slipping quietly out of existence? But then suicide was another deadly sin. If only that had really been his funeral procession!

"O God, God of Israel, tell me what to do!"

VIII.

A sudden inspiration leapt to his heart. She should not have to wait for his death to be happy; he would *live* to see her happy. He would pretend that her marriage cost him no pang; indeed, would not truly the pang be swallowed up in the thought of her happiness? But *would* she be happy? *Could* she be happy with this alien? Ah, there was the chilling doubt! If a quarrel came, would not the man always throw it in her face that she was a Jewess? Well, that must be left to herself. She was old enough not to rush into misery. Through all these years he had taken her pensive brow as the seat of all wisdom, her tender eyes as the glow of all goodness, and he could not suddenly readjust himself to a contradictory conception. By the time she came in he had composed himself for his task.

"Ah, my dear," he said, with a beaming smile, "I have heard the good news."

The answering smile died out of her eyes. She looked frightened.

"It's all right, little Schnapsie," he said roguishly. "So now I shall have seven sons-in-law. And Alfred the Second, eh?"

"You have heard?"

"Yes," he said, pinching her ear. "Thinks she can keep anything from her old father, does she?"

"But do you know that he is a—a—"

"A Christian? Of course. What's the difference, as long as he's a good man, eh?" He laughed noisily.

Little Schnapsie looked more frightened than ever. Were her father's wits wandering at last?

"But I thought—"

"Thought I would want you to sacrifice yourself! No, no, my dear; we are not in India, where women are burnt alive to please their dead husbands."

Little Schnapsie had an irrelevant vision of herself treading on diamonds and gold. She murmured, "Who told you?"

"Leah."

"Leah! But Leah is angry about it!"

"So she is. She came to me in a tantrum, but I told her whatever little Schnapsie did was right."

"Father!" With a sudden cry of belief and affection she fell on his neck and kissed him. "But isn't the darling old Jew shocked?" she said, half smiling, half weeping.

Cunning lent him clairvoyance. "How much Judaism is there in your sisters' husbands?" he said. "And without the religion, what is the use of the race?"

"Why, father, that's what I am always preaching!" she cried, in astonishment. "Think what our Judaism was in the dear old Portsmouth days. What is the Sabbath here? A mockery. Not one of your sons-in-law closes his business. But there, when the Sabbath came in, how beautiful! Gradually it glided, glided; you heard the angel's wings. Then its shining presence was upon you, and a holy peace settled over the house."

"Yes, yes." His eyes filled with tears. He saw the row of innocent girl faces at the white Sabbath table. What had London and prosperity brought him instead?

"And then the Atonement days, when the ram's horn thrilled us with a sense of sin and judgment, when we thought the heavenly scrolls were being signed and sealed. Who feels that here, father? Some of us don't even fast."

"True, true." He forgot his part. "Then you are a good Jewess still?"

She shook her head sadly. "We have outlived our destiny. Our isolation is a meaningless relic."

But she had kindled a new spark of hope.

"Can't you bring him over to us?"

"To what? To our empty synagogues?"

"Then you are going over to him?"

He tried to keep his voice steady.

"I must; his father is an archdeacon."

"I know, I know," he said, though she might as well have said an archangel.

"But you do not believe in—in—"

"I believe in self-sacrifice; that is Christianity."

"Is it? I thought it was three Gods."

"That is not the essential."

"Thank God!" he said. Then he add-

ed hurriedly: "But will you be happy with him? Such different bringing up! You can't really feel close to him."

She laughed and blushed. "There are deeper things than one's bringing up, father."

"But if after marriage you should have a quarrel, he would always throw it up to you that you are a Jewess."

"No, Alfred will never do that."

"Then make haste, little Schnapsie, or your old father won't live to see you under the canopy."

She smiled happily, believing him. "But there won't be any canopy," she said.

"Well, well, whatever it is," he laughed back, with horrid imagining that it might be a Cross.

IX.

It was agreed between them that, to avoid endless family councils, the sisters should not be told, and that the ceremony should be conducted as privately as possible. The archdeacon himself was coming up to town to perform the ceremony in the church of another of his sons in Chalk Farm. After the short honeymoon, Daniel was to come and live with the couple in Whitechapel, for they were to live in the centre of their labors. Poor Daniel tried to find some comfort in the thought that Whitechapel was a more Jewish and a homelier quarter than Highbury. But the unhomely impression produced upon him by his latest son-in-law neutralized everything. All his other sons-in-law had more or less awed him, but beneath the awe ran a tunnel of brotherhood. With this Alfred, however, he was conscious of a glacial current, which not all the young man's cordiality could tepefy.

"Are you sure you will be happy with him, little Schnapsie?" he asked anxiously.

"You dear worrying old thing!"

"But if after marriage you quarrel, he will always throw it up to you that you are—"

"And I'll throw it up to him that he is a Christian, and oughtn't to quarrel."

He was silenced. But his heart thanked God that his dear old wife had been spared the coming ordeal.

"This too was for good," he murmured, in the Hebrew proverb.

And so the tragic day drew nigh.

X.

One short week before, Daniel was wandering about, dazed by the near prospect. An unholy fascination drew him towards Chalk Farm to gaze on the church in which the profane union would be perpetrated. Perhaps he ought even to go inside, to get over his first horror at being in such a building, so as not to betray himself during the actual ceremony.

As he drew near the heathen edifice he saw a striped awning, carriages, a bustle of people entering, a pressing, peeping crowd. A wedding!

Ah, good! There was no doubt now he must go in; he would see what this unknown ceremony in this unknown building was like. It would be a sort of rehearsal; it would help to steel him at the tragic moment. He was passing through the central doors with some other men, but a policeman motioned them to a side door. He shuffled timidly within.

Full as the church was, the chill stone spaces struck cold to his heart; all the vast alien life they typified froze his soul. The dread word *Meshumad*—apostate—seemed echoing and re-echoing from the cold pillars. He perceived his companions had bared their heads, and he hastily snatched off his rusty beaver. The unaccustomed sensation in his scalp completed his sense of unholiness.

Nothing seemed going on yet, but as he slipped into a seat in the aisle, he became aware of an organ playing joyous preludes, almost jiggish. For a moment he wondered dully what there was to be gay about, and his eyes filled with bitter tears.

A craning forward in the nondescript congregation made the old man peer forward.

He saw, at the far end of the church, a sort of platform upon which four men in strange flowing robes stood under a cross. He hid his eyes from the sight of the symbol that had overshadowed his ancestors' lives. When he opened his eyes again the men were kneeling. Would *he* have to kneel? he wondered. Would his old joints have to assume that pagan posture? Presently four bridesmaids, shielded by great glowing bouquets, appeared on the platform, and descending, passed with measured theatric pace down the farther avenue, too remote for his clear vision. His neighbors stood up to stare at them, and he rose,

too. And throughout the organ bubbled out its playful cadenzas.

A stir and a buzz swept through the church. A procession began to file in. At its head was a pale, severe young man, supported by a cheerful young man. Other young men followed; then the bridesmaids reappeared. And finally—target of every glance—there passed a glory of white veil supported by an old military-looking man in a satin waist-coat.

Ah, that would be he and Schnapsie, then. Up that long avenue, beneath all these curious Christian eyes, he, Daniel Peyser, would have to walk. He tried to rehearse it mentally now, so that he might not shame her; he paced pompously and stiffly, with beautiful Schnapsie on his arm, a glory of white veil. He saw himself slowly reaching the platform, under the chilling cross; then everything swam before him, and he sank shuddering into his seat. His little Schnapsie! She was being sucked up into all this hateful heathendom, to the seductive music of satanic orchestras.

He sat in a strange daze, vaguely conscious that the organ had ceased and that some preacher's recitative had begun instead. When he looked up again, the bridal party before the altar loomed vague as through a mist. He passed his hand over his clouded brow. Of a sudden a sentence of the recitative pierced sharply to his brain:

"Therefore if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

Oh God of Israel! Then it was the last chance! He sprang to his feet, and shouted in agony: "No, no, she must not marry him! She must not!"

All heads turned towards the shabby old man. An electric shiver ran through the church. The bride paled; a bridesmaid shrieked; the minister, taken aback, stood silent. A white-gloved usher hurried up.

"Do you forbid the banns?" called the minister.

The old man's mind awoke and groped mistily.

"Come, what have you to say?" snapped the usher.

"I—I—nothing," he murmured in awed confusion.

"He is drunk," said the usher. "Out

with you, my man." He hustled Daniel towards the side door and let it swing behind him.

But Daniel shrank from facing the cordon of spectators outside. He hung miserably about the vestibule till the Wedding March swelled in ironic triumph and the human outpour swept him into the street.

XI.

His abstracted look, his ragged talk, troubled Schnapsie at the evening meal, but she could not elicit that anything had happened.

In the evening paper, her eye, avid of marriage items, paused on a big-headed paragraph.

"I FORBID THE BANNS!"

STRANGE SCENE AT A CHALK FARM CHURCH.

When she had finished the paragraph and read another, the first began to come back to her, shadowed with a strange suspicion. Why, this was the very church—! A Jewish-looking old man—! Great heavens! Then all this had been mere pose, self-sacrifice. And his wits were straying under the too heavy burden! Only blind craving for her own happiness could have made her believe that the mental habits of seventy years could be broken off.

"Well, father," she said brightly, "you will be losing me very soon now."

His lips quivered into a pathetic smile.

"I am very glad." He paused, struggling with himself. "If you are sure you will be happy!"

"But haven't we talked that over enough, father?"

"Yes—but you know—if a quarrel arose, he would always throw it up—that—"

"Nonsense, nonsense," she laughed. But the repetition of the old thought struck her poignantly as a sign of mauling wits.

"And you are sure you will get along together?"

"Quite sure."

"Then I am glad." He drew her to him and kissed her.

She broke down and wept under the conviction of his lying. He became the comforter in his turn.

"Don't cry, little Schnapsie, don't cry. I didn't mean to frighten you. Alfred is a good man, and I am sure even if you quarrel he will never throw it—" The

mumbling passed into a kiss on her wet cheeks.

XII.

That night, after a long passionate vigil in her bedroom, little Schnapsie wrote a letter:

"DEAREST ALFRED.—This will be as painful for you to read as for me to write. I find at the eleventh hour I cannot marry you. I owe it to you to state my reason. As you know, I did not consent to our love being crowned by union till my father had given his consent. I now find that this consent was not the free outcome of my father's soul, that it was only to promote my happiness. Try to imagine what it means for an old man of seventy-odd years to wrench himself away from all his lifelong prejudices, and you will realize what he has been trying to do for me. But the wrench was beyond his strength. He is breaking his heart over it, and, I fear, even wandering in his mind.

"You will say, let us again consent to wait for a contingency which I am not cold-blooded enough to set down more openly. But I do not think it is fair to you to let you risk your happiness further by keeping it entangled with mine. A new current of thought has been set going in my mind. If a religion that I thought all formalism is capable of producing such types of abnegation as my dear father, then it must too, somewhere or other, hold in solution all those ennobling ingredients, all those stimuli to self-sacrifice, which the world calls Christian. Perhaps I have always misunderstood. We were so badly taught. Perhaps the prosaic epoch of Judaism into which I was born is only transitional; perhaps it only belongs to the middle classes, for I know I felt more of its poetry in my childhood; perhaps the future will develop (or recultivate) its diviner sides and lay more stress upon the life beautiful, and thus all this blind instinct of isolation may prove only the conservation of the race for its nobler future, when it may still become, in very truth, a witness to the Highest, a chosen people in whom all the families of the earth may be blessed. I do not know; all this is very confused and chaotic to me to-night. I only know I can hold out no certain hope of the earthly fulfilment of our love. I too feel in transi-

tion, and I know not to what. But, dearest Alfred, shall we not be living the Christian life—the life of abnegation—more truly if we give up the hope of personal happiness? Forgive me, darling, the pain I am causing you, and thus help me to bear my own.

"Your friend till death,
FLORENCE."

It was an hour past midnight ere the letter was finished, and when it was sealed a sense of relief at remaining in the Jewish fold stole over her, though she would scarcely acknowledge it to herself, and impatiently analyzed it away as hereditary. And despite it, if she slept on the letter, would it ever be posted?

But the house was sunk in darkness. She was the only creature stirring. And yet she yearned to have the thing over, irrevocable. Perhaps she might venture out herself with her latch-key. There was a letter-box at the street corner. She lit a candle and stole out on the silent landing, casting a monstrous shadow which frightened her. In her overwrought mood it almost seemed an uncanny creature grinning at her. Her mother's death-bed rose suddenly before her; her mother's voice cried: "Ah, Florrie, do not fret. I will find thee a bridegroom." Was this the bridegroom—the only one she would ever know? "Father! father!" she shrieked, with sudden terror.

A door was thrown open; a figure shambled forth in carpet slippers—a dear, homely, reassuring figure—holding the colored handkerchief which had helped to banish him from the drawing-room. His face was smeared; his eyelids under the pushed-up horn spectacles were red; he too had kept vigil.

"What is it? What is it, little Schnapsie?"

"Nothing. I—I—I only wanted to ask you if you would be good enough to post this letter—to-night."

"Good enough? Why, I shall enjoy a breath of air."

He took the letter and essayed a roguish laugh as his eye caught the superscription.

"Ho! ho!" He pinched her cheek. "So we mustn't let a day pass without writing to him, eh?"

She quivered under this unforeseen misconception.

"No," she echoed, with added firmness, "we mustn't let a day pass."

"But go to bed at once, little Schnapsie. You look quite pale. If you stay up so late writing him letters, you won't make him a beautiful bride."

"No," she repeated, "I won't make him a beautiful bride."

She heard the hall door close gently upon his cautious footsteps, and her eyes dimmed with divine tears as she thought of the joy that awaited his return.

TROOPER JACKSON.

BY THOMAS EDWARD GRAFTON.

"DON'T you hear the bugle soundin', Trooper Jackson?
Come, shake yourself! There's trouble down ahead!
With a lot o' Texas rum they're a-makin' matters hum!

She's a-tootin' 'boots an' saddles'! Out o' bed!
They're a-yellin' like the devil down the cañon!
A han'some lot of able-bodied Utes—

An' the orders is, to rip 'em,
An' to slash 'em, an' to nip 'em,
So jump along an' tumble in your boots!"

Oh! the ride was wild an' darin' down the bottom!
Just sixty men, where ten troops should have been.
Not a tremble, not a quiver, as they dashed along the river
At the howlin' horde of undiluted sin!
Like a teamster's whip the guidons were a-snappin'!
My God! the Indians numbered ten to one.

Through the blindin' rifle flame
They kept ridin' just the same,
With "Old Glory" in the van a-leadin' on.

Like a catapult they hit 'em in the middle!
While the "trader's" powder tore its dirty way,
An' the flamin' sheets o' hell scorched their tunics as they fell,
An' their yellow plumes were crimson from the fray.
But the orders was to give 'em a "chastisin'"—
With sixty men, where ten troops should 'ave been.
But they done it just the same!
An' they never thought to blame,
With the forty dead and dyin' carried in.

"Here's to you, cussin', fightin', Trooper Jackson!
Here's to you for the glory that you won!
'Twas a slashin', dashin' ride when you crossed the Great Divide,
But you done it as I like to see it done.
Your photograph's a-hangin' in the barrack,
An' your sabre ornaments the Colonel's hall.
When your bugle sounded 'taps,'
Then you won your shoulder-straps,
An' you'll wear 'em at the final grand 'recall.'"



TROOPER JACKSON.



A SIMPLE ADAPTATION OF MEDIEVAL WOOD WORK.
The hall and staircase of the house of S. H. Reynolds, Philadelphia.

THE INTERIOR DECORATION OF THE CITY HOUSE.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS

PART III.

WHETHER a house is to be plain or adorned, the treatment of its interior is important, and should be planned from the outset; too often this question of adornment is ignored until it can be answered only by a kind of snap-judgment, which leads to a doubtful and hesitating course, neither satisfactory in itself nor easy to depart from. Either of two consistent courses may be followed. The more usual course is to adorn a house by means of purchasable and movable works of art—paintings to hang upon walls, pieces of sculpture to rest upon brackets, vases to stand upon mantelshelves and upon tops of bookcases, and the like. The better plan is perhaps to relegate such objects to the collectors' cabi-

nets, or to a room especially prepared for them, leaving the house to be adorned in itself, and mainly by means of the appurtenances appropriate to each room. It is not easy to reach any great achievement in combining these courses of action. Our interiors are so small that any system of structural ornamentation given to one room is apt to exhaust the resources of its space, and to prevent the exposition within it of any important movable works of art. Moreover, the pronounced character which the decoration of the room will assuredly put on will prevent the placing of such works of art with any freedom, because of their disagreement with the color, form, or disposition of the fixed appurtenances, or of the general character of the

room itself. This is especially true of framed pictures which must have flat walls to hang upon, and which cannot so well hang upon walls whose design is in large panels, in medallions, in spaces between pilasters, and the like. Sculpture and decorative pottery, glass, bronze, and ivory, may find fitting place whatever the system of adornment.

The virtue of a scheme of adornment that arises directly from the purpose of the room may be best illustrated in the case of the library, the adornment of which, without question, we leave mainly to the backs of the books and to the cases in which they stand. Nothing is in itself more unsystematic and more uncontrollable than the aspect of a large collection of books, for no intelligent reader would think of arranging them on any other system than that of convenient reference; even the most ardent lover of interior decoration would bow to that necessity. Some books will inevitably be clothed

In red morocco's gilded gleam,
Or vellum rich as country cream.

but even the cloth-bound books may keep their inferior clothing until it grows too shabby, and the compromise of buckram will be accepted for many a heavy quarto. Yet nothing is more beautiful than such a library in the sense of its combined appropriateness and actual comeliness of aspect. The book-room of a man of taste and feeling is one of his most beautiful rooms, no matter what his expenditure might be elsewhere, or what artistic skill should be brought to bear. Books are most attractive when they present themselves to the eye without the refracting medium of glass, and offer themselves freely to the hand. Yet in a city room protection is necessary, and no one knows, until he has tried it, how effective is the filling of book-case doors with glass in small pieces held in lead sash, the glass being very slightly tinted, and of rough and irregular surface. The sash bars of lead should perhaps be bronzed, especially as this process conceals the ugly solderings.

The decoration of the dining-room also may be made something more important than the mere choice of a pretty wall-paper, and of a suitable color for the dado and for the ceiling. Beauty is of many kinds, and the beauty which can be purchased by the roll or the yard is not always of the most exalted kind. The

greatest fanatic for mural decoration, the greatest lover of artistic painting upon walls and ceilings, finds the scope for these things very limited in the dining-room of a private house of the ordinary size. Here again the adornment may perhaps best be made to consist in the appurtenances of the room. The sideboard may be so built into the wall that it combines harmoniously on one side with the door to the service-room and with the possible trap for passing dishes, and on the other side with a door that leads to a separate closet for the storage of glass, porcelain, and faience too delicate for daily use—if the house is complete enough to have so delightful a place. In that case one side of the room is well disposed of. One has only to consider its actual design in line, mass, and color. The *crux* lies in the treatment of the rest of the room. There is the difficulty! How are the other walls to carry it off against the elaborate system of delicate wood-work which the sideboard and its accessories give to its own wall? There is first the fireplace, and the mantel which naturally accompanies it, and the marble facing which may surround the actual opening above the hearth; the hearth itself and the fender, and perhaps the fire-dogs. There is nothing to prevent the mantel-piece being almost as complete a motive for the adornment of the second wall as is the sideboard for the first. There will, indeed, be space above the shelf. This may be filled by a painting, or by more paintings than one; or it may be occupied by an architectural composition of wood-work with shelves, and even cupboards with doors, the whole being in keeping with the wood-work on the wall where the sideboard stands. All of this wood-work with its accompanying marble or bronze or glass is unquestionably of the nature of furniture, but there is much in the interior decoration of our houses which does partake of the nature of furniture, nor is it easy to draw the line. When the sideboard and mantel-piece are treated frankly as furniture, the upper part of the work—the wall-panelling, the framing of the pictures or mirrors—will be simplified in style to comport with the quieter parts below. A more elaborate and beautiful effect may be produced by making the sideboard and the mantel-piece pass into the architectural character of the wall-covering.



This is to be done by carrying them out in a system of pilasters or colonnettes that reaches the ceiling with its superstructure.

The other walls of the dining-room will be partly taken up by the window openings and the door openings, by a dado somewhere from three feet to five feet six in height, covering the whole base of the wall between the architraves of the windows and doors, and those architraves themselves, which may be simply moulded boards five inches wide, or may be somewhat elaborate architectural compositions. To these may be added some arrangement of niches recessed in the wall for the reception of especially beloved pieces of porcelain or the like. If the owner is unconventional enough he may adopt the admirable Syrian plan, found in nearly all Damascus and some Cairene houses, of carrying a shelf around the wall just above the reach of the hand. This shelf may be repeated several times over. If the room is high enough, large enough, and stately enough, the wooden dado may be seven feet high, and its uppermost member may be a shelf. Such additions as these will enable the architectural designer to fill the whole room with a harmonious, appropriate, and tasteful composition, the beauty of which can be spoiled only by the crudest and most vulgar details. Simplicity is all that is needed to insure a certain comeliness to such an interior. There is, indeed, the question of the tint which the wood-work should have, and of the color to be given to the ceiling and to those plastered surfaces of wall which rise above doors, windows, and side-board alike, and this matter of color, of course, must receive attention.

For the present let us consider how such a dining-room would become very elaborate without losing its character and interest; how it might be brought to ex-

treme simplicity and still have a certain fitness.

In a certain house the brick walls which were to enclose the dining-room had been completed, and presented the familiar form of a long octagon, as in Fig. A. The two long walls were nineteen feet long each and were twenty-one feet apart, so that the two ends of the room, being parts of regular octagons, the total length of the room was about thirty-two feet. There was a window in each of the sides of the octagon at one end, and a door in each of the corresponding sides at the other end. The question was how to fit up the interior of the room with wood-work, plaster, or what not, with any combination that might suggest itself of furniture, cupboards, and the like, nothing being asked but a fortunate result. One important feature of the situation was that the room was indefinite in height, as it was not required that bedrooms of any importance should be built over it. Now it is a matter of great difficulty, well known to all designers of interior work, to arrange properly two adjacent walls meeting at an oblique angle when there is an opening in each. Your piece of wall between the window and the angle is so very small, and the two pieces which are generally of the same size are such awkward things, meeting one another in such a meaningless way, that nothing but the hiding of them can do much good. The filling of the strip of wall between the window and the corner is hardly likely to have importance by itself, and it must inevitably be matched by another precisely similar and adjacent piece equally unimportant, while the two cannot be combined in a fortunate way by means of some central feature because of the awkward angle at which they meet one another. There is a way out of this, as



A DINING ROOM ADORNED BY A WAINSCOT, INCLUDING SIDEBOARD, MANTEL, ETC.

Robb, Cool, and Willard, architects.

there is a way out of all other difficulties, and the one which was chosen here is as obvious and as likely to succeed as any. The room was changed at one stroke from an eight-sided to a sixteen-sided room, and this by means of walls of panelling carried from a line near the jamb of one window to a similar line near the jamb of another, while the windows themselves and the wall above them formed the alternate sides. In this way three sides of the octagon at each end of the room were transmogrified into seven sides of a sixteen-sided polygon. (See the diagram Fig. B.) Immediately above the openings of the windows a small and slight cornice ran around the room, the height of this group of mouldings being above the floor not more than eleven feet. Above the tops of the doors, which of course were much lower than those of the windows, a piece of panelling filled the remaining space, forming a *dessus de porte* which was capable of special treatment in a dozen ways. The sideboard and its appurtenances filled

three sides of the seven at the upper end of the room, and the unusual character of the back of this sideboard afforded means for much diversity in the arrangement of its cupboards and drawers. The door in the middle was condemned. Finally, above the little cornice of which mention has been made the ceiling rose in a low arch, forming that kind of vault which is called a "cloister arch," the whole of this being executed in wood-work of the same material as that used for the sideboard, the dado, etc. The reader will see that much the greater part of the wall of this room was occupied by the wood-work of the fireplace in one of the longer walls, the sideboard, the dado, the doors, the door and window trims, and the cornice. The obvious way to treat the small remaining flat surface of wall was to use a worsted material like tapestry stretched upon such a background of cork veneer that pictures could be put up at any time with the greatest convenience. Nothing could exceed the convenience of this arrange-

ment, nor its simplicity, nor the facilities afforded by it for rich ornamental effect, and that at no very great expense.

Yet in a sense the whole thing is as little a part of the house—as completely brought in and put up in the house—as if it were a carved Florentine cabinet brought home in reminiscence of a tour in Europe. This is true of nearly all of our internal decorations, and the reader is not to forget that the elaborate piece of fitting up just described is not essentially different from the wood-work which he sees in the rooms of any of his well-to-do friends.

The more logical treatment is illustrated in a room built as follows: The walls, as in the previous room, are the actual walls of the house, outer walls and partitions alike being solidly built, but instead of being screened with wood, they are faced with a dado, six feet high, of smooth slabs of Devonshire marble, gray with veins of pink and of yellow tint and smaller veins of white. This dado is capped by a very light cornice moulding of cut stone built into the wall to the thickness of one brick, and above that is a frieze of tiles painted for their place, each tile being about seven inches square, and the composition of painted figures continuous over their whole surface. There is no cornice in the ordinary sense of the word; corbels of stone projecting very slightly carry the heavy beams that support the flat ceiling. The wall space between these beams is fitted with a band of wood-work simply painted, this band being, of course, just as high as the beams are deep. At the bay-window a stone arch springs across from wall to wall, finding its impost in just such a bracket as those which carry the beams of the ceiling, though somewhat more elaborately worked. The windows are of light iron sash set in stone frames, these stone frames forming the mullions and transoms seen from the exterior as well as from within. The doorways which lead into other rooms are fitted with very slender and simple architraves of marble a little darker in color than that which makes the dado, but the doors do not find their support in these slender casings; the hinges which carry the doors are built into the masonry wall in the good old-fashioned way, which is still common in Italy, in the south of France, and wherever masonry is used

simply and naturally. In all of this fitting up there is no wood except the beams of the ceiling (which might perfectly well be of metal, and that without injury to the beauty of the design) and the actual valves of the doors. There is no objection to so much wood as will make these doors, and there would be none to making the sash of the window also of wood, if that were preferred, as it doubtless would be in the United States. A few pieces of wood are to be treated as unimportant so long as they do not combine with one another to produce a dangerous complication, where fire can run easily, spread quickly, and keep concealed until it is beyond control.

The decoration of the second of these interiors is vastly superior to that of the first. Instead of being brought in separately and put up as an after-thought, it forms a natural and, in a sense, a necessary part of a house. The attention of our architects should be given, above all things, to the problem of carrying out decoration of a natural, architectural, permanent, and safe character at a price not wholly prohibitory. A truly structural decoration is immeasurably nobler, and it need not be more expensive than the inferior, less worthy, and less artistic system. And if, owing to lack of custom, marble-work, bronze-work, iron-work, and masonry seem unfamiliar, and the better plan is formidably expensive, it is the business of our architects to handle the problem boldly until permanent, durable, and constructional ornament is as cheap as that which is more easily portable, and far more easily destroyed.

Superior as one of these schemes is to the other, each of them is essentially significant in that it is based upon the very nature of the room, its shape, its subdivision, its treatment as a part of the house. In this respect either is so superior to the mere painting, papering, or wainscoting of the flat surfaces of a room that it is hard to make comparisons. One is reminded of the house-owner of æsthetic tendencies in *Punch*, who, concluding that the English decorators were best for the flat ornamentation of walls and ceilings, while the French were best for curtains and furniture, had called in the French upholsterer. "What! orange silk curtains with my high blue dado?" he says. "How will that arrange?" "Parbleu!" says the



A TREATMENT OF HALL AND CEILING.

Babb, Cook, and Willard, architects

embodiment of French momentary *goût* to the embodiment of English momentary whim," he is a beast, your high blue dado. I like ver' mooch to kill him." Orange curtains and blue dadoes are both creatures of the moment, and essentially ugly ones; and they are sure to seem ugly to every one a year or two after they are put in place, exactly as the tawdry fashions of dress of ten years ago are hateful to us to-day, patiently as we accepted them at that time. At best the decorations of the paper-hanger and the upholsterer are like that beauty which is made up of rosy cheeks and curly hair and the soft forms of youth—*la beauté du diable*, as the phrase goes. The charms which come with a season will pass with it. There is, however, a human beauty which does not pass away until extreme

old age and decrepitude. It is the beauty that springs from the perfection of the human frame.

If we are wise, the beauty of our dining-rooms, our stairway halls, our corridors, may be made to spring from the essence of their construction, and that without any unreasonable forethought or expense. If any one doubts that the ordinary way of decorating a room is feeble, is temporary, is without merit which will appeal to others as it may appeal to the self-contented deviser of it, let him look at photographs of costly drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, or sitting-rooms of some splendid mansion in London or in an American city. Such photographs are prepared by the thousands nowadays by the dealers in such things, for the public of amateurs as well as for what might almost be called the



AN OLD COLONIAL HALL AND STAIRWAY.

From the Tenth House at Portsmouth, N. H.

public of draughtsmen and architects, who pay an exorbitant price for a view of the interior of some notable palace of a millionaire. Here and there one of these costly rooms will have character, but generally you may note the extraordinary inadequacy, the feebleness, the thinness, the lack of real interest, which they evince. You may note also the huddle of furniture inappropriate to the room and unorganized in itself; you may note the huddle almost equally great of the parts of ornamentation—the contrasting patterns of wall-papers below and above a moulding three feet above the floor, and the contrast of the whole wall with the pictures which hang upon it, with the painting of the ceiling and the pattern of the carpet, the pattern of the furniture-covering; and the way in which all these different patterns ignore and contradict the surfaces and the substances which they are supposed to adorn. The interior of the hall, vestibule, or corridor may perhaps be en-

dured, because the one or two ornamental objects which are found in it have no power to destroy what symmetry or what system of design the walls, floor, and roof may have received; but it is almost impossible to imagine the interior of the "living-room" to be other than ugly to the eye which is unbiassed by affectionate custom, and which looks at it without friendly familiarity with the room or its inhabitants.

We have agreed in a previous article that it is better to build stairs of stone, if we can, and that it is a pity the American satisfaction with slight and temporary building has left the carpenter-work staircase so long supreme; but even taking the carpenter-work staircase, there is something to be said about its plan and arrangement, and something to be done without any great expense of time or money. There are two ways of treating a staircase. First, it may be shut up between brick walls with doors opening

into the halls. It is thus in a room apart, which differs from other rooms only in being two stories high or more. This arrangement prevents the spreading of a possible fire even when the stairs are built of wood, and is a perfectly adequate arrangement. A more impressive plan is to treat each flight of stairs frankly as necessary to the plan of the house. If this is done, the stairs should be worthy of the house. To stow away a staircase in a curved recess of a wide and spacious hall, the stairs themselves being built with winders, or on a curved plan, in order to take up less room—that is ignoble. The stairway may occupy all one end of the hall, no matter how large that hall may be, and the main flight may start in the middle of the hall and branch on either side above: or it may start on the left-hand side as you face it, and, breaking at a platform, pass across the end of the hall and return overhead on the right, so that we touch the second story on the same line with that occupied by the first step upward from the floor below: that

is fine and stately. It is hard to spoil such a staircase as that. The palaces and the palazzi, the houses of legislation, and the museums of Europe and America contain examples of this kind of staircase, and their plans are of great variety, from the simple square-platformed arrangement to the complex, concentrically curved plan of the Naples Museum, or the fantastic scheme of those which lead up to the Laurentian Library.

The system of design should be as simple and obvious as possible. Hollow pedestals, hollow newel-posts, hollow columns and pilasters, meant to look like stone or some other massive material, are in reality nothing but boxes. Nowhere about the staircase is there the slightest need for any disguising, nor for any surface of lath or ceiling boards to conceal what is within, nor any increase of apparent size of an upright or horizontal. The walls of the stairway hall should be adorned on the same principle as the walls of a room. There should be greater simplicity, perhaps; and if there must be



A PICTURESQUE STAIRCASE AND LANDING IN THE OLD COLONIAL STYLE.

From a dwelling at Cohasset, Massachusetts.



A HALL AND STAIRCASE IN PANELLED WOOD WORK.

From the Porcellain Club of Harvard University.

common plastering and paper somewhere in the house, it seems to be universally accepted as a safe doctrine that it should be kept away from the staircase. It was a common device fifty years ago to cover the walls of a stairway hall with a paper simulating great blocks of marble or even great blocks of granite, and it was thought that this was peculiarly appropriate to a staircase as giving massiveness and dignity to it. At all events, it showed the conviction that in some way the staircase should be simple and massive, and that slight and slender devices were not for it. The realization of this idea in the modern house is easy if the owner will reconsider his notions about brick-work. There is nothing more noble nor more generally appropriate than a wall lined and faced with brick. Brick can be had of many colors, many surfaces, many styles; it can be purchased ast into mouldings, into patterns. It can be had uniform in tint, clouded, or spotted; white, cream-colored, buff,

yellow, gray of a dozen tints, pale red, dark red, bright red, and even blue, though the blue enamelled bricks are not yet of the color which one would advise his friends to employ. There are tiles, too, of all colors—not quite of the rainbow, but of that gentler iris which consists of the softer grays, yellows, and buffs—and these tiles may be had dear or cheap, smooth or rough, with a high gloss or without gloss, and even with patterns in relief upon their surfaces, for as to those with patterns painted upon their surfaces, they should be employed with great reserve, only a few having yet reached such excellence that the ordinary designer should feel free to use them. In the entrance hall of the Peabody Museum at New Haven, Messrs. Cady, Berg, and See have faced the whole curving wall opposite the entrance with buff brick, except as doors are cut through it, and the iron stairs are fixed upon the surface of this wall, slight and thin in comparison with the

heavy masonry about, and creeping up the curve of the wall from level to level, a door opening at each platform, so that the visitor may leave the stairs at pleasure. A similar effect on a smaller scale is worked out in the DeVinne printing-house, at Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, in New York, and there are other

such stairway halls as these. The essence of the thing is that the whole apartment which contains the stairs is lined with solid material, much like that with which the exterior of the building is faced, while the stairs are put in afterwards, and as a visible addition, not, indeed, unforeseen, but in no way con-



RICH WALL-DECORATION IN COLORED MARBLE.

From the residence of Isaac V. Brokaw, New York City. Rose and Stone, architects.

founded with the actual construction of the hall. That is a perfectly reasonable and logical plan, and is capable of excellent architectural treatment. If the student thinks that such stairs seem too slight and almost, as it were, temporary, he has only to make the stairs also of massive material. Suppose, for instance, that either of the flights of stairs in question, instead of being of light iron-work, was built of solid blocks of white stone, each one supporting its next upper neighbor, and suppose that the hand-rail was also a massive bar of stone, and was supported by colonnettes of similar material, would the stairs themselves then seem slight and temporary? The way to make a staircase look solid is to build it of solid material, and to treat it like a piece of architecture; but the fact that the construction of the stair is one thing, and the construction of the hall which contains it is a different thing—that fact should never be lost sight of. The walls of your building—they are sacred. You must let nothing interfere with their continuity from base to finish; but the stairs are piled step upon step, as their very nature is, and may be altered at will. It is not possible to confuse the structure of the stairway hall with that of the stairs without losing the essential character of the building and destroying the design.

No one need regret the attempt, even if partly unsuccessful, to treat the interior of his house as if it were really a builded thing, and not a congeries of pasteboard cards; yet the would-be builder of a house may desire suggestions for the inexpensive ornamentation of rooms which under our present régime can hardly be other than boxes lined with plastering and pierced with square holes. Be it bedroom or reception-room, how are some comeliness and some character to be given to it? Is there no receipt for that; no rule by obeying which one may go safely? There is a password; but unhappily it is not given to all persons to read the charm aright. The difficulty is that which the would-be magicians suffered from in the old tales when they sought to deal with evil spirits. Nine were turned to beasts for one who controlled the natural forces and made them serve him. In room-decoration the spell is color. It is given to few to handle color without self-destruction. Yet the one element in decorative art which

the modern designer—untrained, untraded, without principles, and without examples, as he generally is—handles with most freedom is just this element of abstract color.

He is timid about it, to be sure. All he dares try is a series of tints of the same general pervading color—two or three tints of reddish-brown, or what he calls "terra-cotta"; two or three gradations of cream-color and buff; a very slight admixture of greenish-gray, and the like. Contrast he rarely attempts; patterns in vivid color on the ground of another strong and decided color, such as a Chinaman always knows how to give to a silk or to an enamelled brass pot, are not in our modern designer's way; but he can do wonders, certainly wonders, with white and buff and various shades of brown and gray and gold. Possibly there is something in the state of our society, at once fatigued with age and refreshed with the thought of novelty, that makes us resemble the old and ever-new civilization of Japan. Or perhaps we are at the opening of an epoch of coloring, and are beginning, not as our ancestors did with two or three crude and strong colors, each supplied by a natural pigment, but with the hundred hues which we have inherited. Certain it is that we cover the walls of our parlors with some such stuff as rough white cotton stitched in pale yellow in a pattern so faint that it is barely traceable. Or we put a rough-surfaced cartridge-paper upon the plastering, and stencil the pattern upon the surface of this with water-color, the pattern being relieved from the background only by a difference in tint. Or we strain some rough-surfaced textile fabric like burlap upon the wall, and mark the overlapping of the pieces by rows of nail-heads in dull brass or grayish bronze. When the decoration is to be more expensive and splendid, we substitute silk for the cheaper materials, but silk of a rough and soft surface. Instead of the roughened surface we may have a very elaborately woven pattern, but then the pattern will have but little significance in itself, and very little relief from its background. Textile quality and delineated pattern alike serve but the one purpose—that of diversifying the surface in a pleasant way. In all these schemes we show an extreme interest in the surface, smooth or rough, soft or hard, and in the textile character of



THE ADORNMENT OF A BEDROOM.

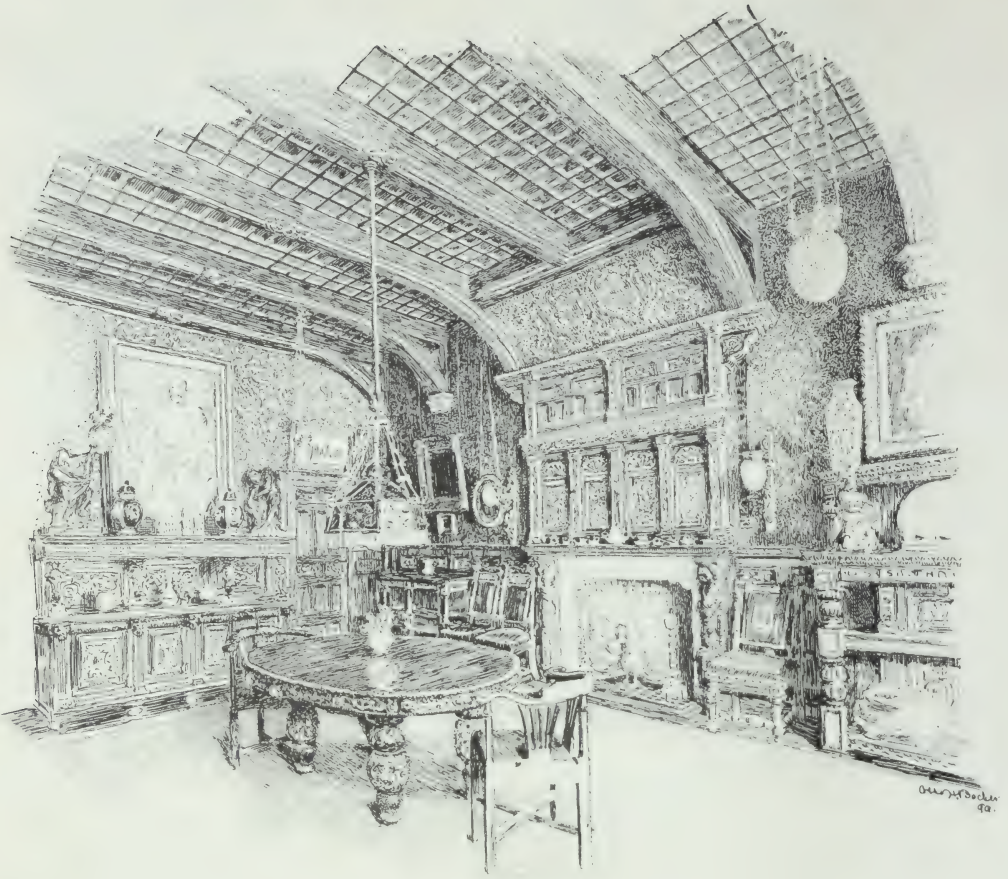
The bed and its hangings enter into the scheme of decoration, and the only paintings are in the panels of the walls.
From the Grand Trianon (about 1750).

the surface—the little checkered pattern made by the mere crossing of the threads or clusters of threads. With this there is a kindred pleasure in embroidery-stitching, or in the couching in gold cord held down with little, almost invisible threads of dull red silk, or the like. In the so-called tapestries furnished by some dealers in costly materials a semblance of embroidery is produced by threads of gold or bright color which pass under the heavier threads of the textile fabric and out again, so that a scroll or leaf pattern is drawn upon the surface by these bright little broken lines. The chief peculiarity of modern color decoration, next to the avoidance of contrasts of color, is the avoidance of pure form, and a reliance upon effects of surface.

The ceiling is much the most difficult part of a room to treat rightly. Almost never does one see a parlor ceiling which is wholly agreeable. The best ceiling is probably that which does not attract the eye, which is so subordinated to the walls, in the decorative sense, that one leaves the room with no idea of it except that it

was a not disagreeable match to the walls which have a right to catch the eye.

A ceiling is properly the top of the room—that is to say, the under surface of the floor above—and it should be treated frankly as such. The very best ceilings which we know anything about are those of the later Middle Ages and the earlier years which followed. Here and there in a forgotten château used as a barrack, or in a town house which commerce has had its way with and has not destroyed, merely piling its bales and its packs in the decorated rooms—in such a building one finds an unaltered ceiling of the sixteenth century or earlier. Some of those that have now disappeared are known by memory, and by drawings made some decades since. Others have been judiciously restored. Their character is that of constructional necessity, the under surface of the floor above slightly adorned. It is a system of beams not like those which, according to our American system, are deep and thin and set wide apart, but which, perhaps because vertical space was precious, were built like the decks of



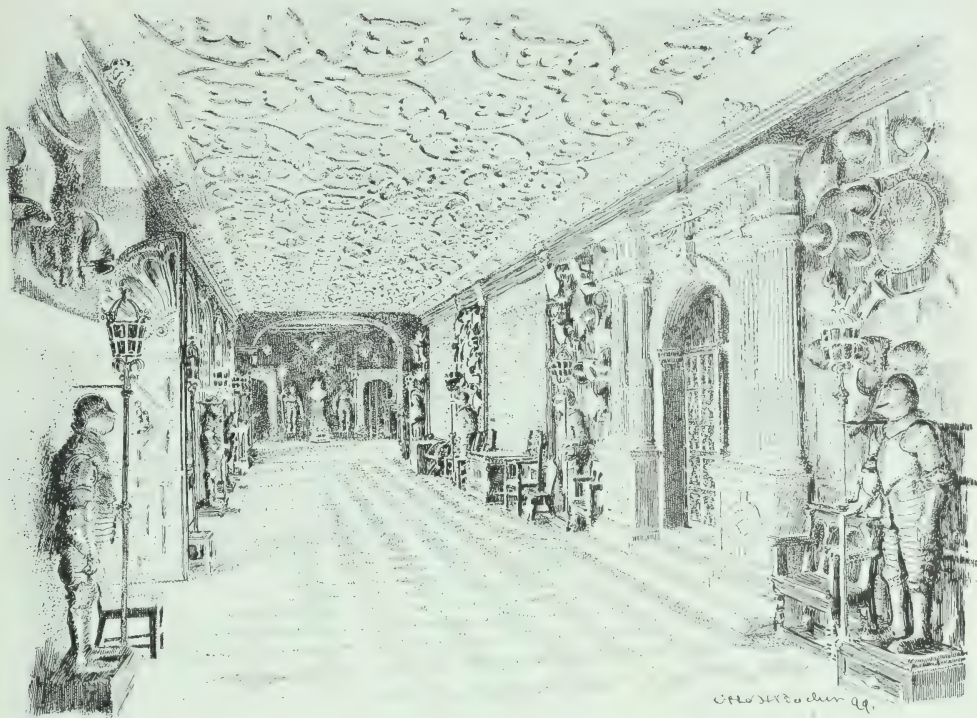
A CEILING SUPPORTED BY GIRDERS RESTING ON CARVED STONE CORBELS.

Dining-room in the house of W. S. Gilbert, Esq., the librettist, London. The filling between the girders seems to be a lattice-work of mouldings nailed upon planking which would necessarily be secured to smaller and much shallower floor beams between the girders.

our ships. The beams are five inches by six, or thereabouts, or even more nearly square in section, and very close together, the distance between them being not much more than their own thickness, measured horizontally. Such a row of beams, together with the under side of the floor planks above, should be colored a dull reddish-brown, and the soffit of each beam should be painted with a subdued sort of flower pattern, scarcely showing itself. It will then correspond with any decoration which we may wish to put upon the walls, from the heavy independent folds of tapestry which probably were the original accompaniment of the painted ceiling, to the wainscoting which perhaps succeeded the tapestry, and has been preserved in many a fine old room, or to the more modern hangings of thinner stuffs, cheaper and more

mechanically woven material, and paler colors. A mere film of wall-paper one would hardly propose as an accompaniment to such a fine old ceiling; and yet in the modern reproductions (which are not so fine, because the timbers are sawed and planed mechanically, instead of being split out of the solid and left rough), wall-paper, if judiciously chosen, might perhaps be considered sufficient.

The carved wooden Venetian ceilings of the fifteenth century and thereafter were sufficiently simple, though not without magnificence. A central star or boss gave out radiating patterns which filled practically the whole square of the room, and these were all sculptured and gilded and painted on carved wood, through the interstices of which might be seen the beams above. Splendid and showy such a ceiling may be, but the pattern is easily



A JACOBEOAN PLASTER CEILING OF THE SIMPLER KIND.
In the Armory, Hatfield House, Herts, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury.

grasped, and, once well fixed in the memory, it does not carry the eye from the walls, the floor, and the furniture. The essential thing is that the ceiling should not worry a person sitting in the room beneath it. In this respect the plaster ceilings of the Jacobean country houses in England are faulty. The rooms are not high, and the elaborately intertwined and interlinked scroll pattern of the ceiling is always demanding attention. It need hardly be said that modern plaster ceilings are apt to have the faults of their prototypes without their fantastic charm.

If the plaster ceiling or its equivalent must be used, leaving that mischievous air space between the beams and above the lath and plaster, which firemen hate and which insurance companies ought to tax out of existence, there is no plan for it so good as the plainest, and that is to adorn it by simple mouldings of no very great projection and arranged in the most formal patterns. The mouldings of plaster and of wood need not have more than an inch and a half of projection, but each group of them may be as broad as desired; there seems to be no harm in

that. A very good effect can be obtained by making this group double—that is to say, by composing it of a larger and more projecting moulding, which forms larger divisions, as when it quarters the ceiling into four, or divides it into six panels, while the smaller moulding, accompanying the larger one everywhere, forms also subdivisions by itself.

Some of the materials which are used to replace plastering in recent times suggest a division of the ceiling which is very taking. Paper-board of different kinds, and a singular combination of wooden strips between two thicknesses of paper-board, are sold in breadths of three feet, more or less, and in strips of indefinite length. The ceiling may be composed with these, nailed directly to the beams, and the joints covered by wooden mouldings. In this way the room is divided into narrow panels, each one as long as the room is wide, or nearly so; and this simulacrum of the actual beams which carry the floor and are concealed is pretty, and the slight reference it makes to the actual facts of the floor aids, perhaps, in the effect.



CHRISTOPHER AND THE PRINCESS.—[SEE PAGE 236.]

THE PRINCESS XENIA.*

A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

CHAPTER X.

TAKING the journey easily, to spare his horse, Christopher reached Dreiburg somewhat late in the evening, and dined comfortably at his hotel. He thought out his plans carefully, and resolved to come to some understanding with von Straben. He began to see clearly that that astute person had no intention of letting him into his secrets. He had been used to get rid of Prince Albrecht, in which adventure he had evidently been entirely successful; and now he was employed as nothing more than a common messenger, vouchsafed no further information than his own eyes and ears might pick up. Consequently it was with his mind already determined that, after his dinner, he repaired to the apartments of the Count in the Schloss Geisenthurm. He was admitted by a man-servant, who informed him that his master was out, but, upon hearing that the business was urgent, added that he would not be long away. Christopher therefore dismissed him, and sat down to wait. The rooms which had been allotted to the Count lay, as has been said, in the northern wing of the Palace, and consisted of a suite of several chambers. The servant had led Christopher not into the fine wainscoted room in which he had previously been, but into a smaller room, sparsely furnished and fitted as a waiting-room. A farther door connected this antechamber with the interior parts of the Schloss beyond.

The time passed slowly, and after exhausting his patience, Christopher got up and examined the pictures on the walls. As he did so, the door, which had been on the latch, creaked and opened, and he started round under the impression that von Straben had returned. Then, discovering what had happened, he went forward to close the door again. Suddenly the restlessness he was feeling drove him forth from the room, and he stood outside the open door for a moment looking down the passage. A staircase ran upward, rising a few feet from him,

and on an impulse he closed the door and ascended this.

At the top a narrow gallery conducted him out into a broad corridor, very lofty and exceedingly handsome in its proportions and decorations. Hardly considering what trespass he was making, he walked along it for some distance, until he heard the sound of voices. They arrested him, and then, cautiously approaching a branch in the corridor, he peered round the corner. Three men stood conversing together very ardently, and one—whom he recognized by his back to be the Count—seemed to be pleading with great animation. Of the others, one was a stout elderly man, who had been pointed out to him as the Chancellor of Weser-Dreiburg; and the second, from the descriptions he had received, could be no less than his Highness the Grand-Duke himself. He was a very tall and very lean old man, and as he stood, his withered face in profile, he was stooped upon a stick, and held one trembling hand upon his Chancellor's shoulder. He wore a skull-cap, from under which the sparse hair shone white and venerable. Christopher gazed, uncertain as to his actions for the moment. Obviously some point of great public interest was in discussion, but he shrank from spying upon them. The Grand-Duke was plainly agitated; he shook his head in a weary way; and von Straben, bowing down, resumed his statement in a low quick voice. Suddenly the three, as if upon a common understanding, turned about and moved towards Christopher. He hastily glanced about him. It was impossible that he could escape in time to descend the gallery by which he had entered, and a minute more and he must meet them face to face and be confessed for what he had no thought of being—an interloping spy. The thought of von Straben and of his own designs now growing so wonderfully under his hands flashed through his mind. The emergency was desperate. The footsteps had almost reached the turn

in the corridor when Christopher, wrenching quickly at the handle, opened a door behind him, and stepping into the room, shut it softly. This done, he turned about, and his eyes fell at once upon the Princess.

The Princess, who had been seated upon a couch at the farther end of the room, started and stared at him in amazement. In that instant of overwhelming confusion Christopher realized that the chamber was furnished after the manner of a living-room, and that the Princess was alone. He was frankly overpowered by the awkward turn to his foolish adventure, and stood for a while incapable of speech and glowing with color to his forehead. The Princess herself, on the contrary, was white, and though she seemed to present an appearance of agitation, she sat very still, and it was borne in upon Christopher that his intrusion was not the cause of her emotion.

Presently she steadied herself and spoke.

"Pray, sir, what is your business here?" she asked in a low voice, but with an air of authority.

Christopher bowed, and began an apology. "Madam," he said, being now in better possession of himself, "I must ask you to accept a thousand apologies. But in the Palace, being ignorant, I missed my way, and one door is so like another—"

"True," said she, breaking in upon his stammering utterance. "I will have you directed safely. The galleries are somewhat bewildering. No doubt you wanted the Chancellor's room." And then suddenly she stared at him with a look of suspicion and bit her lip.

Christopher bowed again, being able to offer no contradiction to the lady's guess.

"You will find it a little farther in the corridor," she went on, in her pleasantly remote voice. "I will send a servant with you," and she set her hand upon a bell, but as quickly paused. "I fear," she said, as if recalling painfully a recollection, "that you will not find his Excellency at present," and in a fit of melancholy abstraction she gazed through the window on the fountains playing in the court-yard below. Christopher's only thought up to this point had been to withdraw at the earliest opportunity, and indeed he was in the act of another bow and was backing towards the door when

the visage of the Princess was turned once more slowly upon him. He met her eyes, and it was as if he felt suddenly that melancholy gaze pierce through him. For an appreciable space of time she dwelt upon him, but with no signs of recognition—merely in a sad neglect of her surroundings. Christopher Lambert was a man, as we have observed, given to the rule of impulse under all his deliberate calculations. The chasing current of his blood running with such vital fulness refined him to active thoughts and cool designs, but no less excited him at times to instantaneous action. He had the habit of restraint, but no habit is continuous. And now he paused on the eve of his retirement, and as suddenly held the Princess with his eyes. She grew aware of his presence and this act of boldness, and her long form straightened insensibly.

"I thought you were gone, sir," she said. She looked at him with a frosty coldness, but Christopher's keen vision detected about her pale cheeks the stains and marks of tears.

"Madam," said he, boldly, "I could not leave you in this way. You need help."

The words came impetuously, but they were framed with deliberation.

"You are right, sir," cried she, flashing. "I will call help at once," and again she stretched her hand to the bell.

Christopher put up his arm. "I pray your Highness," he besought, "not to make an end too suddenly. It is no impertinence that moves me."

His voice rang very grave and earnest, and he stood erect, bearing himself brightly and with a fine glow of warmth in his eyes. The Princess hesitated. "You can have nothing to say to me, Mr. Lambert. You presume upon your previous service," she said, with the same coldness.

"Nay, nay, your Highness," cried Christopher, quickly; "my acquaintance gives me the right to say nothing. I have the right to presume on nothing. Indeed, my position, in contrast with yours, enjoins upon me silence. But my opportunity, the chance, this occasion, so accidentally befallen, bids me cry out from every nerve of my body."

"I do not understand you, sir," she replied, still with the same calmness, and fixing her dispassionate and liquid eyes upon him.

"You do not understand me, madam," said Christopher, quietly, and now con-

firmed in the complete mastery of himself. "No; indeed I think not. But, your Highness, it is because the usages that surround you are so unnatural, the conventions that constrain you and all women, highness or lowness, are so severe and unwarrantable, that you must needs make a feint of innocence, and bundle your true feelings out of sight. And if peradventure you should be surprised with the signs and marks of your true selves upon your faces, why you must lie and prevaricate, and ape a high pride you do not feel, for the preservation of your honor. Your honor, indeed, were safer in the keeping of your own truth and honesty."

The Princess stared upon him with parted lips through which a shadow of white teeth was visible, her cheeks gathering a pinch of color, her eyes dilating in astonishment. Once she put out her hand as though to touch the bell, but drew it back, and stood wavering under the influence of an unusual emotion.

"I have heard your nation was healthy and brave, Mr. Lambert," she said, presently. "It is news to learn that you are a race of philosophers."

An unpleasant little musical laugh issued from her throat, and it was manifest to Christopher that she was near the brink of weeping, for all her austere looks. He judged that she had but newly come through some ordeal, and he thought he could make a guess at it. He had not had that long ride from Salzhausen for nothing.

"Pardon me, your Highness," he said. "It is no philosophy that inspires these rough sentences of mine, but merely a knowledge of fact, and the common-sense of my kind. I am endowed with sharp eyes, if with no very sharp wits, and your Highness's tale is written upon your Highness's face."

The Princess started, and the hot color charged her pale face again. Christopher put up his hand. "Nay, I beseech you to hear me out. What I say may very well appear to you to be an impertinence. I suppose I have no business to notice the traces upon your cheeks. Royal eyes brew no tears; royal hearts beat to no other tune than that of a proud sovereignty. Well, your Highness, rest assured that when I go forth from this room I shall be obediently blind and subserviently dumb. I shall watch only the

faces of my equals, find pity for their troubles only, offer them alone some help or consolation. But here I have other eyes and the tongue of my own individual freedom, and though I shall have blundered into this speech as I have blundered into this chamber, it may be that you can bring yourself to pardon the one mistake with the other."

The Princess stood at the window now, her gaze trembling upon the spurting waters.

"You need no pardon from me," she said, quietly. "An amiable mistake requires no relief. Pray leave me, sir."

"Before God, madam," cried Christopher, with sudden passion, "I will not leave you thus. I pray your Highness to throw off these unworthy tremors. Act by your princely nature, divest yourself of false modesty, and remember that what concerns you in life concerns you in two ways, as a woman no less than as a princess."

He had drawn himself to his full height as he spoke, and his eyes burned with their pleading. Something in his poise, the arrogance of that great confidence, mingling with the zeal with which he plied his argument, startled and moved the Princess. The words which had risen to her lips remained unuttered, and when she spoke it was quite gently.

"It is because I remember that, sir, I am and can be in no need of help," she said.

Though her voice fell soft and clear and sad, there was yet in it a ring of pride, which might have deterred a less obstinate man. But Christopher was in his most stubborn mood, and with a glow of satisfaction he welcomed this answer for a signal of surrender. He threw himself into the breach with most desperate energy.

"Is your Highness sure of that?" he asked. "Pardon me, but it is a point upon which I would take other judgment. A mistake is so easy. I should prefer a decision reached in the green fields and under the eye of Heaven, to one that the pressure of courts and the provisions of intrigue have settled. And can your Highness, think you, fitly determine for yourself between such great and private causes?"

The Princess looked at him inquiringly, parted her lips, but said nothing. Christopher, following her thoughts, rec-

ognized what she would have asked him. Her patience under his eloquence renewed in him his satisfaction. He felt that he had gained his point. The Princess sank upon the seat; she was wound in a tangle of feelings, captured in her emotional condition by this strong and iron stranger, who stood a little way apart, respectful, giving tongue to counsel with eloquence and sincerity, pleading with her for herself, and careless of any mischief to himself. Christopher, at this moment of triumph the master of so vast a hoard of imprisoned power, felt his blood run with exultation, and his soul touched the stars. He caught a vivid sight of the glories to which this unconquerable servant might lead him.

"Madam," he answered, "I speak with deference, and out of a regard for the destinies of this ancient state. How are you convinced that what lies before you in your duty as Princess will conserve the privileges and liberties of Weser-Dreiburg?"

"Tis the only way," said the Princess, with a sigh. "There is no choice. But," she cried, suddenly breaking into agitation, "you—why should you—I am mad to talk with you, a stranger and a foreigner."

"Nay, your Highness," said Christopher, "but yet it may be to your Highness's advantage," and his gray eyes dwelt upon her with calm conviction. Enhanced as his own natural confidence was by the huge fortune of which he was conscious, he could not doubt, nor would he allow any one to doubt, himself. He carried persuasion with him, even to the trembling hysterical Princess, as she sat there forlorn and desolate in her room, the victim of a selfish diplomacy.

"See," he went on, "I have a guess how your Highness may be placed. It is no matter if I am wrong. Your Highness will pardon me if I am blunt and speak in plain terms. It is the thing, not the word, that offends. To be offered for a sacrifice to save the state is a noble career truly, and worthy of any woman's life, but surely it were wise to calculate if the sacrifice is to be effectual."

"What mean you, sir?" cried the Princess.

"Your Highness is aware that Germany wants this little state, and has been on the watch for years. And how, I ask you Highness, shall the chance be

brought off? Why, by a sacrifice, a futile, ineffectual sacrifice."

The Princess flushed warm, and then grew pale and cold again.

"What means this consultation of his Highness and the German legate together?" he continued. "The very palace stones would exclaim passionately upon a course of so much folly. Why should the German Emperor take such paternal care to find a husband for his Highness's daughter? Indeed the ties that would thus connect Salzhausen and Weser-Dreiburg would prove to his benefit, and to the benefit of that rapacious empire. The Margrave of Salzhausen is known to be his creature; and in the end it would not be a strip of border-land, but the whole virgin territory of Weser-Dreiburg that would fill the imperial gullet."

But now Xenia had resumed a safe control of herself. The stress under which she had been suffering, and which had betrayed her, had passed during these cold arguments. She looked up more brightly, and a feint of a smile restored her previous dignity.

"My dear Mr. Lambert," she said, speaking even lightly, "I told you when we first met that we Continentals are never allowed to be simple. You have spoken a good deal, and I dare say your sermon contains some elements of truth. I am no hand at politics; I leave that to the Council of his Highness, and the two Houses. I have no doubt our little petty quarrels interest you; they are operative, and command the ridicule of Europe. I do not grudge your laughter, but I must remember that I am part and portion of the farce myself, and therefore I cannot smile with you."

"Madam," said Christopher, gravely, "I am in no humor to laugh. Your petty quarrels draw me because they may threaten greater catastrophes; and I am not so dull but I see that the welfare of your country jumps with your own desires."

"And yet," said the Princess, resuming, "you came with Count von Straben."

"Ah, madam!" cried Christopher, quickly, "and thereby the whole fruit of my performance. It is in that direction you need help, you and Weser-Dreiburg."

A light glowed in Xenia's face, and she made an impulsive movement forward, but ceased, and her eyes faded and dropped.

"Weser-Dreiburg can offer no resistance to a first-class power," she said, disconsolately.

"True, but she can deploy diplomacy against physical power," exclaimed Christopher.

"You speak very confidently, Mr. Lambert," replied the Princess. "I wish I could enjoy your expectations. But I have lived in courts, and you—you are an Englishman. If what you say is true, nothing can save Weser-Dreiburg." She hesitated. "But perhaps her fate may be postponed."

Christopher nodded. "I thought it would put itself to you in that way," he answered. "But believe me, the sacrifice you would make would be vain. It is not so you will save the Grand-Duchy."

"How, then?" she broke forth, suddenly. "You hint at a plan. What would you have us do?" As suddenly she came to a pause, and uttered a brief laugh. "I think, sir, that after all it is not here, in this room, that the fate of Weser-Dreiburg will be settled."

"And your Highness's own fate?" added Christopher, meaningly. She winced, as though menaced by a blow. Christopher saw her waver again from the princess into the woman. "We may not settle either," he said in a low voice, "but we may help. I beg your Highness to remember that we can help."

"You are very good," replied Xenia, with a touch of feeling in her voice. "I do not understand you, but I believe you have intended well, and that without selfish reasons."

"Believe me," returned Christopher, "that I am thinking only of what would be for the best."

"Ah, well," exclaimed the Princess, airily, "it is not you and I that will settle it," and she held out her hand frankly.

Christopher bowed and kissed the tips of her fingers; then he withdrew.

Christopher found his way out of the Palace in a condition of musing satisfaction. Passing by the sentinels on duty before the doors, he fixed them with an unregarding eye, and, still wreathed in complacency, he came out again before the apartments of the Count. This time he was informed that von Straben was at home, and entered without more ceremony. The German welcomed his young friend with his usual debonair grace, put

no questions about the missives, but behaved as he invariably behaved, quite as if he had no stronger or more important tie of connection with Christopher than that of common friendliness and polite good-will. It was Christopher who took the conversation to the subject. Indeed, he had discovered that this was generally his task. He pulled the Jew's letter from his pocket, and spoke bluntly.

"Your Jew gave me that," said he. "I presume it is from Herr Gasten."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned the Count. "I am much in your debt. I thank you, Mr. Lambert," and he brushed the letter aside, as though its news might very well keep until after Mr. Lambert's amiable visit.

"You had better read it," suggested Christopher. "We mustn't stand on ceremony. There may be something important. And, besides, I am in the game, you see."

Von Straben raised his eyebrows almost imperceptibly, but bowed and broke the seal. He read the letter and laid it down.

"A thousand apologies," he said. "And now, Mr. Lambert, can I offer you—"

But Christopher sharply interrupted him. "And now, Count," said he, gravely, "let us come to an understanding."

Von Straben glanced at him in silence, shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and showed a sparkle of teeth under his mustache. He had the air of waiting, hiding, as it were, in covert against a surprise, and he regarded Christopher with interrogating eyes.

"I have met your Herr Gasten," went on Christopher, "and he made a very definite impression on me."

"Ah, I am glad you met," said the Count, cheerfully. "He is a very amiable young fellow—quite an excellent man. I have a great regard for him."

"Of that I have not the least doubt in the world," replied Christopher, "and I may add that he appears to reciprocate your esteem. He inquired diligently after your health."

"Very kind of him; but that is like him," murmured von Straben.

"He also put several questions to me," went on Christopher, without heeding this interposition, "but I was able to assure him that I was not in your confidence."

"Ah!" exclaimed von Straben. "I see."

"I do not think much of the bottle-nosed man," went on Christopher, coolly. "If I were you I should discard him. But of course I am not in your confidence. He strikes me as shifty as well as mercenary, and he has no manners."

"Manners," assented the Count, gravely considering his companion—"manners are not always indispensable. I agree that they are laudable."

"Indeed," said Christopher, promptly, "if it comes to that, I am of opinion that you might even have dispensed with some ceremonious superfluities yourself."

"In relation, Mr. Lambert, to yourself?" inquired von Straben, suavely, and not at all put about.

"You see," said Christopher, with some grimness, "you *can* see a point without walking round it."

"That is kindly put," returned the Count; "a neat compliment. And yet, sir, I think it may be rather you that are ceremonious. I have a doubt whether you needed any introduction to my friend Herr Gasten."

"I had a flash of illumination," answered Christopher. "But I cannot always rely upon it. You see, he is not a very discreet gentleman. He wags his tongue."

"That is precisely my difficulty," observed von Straben. He appeared to be sunk in thought, and let his glance fall reflectively upon the letter which Christopher had given him.

"You will see, Count," urged the young man, "that I am not used with too much consideration. I am modest, but I have certain claims upon your esteem. You are no longer enjoying the society of the pleasant Prince Albrecht, and one who commands the movements of princes may justly feel wounded to be employed as a common bootboy."

"I pray you, don't, Mr. Lambert," cried the Count, putting up his hand as though in pain. "You distress me. I assure you that you are the only person in this state that I would have asked to favor me so."

"Why, then," exclaimed Christopher, "I stand upon another footing; but I am a blunt and clumsy Englishman, and I do nothing by innuendoes. I have a fancy for frank specifications."

"I have no hesitation in saying that I

believe we can work together, Mr. Lambert," said the Count.

Christopher stared him full in the eyes, and then put out his hand abruptly. Von Straben accepted it.

"Until that was done," said Christopher, as if a load was off his mind, "I have been waiting to make a proposition." Von Straben stood, the picture of polite interrogation. "The Princess may be averse to this match. Bah! let us speak plainly. I mean his Highness—'Herr Gasten'—may not commend himself."

"Her Highness the Princess," said von Straben, softly, "is a woman."

"Quite so. Well, is she in want of a maid of honor, a lady-in-waiting—whatever they may be? If so, I recommend to your kindly offices on her behalf a very amiable lady, Fräulein Reinart."

It was now von Straben's turn to stare at his companion; but Christopher bore the scrutiny without wavering.

"You think she would be suitable?" inquired the Count, after a long pause.

"I understand that she is of good birth, but I cannot follow your German distinctions. She seems to have plenty of money. It is possible that she would not entertain such an offer. I may say that she is German by nationality."

Von Straben took a turn of the floor, and paused in front of Christopher. "I dare say she would prove a comfort to her Highness," he remarked.

"I have no doubt of it," returned Christopher, confidently.

"Mr. Lambert," said the Count, lightly, "it is possible that you are not unprejudiced."

"I do not claim to be so," said Christopher, promptly. "I admire Fräulein Reinart thoroughly. She is a fine woman and an agreeable companion."

Von Straben's eyes fell away. "I have not heard of any vacancy," he remarked, "but it's always possible that there may be one."

"Everything is possible," said Christopher, sententiously.

Von Straben laughed. "Not quite everything, my friend. For example, it seems impossible to keep a secret from Mr. Lambert."

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTOPHER refrained with a struggle from paying Fräulein Reinart a visit

even at that late hour of the night. But his sense of decorum prevailed upon him, and he postponed his interview till the morning. Even so, he arrived at the hotel so early that Katarina was not yet in a state to receive him. He had an agreeable conversation when it took place, and both the lady and himself parted upon excellent terms with one another and in great spirits. To Katarina it was a large new step in her social progress; to Christopher, a skilful move in the perilous game he was playing.

Count von Straben had not been wrongly interpreted by Christopher; he was seriously considering the suggestion that this young German woman should be installed in some position at the Court. The proposal, as it chanced, fell in with his own mood quite naturally. The opposition of the Princess to the alliance which Germany was good enough to favor had been so far uncompromising—at least in public. The Grand-Duke wavered—now argued the impossibility of such a match, and then seemed to accept it with a melancholy resignation. The faithful Chancellor, who was a man of caution, and a timid soul to boot, watched his master carefully, was silent before the pleadings of the enemy, and was understood to dwell in private upon the dangers that threatened the state, and the absurdity of hazarding a war with Germany. But the key to the position lay with the Princess herself, and of that von Straben was well aware. His Highness was grown old, and the hand that held the sceptre was very weary, but he nourished a deep affection for his daughter. He would not press upon her a course that was distasteful, and so between the salvation of his duchy and the happiness of his child he drifted irresolutely, wholly unable in his enfeebled state to come to any decision. It was for use in this deadlock that the ingenious and implacable diplomat required a tool; and it appeared to him that the lively and unscrupulous Fräulein Reinart might serve his ends. For this reason he determined to gratify Christopher by employing a person for whom he conceived that young man had an attachment, thus accomplishing two results at a blow. He read (or thought he read) Katarina at a glance, and had determined how far she was trustworthy. He saw that she had a very poor conscience to worry her, noted her

vices of vanity and greed, and relied in some degree also upon her patriotism as a German. He considered, at any rate, that Count von Straben would be able to attach her to the proper cause temporarily, and after that—he cared not a rap what she might think or say or do.

It is no part of this history to inquire by what circuitous ways, or with what arts of pressure or persuasion, von Straben contrived this petty intrigue, but it is quite certain that after the receipt of certain information from Dresden, the position of lady-in-waiting was offered to Fräulein Katarina Wilhelmina von Reinart, daughter of Johann von Reinart of Schesinger, in the kingdom of Saxony, and that it was eagerly accepted by her. The young lady's excitement ran high at this time, and she made no secret of her rapture to Christopher. She bore herself with great dignity, but with a certain little air of appeal which was very charming.

"You have done this for me," she said, impulsively, laying a hand on Christopher's arm, and as quickly withdrawing it. "I do not forget that."

"Madam," said Christopher, impassively polite, "I have my promise to fulfil—a small return for a great service which you once rendered to me."

Katarina made a gesture of impatience, twirling about with a whirl of her skirts. "You talk foolishly," she said. "What I did was nothing; I never pretended it was anything. You rescued me from dirt and poverty, and from the maudlin attentions—" She shrugged her shoulders and looked at him closely. "I will have no more of your promise. I can do what I want myself now. Remember that. I release you, if you will. You are not to bother with me. You have put me in a position to carry on for myself."

Christopher grinned. "You forget," he said, dryly, "that I have my personal pride to consider. I said I would do something, and that I must do."

Katarina's cheeks burned. "You shall do nothing more," she insisted. "I have changed my mind."

"Then you break faith," returned Christopher.

She left him petulantly. But to the Count she was quite another woman, showing in her most worldly and most independent spirit. She gave herself libertine airs, and mocked him; even

while she thanked him for the advancement, she paid him no deference. It might have been that she thought her obligations were due to Christopher alone, and that she had put her faith in him as the controller and assessor of her fortunes. Von Straben considered her, amused, philosophic, and entirely satisfied. According to his aphorism, "frisky steeds kick their heels before cooling them," and he asked no better than these fireworks of triumphant vanity.

It will be manifest that both the Count and Christopher looked to put Katarina to the same use. And yet the latter, at any rate, was somewhat disappointed by the immediate results. For the Princess would make no confidences, and was merely gracious and kindly. Perhaps she was aware that she owed this new lady-in-waiting to Count von Straben and the abominable German party. Katarina, nevertheless, had sharp sight, and was as nimble in her instincts as a cat.

"Her Highness," she declared, "is unhappy. I am sorry to see her so. I would help her, Mr. Lambert, if I knew how. Yet I feel she does not like me. How atrocious these impotent royal airs are!"

"Her Highness," said Christopher, "is pressed to marry a man she detests."

Katarina glanced at him with an odd expression on her face. "And you would help her to resist?" she asked. He nodded simply. "How you will interfere in people's lives, Mr. Lambert!" she said. "I should not have said you had so much sentiment."

"You see how you have misjudged me, Fräulein," he observed.

Katarina laughed. "I think I know you very well," she remarked, "at least as well as the Count, who prides himself upon knowing so much. Well, I'll tell you what—I must use my eyes and ears more sharply, that's all. If I cannot persuade secrets, I must surprise them."

Christopher moved awkwardly, and he felt that his color was growing. This was putting in plain terms what she was employed to be.

"There will be no necessity for that," he said presently.

"Why, mon Dieu! I must bring you some news!" said Katarina.

"I can wait," said he; "meanwhile you may take some to Count von Straben."

"Am I to blow hot or cold?" she inquired, roguishly.

"I must have no hand in this," explained Christopher. "You must barely be understood to see me. It is important that we meet seldom. But we can find means."

"Leave that to me," said Katarina, boldly. "But how am I to meet the Count?"

Christopher reflected. "He must understand that you are creeping into the Princess's secrets," he said at last. "Do not commit yourself, but bear that in mind. You must not see me for a week, and all that time the Princess is wavering, first inclining slowly to submission, then flying out in anger, according as her temper would exhibit such reversals. On such news the Count will be held in suspense."

Katarina was very faithful to her orders. She led the Count a dance between hopes and fears; or at least he professed to fluctuate in spirits. It may not be that he believed all the reports he heard; he may even have distrusted the veracity of his spy. But it is certain that these continuous disappointments wore upon his cheerfulness. He had now taken Christopher frankly into his confidence upon this one point, the marriage of the Princess—at least he had all the appearance of having done so. He discussed the project with his friend, airily, to be sure, and not as if the destinies of nations hung upon it.

"His Highness the Margrave Sigismund of Salzhausen returns from Paris very shortly. You see it would be an admirable match, Mr. Lambert, and would wake up this poor-spirited Dreiburg. The Margrave is a fine fellow, with artistic tastes. He has built a wonderful opera-house, and clothed it in mirrors—a popular and philanthropic creature. Her Highness would adore him."

"Her Highness seems to be of a different opinion," remarked Christopher, dryly.

"Yes; I am sorry," assented the patient Count. "It would have been so advantageous all round. It would have settled so many difficulties. His Majesty is anxious to bury the hatchet. It is a pity. But a foolish prejudice—some silly tale, perhaps—her Highness is so fastidious."

The Princess was not only fastidious; she was also very reticent. No whisper

of her private thoughts reached Christopher at this time. She wore a grave or smiling face, very sober to look on, and broaching in her eyes a dozen emotions; but she held her tongue, and covered her real feelings in a dignified sweetness. This was Katarina's tale; and as von Straben grew more impatient, Christopher became more anxious. He had as yet no weapon with which to resist the insidious advances of the enemy. He knew that there were daily conferences in the Council House, and the Chancellor went about hanging his head and rubbing his double chin. The Princess made no sign. Perhaps she was trying, in despair, to set back the hour of her surrender; or it may be that she had not yet made up her mind. The Grand-Duke himself, as Christopher gathered, remained impassive, trembling, expectant, waiting for his daughter. The decision of the momentous question hung upon the lips of a girl filled with none too stout a heart, and beleaguered by sentiment. Such was the gossip that crept into the foreign press and found an echo in the imposing commonplaces of a great London paper. The Count exerted himself to the utmost; he even named a day, and offered an ultimatum in the most civil and diplomatic language. There was no mention of the proposed marriage in this document, which merely pressed in the most formal manner for a settlement of the indemnity question; but the interior significance was quite understood. The exchanges in the matter of the marriage had been private between the Grand-Duke and the German envoy, and so the former was aware of the only course which would save his country from a heavy financial impost. So too was Xenia, the poor Princess, and she kept her counsel and her nerve. It was given out that she was indisposed. Von Straben shrugged his shoulders.

"They will never get any further, my friend," he declared, "these women. It is because they feel. But how absurd to feel! It is only necessary to live."

But Christopher was full of unrest himself. It appeared to him important that he should in some way get at the Princess. He wondered if she had thought of his arguments before her in that private boudoir. Although he was not vain enough to suppose that she had recalled his pleading with any interest, he

had been content with his impression at the time. But she was in a stew of emotion, and his words had had an undue advantage. That he admitted, and upon the top of the admission came the reflection that she was not likely to have mended her condition since. Nay, she might have gone from bad to worse. He saw clearly that the pressure upon her would prove too great for her resistance, and that she must in the end capitulate, unless her wavering resolution were fortified by some exterior aid. The trouble was to supply that aid. He trimmed his mind to this, and in the mean time set Katarina once more to work.

Fräulein Reinart, taking her cue, breathed prejudice against the Margrave of Salzhausen. In the most convincing way she crowned him with ridicule, and having stumbled upon the tender spot in her mistress's character, insinuated against the unfortunate young man a very disagreeable career.

"I am told he plays a fiddle," she exclaimed. "What an employment for a man, your Highness! And he owns a troupe of ballet-girls in Paris, it is said. It is when I think of that effeminate and unprofitable Prince that my heart rejoices in the reverend dignity and majesty of his Highness."

And such speeches as these, turning upon nothing but a topic of idle conversation and conveying such a eulogy upon Weser-Dreiburg, seemed to the Princess to merit no rebuke. No doubt she was insensibly influenced by them, seeing that her own conviction in regard to the Margrave was confirmed by the common knowledge.

"Her Highness is more melancholy to-day," Katarina would remark to von Straben. "I fear she is less inclined to the Margrave. She spoke slightly of singers this morning. It was not the words; there was bitterness in the voice."

And to Christopher she broke out gaily: "I can find no more anathemas, my friend. I have poured a broadside into that young man, whom I have never seen. Ach, heaven, but it is so dull! There is no gayety in the Schloss. I would give the world that you should ask me to dinner."

Christopher smiled. "Wait till it is over," he said, "and you shall have fifty dinners."

"I shall be dead of ennui," she said, and retired, laughing and languishing.

She assumed a part admirably, but Christopher was satisfied that he saw through her.

But meanwhile Katarina was preparing the soil on which he was to sow. His object in submitting the Princess to this diligent husbandry was twofold—not only to make ready for himself, but to confirm her in her fears, and so put off the decision as long as possible. Yet upon this side his plans suddenly broke down in the following manner:

Christopher saw the Count periodically, although he had not been set to any new job since his expedition to Salzhausen. But von Straben kept him in good temper by appearing to confide in him openly the deepest secrets. There is no doubt that he did now and then communicate information which was by no means public property, but it may safely be assumed that the German was not as ingenuous as he seemed. He had a pleasant knack of buttonholing Christopher for his confidences, and wore the habitual air of one who was glad to get the advice of a shrewd head. If you could credit his manner, it was Christopher who was conferring upon him the favor of opening his ears and giving advice. Now Christopher was too suspicious to be taken in altogether by this piece of conduct; yet he certainly felt an agreeable satisfaction at times; and now and then he was tempted to believe that von Straben had absolutely taken him for a coadjutor in the difficult game he was playing. One evening Christopher visited von Straben's rooms and found him poring thoughtfully over a despatch. He was unusually affected from his impassive *sang-froid*.

"It is useless," he exclaimed, after he had greeted his guest. "I will parley no longer. I cannot afford to lose a point. See, my friend, I am blamed, even I, who have been so industrious, so kindly." His eyes rested on the document with a frown, and then he folded it abruptly, and looked up, smiling. "You cannot understand my annoyance? Well, look you, Mr. Lambert, I will stand it no more." He rose, put on his coat, and excused himself; he was bound for the Grand-Duke in a great hurry. Obviously there was news of importance in his despatch, and possibly he spoke the truth to Christopher out of indifference for a piece of gossip that must sooner or later be current. Indeed, the fatal news fell upon

Christopher with something like a blow next day when he encountered Katarina by appointment. The Princess had consented; that was the rumor of the Court. She had had an audience of his Highness early in the morning; it had endured for close on two hours; a maid had surprised her weeping; and she had dried her eyes and drawn herself haughtily to her full stature. The palace was buzzing with the news like a summer garden with bees. Whence the information filtered none could tell, but even the dates were appointed, by report, for the signing of the contract and for the ceremony itself. And so once again the affairs of state had triumphed over the insignificant interests of the individual.

Christopher Lambert was by no means abashed by the tale which Fräulein Reinart poured into his ears. So far he had moved among the transactions of these intrigues like any common mortal with sharp wits, a cool head, and excellent address. He had made use of his personal qualifications as a man; he had never appeared in the character of a millionaire. It was time that his money was brought into use, and he had already designed a plot in which it should figure. As Katarina and he talked on the lower terrace of the Schloss gardens under the late spring moon, embowered in the darkness of the encircling trees, he laid her instructions before her shortly and sharply. It was urgent that he should see the Princess; yet certainly he had no excuse to ask the favor of an audience. If he had conceived the girl at all properly, she would surely deny him, in the resignation of her despair or in her singular pride. Perhaps even she would fail to recall him, and would remember nothing of his former sermon.

"There must be no failure," he enjoined upon Katarina, severely. "I trust you. The action passes now into my hands."

Katarina vowed obedience; she was quick-witted, as he knew, and he left her with confidence. As he stole up the borders of the formal garden between the aucubas, the light of heaven flowed softly upon a tall figure on the upper terrace. He recognized it at a glance for the Princess. His way led him close beside her where she stood, her face turned towards the twinkling lights, her chin thrust a little forward on the palm of her hand as

she leaned upon the marble coping. The lustre of the moon enveloped her. The direction of her gaze lay across the roofs of the city, the circumambient Weser, and the leagues of forest that stretched towards Erwald. Christopher paused in the pathway and regarded her. No particular of her dress was visible, but all was swallowed in the shadows of the terrace. Out into the twilight bent a tall and gracious figure, and the face glowed with luminous sadness. Not otherwise, he reflected, might some beleaguered princess of fantasia stand and watch from her solitary and accustomed haunt, praying for help with mute eyes, offering dumb signals appealingly across a distance, and desperate of succor. She had sacrificed her birthright as a woman, and there was none to prevent or refuse that great surrender. Christopher's heart moved with a feeling of compassion. The picture showed him its tragic side. Suddenly and under the gleam of his imagination the image of the martyr was projected upon his fancy. Her country betrayed her; it had selfish need of her. As he stood, considering her in this altered mood, his thoughts took the field with hers. His mind travelled with his eyes across the houses of the sleeping town, over the murmuring river, and beyond those silent woods to the confines of Erwald. It might almost have been, he thought, as if she were keeping a watch upon that territory, expecting some help to issue from the gates of Arnholz. But no horseman was visible to the lonely sentinel, speeding for Dreiburg. The night returned her no answer or encouragement, merely shook itself, breathed its inanimate vows, and settled into circumspect darkness.

Christopher turned and proceeded on his way, and looking back, beheld the shadows of the night seize and engross the stooping girl. But that vision of vigil did not leave his mind; it captured his fancy. "She has appealed towards Erwald," he said to himself. "It is from Erwald that her prayer shall be answered."

Our adventurer made his dispositions during the following day with the decision and resource of a general.

But late in the afternoon the main hinge of his plan was still to set. He had gathered some ideas as to the places frequented by Fritz, Katarina's old lover,

but so far he had been unable to lay his hands upon that melancholy swash-buckler. His industry was, however, destined to meet its reward, for he at last encountered Fritz, a good deal dishevelled and not a little intoxicated, at the mouth of a small inn in the lower portion of the city. The man would have passed him with a stiff and somewhat surly salute, but Christopher stopped him.

"Ah, Herr Polnitz," he broke out, pleasantly, "I have not seen you for some time. I was wondering where to find you. You should have left your address. I have news for you. It is well we are met."

Fritz stared and uttered a jovial laugh. "Then if the news be good, we will have a bottle on it—my faith, yes," said he.

"That is for you to judge," remarked Christopher, and followed his companion, without further ceremony, into the tavern.

"You think," began Fritz, loudly, "that I am breaking my heart about that devil of a woman. Well, you're wrong, then. I let no wenches interfere with my life, not I. She was a handsome, strapping girl, too; but, my God! she wheedled one! If you will believe me, when I first met her I had no more notion of picking up with her than you yourself. I looked upon it as a jest: that is how I considered it. But she was a wheedler, to be sure. She enticed you. You could never be facing the one way for five minutes. It is a good service to be rid of her;" and Fritz drained his pot of lager-beer and laughed.

"I am glad to see you have learned wisdom," said Christopher. "A woman is never worth the pains we waste upon her, and this girl—I do not suppose she was worthy of you."

"That she was not," exclaimed Fritz, complacently.

"And yet," observed the other, scrutinizing him critically, "I'll wager your tongue is braver than your heart. If you ask me, you protest too strongly. I think you have a weakness for the girl."

Fritz swaggered. "Not I," he cried, "and you've no right to say so. I cannot afford to throw away my time upon a heartless hussy."

"Ah, well," said Christopher, with a nod, "I am glad to see you recovered. I congratulate you. So my news is of no importance now."

But Fritz was sober enough to take alarm at this.

"What is this?" he asked. "You had some news for me. Is it about Katarina? Heavens, man, I wish her well. I should like to hear of her. What do you know?"

"Why," said Christopher, "I scarcely know whether you should be pleased or disappointed by my information. In one way, I think you should be prepared to rejoice, for Fräulein Reinart has got on, and I believe you are generous."

"No one has ever accused me of meanness," boasted Fritz. "I am glad if she is getting up in the world. But where is she?"

"In Dreiburg itself," said Christopher. "She holds a position in the Grand-Duke's household."

Fritz started. "What!" he cried. "Katarina in the Schloss! Why, how comes this?"

"I have seen her," said Christopher. "I cannot solve your riddles. You must ask her. She inherited some money, did she not? Well, she may have some influence also now. But I have seen her. She is quite a great lady."

Fritz was silent, and now very sober. He knit his heavy brows and considered. This hot-tempered, roistering, sentimental braggart nourished in his heart what was a sincere and even a fanatical affection for his mistress. His sluggard wits were slowly conceiving the situation. Christopher watched him; he had not come here and spent all these hours in hunting up Fritz to talk about Katarina.

"If I thought there was any one—" began the fellow, slowly.

"Pooh! there is no one. She is as honest as yourself," said Christopher.

Fritz colored. "Oh, a man is very different," he said. "But I wish Katarina well. I do not grudge her good fortune. She has used me ill, but," he shrugged his shoulders, "a man's back is broad enough."

"True," remarked Christopher. "He can amuse himself somehow."

"Oh, there's not much amusement," pretended Fritz. "He can drown care; that's all. He can get rid of the pangs if he makes an effort." He sighed. "Well, we will drink to Katarina," and raised his mug.

Christopher studied him intently; he wondered if he might venture upon his proposal without exciting the other's ani-

mosity and suspicions. But he was certain that he knew his man, and he relied upon the swaggering vanity. Fritz caught the gray eyes fastened attentively upon him and appearing to measure him up.

"I was thinking that you were a likely man for an emergency, Herr Polnitz," explained the Englishman. "You are strong and active. You would be a valuable fellow at a pinch."

"I am very well," murmured Fritz, bashfully.

"Come, then, what do you say if I give you a chance to renew your acquaintance with Fräulein Reinart?" said Christopher.

Fritz turned red, took a pull at his beer, and endeavored to assume an indifferent behavior. "It would be very kind of you," he returned. "But I would hesitate to put you about."

"A long conversation?" suggested Christopher.

Fritz evidently wavered. Christopher resolved to throw all his weights into the scale.

"And something else to boot," he went on, lowering his voice. "Herr Polnitz, I let you into a secret. I have a favor to ask from you."

He whispered into Fritz's ear. The German started, half rose from his seat, opened his mouth, while upon his face grew an expression of alarm.

"It is impossible," he cried. "You are mad."

Christopher glanced about the room, fearing that they would attract the notice of strangers. "There is no harm," he explained. "I have told you that I mean well."

"I would not have a hair of her head injured," cried Fritz, storming. "I am a loyal man myself."

"Pooh!" said Christopher. "You make a grave fuss. After all, if I wish to figure heroically it is a harmless weakness, for which I am willing to pay. Besides, I will promise you a long talk with Fräulein Katarina."

Fritz looked the picture of stupid embarrassment. It was plain he was torn both ways.

"I am sure," added Christopher, suavely, "that it is not fear holds you back. If it were fear, why of course that is another matter."

"I am not afraid," said Fritz, sullenly. "But I am no bully to frighten women."

"We are going to frighten none," Christopher assured him. "Trust me for that. I am willing to pay for my freaks. This one is harmless; remember that I am an Englishman."

"That is true," replied Fritz. "Well, if I do as you say, it will be to see Katarina. And if you play me false—"

"My dear sir," said Christopher, laughing, "I give you leave to split me."

CHAPTER XII.

THE year had moved slowly into May, and the sun shone with the zeal of summer. Far away under the horizon of the southeast the still high mountains between Salzhausen and the outlying skirts of the great German Empire showed, wrapped in a faint dazzle of blue mist. The air blew clear and fresh across the lowlands of Weser-Dreiburg, bringing strength into the green corn upon the farms, and flooding the streets of the little capital with the checkers of the wavering lindens. Upon this bright morning her Highness the Princess Xenia rose after a night of broken sleep, and looked forth with melancholy eyes through a window upon the sun-swept country below. That shining prospect presently struck new hope into her; new feelings animated her heart; and the current of her blood ran strongly. She was young, and she had a wholesome mind; above all, she owned a temper of some imagination, and it was impossible to resist the influences of this early summer scene. For the time she had forgotten the Palace and her surroundings, her mind ceased to brood upon her abominable fate, and sheer delight of the beautiful air and the glorious color filled her soul. She basked in the content of it; she stood like a young animal, of a piece with these natural environs of her spirit.

Later in the day the Princess and her retinue rode forth by the eastern gate towards Bleiden-upon-the-Hill, where Leopold X. had built himself a pretty summer house in the close of the eighteenth century. This dainty little country house was small and unceremonious in aspect. It was the custom of the Grand-Duke to spend a week or two together in its privacy, and until recently he had been wont to sleep in Bleiden, and drive the six miles into Dreiburg in the morning. But he was grown now too old and infirm to take these spirited pleasures, and pre-

ferred to sleep where he dined and conducted his affairs. The Princess, however, was in the habit of using the house at Bleiden, finding it a convenient refuge from the insincerities and vanities of the Court. The house itself lies in the heart of a large park thickly scattered with trees, and is set hard by a pretty village and upon the edge of a bountiful campaign. Hither Xenia was driven on this fine day, partly by the smiling allurements of the weather, and in part because she had developed a distaste for the huckstering transactions of the Court, and desired to be at peace and to meditate on her tragic case.

Abandoned to the charm of the rural scenes, and to the seductions of that magic day, she betook herself late in the afternoon, in the company of Katarina, for a walk in the park. The timber was very noble, and in the great open spaces of green grass the bracken had thrust up its hands and opened its fingers, gently. Towards the borders of the park the trees grew closer, and, huddled in a little populous assembly, formed a small wood or copse. In this the Princess and her maid wandered.

Some time after the departure of her Highness from Dreiburg, two men issued, riding, from the eastern gate of the town, and sticking the spurs into their horses, took the road for Bleiden. They parted within half a mile of the village, after an earnest consultation, and the taller rode on alone, and entering the tiny street, ordered a breakfast at the inn. Here, shortly after the meal was over, arrived a messenger with a note, inscribed in a feminine hand and smelling of some rich scent. When this had been read, the guest dismissed the messenger with a present, and, his face marked with lively satisfaction, ordered his horse and rode off, remarking to the innkeeper that he was gone to survey the neighboring country, and would return. An hour later, sure enough, he got back, and afterwards did not again venture from the village, but chatted and talked affably with the visitors in the hostelry, ate and drank comfortably, until it was five o'clock, when, leisurely calling for his horse, he announced his intention of returning to Dreiburg.

At half past five, Christopher—for the identity of this traveller has no doubt been guessed—had reach a piece of the

park of Bleiden which lay farthest from the village and on the margin of a wooded country. Here he reined in, and concealing himself and his horse in a thicket, waited.

Meanwhile the Princess, who had been walking, plunged in thought, had reached with her companion a small arbor built in the thick of the patch of wood. The sun was fast westering and the sky was aflame with gold. Some magic in that declining orb touched her insensibly, and of a sudden the spectre of her misery returned. So surely as the light was sailing out of heaven and would soon leave the earth struck dark and cold, so certainly there crept upon her the forebodings she had lately entertained. Had she been either stronger or less sensitive, she would not have suffered under this grievous disappointment. But Xenia was at once too imaginative and too tender not to shrink from a fortune which might have pleased or at least contented a baser spirit, and yet strong enough to hide her real emotions and suffer.

In the midst of these unpleasant thoughts she was aware of a noise, of the bracken about her that was rudely shaken, and then of a loud guffaw, and the red, dissolute face of a grinning man emerged through the parted bushes close by. The Princess started, and glanced round her for Katarina, but that young lady, seeing her mistress so deeply involved in thought, had strolled down the pathway, and had vanished into the wood. A thrill of fear assailed the Princess. She rose from her seat, and gazing steadily at the intruder, would have scared him by her haughty demeanor. But he had the air of a man in drink, and the only result of her boldness was to encourage his advance. The fellow pushed through the bushes, and striding forward with a swaggering gait, confronted the Princess. She opened her mouth, moistening her lips.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, bravely; and as the fellow kept silence, continuing to gain upon her, she asked again, with less firmness, "What do you want?"

"I want you," gurgled the man, and sprang forward as though greedily to clutch his victim to him.

The Princess uttered a scream and started backward, and upon the instant, even simultaneously, if she had been able

to realize it, a voice was heard shouting at hand.

"You scoundrel!" it cried, and the noise of a precipitate rush sounded upon the scene. The next moment, and behold this presumptuous and impudent assailant scrambling at a fine speed through the bracken, and disappearing among the bushes, with Christopher Lambert on his heels, shouting angrily.

The Princess waited, trembling in her limbs, but holding herself upright, until the return of her rescuer. He came back flushed and scratched by his advance among the thorns, but, to one who observed narrowly, wearing a very contented appearance.

"I trust your Highness is none the worse," he said, with a display of anxiety.

The Princess shook her head. "I thank you, no," she answered. "I am very grateful to you. You came in time to—" A light of recognition sparkled in her eyes. "It is Mr. Lambert?"

Christopher bowed. "Who is willingly at your service whenever he can be of help," he said, gravely.

The Princess turned her face from him: she was still agitated, but she managed to control her emotions. The surprise of this foreigner's appearance startled her even from her previous terrors.

"You have helped me very much," she observed, with an uncomfortable laugh. "It seems I am to be always in your debt. These drunken creatures—"

"The man has escaped," said he. "I hope he will be caught. I am sorry that I was not quick enough; but the wood is very close."

"Oh, I am not vengeful," returned Xenia, calmly. "I would not it happened otherwise. No doubt he was drunk."

"A tipsy traveller," assented Christopher, "mistaking your Highness, no doubt, for some maid of the house. They have no eyes, in liquor, and the gloom of the shade would encourage the mistake."

The Princess laughed. "Oh, pray do not explain away your apology for the fellow," she said. "I assure you it is very likely. Why should I not be taken for a maid?" She looked at him with smiling tranquillity. "I think, Mr. Lambert," she added, "that you must be given to explanations, for, if I remember aright, I have had to listen to them before."

"If I have bored your Highness," said Christopher, quickly, "I ask a thousand pardons. But your Highness will do me the justice to admit that on neither occasion have I trespassed with intention. The chance has twice exposed you to the tedium of my prosing."

"Come, sir," said she, lightly, "you take a little jest too gravely; and I must remind you that I am deeply in your debt."

"I would that I might persuade your Highness to plunge deeper," said Christopher, earnestly.

"My faith," said Xenia, smiling, "but I have no desire to sweat under so onerous a burden."

"Ah! then you do me wrong," said he. "That is to suppose that I would exact some interest from you."

"The world lends nothing for nothing," remarked Xenia, carelessly.

Christopher, though he was warming to the encounter, was unduly chafed by these devious and polite approaches. He was positively irritated to consider that this woman held him back from his plans, and that her will must be suborned with care and patience ere he could move a step. This was the feeling in the background of his mind that pricked him boldly forward now.

"My interest," he said, gently, "is the interest of an afflicted nation and a suffering woman."

The Princess looked up at him, dropped her eyes, and then stirred visibly, as if to move away. But she spoke, instead, somewhat scornfully:

"You are fortunate to have your feelings so accessible. I find my own country quite sufficient for my pity."

"My country has no need of my sympathies," responded Christopher, coldly, "nor of my aid. But I think you look at me ungenerously. If I lay my heart at the feet of Weser-Dreiburg, it is not your Highness that should tread upon it."

"No; you are right," said the Princess, quickly. "I own I am at fault. I ask your pardon. Mr. Lambert, I wish you good-day."

Christopher took a step towards her. "Stay!" he commanded, in his most formidable voice. "I will not have your Highness so refuse the only offer of assistance which may avail her."

"It seems," said she, with a tiny angry laugh, "that I am rescued from the

tramp but to be intimidated by my rescuer. I but exchange one fate for another."

"You shall exchange a fate which is distasteful to you for one that leaves you free and self-respecting," said Christopher, bending his brows upon her and fixing her with his zealous eyes.

Xenia's breath came faster, and her fingers twisted the one ring upon her hand.

"Mr. Lambert, these are heroics," she exclaimed. The descending sun gleamed through the avenues of oak and struck upon the sward between them. It dazzled Xenia's eyes, flooding her face with gold. Christopher stood watching her, passing her features under rigorous scrutiny, and striving to peer into the workings of her mind. The Princess herself, flushed and irritated as she was, experienced a sudden return of melancholy. She was more moved than she seemed by the remarkable effrontery of the stranger, by his self-confidence, by his frank blunt statements. After all, she was merely a girl, and whatever princely cloak she might assume to defend her feminine weakness, that frailty must still remain in the knowledge of the philosopher. The face of pride she showed, the presentment of haughty anger, her glittering eyes, and the scornful posture of her lips—all these appeared to Christopher to be exhibitions of the sex, charming artifices, beyond doubt, but childish phenomena, to be borne with, to be smiled at, to be coaxed and cozened away by various devices. So he was not at all alarmed or cast down by her continuous fencing with him. Even her chill politeness did not disappoint him. He kept an earnest face, watched his opportunity, and like a bulldog held his ground.

"You think," said he, "that I am making an empty boast. I ask your Highness to look in my face. Do you see there any sign of levity or any signal of weakness? I am no demi-god to undertake the impossible. I am not even a strong man, it may be. But this I am, and this I lay claim to being—a man who never offers unless it is in his power to give, and one who would think shame to dally with the hopes of the desperate."

The Princess opened her mouth, but no words came. She stood there, on that little patch of greensward, between the great boles of the oak-trees—a slim, tall girl with tremulous lips and a beating

heart. The sincerity of the man who had dared to stay her departure arrested her, but she was looking not at him, but through the fresh green leaves towards the setting sun.

"I beseech your Highness," went on Christopher in his low quick voice, "to make your decision with care, to realize that you are at the parting of the ways. This is no time to build up the conventional barriers between yourself and one that offers you help. On the contrary, those that remain should surely be over-leaped. It may be that you stand facing the ruin of all your hopes, of all your dreams. You yourself know best. At least I know that you contemplate a course which carries with it the destruction of the country that you love. This, then, should give you pause, if there are no other arguments; and in the name of Heaven I assure you that it is that motive rather than any pleadings that touch your Highness's person that makes me now, as once before, a trespasser upon your patience, that incites me to such boldness, and that inspires me with indifference as to your just anger."

Xenia moved, and caught her breath ever so gently. "You speak very certainly, sir," she answered, in a broken voice. "I cannot share your confidence. The die is cast."

In an instant the great volume of Christopher's flowing energies rolled in a tide through the breach.

"Madam," he said, "I will remind you of what I have professed. I do not trifle with you. I have a plan."

"A plan!" she echoed.

"Yes," he said, briskly, "and one that only needs your assent to bring down this impudent intrigue of the white heads at Berlin in a dusty ruin."

"You speak in riddles," said Xenia, gazing on him intently.

"That I shall not long," exclaimed he. "Your Highness knows how the Grand-Duke is placed, how a game of seesaw is played by the imperial bully with indemnities and cessions of territory, threats and cajoleries."

"I should know that well enough," said Xenia, with a sigh.

"What, then, is the object of this remarkable design, by which the reigning houses of Weser-Dreiburg and Salzhausen are to be united? Why, it is to make both into a comfortable sandwich for the

Kaiser's maw, no less. Germany and Austria have long cast their greedy eyes on this prosperous and peaceful state. Prince Sigismund is Germany's puppet, and Austria's is Prince Albrecht."

He paused. Xenia's countenance showed no change, only a wondering and eager attention. "It would be a dangerous move for the Grand-Duchy to throw in her lot with either of these princes. I ask you what remains but to escape the abominable designs of these treacherous emperors by anticipating them?"

"You mean—" asked the Princess, breathing hard.

"I mean that if your Highness yield to pressure, Weser-Dreiburg is lost; but if you will resist, you will save her soul alive."

"It is too late; it is too late!" exclaimed the Princess, bitterly. "The die is cast. What hope could I have of resistance?"

"It is no light matter to cross the purposes of princes," said Christopher, gently. "And the task falls all the harder if you are so weakly supported."

"Supported!" she said, mournfully. "I have had no support. I have had their forces united against me."

"You cannot stand alone," he observed.

"I can do nothing," said Xenia, with sudden resignation.

"On the contrary, madam," interrupted Christopher, "the solution is wholly in your hands, and may be achieved with the poor external aid of such a one as myself."

"What would you have me do?" she inquired, quickly.

"I would have you put yourself beyond the reach of their intrigues, to step off the chess-board," he replied. "Grasp your fate in your own hands. It is worth the effort."

"You would ask me to run?" she asked, wonderingly.

"I would plead with you that you should marry," he corrected.

A spring of color rose in her face. "It is a desperate remedy you urge," she said, with some hesitation. "I have hardly the desire to contemplate the hazard."

"Pardon me," said Christopher, with a bow, "I was not thinking of your Highness, but of Weser-Dreiburg."

The blush died in her cheeks, and she

faced the distance with a troubled aspect. Christopher watched her in silence. It seemed to him that he was a spectator of that intestine struggle; but he looked on without emotion, merely with a hope that he had said enough. Presently she turned, and her voice, breaking very slightly, spoke with a little mockery in her tones.

"I dare say, Mr. Lambert, you have found the happy bridegroom."

"Policy points one way," he observed, sententiously. "If I am wrong, correct me. There is no Protestant house outside Germany available, and Germany is impossible. The most heroic resistance to the encroachments of the foreigner has been made by his Highness the Prince of Erwald."

Xenia moved her head as if with a gesture of impatience.

"If your Highness will consider," went on Christopher, "this project may seem not a thing to be lightly blown aside by a personal whim, but a solid piece of policy, which alone can redeem the Grand-Duchy. For my part, I am not considering your Highness in the question, and I doubt not that your Highness would desire to be neglected. I am no citizen of Dreiburg, not even a domiciled stranger in your country, but I confess that my heart warms to this little patch of garden on the back parts of Europe, predestined as the spoil and tit-bit of two rapacious and unfriendly powers. Madam, it would be a master-stroke to thwart them. They press upon you, they coerce you, they whisper their ultimatus in your private councils; but think you what a revenge your Highness might take for these browbeatings of your country, with what a chagrin they would learn of your courage and your resolution, and in what a ruin their fine plots would topple and fall! This little state has a history of which it may well be proud; its chronicles are inscribed on the rolls of fame, unassailed. Weser-Dreiburg has kept its integrity through the better part of a thousand years. And what has enabled it to do so? I need not remind your Highness of the motto of the great Duke Leopold, that text upon which the house of Geisenthurn has framed its conduct and its ambitions these many hundred years—

Per arma per virtutem.

That, madam, is a proud and stately boast

on the part of your royal house. And, indeed, I believe it to be well justified. Who has not thrilled at the tale of Rudolph, the fourth Duke, before the Saracen city? Or, what member of that illustrious house could fail to keep in mind the great traditions of the first Leopold, who saved his beloved country at the sacrifice of his own life? It is the voices of these ascendants I seem to hear now crying about the ancient city; it is their lamentations, their despair, that I and other friends of the Grand-Duchy find it in our hearts to pity; it is their spirit and their unselfishness that should at this moment actuate your Highness."

His low, deep voice, which rang very eloquently in that tender twilight, ceased suddenly, and Xenia was conscious of a profound silence. His pleading had moved her, and her impulsive nature excited her to answer, yet she answered sadly enough:

"You mistake me, sir; it is not of myself that I am thinking. I am a daughter of those Geisenthurns of whom you spoke, and I pray to Heaven that I am not unworthy of my lineage. But how would this plan you propose accomplish its purpose? Weser-Dreiburg would still be in the squeeze of Germany. To pay the indemnity would be ruin."

"That, madam," said Christopher, quickly, "is part of my plan. Rest assured that I am not playing the coquette with words. I shall undertake that no trouble comes through that. Come, your Highness, we want a *coup d'état*. Assent to the betrothal I have suggested, and leave the rest to me. I will forfeit my head if we are not clear of the German envoy forty-eight hours later."

The Princess stared at him with wonder, a light of admiration growing in her eyes. He looked so stark, so confident, that her weak and overstrained nature took rest in him.

"But the Grand-Duke, my father—" she began.

"Ah, madam," said he, sadly, "his Highness is old, and is in the hands of feeble counsellors. But they too shall give us leave. Nay, the whole plan is no good unless it be countersigned by them. But wait; we must make haste slowly. No whisper must reach the Court until we are prepared. I know these doctors of wisdom; they prevaricate, they temporize, they vacillate. The only way to use

them is to act first and confess afterwards."

"What will you do?" she said, with animation.

"I shall ride at once to Prince Karl of Erwald," returned Christopher, promptly. "Within three days I shall be back, and all I ask is that, if it be necessary, you will sign your name to a letter. Come, your Highness must not look so frightened. You shall be cognizant of all the moves. I shall take none without you."

"But the Margrave—" broke in Xenia, suddenly, her face falling. "He is to come— He—"

"Ah!" said Christopher, reflecting. "Yes, we must not forget him. Well, I should like to know when he is to arrive."

"It is within a fortnight," answered Xenia, breathlessly.

"Come, that will be plenty of time," said he, cheerfully; "we shall be ready for him. Your Highness need have no fears. But I must have the exact date. And now I see your Highness's lady-in-waiting. I will leave you in her hands. Perhaps you might send me word by her. I make no doubt that she is faithful to you, since she must know you."

Christopher bowed low over this tiny compliment as he spoke, and ceremoniously took his leave, but as rapidly as possible, and ere the Princess could change her mind if she had desired to do so. He leaped over a fallen bough, and passed by Katarina, who was emerging from the undergrowth. He raised his hat.

"Thank you, Fräulein," said he. "You will have a message from the Princess for me."

Katarina raised her eyebrows. "Ah, Heaven!" she said, impatiently, "what a time you have been! You have exposed me to the mercies of that boor. He said you promised him. I can never forgive you. Faugh! I detest him! A thousand thanks, monsieur." And with this impertinence and a mocking curtsy she was gone.

Christopher looked after her, meditating. He had a strong hold upon this frivolous young woman, but he came to the conclusion that it was none too strong. He resolved that immediately this business was accomplished he would give her her discharge, honorably and politely, but with due firmness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WRATH OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

OLD JAAP VISSER was mad. Out there on the island of Marken, in the Zuyder Zee, he was the one madman, and a curiosity. The little boys—all born web-footed, and eager as soon as they could walk to toddle off on their stout little Dutch legs and take to the water—used to run after him and jeer at him. An underlying fear gave zest to this amusement. The older of them knew that he could lay a strange binding curse upon people. The younger of them, resolving this concept into simpler terms, knew that he could say something that would hurt more than a spanking; and that would keep on hurting, in some unexplained but dreadful way, beyond the sting of the worst spanking that ever they had known. Therefore, while they jeered, they jeered circumspectly. Out in the open—on the brick-paved pathways which

traverse the low marsh-land and unite the little knolls on which are the villages: the Hafenbeurt (where the harbor is), the Kerkehof, and the Kesbeurt—butter would not melt in their small Dutch mouths when they met him. But when they had him at their mercy among the houses of one or another of the villages things went differently. Then they would yell "Old Jaap!" "Mad old Jaap!" after him—and as he turned upon them would whip off their sabots, that they might run the more lightly, and would dash around corners into safety: with delightful thrills of dread running through their small scampish bodies at the thought of the curse that certainly was flying after them, and that certainly would make them no better than dead jelly-fish if they did not get around the corner in time to ward it off! And old Jaap would be left free for a moment from his tormentors, bran-

dishing his staff in angry flourishes and shouting his strange curse after them: "May you perish in the wrath of the Zuyder Zee!"

The young men and women of Marken, who never had known old Jaap save as a madman, felt toward him much as the children did; though as they got older, and came to understand the cause of his madness and the effectiveness of his curse, their dread of him was apt to take on a more serious cast. Even Krelis Kess, a notorious daredevil in all other directions, and for a long while one of old Jaap's most persistent tormentors, came in the end to treat him with a very obliging civility. But then, to be sure, Marretje de Witt was old Jaap's granddaughter—and everybody in Marken knew that this gentle Marretje, because of her very unlikeness to him it was supposed, had made capture of Krelis Kess's much too vagrant heart. One person, it is true, did dissent from this view of the matter, and that was Geert Thysen—who declared that Krelis was too much of a man really to care for a pale-faced thing fit only to marry another oyster like herself. And Geert's black eyes would snap, and her strong white teeth would show in a smile that was not a pleasant one as she added: "A live man who knows the nip of gin-and-water does not waste his time in drinking weak tea!" But then, to quote the sense of the island folk again, everybody in Marken knew that to win Krelis's love for herself Geert Thysen would have given those bold black eyes of hers, and would have said thank you, too!

Among the old people of Marken, who had known old Jaap before his madness came upon him, a very different feeling prevailed. They dreaded him, of course, because they knew what his curse could accomplish; but, also, they sorrowed for him—remembering the cruel grief which had come upon him in his youth suddenly and had driven him mad. Well enough, they said, might he call down his strange curse upon those who angered him, for twice had he known the bitterness of it: when death, and again worse than death, had struck at that which was dearer than the very heart of him through the wrath of the Zuyder Zee.

It all had happened so long back that only the old people had knowledge of it—in the great storm out of the Arctic

Ocean which had driven into the Zuyder Zee the North Sea waters; and there had banked them up, higher and higher, until the whole island of Marken was flooded and half the dykes of the mainland were overrun. Old Jaap—who was young Jaap, then—was afloat at his fishing when the storm came on, and his young wife and her baby were alone at home. In her fear for him she came down from the Kerkehof, where their home was, to the Hafenbeurt; and there, standing upon the sea-wall that shelters the little harbor, watching for him, was the last that ever was seen of her alive. When his schuyt came in she had vanished—caught away by the up-leaping sea. That was bad enough, but worse followed. A month later, when he was at his fishing again—glad to be at work, that in the stress of it he might a little forget his sorrow—his net came up heavy, and in it was his dead wife.

Then it was that his madness fell upon him. By the time that he was come back to Marken—sailing his schuyt for a long night through the dark waters with this grewsomely ghastly lading—he was a crazed man.

II.

The shadow that rested on Jaap Visser's mind was a deep melancholy that for the most part kept him silent, yet that was broken now and then by outbursts of rage in which he raved against the cruel wickedness of the sea. It did not unfit him for work. He had his living to make; and he made it, as all the men of Marken made their living, by fishing. But those who sailed with him in his schuyt said that always as the net came home he hauled upon it with tight-shut eyes; that always, as it was drawn inboard, he turned away—until the thrashing of the fish and some word about the catch from his companions assured him that he might look without fear of such a sight as that which had flashed burning through his eyes and had turned his brain.

When he was on land he spent little time in his own home: of which, and of the baby motherless, his mother had taken charge. Usually he was to be found within or lingering near the graveyard that lies between the Kerkehof and the Hafenbeurt: an artificial mound, like those whereon the several villages on the island are built, raised high enough to be

above the level of the waters which cover Marken in times of great storm. Before this strange habit of his had become a matter of notoriety, a dozen or more of the islanders, as they passed at night along the path beside the graveyard, had been frightened pretty well out of their wits by seeing his tall figure rise from among the graves suddenly and stand sharply outlined against the star-gleam of the sky.

But in those days, as I have said, his madness was no more than a sombre melancholy—save for his fitful outbursts of rage against the sea. The bitterness that came into his heart came later: when his daughter was a woman grown and Jan de Witt married her—and presently deserted her, as was known openly, for an Edam jade over on the mainland. Things went worse and worse for a while: until one day when old Jaap—even then they were beginning to call him old Jaap—fell into a burning rage with his son-in-law and cursed him as he deserved for the scoundrel that he was.

It was down at the dock that the two men came together. The schuyts were going out, and Jan was aboard his own boat making ready to cast off. Half the island folk were there—the fishermen about to sail, and their people come to see them get away. Some one—who did not see old Jaap standing on the piling near where Jan's boat lay—called out: "The fishing is good off Edam still, eh, Jan?" And then there was a general laugh as Jan answered, laughing also: "Yes, there's good fishing off Edam—better than there is nearer home."

At this old Jaap broke forth into a passionate outburst against his son-in-law: calling him by all the evil names that he could get together, crying out against his wickedness and his cruelty, and ending—as Jan's boat slid away from her moorings, with Jan standing at the tiller laughing at the old man's fury—by calling out with a deep grave energy, in strange contrast with his previous angry ravings: "God cannot and will not forgive. He will judge you and He will punish you. In His name I say to you: May the might of the angered waters be upon you—may you perish in the wrath of the Zuyder Zee!"

There was such a majesty in old Jaap's tone as he spoke these words, and such intense conviction, that all who heard

him were thrilled strangely. Some of the old men of Marken, who were there that day, still will tell you that it seemed as though they heard the voice of one who truly was the very mouth-piece of God. Even Jan, they say, paled a little; but only for a moment—and then he was off out of the harbor with a jeer and a laugh.

But that was Jan's last laugh and jeer at his father-in-law, and his last sight of Marken. The next day the boats came hurrying home before a storm, but Jan's boat did not come with them. At first it was thought that he had put into the canal leading up to Edam—it was about there that the other fishermen had lost sight of him—but a couple of days later his boat drifted ashore, bottom upward, in the bight of Goudzee south of Monnikendam. This left room for guesswork. Certainty came at the end of a fortnight: when the two men who had been with him got back to Marken—after a trip to England in the steamer that had picked them up afloat—and told how the schuyt had gone over in the gale and spilt them all out into the sea. As for Jan, he never came back at all. As he and the other two men were thorough good sailors, and as the survivors themselves were quite at a loss to account for their catastrophe, there was only one way to explain the matter: old Jaap's curse had taken effect!

After that old Jaap had a place still more apart from the other islanders. What he had done to one he could do to another, it was whispered—and thenceforward he was both shunned and dreaded because of the power for life and death that was believed to be his. The reflex of this popular conviction seemed to find a place in his own heart, and now and again he would threaten with his curse those who got at odds with him. But he never uttered it; and the fact was observed that even in the case of the teasing little boys he was careful not to curse any one of his tormentors by name.

III.

Certainly, if ever old Jaap had cursed any particular little boy it would have been Krelis Kess—who was quite the worst boy on the island, and who usually was the leader of the troop that hung about the old man's heels.

And even when Krelis got to be a big



"HE WAS A CRAZED MAN."

young fellow of twenty—old enough to go on escapades in Amsterdam of which the rumor, coming back to Marken, made all steady-going folk on the island look askance at him—he still took an ugly pleasure, as occasion offered, in stirring up old Jaap's wrath. If the old man chanced to pass by while he was sitting of a Sunday afternoon in Jan de Jong's tavern, drinking more gin-and-water than was good for him, it was one of his jokes to call out through the open window "Mad old Jaap!" in the shrill voice of a child; and to repeat his cry, with different inflections but always in the same shrill tones, until the old man would go off into a fury and shout his curse at the little boys who seemed to be so close about him but who could not anywhere be seen. At that Krelis would fall to laughing mightily, and so would the loose young fellows his companions—who had found out that that would send his hand to his pocket and give them free drinks all around.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the wonder, and also the re-

gret, of these young scapegraces was very great when on a certain Sunday afternoon in mid-spring time Krelis not only did not volunteer his usual pleasantry at old Jaap's expense—as the old man came shambling up the narrow street toward the tavern—but actually refused to practise it when it was suggested to him. And the wonder grew to be blank astonishment, a minute later, when he went to the window and begged Herr Visser to come in and have a glass of schnapps with him! To hear old Jaap called "Herr Visser" by anybody was enough to stretch to the widest any pair of Marken ears; but to hear him addressed in that stately fashion by Krelis Kess was enough to make any Marken man believe that his ears had gone crazy!

At first the young scamps in the tavern were quite sure that Krelis was about to play some new trick on old Jaap, and that this wonderful politeness was the beginning of it. But the marvel increased when the old man—who liked schnapps as well as anybody—joined the little company of tosspots and was treat-

ed by Krelis with as much respect as though he had been a burgomaster! And more than that, when the session was ended—and old Jaap, to whom such treats came rarely, was so far fuddled that he could not manage his legs easily—Krelis said that nothing could be pleasanter than a walk across to the Kerkehof in the cool of the evening, and so gave him a steady arm home. As the two

that as he came past Jaap Visser's house he had seen Krelis sitting on the bench in front of it talking away with old Jaap and making eyes behind old Jaap's back at Marretje. At first, being so entirely incredible, this statement was scouted scornfully; but it aroused so lively a discussion that presently the whole company left the tavern and went over in a body to the Kerkehof bent upon disproving or verifying it—and there, sure enough, were old Jaap and Krelis smoking their pipes together, and Marretje along with them, on the bench in front of old Jaap's door!

Young Jan de Jong—the son of the tavern-keeper—expressed the feelings of the company when he said, later, that as they stood there looking at that strange sight you might have knocked down the whole of them with the flirt of a skate's tail! But they did not stop long to look at it. Krelis glared at them so savagely, and his big fists doubled up in so threatening a fashion, that they took themselves off in a hurry—and back to the tavern to talk it over, while they bathed their wonder in very lightly watered gin.

IV.

That was the beginning of Krelis Kess's courting of Marretje de Witt—about which, in a moment, all the island blazed with talk. Until then, in a light-loving way, Krelis had been keeping company with Geert Thysen. That seemed a natural sort of match, for Geert and Krelis had much the same bold way with them and well enough might have paired. But Geert, like Krelis, had a devil of a temper, and it was

supposed that an angry spat between them had sent Krelis flying off in a rage from her spitting—and that the gentle Marretje had caught his heart on the rebound. The elders, reasoning together out of their worldly wisdom, perceived that under the law of liking for unlike this bold-going young fellow very well might be drawn toward a maiden all gentleness; and that, because of her gentleness, Marretje would find a thrilling pleasure in the strong love-making with which Krelis would strive to take her heart by storm. All that, as



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OLD JAAP.

set off together the young fellows left behind stared at each other in sheer amazement; and such of the Marken folk as chanced to meet this strangely assorted couple marching amicably arm in arm together were inclined to disbelieve in their own eyes!

For a week, while they all were away at their fishing, there was a lull in the excitement; but it was aroused again the next Sunday when Krelis did not come as usual to the tavern—and went to a white heat when a late arrival, a young fellow who lived in the Kerkehof, told

they knew, was human nature. Had they known books also they would have cited the case of Desdemona and the Moor.

However, there was not much time for talking. Krelis was not of the sort to let grass grow under his feet in any matter, and in a love matter least of all. Nor were there any obstacles to bar his way. He had his own boat, that came to him when his father was drowned; and he had his own house in the Kesbeurt, where he had lived alone since his mother had ended a notably short widowhood by marrying a second time. Old Jaap, moreover, was ready enough to accept as a son-in-law the only man in Marken who ever had styled him Herr Visser, and who in addition to that unparalleled courtesy had given him in quick succession nearly a dozen bottles of the best Schiedam. There was nothing to hinder the marriage, therefore, but Marretje's shyness—and Krelis overcame that quickly in his own masterful way.

And so everybody saw that matters were like to come quickly to a climax—everybody, that is, except Geert Thysen, who said flatly that the marriage was both impossible and absurd. Geert had her own notion that Krelis was serving her out for her hard words to him, and was only waiting for a soft word to come back to her—and she bit those full red lips of hers with her strong teeth and resolved that she would keep him waiting until he was quite in despair. Then, at the very last, she would whistle him back to her—with a laugh in his face first, and then such a kiss as all the Marretjes in the world could not give him—and the comedy of his mock courtship would be at an end. Sometimes, to be sure, the thought did cross her mind that Krelis might not come to her whistle. Then the color would go out of her red cheeks a little, and as she ground her big white teeth together she would have a half-formed vision of Krelis lying dead somewhere with a knife in his heart. But visions of this sort came seldom, and were quickly banished—with a sharp little laugh at her own folly in fancying even for an instant that Krelis could hesitate in choosing between herself and that limp pale doll.

And then, one day, she found herself face to face with the fact that Krelis had

not been playing a comedy at all. The news was all over the island that he and Marretje were to be married the next Sunday; and that he meant to be married handsomely, with a great wedding-feast at Jan de Jong's tavern in Jan de Jong's best style. "So there's an end of your lover for you, Geert Thysen!" said Jaantje de Waard, who brought the news to her.

At this Geert's red cheeks grew a little redder, and her big black eyes had a brighter flash to them; but she only laughed as she answered: "It's one thing to lay the net—but it's another to haul it in!" And Jaantje remembered afterward what a strange look was in her face as she said those strange words.

V.

The wedding was the finest that had been known in Marken for years. At the church the parson gave his "Golden Clasp" address, which was the most beautiful of his three wedding addresses and cost five gulden. Then the company streamed away along the brick-paved pathway from the Kerkehof to the Hafenbeurt, with the sunshine gleaming gallantly on the white caps and white aprons of the women and on the shiny high hats of the men, while the wind fluttered the little Dutch flags—and they all walked much more steadily than then they did when they took their after-breakfast walk, before the dancing began. In that second walk the men's legs wavered a good deal, and some of them had trouble in steering the stems of their long pipes to their mouths. But that is not to be wondered at when you think what a breakfast it was! Jan de Jong fairly excelled himself. They talk about it in Marken to this day!

While the wedding party walked unsteadily abroad the big room in the tavern was cleared; and when the company was come back again, much the better for fresh air and exercise, the dancing began. And just then a very queer thing happened: Krelis led off the dance with Geert Thysen instead of with Marretje his bride!

Some say that Geert made him promise to do this as the price of her coming to the wedding; others say that it was done on the spur of the moment—was one of Geert's sudden whims that Krelis, who also was given to sudden whims, fell in

with. About the truth of this matter there can be only guess-work, but about what happened there is plain fact: Just as the set was forming, Krelis dropped Marretje's hand and said lightly: "You won't mind, Marretje, will you? It's for old friendship's sake, you know." And with that he took the hand of Geert Thysen, who was standing close beside him, and away

ing in her cheeks, and with a wonderful flashing and sparkling of her great black eyes. And before the dance ended Geert went home.

There was a great crackling of talk, of course, about this slight that Krelis had put upon Marretje on her wedding-day; and people shook their heads and said that worse must come after it. Some of

the stories about Krelis's escapades in Amsterdam were raked up again and were pointed with a fresh moral. As for Geert, the Marken women had but one opinion of her—and the least unkindly expression of it was that she was walking in a very dangerous path. But when echoes of this talk came to Geert's ears—as they did, of course—she merely curled her red lips a little and said that as she was



"IT WAS A STATELY DWELLING."

he went with her in the dance. Those who think that it had been arranged between them beforehand point out that Geert had refused all offers to dance and had come close to Krelis just as the set was formed. There is something in that, I think. But whether they had planned it or had not planned it, the fact remains that Marretje's place at the head of the dance at her own wedding was taken by another woman; and as the set was complete without her she did not dance at all until the first figure came to an end. They say that there were tears in her eyes as she stood alone there—and that she was very white when Krelis took her hand again, at the end of the first figure, and gave her for the rest of the dance the place at the head of it that was hers. They say, too, that Geert stood watching them—when Krelis had left her and had taken his bride again—with a hot blaze of color coming and go-

neither a weak woman nor a foolish woman she was safe to walk where she pleased.

VI.

It was a little disconcerting to the prophets of evil that the weeks and the months slipped away without any signs of the fulfilment of their prophecies. However keen may have been Marretje's sorrow on her wedding-day, it was not lasting. Indeed, her gentle nature was so filled with a worshipping love for Krelis that he had only to give her a single light look of affection or a half-careless kiss to fill her whole being with happiness. He was a god to her—this gayly daring young fellow who had raised her up to be a shy little queen in a queen-dom, she was sure, such as never had been for any other woman in all the world. And Krelis was very well pleased with her frank adoration. It was tickling to his vanity that she should be

so completely and so eagerly his loving slave.

Next to her love for Krelis—and partly because it was a part of her love for him—Marretje's greatest joy was in her housekeeping. She had taken a just pride in the tidiness of her housekeeping for her grandfather; but it was a very different and far more exciting matter to furbish and polish a house that really was her own. And Krelis's house, of which she was the proud mistress, was far bigger and far finer than her old home. It was a stately dwelling, for Marken, standing on an out-jutting ridge of earth at the back of the Kesbeurt, close upon a delightful little canal—and from the back doorway was a restful far-off outlook over the marsh-land to the level horizon of the Zuyder Zee. Marretje loved that outlook, and she had it before her often: for down beside the canal was her scouring-shelf—where she scoured away through long sunny mornings, while Krelis was away at his fishing, until her pots and kettles ranged in the sunlight shone like burnished gold.

Yet the fact should be added that when the old men of Marken talked together about this fine house of Krelis Kess's they would shake their heads a little—saying that a better spending of money would have been for a smaller house founded on solid piling, instead of for this showy dwelling standing on an out-thrust earth bank which well enough might crumble away beneath it in some time of tremendous tempest when all the island should be overswept and beaten by the sea.

For the most part, of course—save for little chats with her neighbors—Marretje was alone in this fine house of hers. Old Jaap had come to live with the young people—as was only fair, since he had no one but his granddaughter to care for him—but both he and Krelis spent all their week-days afloat at their fishing and only their Sundays at home. Yet now and then the old man, making some excuse for not going out with the fleet, would give himself a turn at shore duty, and would sit in his big chair, smoking his long pipe very contentedly, watching his granddaughter at her endless scouring and cleaning, and listening to her little bursts of song. In his unsettled old mind he sometimes fancied that the years had rolled backward and that he

was watching his own young wife again; and in his old heart he would dream young love-dreams by the hour together—blessedly forgetting that the love and the happiness which had made his life beautiful had been snatched away from him and lost forever in the wrathful waters of the Zuyder Zee.

But Marretje's love-dreams were living ones. As Krelis lounged over his pipe of a Sunday morning, taking life easily in his clean Sunday clothes, he would say an airy word or two in praise of her housekeeping that fairly would set her to blushing with happiness—and what with the color in her fair face and the light in her blue eyes she would be so entirely charming that Krelis's own eyes would go to sparkling, and he would draw her close to him and fondle her in a genuinely loverlike fashion that would fill her with a very tender joy. Krelis was quite sincere in his love-making. His little Marretje's soft beauty, and her shy delight in his caresses, went down into an unsounded depth and touched an unknown strain of gentleness in his easy-going heart.

But even on the first Sunday after they were married Krelis went off after dinner—it had been a wonder of a dinner that Marretje had cooked for him: she had been planning it the week through!—to join his companions as usual at Jan de Jong's. This came hard on Marretje. She had been counting so much on that afternoon! A dozen little tender confidences had been put aside during the morning to be made then comfortably: when the dinner things would all be cleared away, and her grandfather would have gone to take his usual Sunday look at his boat, and she and Krelis would be sitting at their ease—delightfully alone together for the first time in their lives!

She had thought it all out, and had arranged in her own mind that they would sit on the steps above her scouring-shelf—at the back of the house and hidden away from everybody—with the canal at their feet, and in front of them the level loneliness of the marsh-land stretching away and losing itself in the level loneliness of the sea. She had a cushion all ready for Krelis to sit on, and a smaller cushion for herself that was to go on the next lower step—and she blushed a little to herself as she thought how she would make a back to

lean against out of Krelis's big knees. And then, just as she had finished her clearing away and was getting out the cushions, Krelis put on his hat and said that he thought he would step across to the tavern and have a look at the boys. The boys would laugh at him, he said, if he settled right down into being an old married man—and he tried to give a better send-off to this small pleasantry by laughing at it himself. But he did not laugh very heartily, and he almost turned back again when he got to the bridge—thinking how the light of happiness which had made Marretje's face so beautiful through that Sunday morning suddenly had died out of it as he came away. And then he pulled himself together with the reflection that she would be all right again when he got back to her at supper-time, and so went on. When he was come to the tavern he forgot all about Marretje's unhappiness, for the boys welcomed him with a cheer.

Being in this way forsaken, Marretje carried out what was left of her broken plan forlornly—arranging the cushions on the two steps, and sitting on the lower one with her elbow resting on the upper one and gazing out sorrowfully across the marsh-land and the sea. That great loneliness of sedge and sea and sky made her own loneliness more bitter; and then came the hurting thought that just a week before, very nearly at that same hour, Krelis still more cruelly had forsaken her while he led with Geert Thysen their wedding-dance.

After a while old Jaap came home and seated himself beside her. He was silent, as was his habit, but having him that way soothed and comforted her. As she leaned her head against his shoulder and held his big bony hands the old man went off into one of his dream-fancies that his young wife was beside him again—and perhaps, in some subtle way, that also helped to take the sting out of her pain. When Krelis came home at supper-time, walking a little unsteadily, he did not miss her flow of chattering talk that had gone on through the morning; and presently it began again—for Krelis returned in high good-humor, and his fire of pretty speeches and his kisses quickly brought happiness back to her sore little heart. Knowing thereafter what to expect of a Sunday, her pleasure was less lively—but so was her pain.

VII.

It was a little past the turn of the half-year after the wedding that the prophets of evil pricked up their ears hopefully—as there began to go humming through Marken a soft buzz of talk about the carryings on of Geert Thysen and Krelis Kess. It was only vague talk, to be sure; but then when talk of that sort is vague there is the more seaway for speculation and inference. All sorts of rumors went flashing about—and carried the more weight, perhaps, because they could not be traced to a starting-point and were disavowed by each person who passed them on. The sum of them became quite amazing before long!

In the end, of course, this talk worked around to Marretje. Bit by bit, one kind friend after another brought her variations of the same budget of news, pleading their friendship for her as the excuse for their chattering; and all of them were a good deal disconcerted by the placid way, with scarcely a word of comment, in which she suffered them to talk on. Only when they took to saying harsh things about Krelis did they rouse her a little. Then she would stop them shortly, and with a quiet insistence that put them in an awkward corner, by asking them to remember that it was her husband whom they were talking about and that what they were saying was not fit for his wife to hear. This line of rejoinder was disconcerting to her interlocutors. To be put in the wrong, that way, while performing for conscience' sake a very unpleasant duty, could not but arouse resentment. Presently it began to be said that Marretje was a poor-spirited thing upon whom friendly sympathy was thrown away.

Perhaps it was because Marretje was not feeling very strong just then that she took matters so quietly. Certainly she had not much energy to spare, and her days went slowly and heavily. Even on the Sunday mornings when she had Krelis at home with her—and a good many of his Sundays were spent away from the island, in order, as he explained, that he might get off on the Mondays earlier to his fishing—she found it hard to keep up the laughing talk and the light-hearted way with him that he seemed to think always were his due. When she flagged a little he told her not to be sulky—and that cut her sharply, for she thought that

he ought to feel in his own heart how very tenderly she was loving him in those days, and how earnestly she was longing for a tender and sustaining love in return.

It is uncertain how much of all this old Jaap understood, but a part of it he certainly did understand. In some matters his clouded brain seemed to work with a curious clearness, and especially had he a strange faculty for getting close to troubled hearts. Many there were in Marken, on whom sorrow had fallen, who had been comforted by his sympathy; and who had found it the more soothing and helpful because it was given with no more than a gentle look or a few gentle words. In this same soft way, that asked for no answer and that needed none, he comforted Marretje in that sad time of her loneliness. Many a day, when the other fishermen kept the sea, he kept the land—letting his boat go away to the fishing without him while he made company at home for his granddaughter, and even helped her in the heavier part of her house-work with his big clumsy old hands. These awkward efforts to serve her touched Marretje's heart very keenly—yet also added a pang to her sorrow because of her longing that Krelis might show his love for her in the same way.

But old Jaap had his work to do at sea, and Marretje had to make the best of many and many a weary and lonely day. Being in so poor a way she could busy herself but little with her house-work—nor was there much incentive to scour and polish since Krelis had ceased to commend her housekeeping; and, indeed, was at home so little that he was indifferent as to whether she kept her house well or ill.

And so she spent much of her time as she had spent that first lonely Sunday afternoon—sitting on the steps above her scouring-shelf, looking out sadly and dreamily across the marsh-land and the sea. Or she would walk slowly to the end of the village, where rough steps went down to a little-used canal, and there would lean against the rail while she gazed steadfastly across the marshes seaward—trying to fancy that she could see the fishing fleet, and trying to build in her breast little hope-castles in which Krelis again was all her own. They comforted her, these hope-castles: even though always, when the week ended

and the fleet was back again, they came crashing down. Sometimes Krelis's boat did not return at all. Sometimes it returned without him. When he did come back in it very little of his idle Sunday was passed at home. The dark months of winter dragged on wearily. Gray chill clouds hung over Marken, and gray chill clouds rested on this poor Marretje's heart.

VIII.

But one glad day in the early spring-time the sun shone again—when Krelis bent down over her bed with a look of real love in his bright eyes and kissed her; and then—in a half-fearful way that made her laugh at him with a weak little laugh in which there was great happiness—kissed also his little son. “As if his father's kiss could hurt this great strong boy!” she said in a tone of vast superiority: and held the little atom close to her breast with all the strength of her feeble arms. She loved with a double love this little Krelis: greatly for himself and for the strong thrilling joy of motherhood, but perhaps even more because his coming had brought the other Krelis back again into the deep chambers of her heart.

It was the prettiest of sights, presently, when she was up and about again, to see Marretje standing in front of her own door in the spring sunshine holding this famous little Krelis in her arms. Then, as now, young mothers were common enough in Marken; but there was a look of radiant happiness about Marretje—so the old people will tell you—that made her different from any young mother whom ever they saw. “Her face was as shining as the face of an angel!” one of the old women said to me—when I heard this story told in Marken on a summer day. And this same old woman told me that through that time of Marretje's great happiness Geert Thysen walked sullen: ready at any moment, without cause or reason, to fly out into what the old woman called a yellow rage.

But even from the first the matrons of the island, knowing in such matters, pulled long faces when they talked about the little Krelis among themselves. Krelis Kess's son, they said, should not have been so frail a child; and then they would account for this puny baby by casting back to the time when Marretje was orphaned before she was weaned,



"IT WAS THE PRETTIEST OF SIGHTS."

and so was started in life without the toughness and sturdiness with which the Marken folk as a rule are dowered. These worthy women had much good ad-

vice to give, and gave it freely, as to how the little Krelis should be dealt with to strengthen him; but Marretje paid scant attention to their suggestions, being satisfied in her own mind that this wonderful baby of hers really was—as she had said he was on the day when his father first kissed him—a great strong boy.

Krelis, seeing his little son only once a week, was the first to notice that he was not so strong as a healthy child should be; but when he said so to Marretje she gave him such a rating that he decided he must be all wrong. And then, one day, Geert Thyssen opened both his and Marretje's eyes.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon, when the little Krelis was between two and three months old, that Marretje was sitting with him on her lap, suckling him, on the steps above her scouring-shelf; and Krelis was seated on the step above her, and she really was making a back of his big knees. What with the joy of her motherhood, and her joy because her Krelis was her own again, it seemed to Marretje as though in all the world there was only happiness. She held the little Krelis close to her, crooning a soft song sweetly over the tiny creature nestled to her heart; and as she suckled him there tingled through her breast, and thence through all her being, thrills of that strange subtle ecstasy which only mothers know. And Krelis, in his own way, shared Marretje's great happiness: as they sat there lonely, looking out over the marsh-land seaward, their hearts very near together because of the deep love that was in both of them for their child. Presently Krelis leaned a little forward, and with a touch rarely loving and tender encircled the two in his big arms and drew Marretje still closer against his knees. And they sat there for a while so—in the bright silence of that sunny afternoon, fronting that still outlook over level spaces cut only by the level sky-line far away—their two hearts throbbing gently and very full.

A little noise broke the deep silence suddenly, and an instant later Geert Thyssen was almost within arm's-length of them—standing in a boat which she had poled very quietly along the canal. Krelis unclasped his arms and drew back quickly; but Marretje bent forward and grasped the little Krelis still more closely, as though to shield him from harm.

For a moment there was silence. Krelis flushed and looked uneasy, almost ashamed. There was a dull burning light in Geert's black eyes and her face was pale and drawn. She was the first to speak.

"You're quite right to make the most of your sick baby," she said. "You won't have him long."

"He's not a sick baby," Marretje answered furiously. "He's as strong and well as he can be!"

Geert laughed. "That puny little thing strong and well!" she answered. "Much it is that you know about babies, Marretje! Don't you see how the veins show through his skin? Don't you see the marks under his eyes? Don't you see how little he is, and how he don't grow? In another month you'll know more. He'll be over yonder in the graveyard by that time!" And then she flashed a look on Krelis of that sort of hate which comes when love goes wrong as she added: "And it is no more than you deserve, Krelis Kess. You might have had a strong woman for a wife, and then you would have had a strong child!" With that she gave a sudden thrust with the pole that sent her boat flying away from them, and in an instant vanished around a turn in the canal.

IX.

Within a week the story of what had happened between them was all over Marken. Geert Thysen herself must have told what she had done. Certainly Krelis did not tell; and Marretje, having no one else to turn to, told only her grandfather. But various versions of the story went about the island, and the comment upon all of them by the Marken folk was the same: that Krelis had played the part of a coward in suffering such words to be spoken to his wife with never a word on his side of reply. Old Jaap, they say, blazed out into one of his mad rages against his son-in-law. Some say that he then laid the curse upon him—but that never will be known certainly, for the bout between the two men took place when they were alone.

What is known to be true is that Krelis for a while was as a man stunned; and that when he came to himself again—this was after the little Krelis was laid away in the graveyard—what love he had had for Marretje was turned to an angry

hatred because she had let his boy die. He said this not only to his neighbors but to Marretje herself—telling her that their child had died because she had borne it weakly into the world and had given it no strength with which to live.

Even a strong woman, being wellnigh heart-broken—as Marretje was when her baby was lost to her—could not have stood up against a blow like that. And Marretje, who was not a strong woman, felt the heart-breaking bitterness of what Krelis said because she knew that it was true. Very soon she was as feeble and as wan as the little Krelis had been. Happiness was no more for her, and she longed only for the forgetfulness of sorrow which would come to her when she should be as the little Krelis was. And so her slight hold on life loosened quickly, and presently she and the little Krelis lay in the graveyard side by side.

She had a very nice funeral, so one of the old women in Marken told me: the best bier and the best pall were used, and the minister gave his best address—the one called "The Mourning Wreath"—at the grave. And to end with there was a breakfast in Jan de Jong's tavern that was of the best too. It was only just to Krelis, the old woman said, to say that in the matter of the funeral he behaved very well indeed.

But one thing which he did at that breakfast showed that it was for his own pride, and not for the sake of Marretje, that everything was done in so fine a style. On Marken there was left no near woman relative of Marretje's, and when the guests came to the table they were a good deal scandalized by finding that Geert Thysen was to be seated on Krelis's right hand. Old Jaap's place was on his left, but when the old man saw who was to take the seat on the right he drew back quickly from the table and left the room.

At that, for a full half-minute there was an awkward pause—until Krelis, in a strong voice, bade the company be seated: and added that no one had a better right to the seat beside him than Marretje's oldest friend. As he made this speech a little buzzing whisper went around among the company, and some one even snickered down at the lower end of the big room. But there was the breakfast, as good as it could be, before them. It was much too good a breakfast to lose on a mere point of etiquette. The

whispering died out and for a moment the guests looked at one another in silence—and then there was a great scraping and rattling of chairs as they all sat down. And Krelis and Geert presided over the funeral feast with a most proper gravity—save that now and then a glance passed between them that seemed to have more meaning than was quite decorous in the case of those two: the one being a maiden, and the other a widower whose wife had not been buried quite two hours.

Of course there was a good deal of talk about all this afterward; but as public opinion had been moulded under favorable circumstances—while the mellowing influence of the good food and abundant drink was still operative—the talk was not by any means relentlessly harsh. The men openly smiled at the proof which Krelis had given that his loss was not irreparable; and the women, with a certain primness, admitted that—after all the talk there had been—Krelis owed it to Geert to marry her with as little delay as the proprieties of the case would allow.

But even this kindly public opinion was strained sharply, by the discovery that the marriage was to take place only two months after that funeral feast at which, to all intents and purposes, it had been announced. That was going, the women said, altogether too fast. But the men only laughed again—partly at the way in which the women were standing up for the respect due to their sex, and partly at Krelis's hurry to take on again the bonds from which he had been so very recently set free.

Here and there among the talkers a questioning word would be put in as to how old Jaap would take this move on the part of his son-in-law. But even the few people who bothered their heads with this phase of the matter held that old Jaap never would have a clear enough understanding of it to resent the dishonor put upon his granddaughter's memory. He had returned to his home in the Kerkehof and was living there, in his own queer way, solitary. He was madder than ever, people said; and it was certain that he had gone back to his old habit of spending in the graveyard all of the days and many of the nights which he passed ashore. Often those who passed by night between the Hafenbeurt and the Kerkehof saw him there—keeping his strange watch among the graves.

X.

What the Marken folk still speak of as "the great storm"—the worst storm of which there is record in the island's history—set in a good four-and-twenty hours before the December day on which Geert Thysen and Krelis Kess were married. From the Polar ice-fields a rushing and a mighty wind thundered southward over the Arctic Ocean and down across the shallows of the North Sea—sucking away the water from the Baltic, sending a roaring tide out through the English Channel into the Atlantic, and piling higher and higher against the Holland coast a wall of ocean: which broke at the one opening and went pouring onward into the Zuyder Zee.

Already on the morning of that wild wedding-day the waves were lapping high about Marken, and here and there a dull gleam of water showed where the marshes were overflowed. Just before daybreak the storm lulled a little, but came on again with a fresh force after the unseen sunrise, and grew stronger and stronger as the black day wore on. Down by the little haven the fishermen were gathered in groups anxiously watching their tossing boats—in dread lest in spite of the doubled and tripled moorings they should fetch away. Steadily from the black sky poured downward sheets of rain.

According to Marken notions, even a landsman should not have ventured to marry on a day like that; and for a fisherman to marry while such a storm was raging was a sheer tempting of all the forces which work together for evil in the tempests of the sea. Every one expected that the wedding would be put off; and when word was passed around that it was not to be put off, all of the older and steadier folk refused with one voice to have anything to do with it. How Krelis succeeded in inducing the minister to consent to perform the ceremony no one ever knew—for the minister was one of the many that day on Marken who never saw the rising of another sun. He was not well liked, that minister, and stories not to his credit were whispered about him; at least so one of the old women told me—and more than half hinted that what happened to him was a judgment upon him for his sins.

Even when the wedding party came across from the Kerkehof to the Hafenbeurt, some little time before mid-day,

the marshes on each side of the raised path were marshes no longer but open water—that was whipped southward before the gale in little angry waves. There was no chance for a show of finery. The men wore their oil-skins over their Sunday clothes, and the women were wrapped in cloaks and shawls. But it was a company of young daredevils, that wedding party, and the members of it came on through the storm laughing and shouting—with Geert and Krelis leading and the gayest madcaps of them all. So far from being dismayed by the roaring tempest, those two wild natures seemed only to be stirred and aroused by it to a fierce happiness. They say that Geert never was so beautiful as she was that day—her face glowing with a strong rich color, her eyes sparkling with a wondrous brilliancy, her full red lips parted and showing the gleam of those strong white teeth of hers, her lithe body erect and poised confidently against the furious wind which swept them all forward along the path.

But as the party came near to the graveyard, lying midway between the Kerkehof and the Hafenbeurt, close beside the path, some of the young men and women found their merriment oozing out of them. In that day of black storm the rain-sodden mound was inexpressibly desolate. All around it, save for the pathway leading up to its gate, the marsh was flooded. The graveyard almost was an island—would be quite an island should the water rise another foot. Rushed onward by the gale, shrewd little waves were beating against its windward side so sharply that the soft soil visibly was crumbling away—a sight which recalled a dim but very grisly legend of how once a great storm had hurled such a sea upon Marken that the dead bodies lying in that very spot had been torn from their resting-places by the tumultuous waves. But crueler still was the shivering thought of Marretje, only two months dead, lying in that sodden ground in her storm-beaten grave.

And then, as they came closer, the memory of Marretje was brought home to them still more sharply and in a strangely startling way: as they saw old Jaap uprise suddenly from where he had been crouched amidst the graves. Bare-headed, with his long gray hair and long gray beard soaked with the falling torrent and flying out before the wind, he

stood upright on the crest of the mound close above them—his tall lean figure towering commandingly against the black rain clouds, defiant as some old sea-god of the furious storm.

He seemed to be speaking, but the storm noises were as a wall shutting him off from them, and not until they had passed on a little and were to leeward of him could they hear his words. Then they heard him clearly: speaking slowly, with no trace of anger in his tones but with a strange solemn fervor—as though he felt himself to be out beyond the line which separates Time from Eternity, and from that vantage-point uttered with authority the judgments of an outraged God. It was to Geert and Krelis that he spoke, pointing at them with one outstretched hand while the other was raised as though in invocation toward the wild black sky: “For your sins the anger of God is loosed upon you in His tempests, and in His name I curse you with a binding curse. May the raging waters be upon you! May you perish in the wrath of the Zuyder Zee!”

A shudder went through all the wedding company. Even Krelis, half stopping, suddenly paled. Only Geert, bolder than all of them put together, held her own. With a quick motion she drew Krelis onward, and her lip curled in that way of hers as she said to him: “What has old Jaap to do with you or me, Krelis? He is a mad old fool!” And then she looked straight at old Jaap, into the very eyes of him, and laughed scornfully—as they all together went on again through the wind and rain.

But when they came to Jan de Jong’s tavern, where the wedding breakfast was waiting for them, Krelis was the first to call for gin. He said that he was cold.

XI.

It was the strangest wedding feast, they say, that ever was held on Marken: with the black tempest beating outside, and all the lamps in the big room lighted—although the day still was on the morning side of noon. Young Jan de Jong—the same who is old Jan de Jong now, and who now keeps the tavern—remembers it all well, and tells how his mother was for bundling the whole company out of doors. Such doings would bring bad luck upon the house, she said—and went up stairs and locked herself into her room

and took to praying when her husband told her that bad luck never came with good money, and that what Krelis was willing to pay for Krelis should have.

But it was the wife who was right that time—as the husband knew a very little later on. For that night Krelis's boat was one of those swept away from their moorings and foundered, and Krelis's fine house was undermined by the water and went out over the Zuyder Zee in fragments—and so the wedding feast never was paid for at all. And she always said that but for her prayers their son would have been lost to them too. Old Jan was very grave when he told me about this—and from some of the others I learned that it was because of what happened to him that night that he gave over the wild life that he had been leading and became a steady man.

At first, what with the blackness of the storm and the ringing in everybody's ears of old Jaap's curse, the company was a dismal one. But the plentiful hot gin-and-water that Krelis ordered—and led in drinking—soon brought cheerfulness back again. As for Geert, she had no need of gin-and-water: her high spirits held from first to last. Seated on Krelis's right—just as she had been seated only a little while before on the day of Marretje's funeral—she rattled away steadily with her gay talk; and every now and then, they say, turned to Krelis with a look that brought fire into his eyes!

The walk after breakfast was out of the question. As the afternoon went on the storm raged more and more tumultuously. There was nothing for it but to have the room cleared of the chairs and table and go straight on to the dancing; and that they did—excepting some of the weaker-headed ones, whose legs were too badly tangled for such gay exercise and who sat limply on the benches against the wall.

This time it was not by favor but by right that Geert led the dance with Krelis—her black eyes shining and her face all of a rich red glow. And as she took her place at the head of it she said to Jaantje de Waard: "Who's got him now, this lover of mine you said I'd lost, Jaantje? Didn't I tell you that it's one thing to lay the net, but it's another to haul it in?" And away she went, caught close to Krelis, with a laugh on those red lips of hers and a brighter sparkle in her

black eyes. Jaantje said—it was she who told me, an old woman now—that somehow this speech of Geert's, and the sudden thought that it brought of dead Marretje out there in the graveyard, made her feel so queasy in her stomach that she left the dance and went home bare-headed through the storm.

The dancing, with plenty to drink betweenwhiles, went on until evening; and after nightfall the company grew still merrier—partly because of the punch, but more because the feast lost much of its grewsomeness when they all knew that the darkness outside was the ordinary darkness of black night and not the strange darkness of that black day. But there was no break in the storm; and now and then, when a fierce burst of wind fairly set the house to rocking on its foundations, and sent the rain dashing in sheets against the windows, there would be anxious talk among those of the dancers who came from the Kerkehof or the Kesbeurt as to how they were to get home. From time to time one of the men would open the door a little and take a look outside—and would draw in again in a hurry and go straight to the punch-bowl for comforting: for none of them had seen any storm like that on Marken in all their lives.

And so, when at last the storm did lull a little—this was about eight o'clock in the evening, close upon the moonrise—there was a general disposition to take advantage of the break and get away. And Krelis did not urge his guests to stay longer, for he was of the same mind with them—being eager to carry off homeward his Geert with the flashing eyes.

But when the men went out of doors together to have a look about them they were brought up suddenly with a round turn. It is only a step from Jan de Jong's tavern to the head of the path that dips downward and leads across the marshes to the other villages. But when they had taken that step no path was to be seen! Close at their feet, and stretching away in front of them as far as their eyes could reach through the night gloom, was to be seen only tumultuous black water flecked here and there with patches of foam. Everywhere over Marken, save the graveyard mound and the knolls on which stood the several villages, the ocean was in possession: right across the island were sweeping the storm-lashed waves of the Zuyder Zee!

XII.

Though they all were well filled with punch-begotten Dutch courage, not one of them but Krelis—as they stood together looking out over what should have been marsh-land and what was angry sea—thought even for a moment of getting homeward before daylight should come again and the gale should break away. And even Krelis would not have been for facing such danger at an ordinary time: but just then his soul and body were in commotion, and over the black stormy water he saw visions of Geert beckoning him to those red lips of hers, and firing him with the sparkle of her flashing eyes.

“It’s a bit of a sea,” he said lightly, “but if one of you will lend a hand at an oar with me we’ll manage it easily. Just here it’s baddish. But a stiff pull of a hundred yards will fetch us into smoother water under the lee of the graveyard, and beyond that we’ll be a little under the lee of the Kerkelhof—and then another spurt of stiff pulling will fetch us home. Geert will steer, and we can count on her to steer well. I wouldn’t have risked it with Marretje at the tiller—but I’ve got another sort of a wife now. Which of you’ll come along?”

There was a dead silence at that, for every one of the young fellows standing there knew that to take a boat out into that water meant a fight for life at every inch of the way.

“Well, since you’re all so modest,” Krelis went on with a laugh, “I’ll pick out big Jan here to pull with me—and no offence to the rest of you, for we all know that not another man on Marken pulls so strong an oar.”

It was old Jan himself who told me this, and he said that when Krelis chose him that way there was nothing for him to do but to say that he’d go. But he said that he went pale at the thought of what was before him, and would have given anything in the world to get out of the job. All the others spoke up against their trying it; and that, he said, while it scared him still more—for they all, in spite of the punch that was in them, spoke very seriously—helped him to go ahead. It would be something to talk about afterward, he thought, that he had done what everybody else was afraid to do. And when the others found that he and Krelis were not to be shaken, they set themselves to bringing a strong boat across from the

other side of the village and getting it into the water—in a smooth place under the lee of one of the houses—and lashing a lantern fast into its bows.

When Krelis and Jan went back to the tavern to fetch Geert there was another outcry. All the women got around Geert and declared that she should not go. But Geert was ready always for any bit of daredeviltry, and the readier when anybody tried to hold her back from it—and then the way that Krelis looked at her would have taken her with him through the very gates of hell. She only laughed at the other women, and made them help her to put on the oil-skin hat and coat that Krelis fetched for her to keep her dry against the pelting rain. And she laughed still louder when she was rigged out in this queer dress—and what with her sparkling eyes and her splendid color was so bewitching under the big hat that Krelis snatched a kiss from her and swore that at last he had a wife just to his mind.

All the company, muffled in shawls and cloaks, went along with them to the water-side to see them start; and because there was no commotion in the quiet nook where the boat was lying, and the darkness hid the tumbling waves beyond, most of them thought that the only danger ahead for Geert and the others was a thorough drenching—and were disposed to make fun of this queer wedding journey on which they were bound. But the young men who had launched the boat knew better, and they tried once more to make Krelis give over his purpose—or, at least, to wait until the moon should rise a little and thin the clouds. And all the answer that they got was a laugh from Geert and a joking invitation from Krelis to come across to the Kesbeurt in the morning and join him in a glass of grog.

Krelis was to pull stroke, and so big Jan got into the boat ahead of him—with his heart fairly down in his boots, he told me—and then Krelis got in; and last of all Geert took her seat in the stern, and as she gripped the tiller steadily gave the order to shove off. With a strong push the young men gave the boat a start that sent it well out from the shore, and then the oars bit into the water and they were under way.

One of the old women whom I talked with was of the wedding party, and down

there by the shore that night, and she told me that they all cheered and laughed for a minute as the boat with the lantern in her bows shot off from the land. The thought of danger, she said, was quite out of their minds. Right in front of them, less than a quarter of a mile away, they saw the lights of the houses in the Kesbeurt shining brightly, and plainly setting the course for Geert to steer; and they knew that the two strongest men on Marken were at the oars. What they all were laughing about, she said, was that anybody should be going from the one village to the other in a boat—and that it should be a wedding journey, too!

But it was only for a moment that their laughter lasted. The instant that the boat was out of the sheltered smooth water they all knew that not by one chance in a thousand could she live to fetch across. By the light of the lantern fixed in her bows they saw plainly the wild tumult of the sea around her—that caught her and seemed to stand her almost straight on end as Geert held her strongly against the on-coming waves. The old woman said that a thrill of horror ran through them all as they realized what certainly must happen. By a common impulse, down they all went on their knees on the sodden ground with the rain pelting them—and she heard some one cry out in the darkness: "Old Jaap's curse is upon them! May God pity and help them and have mercy on their souls!"

XIII.

Old Jan, who alone knew it, told me the rest of the story—but speaking slowly and unwillingly, as though it all still were fresh before him and very horribly real.

He said that when the boat lifted as that first sea struck her it was plain enough what was likely to happen to them—for they could not put about to make the shore again without swamping, and with such a sea running they were pretty certain to swamp quickly if they went on. But Krelis was not the sort to give in, and he shouted over his shoulder: "I've got you into a scrape, Jan; but if we can pull up under the lee of the graveyard there's a chance for us still." And then he called to Geert: "Now you can show what stuff you're made of, Geert. Steer for the graveyard—and for God's sake hold her straight to the sea!" As

for Geert, she was as cool as the best man could have been, and she steered as well as any man could have steered. The light from the lantern shone full in her face, and old Jan said that her eyes kept on sparkling and that her color never changed.

With that tremendous wind sweeping down on them, and with the waves butting against the boat and throwing her head up every instant, even Jan and Krelis—and they were the best oarsmen on Marken—could make only snail's way. But it heartened them to find that they made any way at all—as they could tell that they were doing by seeing the lights ashore crawling past them—and so they lashed away with their oars and found a little hope growing again. Presently Krelis called out: "The water's getting smoother, Jan. Another fifty yards and we'll be all right!"

This was true. They were creeping up steadily under the lee of the graveyard, and the closer they got to it the more would it break the force of the waves. If they could reach it they would be safe.

Just as Krelis spoke, the boat struck against something so sharply that she quivered all over and lost way. Neither of the men dared to turn even for an instant; nor could their turning have done any good—all that they could do was to row on. But Geert could look ahead, and the lantern in the bows cast a little circle of light upon the furious sea. As she peered over their shoulders a strange look came into her face, Jan said, and then she spoke in a voice strained and strange: "It's a coffin," she said, "and I see another one a little farther on. The sea is washing away the graveyard—as it did that time long ago!" And then the coffin went past them, so close that it struck against and nearly unshipped Krelis's oar.

Jan said that he trembled all over, and that a cold sweat broke out on him. He felt himself going sick and giddy, and fell to wondering what would happen should he be unable to keep on pulling—and how long it took a man to drown. Then—but because of a ringing in his ears the voice seemed to come faintly from very far away—he heard Krelis cry out cheerily: "Pull, Jan! If we're getting among the coffins we'll be safe in a dozen strokes more!"

It was at that instant that a great

wave lifted the bow of the boat high out of the water, and as she fell away into the trough of the sea she struck again—but that time with a crash that had in it the sound of breaking boards. Jan knew that they must have struck the other coffin that Geert had seen, and he was sure that the boat was stove in and in another moment would fill and sink from under them.

For what seemed a whole age to him there was a grinding and a crunching beneath the keel; and then, as the boat swung free again, he saw Geert go chalk-pale suddenly—as she stood peering eagerly forward—and heard her give a great wild cry. And then her color rushed back into her cheeks and her eyes glittered as she called out in a strong voice resolutely: “It’s Marretje come to take you from me, Krelis—but she sha’n’t, she sha’n’t! You never really were her lover—and you always were and always shall be mine! And I hate her and I’ll get the better of her dead just as I hated her and got the better of her alive!” And with that Geert let go her hold upon the tiller and sprang forward and clasped Krelis in her arms.

Jan could not tell clearly what happened after that. All that he was sure of was the sight for an instant, tossing beside the boat in the circle of light cast by the lantern, of a lidless coffin in which lay wrapped in her white shroud the dead golden-haired Marretje—and then the boat broached to and went over, and there was nothing about him but blackness and the tumultuous waves. As he went down into a hollow of the sea he felt the ground beneath his feet, and that put courage into him to make a fight for life. Struggling against the gale, and against waves which grew smaller as he battled on through them, he went forward with a heart-breaking slowness; and the strength was clean gone out of him when he won his way at last up the lee side of the little mound—and dropped down at full length there, in safe shelter amidst the graves.

“And Geert and Krelis?” I asked.

“With her arms tight about him there was no chance for either of them,” he answered. And then he went on, speaking very solemnly: “The word that was truth had been spoken against them. They perished in the wrath of the Zuyder Zee!”

THE AUSTRALIAN HORSEMAN.

BY HERBERT C. MAC ILWAINE.

ONCE on a time a Wild West Show came out into the heart of the Australian cattle country, and from a huge circle round about squatters, stock-riders, and colonial horse-breakers gathered in to see how the men of the Western States held empire over the brutes. We had maintained, not without a touch of friendly scorn, that, be the West as wild as possible, none could break a horse and ride him, draft bullocks on the camp, head and wheel a cattle-rush in the dark, or discharge the rugged duties of a cattle-run quite like ourselves. Beyond ocean these things might be done as well. But better? No. We came, and saw the lariat swung; we saw a running bullock pinioned and laid out for branding in the open; we saw a lithe colossus ride a bucking horse with a single turn of rope for saddle; we saw one of our own “outlaws”—by which we indicate a buck-jumper of the most determined order—

ridden by a man from the States, in a Western saddle—ridden till the horse stood, beaten, and his rider hauled on the bit till the outlaw fell and lay still, and the American horseman stood above him. Many more wonders we saw; many of them we envied, and we admired them all. We did not strike our colors, but we hoisted up the stars and stripes beside them; and at that bar where in cruder communities all judgments must ultimately come for confirmation, we pledged each other as fellow-members of the Democracy of Horsemen.

I.

This forgoing of riders naturally led us to note the marks that distinguish the Australian horseman from others of his tribe and trade. In riding, as in all other occupations, a man’s ways are moulded by conditions and guided by inheritance. The Australian’s outfit is an adapta-

tion of the Briton's. The colonial saddle grows a peaky pommel and a high protecting cantle; the mild English knee-roll becomes in Australia a firm, deep, six-inch pad; and even the back of the thigh is held in place by a solid flange sewed upon the saddle flap. As with his saddle, so with the rest of the stock-rider's equipment—it is as the Englishman's, but moulded and strengthened to sterner usage. The mild—and mostly ornamental—hunting-crop becomes a ten-foot—and terribly effective—stock-whip. The chain, the curb, the double rein, and all the more or less fancy attachments are stripped from the bridle in favor of the simple snaffle and a head-piece and single rein of leather, so substantial as to defy the roguery or terror of any ordinary horse to break them. Crupper, breastplate, martingale—these are used or left aside, according to the build, tricks, and temper of the mount, with a single eye to usefulness, and no thought of the ornamental.

To say that a horseman owes the essentials of his equipment to the undemonstrative Briton is to confess that his appearance is wanting in picturesqueness. The Western American and all his gear, from stirrup to sombrero, and from forehead band to crupper, show a hundred tricks of ornament and color, all apt, all borrowed, I take it, from the people of a sunnier land than England. Of all these, not one, nor yet the equivalent of one, of them—unless it be the "Spanish" surcingle, which is, however, little seen of the onlooker—has passed into customary use amongst the Australians. I speak of a workaday attire and saddlery, not of the fleeting glories of a holiday rig-out; and speaking thus, it must be said that the Australian's outfit is planned with a single eye to utility.

II.

There are great chapters to be written of the times, already all but past, that bred, out of their desperate needs, the true Australian rough rider. When the English horse was turned loose in the bush, he marked his approval of his new freedom by reverting to the tactics of his unbitted, aboriginal forefathers; he learned to buck, to hit out like a boxer with the fore feet, and generally to war against restraint. To face his naked savagery and to sit saddle-fast called for men of grit. They came, and still are. Culture and fences and the tamer art of

scientific horse-breaking are pushing them ever outward; but they only, and such as they, merit the title of Australian rough riders. The breaker-in and rough rider is the model and ideal, the pioneer and parent, of good horsemanship.

An Australian colt, bred upon any well-grassed run, owned by any capable breeder, is an animal ribbed up, well boned and barrelled, such as might hold his own for line and symmetry and gameness of eye in almost any English meadow. Every drop of his bright blood is English, or maybe there is a dash of finer fluid still—the Arab strain. But your bush-bred two-year-old has yet to meet his master. He knows nothing of the sheltered life of his English kinsman. Born and begotten under the open sky, he has never stood beneath a meaner roof.* He has found and tried his strength in a free and untilled earth, and has thriven and hardened upon what it gave him. Once, and only once, the hand of man has been laid upon him, when in a rage of terror he was roped and thrown, and felt the station brand sizzle and sting on his shoulder. Otherwise he has estimated man as a thing who may drive, but cannot catch him, and has come to regard more as an agreeable interlude than as a matter of compulsion the periodic visits to the homestead, when, with a mounted man behind him, he has come in from the back country, one of a racing mob that sent a ten-mile stretch of earth spinning behind them in dust to the music of their gallop.

Such a horse, when he finds himself all on a sudden face to face with his school-master, in a yard fifteen feet square, is as sensitive as a woman, timid as a hare, and self-willed as a naughty boy; as likely as not he is also as quick as an angry cat, and has much of a cat's sudden temper. The man that will stand in the little yard and outvie him needs fineness of touch, forbearance, and nerve.

In catching, handling, mousing, and mounting a bush-bred colt, details will vary according to the temper of man and horse. But the essentials are common: a stock-yard, a halter, bridle, and saddle of the simplest and strongest, comprise the stock in trade of the breaker-in. All the aids and arts of civilized horse-taming the bushman scorns.

When word goes through the home-



AN AUSTRALIAN BUCKJUMPER.



THE TENDERFOOT.

a cringing of leather—as the rider, with the near rein braced in, left toe in stirrup, and right hand on pommel, lets the horse feel his weight, and watches like a wrestler for the right strategic instant to be up and in the saddle. Then there is war. The colt may stand one instant amazed, and looking pathetically crushed. Then, remembering his heritage of freedom, he will brace himself and roar in his nostrils with a sound that thrills the blood like a bugle note.

To the inexperienced and frightened looker-on, buckjumping is as blind and brutal a

stead that a nasty one is to be ridden, all men within reach of the rumor lay down the tools of their handicraft and gather round the yard. A little nervous banter flies about as the rider fixes his chin-strap and leads out the colt. The latter has been saddled and let run loose a little, and has filled in the time by stretching and twitching in his harness, and champing on the bit in a way that sends a nervous rider stone-cold about the midriff. Now and then the colt will rear his head, stand like a carven thing, and stare out across the open in a way to smite one with a strange sorrow; yet when he turns there is battle in his eye.

There is a moment of dread silence in the yard—broken now and then by a sobbing and plunging of the horse and

paroxysm of nature as the passing of a tornado; to a skilled, collected eye there meet in it the extremes of wrath and self-command—it is Hercules in a fury, but handling his club as quickly and coolly as a fencing-master switches his rapier.

The buckjumper's tactics are simple—to wrench the horseman from his seat, and, once his grip is loosened, to jolt or fling him off. As he blares his challenge he rears up and swerves; on the swerve he is switched together in the air, head to tail, supple as a willow, yet firmly, like a bent sword blade. Before he touches ground again he has wheeled from west to east; in the wheeling, the lithe hind quarters have given the back a wrench; if that should meet its object, to rip free the horseman's legs and

overset his balance, he is done; for the writhing spin is ended in a jolt, as the horse's weight is finally flung upon his fore legs, that might start an avalanche. And even as the riving shock is delivered, the haunches are already gathered in again; there follow the rear, the spring, the snatching together like a drawn bow, the writhing sweep—this time from east to south—and the jar of landing comes as before. In this manner the horseman that contrives to sit saddlefast will be torn hither and thither during several minutes of agonizing length, to face every point of the compass; and to each succeeding rightabout is added some new trick that is the inspiration of strength and fury.

This bucking, and this alone, can prove the horseman born. Most men, by brute strength or intelligence, will sit a buck or two; beyond that, the frightful quickness and suddenness of the thing baffle all mere strength and all conscious calculation in balance and adjustment of the body. One rider will sit apparently loose and free, his arms flying, and even his legs moving, till his heels touch from the shoulder almost to the flank; another will clip himself fast like calipers behind the girth, giving and swinging from the belt upward, almost gently, as a buoy rides out a gale. A rider's method is as much the result of inspiration and instant judgment as the colt's bucking is of shrewdness and destructive energy.



THE OLD HAND.

III.

The Australian stockman is the fellow of the Western American cowboy in everything but the reputed tendency to settle private differences by the arbitrament of the revolver. The rough rider is young, reckless, with nerves unflawed and courage unqualified as yet by the memory of "busters" and broken bones; the stockman is a creature more complex and mature. His duties call for deliberation and the arts of generalship; he must be seasoned to monotony; yet even at the wildest call of duty his judgment must be supreme. He is the colonial counterpart of the tame herdsman of sheltered England; what the latter does to and for his beasts on foot, by friendly pats and proddings, or with currycomb and bucket, the stockman does ahorseback, sometimes at a snail-pace, sometimes at a flying gallop, taking obstacles as they come; or, if

he works afoot, it is in the riot, dust, and danger of the stock-yards.

Cattle are subject only to this wild control of the stock-rider and his whip. Already when the calf is a wistful-looking—yet often rebellious—little innocent trotting by his mother's flank, the first and most enduring mark of man's ownership is set upon him. The herd is driven in from its pastoral solitudes to some open level sweep of ground with a patch of timber in its centre, termed a cattle-camp; the calves and their mothers are winnowed from the rest by mounted stockmen, and driven, a lagging, bellowing multitude, to the stock-yards; mothers and offspring are drafted into separate yards; and in choking dust, and to an accompaniment of a racking din, the calves are branded on the ribs with the station brand, notched on the ear with the station ear-mark, are counted, and booked as station assets. Then they are given back, dazed, singed, and bloody, to the distracted mothers, who lick their sore places and mutter over them in incoherent sympathy. Towards sundown the yards are emptied, and cows and calves, dejected yet defiant, troop off and scatter to their pasturage again. It is good for us and them that the brutes have neither prescience nor keenness of recollection. In a day the calf has forgotten; in a week his scars are healed; his brand, like a man's sin, grows with his inches, and is indelible.

As the single purpose of the cattle-station is to grow beef in the form of shapely, portly bullocks, so the well-being of the male calf, from long before birth until his final promotion to the slaughter-yard, is the first and final care of the squatter and his stockman. By his bullocks is the herd-master known; they testify to the quality of his pasture and the value of his run; and by them he is led to fortune or—failure.

From birth and branding onward to the age of three or four years the male calf—as “weaner,” as a lusty steer, and then as bullock marked for metropolitan promotion—leads, as good cattle should, a life of sheer indolence, tempered by rousing interludes, when, at the visits of the stockman, he is taught manners and learns subjection against the time when he must start on his last long trip, down the great stock-roads, to the city, where he is to pay toll to civilization.

On a big day's “mustering for fats,” long before daybreak the kitchen windows at the homestead glare with yellow lamp-light, and the station cook is clattering and grumbling among his pots; milking is done by starshine, and blankets are plucked from off the sleepyheads. By the time that the first gray film of dawnlight has spread along the eastern sky, marking off the boundary of earth in an inky-black horizon, a small voice sounds away down the invisible horse-paddock—yet as if spoken close by one's head—uttering words of command; and coming, as it seems, out of the uttermost corner of the world—or it may seem at first as but a throbbing in one's ears—there is a hurrying sound. It is the sound of galloping horses; in a moment the cheated senses are themselves again as the thunder of the hoofs comes tearing up and ends in a muffled stamping and swirling in the yards. The stock-horses have been run up for an early start. Then it is boot and saddle; every man looks to the last buckle of his gear, and sees that his whip is thonged and cracked; there is breakfast in a hurry; and before the magpie, from the topmost height of the tallest tree, has finished his melodious calling to the sunrise, the stockmen are upon their way to work.

By noon the desolation of the main cattle-camp, with its central clump of ash-gray trees, will be broken. Out of the belt of timber that surrounds the plain will come the far-resounding detonation of a whip-fall; then singly, in pairs, in dozens, a straggling, jogging line of cattle will come filtering through the trees and trail across the plain, to congregate about the central clump. In this fashion, during an hour or so, the whips will sound, and from every quarter of the compass mobs of cattle will be pushed forward across the plain by mounted men to swell the roaring congregation in the centre. Since morning a ring of country say twelve miles across has been swept clear of cattle; the process will be repeated on other days, with the various camps as centres, till the mustering is done.

There is a pause for dinner down by the creek; then the “camp-horses,” that have run free till now, are brought up and saddled; the “cutting out” of bullocks on the camp is to begin.

It is in this cutting out that the finest note of sympathy between the horse and



A SUNDAY FROLIC.

his rider is shown. The camp-horse is the chosen of his race for brains and fire. In the fondness of a good stockman for his camp-horse there will be found as broad and firm a tie as exists anywhere between man and brute.

The younger riders hold the central mob together in and around the central clump. There may be two thousand head by now, of all ages and tempers; the many-colored mass is surging aimlessly and slowly in a smother of rolling dust that



THE SHEEP-DROVER

is blue-gray in the shadow, blazing gold in the sun; the very sky seems to be shaken by the roaring of the mob, yet it will not drown the ordinary voice of man—it is immense, like the roaring of Niagara.

Into the loose and simmering crowd the cutters-out push their horses quietly; a few cows and calves are gently nosed out and posted in a corner of the plain, under charge of a junior, and well in sight of the main body, to form the nucleus of the drafted mob. Then the final act begins.

The camp-horse is threaded gently to and fro in the mob on a loose rein, until the victim for cutting out is noted by a tightening of the bit; then the horse's sunken eye lights up, though it is still with a mild and almost absent manner that he dogs the bullock turn by turn to the fringes of the mob. The beast begins to feel his isolation, wheels, and is turned, wheels again, and is met, quickens his pace, still to find the man and horse upon his flank, until he faces the open. Then, if he is mild-mannered, he will trot unconcernedly away for the "coachers," or

little drafted mob; if he is still stubborn, he will make a bid for liberty of conscience and a return to the big mob and his mates. In a cutting out the mild-mannered and irresolute bullocks are chosen first, that they may set a model of decorum to the sterner spirits. And so, for a little while, the work goes almost tamely on, and a score of beasts are sent with little protest to swell the minority. But sooner or later there will come the pinch of obstinacy; then man and horse will be put upon their mettle; then there will be a fight of brute against brain, to share in which is to be glad that one was born into this world of strife.

As matters grow lively on the cattle-camp, the plain that all the forenoon shook and sweltered quite alone in the sunhaze becomes alive with a singular tumult. The thunderous charges and wheelings of camp-horse and bullock infect the central mob with restlessness; every cow loses her calf, every beast his mate, until there are chaos, dust, and din unspeakable in the body of the mob, while on its edges there are the figures of the steadying horsemen contending,



THE SUNDOWNER.

like troopers with a rabble, against leaderless sorties of revolting steers and panic-stricken mothers. The wise stockman calls an occasional truce to let the tumult settle; but as well look for bloodless war as for camp-work without confusion.

Hard-skinned bullocks, obstinate to fury, are taken in hand late in the day; to get one out means setting the whole camp in confusion. When he feels the steady camp-horse's eye upon him, he winds and burrows in the mob; the camp-horse shoulders after him; before he is brought to the fringes of the crowd he has already left commotion in his wake; last of all, he crushes out a whole wing of the cattle, carries them with him, and must be winnowed from them at a gallop. Then two giants get to war; the horse knows his share; the man has little to do but keep his seat and give the final stroke. The bullock, head down, ears set, is going like a stag; the horse's muzzle is level with the beast's ribs and creeping up; the pace, as the two make a clear circuit of the cattle-camp, is furious, yet in the winking of an eye the beast has propped and come about, and

is tearing back again. It is his one manoeuvre—to wheel and regain the mob—and how the horse turns with him, keeps on the inside, and crowds the bullock outward, how the man keeps saddlefast, and how beast, man, horse, and saddlery bear the shock and strain of a dozen such rightabouts, is one of the wonders of endurance. About and about they go, the circle widening, the speed augmenting, till the pace begins to tell upon the bullock; and always in the return the horse's steady eye and gaping nostril are on the inside. When the brute shows signs of distress, the stockman gathers the horse in for the last triumphant measures. The stock-whip is uncoiled, and the beast crowded off in a wider, lengthening curve; as the three sweep round to face the drafted mob, the horse is drawn away; the whip sings and falls; once, twice, and again the bullock's flanks are laced with blood. His pace dies to a trot, and he is driven in a straight line to the minority.

IV.

The wild moments that fall to the lot of the Australian horseman are not many.

THE AUSTRALIAN
DROVER CHECKING
A CATTLE RUSH.



To paint his life faithfully, one's brush must be dipped in drab. The land, take it in the large, is featureless; where in narrow belts it is bold, picturesque, or craggy, there is no field for the squatter; the better the pasturage the more flat and unvarying is the landscape. For a fortnight in the year, perhaps, after the rain, the grass and herbage will be lush and vivid green; it works thence rapidly down to the hues of desolation, by golden green to yellow, to a lifeless brown, and then the naked earth of gray, red, chocolate, or black claims the predominance of color, and holds it until the grudging mercy of the rain comes to give a new lease of life to the pasture. Its richness has made many men wealthy; its drought and monotony have famished and broken more.

There are a dozen trades in the bush whose followers go on foot from job to job, and are called "swagmen." Shearers, splitters and fencers, bush carpenters, and the rest are, as often as not, steady and capable, with a little freehold paddock and homestead somewhere down-country, a wife, and a troop of young colonials. But the elderly swagman who has no home but the night's camp, no property but what he carries, or what creeps beside him in the person of his sad-eyed dog, is oftener of the army of Failure.

He is of the genus tramp—a loafer and a vagabond, the subject of innumerable comic anecdotes, and the horror of thrifty station-managers. As a practised loafer, he goes by the name of "sundowner," and is so termed because his arrival at the homestead is neatly timed with the going down of the sun, when work upon the station is finished for the day. Along the trailing dusty track he comes in the twilight, unsavory, ragged, empty, and wellnigh worn out with fruitless search after that for which his weary heart is anhungered above all else—work, a job; and there is no employment mean enough (he tells you wistfully) to be beneath his humble craving. And yet night by night he asks, only to find that the ill luck which has dogged him all his days is still pursuing him. It always happens that the work in hand and offering on this particular station is, of all possible varieties, the single one with which his singularly wide experience has not made him familiar. If a boundary-rider is wanted, he is a shepherd; if a shepherd, he has

ridden boundaries for years; if wire fencing is going on, he is a post-and-rail hand; if the fencing is all wood, he understands only wire, and looks desolate.

Whenever it is possible, he comes prepared with his refusals and regrets. There is honor among sundowners; it is a point of etiquette between brother professionals that, meeting one another between stations, they exchange notes of their reception and of each station's needs. The catalogue of his accomplishments run through, his last hope killed, he is given his pint of flour, his bit of beef and pinch of tea; he is shown his night's camp, and told to clear out in the morning.

At times the plague of swagmen has become so acute, and such a drain upon the afflicted stations, that an attempt has been made to get rid of them by refusing rations and a night's camp. From such a contest the sundowners usually emerge victorious. In those vast, lonely areas station assets are easily levied upon; if a man takes upon himself to refuse the sundowners their self-arranged privileges, his fences will be mysteriously cut, his grass or his wool-shed set alight, some out-station burned down, and his station property generally will develop suicidal mania. When the brutal tyrants restore to the sundowners their common rights of man, their property is safe.

V.

The life of the drover is one of the utmost monotony. Upon him devolves the task of garnering the yield of the cattle-station—of bringing the squatter's beef to market. The road from cattle-station to railway-yard may stretch a thousand miles and more, and must be covered at a crawl; once the cattle are seasoned to the journey, the drover's days are balder of stirring incidents than a city clerk's. At the first the moving pictures of the road by day and the solemn night-watches may move an impressionable novice, but he is odd indeed if the wear of daily trifles does not blunt his sensibilities.

The drovers toil incessantly over the face of the land, at a snail's pace, and in a cloud of dust—or, during rainy times, in damp and fever-breeding discomfort. They know only the sleepy start at daylight, the poking, shuffling pace behind sheep or cattle that feed as they go; supper and smoke and competitive story-telling round the camp fire; dead sleep, or watch

and watch about the mob; a wild carousal at the journey's end, and so *da capo*. On the cattle-station, the work of keeping the herd in good behavior and within bounds, the bringing and breaking in of milking-cattle, and such like, go forward from day to day tamely enough—with always, for leavening the monotony, a Sunday courting if the gods are good and girls are in the neighborhood. There is the larger prospect of a race-meeting somewhere within ride, a dazzling spree in town some day, or the hope to taste once the bushman's wildest joy, and be down in Melbourne when the Cup is run. On sheep-stations there is a ruck of undistinguished horsemen; from the rouse about at the homestead to the keepers of the out-stations, and onward to the boundary-rider who creeps along the wire fences, and, as his title signifies, mends breakages and keeps the fences sound—all of them lead lives unmarked by great events. All have much the same ambitions as to holidays and the enjoyment of a "spell." Their lives are rounded by a spree; whether it be in a fortnight's swinking on hell-brew at a local shanty, or in the glories of Melbourne at Cup-time, the normal bush-worker takes toll for his stagnation in the bush in bursts of revelry and gorgeousness, according to his humor.

But there is a moment that the drover fears like death; it is when panic lays hold of his cattle and they break away in a stampede. The man who has ridden through a cattle-rush will never again look upon resting cattle without a tingling of expectancy such as one might know who should peer into the throat of a loaded cannon. In the early stages of a journey—before the mob has settled to its new conditions—the rush is most to fear; ignorance and inexperience may escape it, and no amount of forethought can avoid the danger. Towards morning, in the hours of deepest silence, is the time of greatest danger. The drover on watch will look across the cattle-camp and see with a watcher's eye the herd asleep; in the luminous darkness the beasts appear huge, impalpable, and yet strangely small—they have become a part of the visible immensity that is overhead—the ragged, towering trees that sentinel the camp have their heads among the stars, so distant are they, so near the constellations that are wheeling solemnly

westward. A night bird calls, a bullock sighs in his sleep—the sounds come from near at hand or out of immeasurable distances, such is the silence, and such is the oneness of all things in heaven and earth. A conflagration amongst the everlasting stars would seem as likely as a panic in the herd. At such a time any sudden and unusual noise, no matter how small, will break upon the silence like a pistol-shot. The watcher, beguiled by the utter peacefulness, may have dismounted to lead his horse awhile and fight with sleep, and the horse may shake himself, making the leather rattle; a twig may fall and break upon some nervous bullock's horns; some night creature may rustle harshly among dead leaves; any one of a thousand tiny, unavoidable surprises may come out of the quietness and bring havoc. The herd that seemed so dead will rise in a spasm of terror, and with such unanimity that the sound of their rising breaks in one muffled crash that makes the earth tremble. The pause that follows is a crowded moment for the watcher. If the rush comes, it comes suddenly out of the racking pause. The mob loosens out and sweeps like a hurricane away into the darkness; and horse and man must follow, and head, wheel, and hold them until help arrives from the camp, or, if nobody has wakened, until daylight.

When a cattle-rush comes in the blackest of the night, among thick-standing, low-limbed trees, with the nature and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman. As he dodges, swerves, and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him, if hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battle-cry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment

of the drover's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding-time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelstrom, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nib-

bling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn. The horseman is unstrung, so tired that his body is numb beyond the sense of weariness, his head as light and empty as a bubble, but he is happy. Here is a tale for telling and re-telling, about the camp fire, and to his grandchildren; he has reached the highest mark that any man who rides may reach.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART VII.

XXXIX.

INSTEAD of Burnamy, Mrs. Adding and her son now breakfasted with the Marches at the Posthof, and the boy was with March throughout the day a good deal. He rectified his impressions of life in Carlsbad by March's greater wisdom and experience, and did his best to anticipate his opinions and conform to his conclusions. This was not easy, for sometimes he could not conceal from himself that March's opinions were whimsical, and his conclusions fantastic; and he could not always conceal from March that he was matching them with Kenby's on some points and suffering from their divergence. He came to join the sage in his early visit to the springs, and they walked up and down talking; and they went off together on long strolls in which Rose was proud to bear him company. He was patient of the absences from which he was often answered, and he learned to distinguish between the earnest and the irony of which March's replies seemed to be mixed. He examined him upon many features of German civilization, but chiefly upon the treatment of women in it; and upon this his philosopher was less satisfactory than he could have wished him to be. He tried to excuse his trifling as an escape from the painful stress of questions which he found so afflicting himself; but in the matter of the woman-and-dog teams, this was not easy. March owned that the notion of their being yokemates was shock-

ing; but he urged that it was a stage of evolution, and a distinct advance upon the time when women dragged the carts without the help of the dogs; and that the time might not be far distant when the dogs would drag the carts without the help of the women.

Rose surmised a joke, and he tried to enjoy it, but inwardly he was troubled by his friend's apparent acceptance of unjust things on their picturesque side. Once as they were sauntering homeward by the brink of the turbid Eger, they came to a man lying on the grass with a pipe in his mouth, and lazily watching from under his fallen lids the cows grazing by the river-side, while in a field of scraggy wheat a file of women were reaping a belated harvest with sickles, bending wearily over to clutch the stems together and cut them with their hooked blades. "Ah, delightful!" March took off his hat as if to salute the pleasant sight.

"But don't you think, Mr. March," the boy ventured, "that the man had better be cutting the wheat, and letting the women watch the cows?"

"Well, I don't know. There are more of them; and he wouldn't be half so graceful as they are, with that flow of their garments, and the sway of their aching backs." The boy smiled sadly, and March put his hand on his shoulder as they walked on. "You find a lot of things in Europe that need putting right, don't you, Rose?"

"Yes; I know it's silly."

* Begun in January number, 1899.

"Well, I'm not sure. But I'm afraid it's useless. You see, these old customs go such a way back, and are so grounded in conditions. We think they might be changed, if those who rule could be got to see how cruel and ugly they are; but probably they couldn't. I'm afraid that the Emperor of Austria himself couldn't change them, in his sovereign plenitude of power. The Emperor is only an old custom too, and he's as much grounded in the conditions as any." This was the serious way Rose felt that March ought always to talk; and he was too much grieved to laugh when he went on. "The women have so much of the hard work to do, over here, because the emperors need the men for their armies. They couldn't let their men cut wheat unless it was for their officers' horses, in the field of some peasant whom it would ruin."

If Mrs. March was by she would not allow him to work these paradoxes for the boy's confusion. She said the child adored him, and it was a sacrilege to play with his veneration. She always interfered to save him, but with so little logic though so much justice that Rose suffered a humiliation from her championship, and was obliged from a sense of self-respect to side with the mocker. She understood this, and magnanimously urged it as another reason why her husband should not trifle with Rose's ideal of him; to make his mother laugh at him was wicked.

"Oh, I'm not his only ideal," March protested. "He adores Kenby too, and every now and then he brings me to book with a text from Kenby's gospel."

Mrs. March caught her breath. "Kenby! Do you really think, then, that she—"

"Oh, hold on, now! It isn't a question of Mrs. Adding; and I don't say Rose has an eye on poor old Kenby as a step-father. I merely want you to understand that I'm the object of a divided worship, and that when I'm off duty as an ideal I don't see why I shouldn't have the fun of making Mrs. Adding laugh. You can't pretend she isn't wrapped up in the boy. You've said that yourself."

"Yes, she's wrapped up in him; she'd give her life for him; but she *is* so light. I didn't suppose she *was* so light; but it's borne in upon me more and more."

They were constantly seeing Rose and his mother, in the sort of abeyance the

Triscoes had fallen into. One afternoon the Addings came to Mrs. March's room to look from her windows at a parade of bicyclers' clubs from the neighboring towns. The spectacle prospered through its first half-hour, with the charm which German sentiment and ingenuity are able to lend even a bicycle parade. The wheelmen and wheelwomen filed by on machines wreathed with flowers and ribbons, and decked with streaming banners. Here and there one sat under a moving arch of blossoms, or in a bower of leaves and petals, and they were all gay with their club costumes and insignia. In the height of the display a sudden mountain shower gathered and broke upon them. They braved it till it became a drenching downpour; then they leaped from their machines and fled to any shelter they could find, under trees and in doorways. The men used their greater agility to get the best places, and kept them; the women made no appeal for them by word or look, but took the rain in the open as if they expected nothing else.

Rose watched the scene with a silent intensity which March interpreted. "There's your chance, Rose. Why don't you go down and rebuke those fellows?"

Rose blushed and shrank away without answer, and Mrs. March promptly attacked her husband in his behalf. "Why don't you go and rebuke them yourself?"

"Well, for one thing, there isn't any conversation in my phrase-book Between an indignant American Herr and a Party of German Wheelmen who have taken Shelter from the Rain and are keeping the Wheelwomen out in the Wet." Mrs. Adding shrieked her delight, and he was flattered into going on. "For another thing, I think it's very well for you ladies to realize from an object-lesson of this sort what spoiled children of our civilization you are. It ought to make you grateful for your privileges."

"There is something in that," Mrs. Adding joyfully consented.

"Oh, there *is* no civilization but ours," said Mrs. March, in a burst of vindictive patriotism. "I am more and more convinced of it the longer I stay in Europe."

"Perhaps that's why we like to stay so long in Europe; it strengthens us in the conviction that America is the only civilized country in the world," said March.

The shower passed as quickly as it had gathered, and the band which it had si-

lenced for a moment burst forth again in the music which fills the Carlsbad day from dawn till dusk. Just now, it began to play a *pot-pourri* of American airs; at the end some unseen Americans under the trees below clapped and cheered.

"That was opportune of the band," said March. "It must have been a telepathic impulse from our patriotism in the director. But a *pot-pourri* of American airs is like that tablet dedicating the American Park up here on the Schlossberg, which is signed by six Jews and one Irishman. The only thing in this medley that's the least characteristic or original is 'Dixie'; and I'm glad the South has brought it back into the Union."

"You don't know one note from another, my dear," said his wife.

"I know the 'Washington Post.'"

"And don't you call that American?"

"Yes, if Sousa is an American name; I should have thought it was Portuguese."

"Now that sounds a little too much like General Triscoe's pessimism," said Mrs. March; and she added: "But whether we have any national melodies or not, we don't poke women out in the rain and keep them soaking!"

"No, we certainly don't," he assented, with such a well-studied effect of yielding to superior logic that Mrs. Adding screamed for joy.

The boy had stolen out of the room, and he said, "I hope Rose isn't acting on my suggestion?"

"I hate to have you tease him, dearest," his wife interposed.

"Oh, no," the mother said, laughing still, but with a note of tenderness in her laugh, which dropped at last to a sigh. "He's too much afraid of lese-majesty, for that. But I dare say he couldn't stand the sight. He's queer."

"He's beautiful!" said Mrs. March.

"He's good," the mother admitted. "As good as the day's long. He's never given me a moment's trouble—but he troubles me. If you can understand!"

"Oh, I do understand!" Mrs. March returned. "By his innocence, you mean. That is the worst of children. Their innocence breaks our hearts and makes us feel ourselves such dreadful old things."

"His innocence, yes," pursued Mrs. Adding, "and his ideals." She began to laugh again. "He may have gone off for a season of meditation and prayer over the misbehavior of these bicyclers.

His mind is turning that way a good deal lately. It's only fair to tell you, Mr. March, that he seems to be giving up his notion of being an editor. You mustn't be disappointed."

"I shall be sorry," said the editor.

"But now that you mention it, I think I *have* noticed that Rose seems rather more indifferent to periodical literature. I supposed he might simply have exhausted his questions—or my answers."

"No; it goes deeper than that. I think it's Europe that's turned his mind in the direction of reform. At any rate he thinks now he will be a reformer."

"Really! What kind of one? Not religious, I hope?"

"No. His reform has a religious basis, but its objects are social. I don't make it out, exactly; but I shall, as soon as Rose does. He tells me everything, and sometimes I don't feel equal to it, spiritually or even intellectually."

"Don't laugh at him, Mrs. Adding!" Mrs. March entreated.

"Oh, he doesn't mind my laughing," said the mother, gayly. Rose came shyly back into the room, and she said, "Well, did you rebuke those bad bicyclers?" and she laughed again.

"They're only a custom, too, Rose," said March, tenderly. "Like the man resting while the women worked, and the Emperor, and all the rest of it."

"Oh, yes, I know," the boy returned.

"They ride modern machines, but they live in the tenth century. That's what we're always forgetting when we come to Europe and see these barbarians enjoying all our up-to-date improvements."

"There, doesn't that console you?" asked his mother, and she took him away with her, laughing back from the door. "I don't believe it does, a bit!"

"I don't believe she understands the child," said Mrs. March. "She is very light, don't you think? I don't know, after all, whether it wouldn't be a good thing for her to marry Kenby. She is very easy-going, and she will be sure to marry somebody."

She had fallen into a tone of musing censure, and he said, "You might put these ideas to her."

XL.

With the passage of the days and weeks, the strange faces which had familiarized themselves at the springs disap-

peared; even some of those which had become the faces of acquaintance began to go. In the diminishing crowd the smile of Otterson was no longer to be seen; the sad, severe visage of Major Eltwin, who seemed never to have quite got his bearings after his error with General Triscoe, seldom showed itself. The Triscoes themselves kept out of the Marches' way, or they fancied so; Mrs. Adding and Rose alone remained of their daily encounter.

It was full summer, as it is everywhere in mid-August, but at Carlsbad the sun was so late getting up over the hills that as people went to their breakfasts at the cafés up the valley of the Tepl they found him looking very obliquely into it at eight o'clock in the morning. The yellow leaves were thicker about the feet of the trees, and the grass was silvery gray with the belated dews. The breakfasters were fewer than they had been, and there were more little barefooted boys and girls with cups of red raspberries which they offered to the passers with cries of "Himbeeren! Himbeeren!" plaintive as the notes of birds left songless by the receding summer.

March was forbidden the fruit, but his wife and Mrs. Adding bought recklessly of it, and ate it under his eyes with their coffee and bread, pouring over it pots of clotted cream that the *schöne* Lili brought them. Rose pretended an indifference to it, which his mother betrayed was a sacrifice in behalf of March's inability.

Lili's delays in coming to be paid had been such that the Marches now tried to pay her when she brought their breakfast, but they sometimes forgot, and then they caught her whenever she came near them. In this event she liked to coquet with their impatience; she would lean against their table, and say: "Oh, no. You stay a little. It is so *nice*." One day after such an entreaty she said, "The queen is here, this morning."

Mrs. March started, in the hope of highnotes. "The queen!"

"Yes; the young lady. Mr. Burnamy was saying she was a queen. She is there with her father." She nodded in the direction of a distant corner, and the Marches knew that she meant Miss Triscoe and the general. "She is not seeming so gayly as she was being."

March smiled. "We are none of us so gayly as we were being, Lili. The summer is going."

"But Mr. Burnamy will be returning, not true?" the girl asked, resting her tray on the corner of the table.

"No, I'm afraid he won't."

"He was very good. He was paying the proprietor for the dishes that Augusta did break when she was falling down. He was paying before he went away, when he was knowing that the proprietor would make Augusta to pay."

"Ah!" said March, and his wife said, "That was *like* him!" and she eagerly explained to Mrs. Adding how good and great Burnamy had been in this characteristic instance, while Lili waited with the tray to add some pathetic facts about Augusta's poverty and gratitude. "I think Miss Triscoe ought to know it. There goes the wretch, now!" she broke off. "Don't look at him!" She set her husband the example of averting his face from the sight of Stoller sullenly pacing up the middle aisle of the grove, and looking to the right and left for a vacant table. "Ugh! I hope he won't be able to find a single place."

Mrs. Adding gave one of her pealing laughs, while Rose watched March's face with grave sympathy. "He certainly doesn't deserve one. Don't let us keep you from offering Miss Triscoe any consolation you can." They got up, and the boy gathered up the gloves, umbrella, and handkerchief which the ladies let drop from their laps.

"Have you been telling?" March asked his wife.

"Have I told you anything?" she demanded of Mrs. Adding in turn. "Anything that you didn't as good as know, already?"

"Not a syllable!" Mrs. Adding replied in high delight. "Come, Rose!"

"Well, I suppose there's no use saying anything," said March, after she left them.

"She had guessed everything, without my telling her," said his wife.

"About Stoller?"

"Well—no. I *did* tell her that part, but that was *nothing*. It was about Burnamy and Agatha that she knew. She saw it from the first."

"I should have thought she would have enough to do to look after poor old Kenby."

"I'm not sure, after all, that she cares for him. If she doesn't, she oughtn't to let him write to her. Aren't you going over to speak to the Triscoes?"

"No, certainly not. I'm going back to the hotel. There ought to be some steamer letters this morning. Here we are, worrying about these strangers all the time, and we never give a thought to our own children on the other side of the ocean."

"I worry about *them*, too," said the mother, fondly. "Though there is nothing to worry about," she added.

"It's our *duty* to worry," he insisted.

At the hotel the portier gave them four letters. There was one from each of their children: one very buoyant, not to say boisterous, from the daughter, celebrating her happiness in her husband, and the loveliness of Chicago as a summer city ("You would think she was born out there!" sighed her mother); and one from the son, boasting his well-being in spite of the heat they were having, ("And just think how cool it is here!" his mother upbraided herself), and the prosperity of *Every Other Week*. There was a line from Fulkerson, praising the boy's editorial instinct, and ironically proposing March's resignation in his favor.

"I do believe we could stay all winter, just as well as not," said Mrs. March, proudly. "What does Burnamy say?"

"How do you know it's from him?"

"Because you've been keeping your hand on it. Give it here."

"When I've read it."

The letter was dated at Ansbach, in Germany, and dealt, except for some messages of affection to Mrs. March, with a scheme for a paper which Burnamy wished to write on Kaspar Hauser, if March thought he could use it in *Every Other Week*. He had come upon a book about that hapless foundling in Nuremberg, and after looking up all his traces there he had gone on to Ansbach, where Kaspar Hauser met his death so pathetically. Burnamy said he could not give any notion of the enchantment of Nuremberg; but he besought March, if he was going to the Tirol for his after-cure, not to fail staying a day or so in the wonderful place. He thought March would enjoy Ansbach too, in its way.

"And, not a word—not a syllable—about Miss Triscoe!" cried Mrs. March. "Shall you take his paper?"

"It would be serving him right, if I refused it, wouldn't it?"

They never knew what it cost Burnamy to keep her name out of his letter, or by

what an effort of the will he forbade himself even to tell of his parting interview with Stoller. He had recovered from his remorse for letting Stoller give himself away; he was still sorry for that, but he no longer suffered; yet he had not reached the psychological moment when he could celebrate his final virtue in the matter. He was glad he had been able to hold out against the temptation to retrieve himself by another wrong; but he was humbly glad, and he felt that until happier chance brought him and his friends together he must leave them to their merciful conjectures. He was young, and he took the chance, with an aching heart. If he had been older, he might not have taken it.

XII.

The birthday of the Emperor comes conveniently, in late August, in the good weather which is pretty sure to fall then, if ever in the Austrian summer. For a week past, at Carlsbad, the workmen had been building a scaffolding for the illumination in the woods on a height overlooking the town, and making unobtrusive preparations at points within it.

The day was important as the last of March's cure, and its pleasures began for him by a renewal of his acquaintance in its first kindness with the Eltwins. He had met them so seldom that at one time he thought they must have gone away, but now after his first cup he saw the quiet, sad old pair, sitting together on a bench in the Stadt Park, and he asked leave to sit down with them till it was time for the next. Eltwin said that this was their last day, too; and explained that his wife always came with him to the springs, while he took the waters.

"Well," he apologized, "we're all that's left, and I suppose we like to keep together." He paused, and at the look in March's face he suddenly went on. "I haven't been well for three or four years; but I always fought against coming out here, when the doctors wanted me to. I said I couldn't *leave home*; and I don't suppose I ever should. But my home *left me*."

As he spoke his wife shrank tenderly near him, and March saw her steal her withered hand into his.

"We'd had a large family, but they'd all died off, with one thing or another, and here in the spring we lost our last

daughter. Seemed perfectly well, and all at once she died; heart-failure, they called it. It broke me up, and mother, here, got at me to go. And so we're here." His voice trembled; and his eyes softened; then they flashed up, and March heard him add, in a tone that astonished him less when he looked round and saw General Triscoe advancing toward them, "I don't know what it is always makes me want to kick that man."

The general lifted his hat to their group, and hoped that Mrs. Eltwyn was well, and Major Eltwyn better. He did not notice their replies, but said to March, "The ladies are waiting for you in Pupp's reading-room, to go with them to the Posthof for breakfast."

"Aren't you going, too?" asked March.

"No, thank you," said the general, as if it were much finer not; "I shall breakfast at our pension." He strolled off with the air of a man who has done more than his duty.

"I don't suppose I ought to feel that way," said Eltwyn, with a remorse which March suspected a reproachful pressure of his wife's hand had prompted in him. "I reckon he means well."

"Well, I don't know," March said, with a candor he could not wholly excuse.

On his way to the hotel he fancied mocking his wife for her interest in the romantic woes of her lovers, in a world where there was such real pathos as these poor old people's; but in the company of Miss Triscoe he could not give himself this pleasure. He tried to amuse her on the way from Pupp's, with the doubt he always felt in passing the Café Sans-Souci, whether he should live to reach the Posthof where he meant to breakfast. She said, "Poor Mr. March!" and laughed inattentively; when he went on to philosophize the commonness of the sparse company always observable at the Sans-Souci as a just effect of its Laodicean situation between Pupp's and the Posthof, the girl sighed absently, and his wife frowned at him.

The flower-woman at the gate of her garden had now only autumnal blooms for sale in the vases which flanked the entrance; the windrows of the rowen, left steeping in the dews overnight, exhaled a faint fragrance; a poor remnant of the midsummer multitudes trailed itself along to the various cafés of the val-

ley, its pink paper bags of bread rustling like sere foliage as it moved.

At the Posthof the *schöne Lili* alone was as gay as in the prime of July. She played archly about the guests she welcomed to a table in a sunny spot in the gallery. "You are tired of Carlsbad?" she said caressingly to Miss Triscoe, as she put her breakfast before her.

"Not of the Posthof," said the girl, listlessly.

"Posthof, and very little Lili?" She showed, with one forefinger on another, how very little she was.

Miss Triscoe laughed, not cheerily, and Lili said to Mrs. March, with abrupt seriousness, "Augusta was finding a handkerchief under the table, and she was washing it and ironing it before she did bring it. I have scolded her, and I have made her give it to me."

She took from under her apron a man's handkerchief, which she offered to Mrs. March. It bore, as she saw Miss Triscoe saw, the initials L. J. B. But, "Whose can it be?" they asked each other.

"Why, Burnamy's," said March, and Lili's eyes danced. "Give it here!"

His wife caught it farther away. "No, I'm going to see whose it is, first; if it's his, I'll send it to him myself."

She tried to put it into the pocket which was not in her dress by sliding it down her lap; then she handed it to the girl, who took it with a careless air, but kept it after a like failure to pocket it.

Mrs. March had come out in her India-rubber sandals, but for once in Carlsbad the weather was too dry for them, and she had taken them off and was holding them in her lap. They fell to the ground when she now rose from breakfast, and she stooped to pick them up. Miss Triscoe was too quick for her.

"Oh, let *me* carry them for you!" she entreated, and after a tender struggle she succeeded in enslaving herself to them, and went away wearing them through the heel-bands like manacles on her wrist. She was not the kind of girl to offer such pretty devotions, and Mrs. March was not the kind of woman to suffer them; but they played through the comedy, and let March go off for his last hill-climb with the promise to meet him in the Stadt Park when he came to the Kurhaus for his last mineral bath.

Mrs. March in the mean time went about some final shopping, and invited



"HE SAW THE QUIET, SAD OLD PAIR ON A BENCH IN THE STADT PARK."

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the girl's advice with a fondness which did not prevent her rejecting it in every case, with Miss Triscoe's eager approval. In the Stadt Park they sat down and talked; from time to time Mrs. March made polite feints of recovering her sandals, but the girl kept them with increased effusion.

When they rose, and strolled away from the bench where they had been sitting, they seemed to be followed. They looked round and saw no one more alarming than a very severe-looking old gentleman, whose hat brim in spite of his severity was limp with much lifting, as all Austrian hat brims are. He touched it, and saying haughtily in German, "Something left lying," passed on.

They stared at each other; then, as women do, they glanced down at their skirts to see if there was anything amiss with them, and Miss Triscoe perceived her hands empty of Mrs. March's sandals and of Burnamy's handkerchief.

"Oh, I put it in one of the toes!" she lamented, and she fled back to their bench, alarming in her course the fears of a gendarme for the public security, and putting a baby in its nurse's arms into such doubt of its personal safety that it burst into a desolate cry. She laughed breathlessly as she rejoined Mrs. March. "That comes of having no pocket; I didn't suppose I *could* forget your sandals. Mrs. March! Wasn't it *absurd*?"

"It's one of those things," Mrs. March said to her husband afterwards, "that they can always laugh over together."

"*They?* And what about Burnamy's behavior to Stoller?"

"Oh, I don't call that anything but what will come right. Of *course* he can make it up to him somehow. And I regard his refusal to do wrong when Stoller wanted him as quite wiping out the first offence."

"Well, my dear, you *have* burnt your ships behind you. My only hope is that when we leave here to-morrow, her pessimistic papa's poison will neutralize yours somehow."

XLII.

One of the pleasantest incidents of March's sojourn in Carlsbad was his introduction to the manager of the municipal theatre by a common friend who explained the editor in such terms to the manager that he conceived of him as a brother artist. This led to much bowing

and smiling from the manager when the Marches met him in the street, or in their frequent visits to the theatre, with which March felt that it might well have ended, and still been far beyond his desert. He had not thought of going to the opera on the Emperor's birthnight, but after dinner a box came from the manager, and Mrs. March agreed with him that they could not in decency accept so great a favor. At the same time she argued that they could not in decency refuse it, and that to show their sense of the pleasure done them, they must adorn their box with all the beauty and distinction possible; in other words, she said that they must ask Miss Triscoe and her father.

"And why not Major Eltwin and his wife? Or Mrs. Adding and Rose?"

She begged him, simply in his own interest, not to be foolish; and they went early, so as to be in their box when their guests came. The foyer of the theatre was banked with flowers, and against a curtain of evergreens stood a high-pedestalled bust of the paternal Cæsar, with whose side-whiskers a laurel crown comported as well as it could. At the foot of the grand staircase leading to the boxes the manager stood in evening dress, receiving his friends and their felicitations upon the honor which the theatre was sure to do itself on an occasion so august. The Marches were so cordial in their prophecies that the manager yielded to an artist's impulse and begged his fellow-artist to do him the pleasure of coming behind the scenes between the acts of the opera; he bowed a heart-felt regret to Mrs. March that he could not make the invitation include her, and hoped that she would not be too lonely while her husband was gone.

She explained that they had asked friends, and she should not be alone, and then he entreated March to bring any gentleman who was his guest with him. On the way up to their box, she pressed his arm as she used in their young married days, and asked him if it was not perfect. "I wish we were going to have it all to ourselves; no one else can appreciate the whole situation. Do you think we have made a mistake in having the Triscoes?"

"*We!*" he retorted. "Oh, that's good! I'm going to shirk him, when it comes to going behind the scenes."

"No, no, dearest," she entreated.



"BEFORE THE OPERA COULD BEGIN. GENERAL TRISCOE AND HIS DAUGHTER CAME IN."

"Shabbing will only make it worse. We must stand it to the bitter end, now."

The curtain rose upon another laurelled bust of the Emperor, with a chorus of men formed on either side, who broke into the grave and noble strains of the Austrian Hymn, while every one stood. Then the curtain fell again, and in the interval before the opera could begin, General Triscoe and his daughter came in.

Mrs. March took the splendor in which the girl appeared as a tribute to her hospitality. She had hitherto been a little disappointed of the open homage to American girlhood which her reading of international romance had taught her to expect in Europe, but now her patriotic vanity feasted full. Fat highhotes of her own sex levelled their lorgnettes at Miss Triscoe all around the horseshoe, with critical glances which fell blunted from her complexion and costume; the house was brilliant with the military uniforms which we have not yet to mingle with our unrivalled millinery, and the ardent gaze of the young officers dwelt on the perfect mould of her girlish arms and neck, and the winning lines of her face. The girl's eyes shone with a joyful excitement, and her little head, closely defined by its dark hair, trembled as she slowly turned it from side to side, after she removed the airy scarf which had covered it. Her father, in evening dress, looked the Third Emperor complaisant to a civil occasion, and took a chair in the front of the box without resistance; and the ladies disputed which should yield the best place to the other, till Miss Triscoe forced Mrs. March fondly into it for the first act at least.

The piece had to be cut a good deal to give people time for the illuminations afterwards; but as it was it gave scope to the actress who, *als Gast* from a Viennese theatre, was the chief figure in it. She merited the distinction by the art which still lingered, deeply embedded in her massive bulk, but never wholly obscured.

"That is grand, isn't it?" said March, following one of the tremendous strokes by which she overcame her physical disadvantages. "It's fine to see how her art can undo, for one splendid instant, the work of all those steins of beer, those illimitable links of sausage, those boundless fields of cabbage. But it's rather pathetic."

"It's disgusting," said his wife; and at this General Triscoe, who had been watching the actress through his lorgnette, said, as if his contrary-mindedness were irresistibly invoked:

"Well, I don't know. It's amusing. Do you suppose we shall see her when we go behind, March?"

He still professed a desire to do so when the curtain fell, and they hurried to the rear door of the theatre. It was slightly ajar, and they pulled it wide open, with the eagerness of their age and nation, and began to mount the stairs leading up from it between rows of painted dancing-girls, who had come out for a breath of air, and who pressed themselves against the walls to make room for the intruders. With their rouged faces, and the stare of their glassy eyes intensified by the coloring of their brows and lashes, they were like painted statues, as they stood there with their crimsoned lips parted in astonished smiles.

"This is rather weird," said March, faltering at the sight. "I wonder if we might ask these young ladies where to go?" General Triscoe made no answer, and was apparently no more prepared than himself to accost the files of coryphées, when they were themselves accosted by an angry voice from the head of the stairs with a demand for their business. The voice belonged to a gendarme, who descended toward them and seemed as deeply scandalized at their appearance as they could have been at that of the young ladies.

March explained, in his ineffective German, with every effect of improbability, that they were there by appointment of the manager, and wished to find his room.

The gendarme would not or could not make anything out of it. He pressed down upon them, and laying a rude hand on a shoulder of either, began to force them back to the door. The mild nature of the editor might have yielded to his violence, but the martial spirit of General Triscoe was roused. He shrugged the gendarme's hand from his shoulder, and with a voice as furious as his own required him, in English, to say what the devil he meant. The gendarme rejoined with equal heat in German: the general's tone rose in anger; the dancing-girls emitted some little shrieks of alarm, and fled noisily up the stairs. From time to time March interposed with a word of

the German which had mostly deserted him in his hour of need ; but if it had been a flow of intelligible expostulation, it would have had no effect upon the disputants. They grew more outrageous, till the manager himself appeared at the head of the stairs, and extended an arresting hand over the hubbub. As soon as the situation clarified itself he hurried down to his visitors with a polite roar of apology and rescued them from the gendarme, and led them up to his room and forced them into arm-chairs with a rapidity of reparation which did not exhaust itself till he had entreated them with every circumstance of civility to excuse an incident so mortifying to him. But with all his haste he lost so much time in this that he had little left to show them through the theatre, and their presentation to the prima donna was reduced to the obeisances with which they met and parted as she went upon the stage at the lifting of the curtain. In the lack of a common language this was perhaps as well as a longer interview ; and nothing could have been more honorable than their dismissal at the hands of the gendarme who had received them so stormily. He opened the door for them, and stood with his fingers to his cap saluting, in the effect of being a file of grenadiers.

XLIII.

At the same moment Burnamy bowed himself out of the box where he had been sitting with the ladies during the absence of the gentlemen. He had knocked at the door almost as soon as they disappeared, and if he did not fully share the consternation which his presence caused, he looked so frightened that Mrs. March reserved the censure which the sight of him inspired, and in default of other inspiration treated his coming simply as a surprise. She shook hands with him, and then she asked him to sit down, and listened to his explanation that he had come back to Carlsbad to write up the birth-night festivities, on an order from the *Paris-New York Chronicle*; that he had seen them in the box and had ventured to look in. He was pale, and so discomposed that the heart of justice was softened more and more in Mrs. March's breast, and she left him to the talk that sprang up, by an admirable effect of tact in the young lady, between him and Miss Triscoe.

After all, she decided, there was nothing criminal in his being in Carlsbad, and possibly in the last analysis there was nothing so very wicked in his being in her box. One might say that it was not very nice of him after he had gone away under such a cloud ; but on the other hand it *was* nice, though in a different way, if he longed so much to see Miss Triscoe that he could not help coming. It was altogether in his favor that he was so agitated, though he was momentarily becoming less agitated ; the young people were beginning to laugh at the notion of Mr. March and General Triscoe going behind the scenes. Burnamy said he envied them the chance ; and added not very relevantly that he had come from Baireuth, where he had seen the last of the Wagner performances. He said he was going back to Baireuth, but not to Ansbach again, where he had finished looking up that Kaspar Hauser business. He seemed to think Mrs. March would know about it, and she could not help saying, Oh, yes, Mr. March was so much interested. She wondered if she ought to tell him about his handkerchief ; but she remembered in time that she had left it in Miss Triscoe's keeping. She wondered if the girl realized how handsome he was. He was extremely handsome, in his black evening dress, with his Tuxedo, and the pallor of his face repeated in his expanse of shirt front.

At the bell for the rising of the curtain he rose too, and took their offered hands. In offering hers Mrs. March asked if he would not stay and speak with Mr. March and the general ; and now for the first time he recognized anything clandestine in his visit. He laughed nervously, and said, "*No, thank you!*" and shut himself out.

"We must tell them," said Mrs. March, rather interrogatively, and she was glad that the girl answered with a note of indignation.

"Why certainly, Mrs. March."

They could not tell them at once, for the second act had begun when March and the general came back ; and after the opera was over and they got out into the crowded street there was no chance, for the general was obliged to offer his arm to Mrs. March, while her husband followed with his daughter.

The façades of the theatre and of the hotels were outlined with thickly set lit-

the lamps, which beaded the arches of the bridges spanning the Tepl, and lighted the casements and portals of the shops. High above all, against the curtain of black woodland on the mountain where its skeleton had been growing for days, glittered the colossal effigy of the double-headed eagle of Austria, crowned with the tiara of the Holy Roman Empire; in the reflected splendor of its myriad lamps the pale Christ looked down from the mountain opposite upon the surging multitudes in the streets and on the bridges.

They were most amiable multitudes, March thought, and they responded docilely to the entreaties of the policemen who stood on the steps of the bridges, and divided their encountering currents with patient appeals of "Bitte schön! Bitte schön?" He laughed to think of a New York cop saying "Please prettily! Please prettily!" to a New York crowd which he wished to have go this way or that, and then he burned with shame to think how far our manners were from civilization, whenever our heads and hearts might be, when he heard a voice at his elbow:

"A punch with a club would start some of these fellows along quicker."

It was Stoller, and March turned from him to lose his disgust in the sudden terror of perceiving that Miss Triscoe was no longer at his side. Neither could he see his wife and General Triscoe, and he began to push frantically about in the crowd looking for the girl. He had an interminable five or ten minutes in his vain search, and he was going to call out to her by name, when Burnamy saved him from the hopeless absurdity by elbowing his way to him with Miss Triscoe on his arm.

"Here she is, Mr. March," he said, as if there were nothing strange in his having been there to find her; in fact he had followed them all from the theatre, and at the moment he saw the party separated, and Miss Triscoe carried off helpless in the human stream, had plunged in and rescued her. Before March could formulate any question in his bewilderment, Burnamy was gone again; the girl offered no explanation for him, and March had not yet decided to ask any when he caught sight of his wife and General Triscoe standing tiptoe in a doorway and craning their necks upward and forward to scan the crowd in search of him and his charge. Then he looked

round at her and opened his lips to express the astonishment that filled him, when he was aware of an ominous shining of her eyes and trembling of her hand on his arm.

She pressed his arm nervously, and he understood her to beg him to forbear at once all question of her and all comment on Burnamy's presence to her father.

It would not have been just the time for either. Not only Mrs. March was with the general, but Mrs. Adding also; she had called to them from that place, where she was safe with Rose when she saw them eddying about in the crowd. The general was still expressing a gratitude which became more pressing the more it was disclaimed; he said casually at sight of his daughter, "Ah, you've found us, have you?" and went on talking to Mrs. Adding, who nodded to them laughingly, and asked, "Did you see me beckoning?"

"Look here, my dear!" March said to his wife as soon as they parted from the rest, the general gallantly promising that his daughter and he would see Mrs. Adding safe to her hotel, and were making their way slowly home alone. "Did you know that Burnamy was in Carlsbad?"

"He's going away on the twelve-o'clock train to-night," she answered, firmly.

"What has that got to do with it? Where did you see him?"

"In the box, while you were behind the scenes."

She told him all about it, and he listened in silent endeavor for the ground of censure from which a sense of his own guilt forced him. She asked suddenly, "Where did you see him?" and he told her in turn.

He added severely, "Her father ought to know. Why didn't you tell him?"

"Why didn't *you*?" she retorted.

"Because I didn't think he was just in the humor for it." He began to laugh as he sketched their encounter with the gendarme, but in her preoccupation she did not seem to think it amusing, and he became serious again. "Besides, I was afraid the girl was going to blubber, any way."

"She *wouldn't* have blubbered, as you call it. I don't know why you need be so disgusting! It would have given her just the moral support she needed. Now she will have to tell him herself, and he will blame us. You ought to have spoken;

you could have done it easily and naturally when you came up with her. You will have yourself to thank for all the trouble that comes of it, now, my dear."

He laughed aloud in his admiration of her skill in shifting the blame upon him. "All right! All right! I should have had to stand it, even if you hadn't behaved with angelic wisdom."

"Why," she said, after reflection, "I don't see what either of us has done. We didn't get Burnamy to come here, or connive at his presence in any way."

"Oh! Get Triscoe to believe that! He knows that you've done everything you could to help the affair on."

"Well, what if I have? He began making up to Mrs. Adding himself as soon as he saw her, to-night. It was scandalous. She looked very pretty. I do believe he's had an eye on her all along."

March gave another laugh. "Well, thank Heaven! we're off to-morrow morning, and I hope we have seen the last of them. They've done what they could to spoil my cure, but I'm not going to have them spoil my after-cure."

XLIV.

Mrs. March had decided not to go to the Posthof for breakfast, where they had already taken a lavish leave of the *schöne Lili*, with a sense of being promptly superseded in her affections. They found a place in the red-table-cloth end of the pavilion at Pupp's, and were served by the pretty girl with the rose-bud mouth whom they had known only as *Ein-und-Zwanzig*, and whose promise of "*Komm' gleich, bitte schön!*" was like a bird's note. Never had the coffee been so good, the bread so aerially light, the Westphalian ham so tenderly pink. A young married couple whom they knew came by arm in arm in their morning walk, and sat down with them, like their own youth, for a moment.

"If you had told them we were going, dear," said Mrs. March, when the couple were themselves gone, "we should have been as old as ever. Don't let us tell anybody, this morning, that we're going. I couldn't bear it."

They had been obliged to take the secretary of the hotel into their confidence, in the process of paying their bill. He put on his high hat and came out to see them off. The portier was already there standing at the step of the lordly two-spanner which they had ordered for the

long drive to the station. The Swiss elevator-man came to the door to offer them a fellow-republican's good wishes for their journey; the Herr Pupp himself appeared at the last moment to hope for their return another summer. Mrs. March bent a last look of interest upon the proprietor as their two-spanner whirled away.

"They say that he is going to be made a count."

"Well, I don't object," said March. "A man who can feed fourteen thousand people, mostly Germans, in a day, ought to be made an archduke."

At the station something happened which touched them even more than these last attentions of the hotel. They were in their compartment, and were in the act of possessing themselves of the best places by putting their bundles and bags on them, when they heard Mrs. March's name called.

They turned and saw Rose Adding at the door, his thin face flushed with excitement and his eyes glowing. "I was afraid I shouldn't get here in time," he panted, and he held up to her a huge bunch of flowers.

"Why Rose! From your mother?"

"From me," he said, timidly, and he was slipping out into the corridor, when she caught him and his flowers to her in one embrace. "I want to kiss you," she said; and presently, when he had waved his hand to them from the platform outside, and the train had started, she fumbled for her handkerchief. "I suppose you call it blubbering; but he *is* the sweetest child!"

"He's about the only one of our Carlsbad compatriots that I'm sorry to leave behind," March assented. "He's the only unmarried one that wasn't in danger of turning up a lover on my hands; if there had been some rather old girl, or some rather light matron in our acquaintance, I'm not sure that I should have been safe even from Rose. Carlsbad has been an interruption to our silver wedding journey, my dear; but I hope now that it will begin again."

"Yes," said his wife, "now we can have each other all to ourselves."

"Yes. It's been very different from our first wedding journey in that. It isn't that we're not so young now as we were, but that we don't seem so much our own property. We used to be the sole proprietors, and now we seem to be mere

tenants at will, and any interloping lover may come in and set our dearest interests on the sidewalk. The disadvantage of living along is that we get too much into the hands of other people."

"Yes, it is. I shall be glad to be rid of them all, too."

"I don't know that the drawback is serious enough to make us wish we had died young—or younger," he suggested.

"No, I don't know that it is," she returned. She added, from an absence where he was sufficiently able to locate her meaning, "I hope she'll write and tell me what her father says and does when she tells him that he was there."

There were many things, in the weather, the landscape, their sole occupancy of an unsmoking compartment, while all the smoking compartments round overflowed with smokers, which conspired to offer them a pleasing illusion of the past; it was sometimes so perfect that they almost held each other's hands. In later life there are such moments when the youthful emotions come back, as certain birds do in winter, and the elderly heart chirps and twitters to itself as if it were young. But it is best to discourage this fondness; and Mrs. March joined her husband in mocking it, when he made her observe how fit it was that their silver wedding journey should be resumed as part of his after-cure. If he had found the fountain of health in the warm, flat, faintly nauseous water of the Felsenquelle, he was not going to call himself twenty-eight again till his second month of the Carlsbad regimen was out, and he had got back to salad and fruit.

At Eger they had a memorable dinner, with so much leisure for it that they could form a life-long friendship for the old English-speaking waiter who served them, and would not suffer them to hurry themselves. The hills had already fallen away, and they ran along through a cheerful country, with tracts of forest under white clouds blowing about in a blue sky, and gayly flinging their shadows down upon the brown ploughed land, and upon the yellow oat-fields, where women were cutting the leisurely harvest with sickles, and where once a great girl with swarthy bare arms unbent herself from her toil, and rose, a statue of rude vigor and beauty, to watch them go by. Hedges of evergreen enclosed the yellow oat-fields, where slow wagons

paused to gather the sheaves of the week before, and then loitered away with them. Flocks of geese waddled in sculpturesque relief against the close-cropt pastures, herded by little girls with flaxen pigtailed, whose eyes, blue as corn-flowers, followed the flying train. There were stretches of wild thyme purpling long barren acreages, and growing up the railroad banks almost to the rails themselves. From the meadows the rowen, tossed in long loose windrows, sent into their car a sad autumnal fragrance which mingled with the tobacco smoke, when two fat smokers emerged into the narrow corridor outside their compartments and tried to pass each other. Their vast stomachs beat together in a vain encounter.

"Zu enge!" said one, and "Ja, zu enge!" said the other, and they laughed innocently in each other's faces, with a joy in their recognition of the corridor's narrowness as great as if it had been a stroke of the finest wit.

All the way the land was lovely, and as they drew near Nuremberg it grew enchanting, with a fairy quaintness. The scenery was Alpine, but the scale was toy-like, as befitted the region, and the mimic peaks and valleys with green brooks gushing between them, and strange rock forms recurring in endless caprice, seemed the home of children's story. All the gnomes and elves might have dwelt there in peaceful fellowship with the peasants who ploughed the little fields, and gathered the garlanded hops, and lived in the farmsteads and village houses with those high timber-laced gables.

"We ought to have come here long ago with the children, when they *were* children," said March.

"No," his wife returned; "it would have been too much for them. Nobody but grown people could bear it."

The spell which began here was not really broken by anything that afterwards happened in Nuremberg, though the old toy-capital was trolley-wired through all its quaintness, and they were lodged in a hotel lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and equipped with an elevator which was so modern that it came down with them as well as went up. All the things that assumed to be of recent structure or invention were as nothing against the dense past, which overwhelmed them with the sense of a world elsewhere outlived. In Nuremberg it is

not the quaint or the picturesque that is exceptional; it is the matter-of-fact and the commonplace. Here, more than anywhere else, you are steeped in the gothic spirit which expresses itself in a Teutonic dialect of homely sweetness, of endearing caprice, of rude grotesqueness, but of positive grace and beauty almost never. It is the architectural speech of a strenuous, gross, kindly, honest people's fancy; such as it is it was inexhaustible, and such as it is it was bewitching for the travellers.

They could hardly wait till they had supper before plunging into the ancient town, and they took the first tram-car at a venture. It was a sort of transfer, drawn by horses, which delivered them a little inside of the city gate to a trolley-car. The conductor with their fare demanded their destination; March frankly owned that they did not know where they wanted to go; they wanted to go anywhere the conductor chose; and the conductor, after reflection, decided to put them down at the public garden, which, as one of the newest things in the city, would make the most favorable impression upon strangers. It was in fact so like all other city gardens, with the foliage of its trimly planted alleys, that it sheltered them effectually from the picturesqueness of Nuremberg, and they had a long, peaceful hour on one of its benches, where they rested from their journey, and repented their hasty attempt to appropriate the charm of the city.

The next morning it rained, according to a custom which the elevator-boy (flown with the insolent recollection of a sunny summer in Milan) said was invariable in Nuremberg; but after the one-o'clock table d'hôte they took a noble two-spanner carriage, and drove all round the city. Everywhere the ancient moat, thickly turfed and planted with trees and shrubs, stretched a girdle of garden between their course and the wall beautifully old, with knots of dead ivy clinging to its crevices, or broad meshes of the shining foliage mantling its blackened masonry. A tile-roofed open gallery ran along the top, where so many centuries of sentries had paced, and arched the massive gates with heavily moulded piers, where so countless the fierce burgher troops had sallied forth against their besiegers, and so often the leaguer hosts had dashed themselves in assault. The blood shed in forgotten battles

would have flooded the moat where now the grass and flowers grew, or here and there a peaceful stretch of water stagnated.

The drive ended in a visit to the old Burg, where the Hapsburg Kaisers dwelt when they visited their faithful imperial city. From its ramparts the incredible picturesqueness of Nuremberg best shows itself, and if one has any love for the distinctive quality of Teutonic architecture it is here that more than anywhere else one may feast it. The prospect of tower and spire and gable is of such a mediæval richness, of such an abounding fulness, that all incidents are lost in it. The multitudinous roofs of red-brown tiles, blinking drowsily from their low dormers, press upon one another in endless succession; they cluster together on a rise of ground and sink away where the street falls, but they nowhere disperse or scatter, and they end abruptly at the other rim of the city, beyond which looms the green country, merging in the remoter blue of misty uplands.

A pretty young girl waited at the door of the tower for the visitors to gather in sufficient number, and then led them through the terrible museum, discanting in the same gay voice and with the same smiling air on all the murderous engines and implements of torture. First in German and then in English she explained the fearful uses of the Iron Maiden, she winningly illustrated the action of the racks and wheels on which men had been stretched and broken, and she sweetly vaunted an executioner's sword which had beheaded eight hundred persons. When she took the established fee from March she suggested, with a demure little glance, "And what more you please for saying it in English."

"Can you say it in Russian?" demanded a young man, whose eyes he had seen dwelling on her from the beginning. She laughed archly, and responded with some Slavic words, and then delivered her train of sight-seers over to the custodian who was to show them through the halls and chambers of the Burg. These were undergoing the repairs which the monuments of the past are perpetually suffering in the present, and there was some special painting and varnishing for the reception of the Kaiser, who was coming to Nuremberg for the military manoeuvres then at hand. But if they had been

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in the unmolested discomfort of their unlivable magnificence, their splendor was such as might well reconcile the witness to the superior comfort of a private station in our snuggest day. The Marches came out owning that the youth which might once have found the romantic glories of the place enough was gone from them. But so much of it was left to her that she wished to make him stop and look at the flirtation which had blossomed out between that pretty young girl and the Russian, whom they had scarcely missed from their party in the Burg. He had apparently never parted from the girl, and now as they sat together on the threshold of the gloomy tower, he must have been teaching her more Slavic words, for they were both laughing as if they understood each other perfectly.

In his security from having the affair in any wise on his hands, March would have willingly lingered, to see how her education got on; but it began to rain. The rain did not disturb the lovers, but it obliged the elderly spectators to take refuge in their carriage; and they drove off to find the famous Little Goose Man. This is what every one does at Nuremberg; it would be difficult to say why. When they found the Little Goose Man, he was only a mediæval fancy in bronze, who stood on his pedestal in the marketplace and contributed from the bill of the goose under his arm a small stream to the rainfall drenching the wet wares of the wet market-women round the fountain, and soaking their cauliflowers and lettuce, their grapes and pears, their carrots and turnips, to the watery flavor of all fruits and vegetables in Germany.

The air was very raw and chill; but after supper the clouds cleared away, and a pleasant evening tempted the travellers out. The portier dissembled any slight which their eagerness for the only amusement he could think of inspired, and directed them to a popular theatre which was giving a summer season at low prices to the lower classes, and which they surprised, after some search, trying to hide itself in a sort of back square. They got the best places at a price which ought to have been mortifyingly cheap, and found themselves, with a thousand other harmless bourgeois folk, in a sort of spacious, agreeable barn, of a decoration by no means ugly, and of a certain artless comfort. Each seat fronted a shelf at the back

of the seat before it, where the spectator could put his hat; there was a smaller shelf for his stein of the beer passed constantly throughout the evening; and there was a buffet where he could stay himself with cold ham and other robust German refreshments.

It was "The Wedding Journey to Nuremberg" upon which they had oddly chanced, and they accepted as a national tribute the character of an American girl in it. She was an American girl of the advanced pattern, and she came and went at a picnic on the arm of a head waiter. She seemed to have no office in the drama except to illustrate a German conception of American girlhood, but even in this simple function she seemed rather to puzzle the German audience; perhaps because of the occasional English words which she used.

To the astonishment of her compatriots, when they came out of the theatre it was not raining; the night was as brilliantly starlit as a night could be in Germany, and they sauntered home richly content through the narrow streets and through the beautiful old Damenthor, beyond which their hotel lay. How pretty, they said, to call that charming port the Ladies' Gate! They promised each other to find out why, and they never did so, but satisfied themselves by assigning it to the exclusive use of the slim maidens and massive matrons of the old Nuremberg patriciate, whom they imagined trailing their silken splendors under its arch in perpetual procession.

XLV.

The life of the Nuremberg patriciate, now extinct in the control of the city which it builded so strenuously and maintained so heroically, is still insistent in all its art. This expresses their pride at once and their simplicity with a childish literality. At its best it is never so good as the good Italian art, whose influence is always present in its best. The coloring of the great canvases is Venetian, but there is no such democracy of greatness as in the painting at Venice; in decoration the art of Nuremberg is at best quaint, and at the worst puerile. Wherever it had obeyed an academic intention it seemed to March poor and coarse, as in the bronze fountain beside the Church of St. Lawrence. The water spirts from the pouted breasts of the beautiful figures in

streams that cross and interlace after a fancy trivial and gross; but in the base of the church there is a time-worn Gethsemane, exquisitely affecting in its simple-hearted truth. The long ages have made it even more affecting than the sculptor imagined it; they have blurred the faces and figures in passing till their features are scarcely distinguishable; and the sleeping apostles seem to have dreamed themselves back into the mother-marble. It is of the same tradition and impulse with that supreme glory of the native sculpture, the ineffable tabernacle of Adam Krafft, which climbs a column of the church within, a miracle of richly carved story; and no doubt if there were a Nuremberg sculptor doing great things to-day, his work would be of kindred inspiration.

The descendants of the old patrician who ordered the tabernacle at rather a hard bargain from the artist still worship on the floor below, and the descendants of his neighbor patricians have their seats in the pews about, and their names carved in proprietary plates on the pew-tops. The vergeress who showed the Marches through the church was devout in the praise of these aristocratic fellow-citizens of hers. "So simple, and yet so noble!" she said. She was a very romantic vergeress, and she told them at unsparing length the legend of the tabernacle, how the artist fell asleep in despair of winning his patron's daughter, and saw in a vision the master-work with the lily-like droop at top, which gained him her hand. They did not realize till too late that it was all out of a novel of Georg Ebers's, but added to the regular fee for the church a gift worthy of an inedited legend.

Even then they had a pleasure in her enthusiasm rarely imparted by the Nuremberg manner. They missed there the constant, sweet civility of Carlsbad, and found themselves falling flat in their endeavors for a little cordiality. They indeed inspired with some kindness the old woman who showed them through that cemetery where Albert Dürer and Hans Sachs and many other illustrious citizens lie buried under monumental brasses of such beauty

"That kings, to have the like, might wish to die."

But this must have been because they

abandoned themselves so willingly to the fascination of the bronze skull on the tomb of a fourteenth-century patrician, which had the uncommon advantage of a lower jaw hinged to the upper. She proudly clapped it up and down for their astonishment, and waited, with a toothless smile, to let them discover the head of a nail artfully figured in the skull; then she gave a shrill cackle of joy, and gleefully explained that the wife of this patrician had killed him by driving a nail into his temple, and had been fitly beheaded for the murder.

She cared so much for nothing else in the cemetery, but she consented to let them wonder at the richness of the sculpture in the level tombs, with their escutcheons and memorial tablets, overrun by the long grass and the matted ivy; she even consented to share their indignation at the destruction of some of the brasses and the theft of others. She suffered more reluctantly their tenderness for the old, old crucifixion figured in sculpture at one corner of the cemetery, where the anguish of the Christ had long since faded into the stone from which it had been evoked, and the thieves were no longer distinguishable in their penitence or impenitence; but she parted friends with them when she saw how much they seemed taken with the votive chapel of the noble Holzschuh family, where a line of wooden shoes puns upon the name in the frieze, like the line of dogs which chase one another, with bones in their mouths, around the Canossa palace at Verona. A sense of the beautiful house by the Adige was part of the pleasing confusion which possessed them in Nuremberg whenever they came upon the expression of the gothic spirit common both to the German and northern Italian art. They knew that it was an effect which had passed from Germany into Italy, but in the liberal air of the older land it had come to so much more beauty that, when they found it in its home, it seemed something fetched from over the Alps and coarsened in the attempt to naturalize it to an alien air.

In the Germanic Museum they fled to the Italian painters from the German pictures they had inspired; in the great hall of the Rathhaus the noble Processional of Dürer was the more precious because his Triumph of Maximilian somehow suggested Mantegna's Triumph of Cæsar. There was to be a banquet in the hall,

under the mighty fresco, to welcome the German Emperor, coming the next week, and the Rathhaus was full of work-people furbishing it up against his arrival, and making it difficult for the custodian who had it in charge to show it properly to strangers. She was of the same enthusiastic sisterhood as the vergere of St. Lawrence and the guardian of the old cemetery, and by a mighty effort she prevailed over the workmen so far as to lead her charges out through the

corridor where the literal conscience of the brothers Kuhn has wrought in the roof to an exact image of a tournament as it was in Nuremberg four hundred years ago. In this relief, thronged with men and horses, the gala-life of the past survives in unexampled fulness; and March blamed himself after enjoying it for having felt in it that toy-figure quality which seems the final effect of the German gothicism in sculpture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HONOR OF THE TROOP.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

L TROOP in a volunteer regiment might be an unadulterated fighting outfit, but at first off, to volunteers, it would not be the letter L which they would fight for, so much as the mere sake of fighting, and they would never regard the letter L as of more importance than human life. Indeed, that letter would not signify to them any more than the "second set of fours," or the regimental bass drum. Later on it certainly would, but that would take a long time. In the instance of the L Troop of which I speak, it had nearly one hundred years to think about, when any one in the troop cared to think about the matter at all. They were honorable years, and some of the best men living or dead have at one time or another followed that guidon. It had been through the "rifle" and "dagoon" periods of our history, and was now part of the regular cavalry establishment, and its operations had extended from Lake Erie to the city of Mexico.

Long lists of names were on its old rolls—men long since dead, but men who in the snow and on the red sands had laid down all they had for the honor of L Troop guidon. Soldiers—by which is meant the real long-service military type—take the government very much as a matter of course; but the number of the regiment, and particularly the letter of their troop, are tangible, comparative things with which they are living every day. The feeling is precisely that one has for the Alma Mater, or for the business standing of an old commercial house.

The "old man" had been captain of L for years and years, and for thirty years

its first sergeant had seen its rank and file fill up and disappear. Every tenth man was a "buck" soldier, who thought it only a personal matter if he painted a frontier town up after pay-day, but who would follow L Troop guidon to hell, or thump any one's nose in the garrison foolish enough to take L in vain, and I fear they would go farther than this—yes, even farther than men ought to go. Thus the "rookies" who came under the spell of L Troop succumbed to this veneration through either conventional decorum or the "mailed fist."

In this instance L Troop had been threading the chaparral by night and by day on what rations might chance, in hopes to capture for the honor of the troop sundry greasers, outlawed and defiant of the fulminations of the civil order of things. Other troops of the regiment also were desirous of the same thing, and were threading the desolate wastes far on either side. Naturally L did not want any other troop to round up more "game" than they did, so then horses were ridden thin, and the men's tempers were soured by the heat, dust, poor diet, and lack of success.

The captain was an ancient veteran, gray and rheumatic, near his retirement, and twenty-five years in his grade, thanks to the silly demagogues so numerous in Congress. He had been shot full of holes, bucketed about on a horse, immured in mud huts, frozen and baked and soaked until he should have long since had rank enough to get a desk and a bed or retirement. Now he was chasing human fleas through a jungle—boys'

work—and it was admitted in ranks that the "old man" was about ready to "throw a curb." The men liked him, even sympathized with him, but there was that d— G Troop in the barrack next, and they would give them the merry ha-ha when they returned to the post if L did not do something.

And at noon—mind you, high noon—the captain raised his right hand; up came the heads of the horses, and L Troop stood still in the road. Pedro, the Mexican trailer, pointed to the ground and said, "It's not an hour old," meaning the trail.

"Dismount," came the sharp order.

Toppling from their horses, the men stood about, but the individuals displayed no noticeable emotion; they did what L Troop did. One could not imagine their thoughts by looking at their red set faces.

They rested quietly for a time in the scant shade of the bare tangle, and then they sat up and listened, each man looking back up the road. They could hear a horse coming, which meant much to people such as these.

The men "thrown to the rear" would come first or "fire a shot," but with a slow pattering came a cavalry courier into view—a dusty soldier on a tired horse, which stepped stiffly along, head down, and if it were not for the dull kicking of the inert man, he would have stopped anywhere. The courier had ridden all night from the railroad, seventy-five miles away. He dismounted and unstrapped his saddle pocket, taking therefrom a bundle of letters and a bottle, which he handed to the "old man" with a salute.

The captain now had a dog-tent set up for himself, retiring into it with his letters and the bottle. If you had been there you would have seen a faint ironical smile circulate round the faces of L Troop.

A smart lieutenant, beautifully fashioned for the mounted service, and dressed in field uniform, with its touches of the "border" on the "regulations," stepped up to the dog-tent, and stooping over, saluted, saying, "I will run this trail for a few miles if the captain will give me a few men."

"You will run nothing. Do you not see that I am reading my mail? You will retire until I direct you—"

The lieutenant straightened up with a snap of his lithe form. His eyes twinkled merrily. He was aware of the mail,

he realized the bottle, and he had not been making strategic maps of the captain's vagaries for four years to no purpose at all; so he said, "Yes, sir," as he stepped out of the fire of future displeasure.

But he got himself straightway into the saddle of a horse as nearly thoroughbred as himself, and riding down the line, he spoke at length with the old first sergeant. Then he rode off into the brush. Presently six men whose horses were "fit" followed after him, and they all trotted along a trail which bore back of the captain's tent, and shortly they came back into the road. He had arranged so as to avoid another explosion from the "old man."

Then Pedro Zacatin ran the trail of three ponies—no easy matter through the maze of cattle paths, with the wind blowing the dust into the hoof-marks. He only balked at a turn, more to see that the three did not "split out" than at fault of his own. In an opening he stopped, and pointing, said in the harsh gutturals which were partly derived from an Indian mother, and partly from excessive cigarette-smoking: "They have stopped and made a fire. Do you see the smoke? You will get them now if they do not get away."

The lieutenant softly pulled his revolver, and raising it over his head, looked behind. The six soldiers opened their eyes wide like babies, and yanked out their guns. They raised up their horses' heads, pressed in the spurs, and as though at exercise in the riding-hall, the seven horses broke into a gallop. Pedro staid behind; he had no further interest in L Troop than he had already displayed.

With a clattering rush the little group bore fast on the curling wreath of the camp fire. Three white figures dived into the labyrinth of thicket, and three ponies tugged hard at their lariats; two shots rang, one from the officer's revolver, one from a corporal's carbine, and a bugler-boy threw a brass trumpet at the fleeting forms.

"Ride 'em down! ride 'em down!" sang out the officer, as through the swishing brush bounded the aroused horses, while the bullets swarmed on ahead.

It was over as I write, and in two minutes the three bandits were led back into the path, their dark faces blanched.

The lieutenant wiped a little stain of blood from his face with a very dirty



"THE THREE BANDITS WERE LED BACK INTO THE PATH."

pocket-handkerchief, a mere swish from a bush; the corporal looked wofully at a shirt sleeve torn half off by the thorns, and the trumpeter hunted up his instrument, while a buck soldier observed, "De 'old man' ull be hotter'n chilli 'bout dis."

The noble six looked at the ignoble three half scornfully, half curiously, after the manner of men at a raffle when they are guessing the weight of the pig.

"Tie them up, corporal," said the lieutenant as he shoved fresh shells into his gun; "and I say, tie them to those mesquit-trees, Apache fashion—sabe?—Apache fashion, corporal; and three of you men stay here and hold 'em down." With which he rode off, followed by his diminished escort.

The young man rode slowly, with his eyes on the ground, while at intervals he shoved his campaign hat to one side and rubbed his right ear, until suddenly he pulled his hat over his eyes, saying, "Ah, I have it." Then he proceeded at a trot to the camp.

Here he peeped cautiously into the "old man's" dog-tent. This he did ever so carefully; but the "old man" was in a sound sleep. The lieutenant betook himself to a bush to doze until the captain should bestir himself. L Troop was uneasy. It sat around in groups, but nothing happened until five o'clock.

At this hour the "old man" came out of his tent, saying, "I say, Mr. B——, have you got any water in your canteen?"

"Yes, indeed, captain. Will you have a drop?"

After he had held the canteen between his august nose and the sky for a considerable interval, he handed it back with a loud "Hount!" and L Troop fell in behind him as he rode away, leaving two men, who gathered up the dog-tent and the empty bottle.

"Where is that —— greaser? Have him get out here and run this trail. Here, you tan-colored coyote, kem up!" and the captain glared fiercely at poor Pedro, while the lieutenant winked vigorously at that perturbed being, and patted his lips with his hand to enjoin silence.

So Pedro ran the trail until it was quite dusk, being many times at fault. The lieutenant would ride out to him, and together they bent over it and talked long and earnestly. L Troop sat quietly in its saddles, grinned cheerfully, and poked each other in the ribs.

Suddenly Pedro came back, saying to the captain: "The men are in that bush—in camp, I think. Will you charge, sir?"

"How do you know that?" was the petulant query.

"Oh, I think they are there; so does the lieutenant. Don't you, Mr. B——?"

"Well, I have an idea we shall capture them if we charge," nervously replied the younger officer.

"Well— Right into line! Revolvers! Humph!" said the captain, and the brave old lion ploughed his big bay at the object of attack—it did not matter what was in front—and L Troop followed fast. They all became well tangled up in the dense chaparral, but nothing more serious than the thorns stayed their progress, until three shots were fired some little way in the rear, and the lieutenant's voice was heard calling, "Come here; we have got them."

In the growing dusk the troop gathered around the three luckless "greasers," now quite speechless with fright and confusion. The captain looked his captives over softly, saying, "Pretty work for L Troop; sound very well in reports. Put a guard over them, lieutenant. I am going to try for a little sleep."

The reflections of L Troop were cheery as it sat on its blankets and watched the coffee in the tin cups boil. Our enterprising lieutenant sat apart on a low bank, twirling his thumbs and indulging in a mighty wonder if that would be the last of it, for he knew only too well that trifling with the "old man" was no joke.

Presently he strolled over and called the old first sergeant—their relations were very close. "I think L had best not talk much about this business. G Troop might hear about it, and that wouldn't do L any good. Sabe?"

"Divel the word kin a man say, sir, and live till morning in L Troop."

Later there was a conference of the file, and then many discussions in the ranks, with the result that L Troop shut its mouth forever.

Some months later they returned to the post. The canteen rang with praise of the "old man," for he was popular with the men because he did not bother them with fussy duties, and loud was the pæan of the mighty charge over the big insurgent camp where the three great chiefs of



"A BEAUTIFUL FIGHT ENSUED."

the enemy were captured. Other troops might be very well, but L was "it."

This hard rubbing of the feelings of others had the usual irritating effect. One night the burning torch went round and all the troopers gathered at the canteen, where the wag of G Troop threw the whole unvarnished truth in the face of L members present. This, too, with many embellishments which were not truthful. A beautiful fight ensued, and many men slept in the guard-house.

After dark, L Troop gathered back of the stables, and they talked fiercely at each other; accusations were made, and recrimination followed. Many conferences were held in the company-room,

but meanwhile G men continued to grind it in.

Two days later the following appeared in the local newspaper:

. . . . "Pedro Zacatin, a Mexican who served with troops in the late outbreak, was found hanging to a tree back of the post. There was no clew, since the rain of last night destroyed all tracks of the perpetrators of the deed. It may have been suicide, but it is thought at the post that he was murdered by sympathizers of the late revolution who knew the part he had taken against them. The local authorities will do well to take measures against lawless Mexicans from over the border who hang about this city," etc.

NOT ON THE PASSENGER-LIST.

BY JESSIE VAN ZILE BELDEN.

MRS. RUTGER DE PEYSTER sat in her steamer chair idly watching the people marching back and forth on the deck, but a gleam of interest flickered an instant in her eyes as young Oswald gave her a pleasant "Good-morning," and asked if he might take advantage of Colonel De Peyster's absence to sit in his chair for a little while. As the colonel rarely sat still for five consecutive minutes, he was unlikely to be disturbed.

The youth had been made to understand by certain envious onlookers that he was decidedly honored when, a few days before, Mrs. De Peyster had signified her desire to take a few turns on deck in his company. She really had taken more than a passing interest in him; he was so ingenuous and unspoiled; and it pleased her to know that she might be of service to him in New York.

It was a peculiarity of Mrs. De Peyster that while no one touched even the outer edge of her personal self, yet all her life some subtle personality had invited the most sacred confidences of others. A woman said once of her, to one of her friends, "Mrs. De Peyster is in possession of my innermost soul, but, as I think of it, I know absolutely no more of her than the whole world can see."

"That is no doubt true," replied the friend; "but you may rest content in the knowledge that your story is as safe

with Mrs. De Peyster as if you had never told it."

After a while Oswald said: "Mrs. De Peyster, all yesterday I was filled with the consciousness that I must tell you something; and last night at dinner, when I saw that band of uncut sapphires on your finger, I felt sure that it was an omen, and that I could unpack my heart. Am I too presuming? Please let me tell you a little story which I ought to keep to myself."

"Isn't that rather a dangerous beginning?" she said. "Think of my curiosity struggling with my idea of honor, and of how hopelessly confused I must become in trying to convince you that you must *not* tell me, and convincing myself that I *must* hear."

"Oh," he hastened to say, "don't misunderstand me! I will be doing no one harm; but it is not *my* story. Please let me tell it to you."

"Is it long?" she asked, dreading, for some unaccountable reason, the rôle of confidante to this man, who seemed so recently to have been a careless boy.

"Oh no," he answered; "it will be finished before dinner."

"I'll have to begin at the beginning," he said, apologetically. She smiled acquiescence; and after a slight hesitation, as if marshalling his thoughts, he began:

"You have been awfully good to me, Mrs. De Peyster, and will perhaps be in-

terested in knowing a little more about me. My mother married twice, and I am the son of the second marriage. My step-brother Jack was nineteen years older than I, and as he left home when he was twenty-one, as soon as his father's estate was settled, we did not see very much of each other: but he always came to us twice a year, and I looked forward to those visits as a child waits for Christmas."

A scarcely perceptible change had come over Mrs. De Peyster's face, probably caused by the light on the water, as she asked, rather abruptly, "Is your name Tom?"

"Why, yes!" he cried. "How did you know?"

"I didn't," she said, quietly, "but the name seemed to suit you."

He went on: "Jack was *fine*; you would have liked him, Mrs. De Peyster. I don't know whether you would have called him handsome, but you felt his strength when you were with him, and you were always conscious of being cared for when Jack was about. His mind was so brilliant, too, and he had so many men friends. That speaks well for a man, Mrs. De Peyster.

"I tried to tell a lie once to Jack, but he looked me right in the eyes, and I tell you I wilted. When my mother died in Paris, ten years ago, I was put in school at Vevey. Jack used to come over twice a year, and when I thought I could dabble a bit with a brush, we decided that I should stay in Paris and study.

"Last March Jack cabled me to meet him at Cherbourg. It was not the season of the year for him to cross, and I knew something unusual had happened. Well, I met him, and we went directly to Mentone. That tells the tale. The lake winds of Chicago had killed him. Did I tell you that his home was in Chicago, although he spent much time in New York? At first we would go driving, and lots of our friends came to see us, but gradually we found that the days were pleasanter spent on the balcony with no one but ourselves.

"When Jack found I would not leave him to go out with the young people, he evidently made up his mind that I should not miss them. I see this now as I look back. He simply devoted himself to my entertainment, as if I had been the invalid. And, oh, what glorious stories he

used to tell! I wish you could have known him, Mrs. De Peyster. One morning Jack's man came to me and said, 'Mr. Manchester would like you to come to his room, sir.' Until that day it had been his hope and belief that he would go home again, but during the sleepless night he had sent for the doctor and demanded the truth. I think it was for my sake he was so cheerful, because sometimes at twilight he would wander a little, and once I heard him say, 'Fourteen years, fourteen years, and Jacob served for Rachel only seven.' Then again: 'How sweet you are! We will cross the ocean together, dear, some day.' How I wish she knew, Mrs. De Peyster; but he left no trace; I could not find her, if I should try my best.

"One afternoon in April, when the scent of the flowers was almost oppressive, he called me to him and asked me to send his man out. After Crawford had gone I gave him a small tin box, which I had noticed was always near him, and his keys. He opened the box, which seemed to be full of papers or letters; and thinking that he wished to be alone, I turned to go, but he called me back, and I saw him read one letter, and heard him murmur 'Dear' under his breath as he turned a picture face downward on the pile. A fire was burning in the fireplace, and with my help he laid the package on the logs.

"As the first flames blazed up he leaned heavily on my shoulder, and I heard him say, 'God keep you everywhere!'

"Two days later, after the doctor had gone, Jack talked to me about business matters, and then said: 'Tom, the doctor gives me a few more days, and he has promised me morphine at the last. I can face the future, but not the passing. There is one more thing for me to do, and then I am ready. Bring me some paper, an envelope, and a pen.'

"I steadied him while he drew from his finger a band of uncut sapphires set like yours. He folded the paper, dropped the ring in, and put them both in the envelope. His hand was quite steady as he directed, sealed, and stamped it. I rang for Crawford and sent it to the mail.

"That seemed to be the last tie to break. He suffered much."

The boy's voice broke, and he struggled a bit before he went on:

"That night the doctor gave him morphine. In the morning of the last day

I was dozing in the outer room when I heard him begin to sing. Did I tell you he had a glorious voice? At first the notes were husky, but they gradually grew clearer as he sang the 'Abschieds-lied.' It was heart-breaking to hear the yearning and pathos in 'Behüt' dich Gott! es wär' zu schön gewesen', and I knew it was the end when his voice broke on the last note, 'es hat nicht sollen sein!' Forgive me for tiring you, Mrs. De Peyster. I felt that you would understand."

"Thank you for your confidence," she said as he rose. "Where did you leave him?"

"I did not leave him," he replied. "I am taking him home with me on the *Campania*."

Mrs. De Peyster closed her eyes. The ship faded, and the sound of the waves died away in the distance.

She was once more in a large low room hung with Oriental tapestries and lighted

with shaded lamps; a fire burned in the corner fireplace and shone on the great piece of Swiss carving which partially screened the farther room; the staircase which led directly to the upper landing was draped with curious curtains brought from India; great bunches of violets made the air sweet, and palms nodded their graceful heads in the corners. A tall fair man was bending over a woman, and the tense expression of his face belied the quiet of his tone as he said: "We will cross the ocean together some time, dear heart. God keep you in His care always!"

There was the impact of the front door, the bang of a carriage door, the sound of wheels on a city street, and—

"It's a fine day for a nap on deck, isn't it, Mrs. De Peyster?" said a fellow-passenger, stopping before her.

"Yes, if one can sleep without dreaming, General Benjamin."

TRADE POLICY WITH THE COLONIES.

BY WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

IN dealing with the commercial aspects of the islands now under the protection or in the possession of the United States we are fortunate in having no connection with duty or with destiny. That super-sensitive nerve that runs to the pocket-book often mistakes its moods and tremors for something moral; but at the best the competition of markets is not controlled by the agencies so freely invoked in the interest of expansion. For geographical reasons the commerce of the Antilles belongs to us by right, it is said; the trade of the Philippines will be of advantage to us, it is asserted. Nothing further need be said, and questions of conscience need not trouble us. Here are rich lands, held by those who do not or who cannot get the best out of them, and awaiting the fructifying application of capital and organization in commerce. It is a theory as old as man that the land belongs to those who can till it, the mines to those who can work them, the water-courses to those who can use them—and who possess the force to hold their own. Under this beneficent view the natives, an inferior race, must get out or become laborers—an uglier word would be near-

er the truth. If the mestizo cannot hold his own against the American, he must leave Puerto Rico or submit to occupy a secondary place—an agent, not a master of production. Machinery is higher than hand labor in every form save the artistic; and the old-fashioned and picturesque methods of Cuba must give place to the highly perfected and rather prosaic agencies of the United States capitalists. Neither duty, nor destiny, nor charity, nor good-will, nor fellow-citizenship intervenes without removing the weaker factor outside the sphere of competition. The American Indian is protected, but he is not and never has been an industrial or an agricultural factor—a thing more nearly like the white inmates of a State institution, than a competent being possessing an unquestioned right to employ his energies where they may find reward—or defeat. The Filipino is an incubrance to be got rid of, unless he accepts the mandates of a purchasing and a conquering power. The Hawaiian is not to weigh in defining the policy of the island, and he has already been reduced to the position of cattle, a useful and necessary adjunct to farming, but easily, nay, prof-

itably, led to the shambles when the time comes. In every case, if infected by the disease of independence, by the spirit of revolt against injustice or tyranny, these natives are to be treated as pests—not to be listened to save after an absolute submission to the will of Congress. The Cuban is an interrogation mark, and cannot yet be interpreted. We have control of the island in a military sense; the Secretary of War gravely proposes a railroad from one end of the island to the other—a curious jumble of military, capitalist, and eleemosynary ideas; the Secretary of the Treasury fixes the tariff on imports; military officers collect local revenues at their own rates, clean streets, pay off the Cuban army, check as far as possible ill feeling and discontent among the native population. Is Cuba free? Yes, from the yoke of Spain. Is the Cuban free? No; for he is in a stage of tutelage and charity, and whether he is to end as a Cuban or as an American citizen no one can foretell.

Yet on this very question of what is to be done with the native races of the Spanish Antilles, the Hawaiian and Philippine islands, rests, to a great extent, the future commerce of these islands, and to a greater extent the future commercial relations of the United States with them. The islands may be held as colonies—mere feeders of the possessing country—and consumers of the manufactures of the United States. In this view they will be held as preserves, and their products and natural advantages, their markets and their people, regarded as proper objects to be exploited for home capital and home interests. This is to adopt a policy not unlike that enforced by Spain. The difference would be that a market of 75,000,000 consumers, in the full flush of industrial advancement, would be substituted for a market of 18,000,000 in the process of slow and long-continued decay. This would essentially modify the conditions for Puerto Rico, would leave Hawaii about where it is, and leave unaffected the Philippines.

Or a more liberal policy could be adopted, and in place of monopolized territories and resources held for the benefit of the capital of the United States alone, other commercial nations may be permitted to share to a greater or less extent in the benefits offered. Such an arrangement would affect Puerto Rico, leave

Hawaii untouched, and the Philippines must be considered more in detail to determine how far their interests would be modified. I assume that perfect free-trading privileges will never be offered to foreign nations so far as Puerto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands are concerned. It is doubtful if Cuba will ever be made the subject of such a notable concession. The Philippines are again in a category apart from the others. Between a complete monopoly and an entire community of privileges among all nations there is an infinite number of stopping-places; and as soon as the framing of commercial concessions is begun, it is recognized that no one and uniform system can be applied to the islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans; the same system will not even hold for the Hawaiian and the Philippine islands. This is looking at the question from a merely commercial point of view. If other considerations be allowed to enter into the problem, even greater distinctions must be made. Puerto Rico is not looked upon as having great industrial possibilities, but Cuba has mineral wealth. In the Hawaiian Islands there is no room for industries, and these three dependencies are not expected to enter into competition with our home manufactures. They are held up as good consumers—that is, as ready buyers of our products of the mill and forge, and as suppliers of some agricultural, perhaps some mineral, products that we want. But rivalry in any real sense is not to be encouraged. What Cuba and Puerto Rico were to Spain they are to continue to the United States; and there are many reasons for believing the expectation will not be greatly disappointed, if the present policy is continued. A somewhat detailed study of each island or group will be needed. I omit Cuba, for reasons to be stated.

The Hawaiian Islands are an example of commercial development under a close or protected system. It was in 1866 that the islands first touched an interest of \$1,000,000 in our import trade, chiefly through the whale-fisheries, as they made a convenient stopping-place for American whalers. The interest was not doubled until the reciprocity treaty went into effect (1877), and sugar became the great article of commerce, with rice as the second in importance, but representing only one-tenth the value of the sugar. The

granting of free entry into the United States for these two products was equivalent to remitting to the Hawaiian planters the sum of \$1,000,000 a year, every dollar of which acted as a bounty on production. It was natural to find that so liberal a gift was soon appreciated, and the energies of the islands were directed into laying out plantations of sugar and rice. As rice proved of uncertain profit the cultivation for export has not prospered, although the domestic consumption increased through the influx of Asiatics. The exports of this grain were 2,250,000 pounds in 1876, attained a maximum of 13,684,200 pounds in 1887, and are now about 5,500,000 pounds a year.

Very different was the course of sugar, for which the only market was the United States. Beginning with an export of 26,000,000 pounds in 1876, it passed 100,000,000 in 1882; doubled itself within four years; passed 300,000,000 pounds in 1893; was 443,500,000 pounds in 1896, and in 1897 touched 520,000,000 pounds, giving no sign of halting or any absence of power to increase in the future. The annual bounty of \$1,000,000 given in the first year of the operation of the reciprocity treaty was then more than \$5,250,000, a little less than one-half the grant made to the Louisiana planters in the best season of the direct bounty in the tariff law of 1890.

An incident occurred during the pendency of the Hawaiian question, long before the war with Spain broke upon us. The diplomatic representative of the islands was urging his plea upon the foreign committees of Congress, and among other evidence he produced very full maps of each island, drawn on a scale sufficiently large to show every plantation on them. The fear of some in Congress was that if the islands should be annexed the production of sugar would increase to such an extent that Louisiana interests would be jeopardized. As it was, the Californian markets could absorb the sugar products of the islands, but even a moderate increase would lead to the sending of raw sugar round the Cape to the Eastern markets. To assuage this fear these maps had been prepared. The lowlands along the coast and between it and the foot of the mountain cones were the plantations fitted for sugar, and every available acre of sugar land was represented as occupied and in full cultivation. There was no new land

to be used for sugar. A slight rise along the mountain slopes prohibited the growth of the cane, and only coffee promised a profit. In short, it was urged there could be no increase in the sugar crop of the islands; it was a physical impossibility. Impressed by this proof, I had the maps copied, and showed them freely.

The event developed the unexpected. In 1894 the imports of sugar from Hawaii were 305,850,000 pounds; in 1896, when the production was supposed to be at its maximum, they were 438,770,000 pounds, a gain in two years of 43 per cent., or an average of about 21 per cent. per annum. In 1897 they rose to 501,880,000 pounds, an increase of 14 per cent., and it is now said that plantings cover more ground than ever before. More than that, the production has outrun the ability of the Western market to absorb it, and it is to New York that the surplus is sent, taking the long voyage round the Cape. In 1896 the imports of Hawaiian sugar at New York were 65,615,647 pounds, or one pound for every four taken by California. In 1898 New York received 209,000,000 pounds, and Philadelphia 13,444,478, or a total of 222,400,000 pounds, only 55,000,000 less than the imports of Hawaiian sugars at San Francisco. If the cultivation of beet sugar in California be further encouraged, the Western markets will take less of the island sugars, and send more to the Eastern ports. If the refining of sugar is begun on the islands, the beet interest will suffer, unless some special bounty is offered. In either case is presented a problem of some difficulty, to be properly solved by free competition, no matter who may suffer.

At an early stage of this development, when the organization of plantations was passing out of the hands of the natives and into the hands of the sons of American missionaries, the labor question presented itself. Early statistics of the elements of the population are wanting, but the passenger movement at Honolulu will give some light. From 1876 to 1884 large numbers of Chinese and Japanese came, laborers for the sugar-plantations. This movement was repeated on a much larger scale from 1894 to 1897. In the earlier period a number are recorded as coming from the South Sea Islands. In the second period this element was wanting. It is noteworthy that it was only when the question of annexation was seriously

raised that the enormous influx of Asiatics occurred—a speculation in labor, intended to discount the laws of the United States. What has been the result? In 1884 the total male population of the islands was 51,239; in 1896, 72,517—an increase of 41 per cent. The natives were dying off, for they numbered 21,504 in 1894, and 16,339 in 1896; the Portuguese increased from 5239 to 8202; the Chinese, from 17,068 to 19,167, and the Japanese, from 98 to 19,212—constituting a larger part of the population of the islands in 1896 than any other people. The islands had become overwhelmingly Asiatic.

Their production and its export interests are as overwhelmingly American. The extraordinary bounties offered on sugar and rice concentrated the energies of the planters upon those articles, just as the English colonial policy turned Virginia and Maryland into tobacco-fields, Carolina into rice and indigo, and the West Indies into sugar. The movement is in part wholesome, for it depends upon natural aptitude for special cultures. It is unnatural in that it is stimulated by an artificial condition of commerce, based upon the conferring of a bounty on cane as direct as any granted by European countries to beet sugar, and at an even higher rate than is conceded by them. Outside of these two articles, a little wool, a little coffee, and some fruit—in all less than \$250,000 in value—constitute the entire export trade of the Hawaiian Islands.

This is one side of the problem. On the other side, the United States has gained some export trade, for it sold to Hawaii in 1877 only \$1,109,000 in merchandise, and in 1898 about \$6,800,000. From 1879 to 1895 the movement showed little tendency to increase, but since that year the rise has been sharp, and due to the devotion of so much labor and capital to exportable products. Machinery for the plantations was in large demand, and food and clothing for the laborers. As the export trade can be explained by sugar and rice, so the import trade rests upon the same commodities, and the economic results. Further, the import trade has increased to nearly the amount of the bounty on sugar and rice given to the islands. It would be impossible to assert that the one depends upon the other, but the abnormal profits conferred by a free market in the United States enable the

planters to buy liberally all that they and their workers need.

Without the bounty there would not have been so marked an increase in the production of sugar; without the bounty there would have been no rapid process of making the islands Asiatic in population; without the bounty there would have been no annexation movement for many years to come. What was accomplished a century ago by slavery and the colonial pact is now performed by the sugar bounty. Politically and industrially the islands have been made through this bounty; and when it was intimated that this bounty might be withdrawn by the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, the annexation agitation became mighty. It was an act of self-preservation.

Now that annexation has been accomplished, what alteration does it introduce into the economic features of the island? The bounty is continued, for there is no proposition to impose a duty upon Hawaiian sugars. Every product of the islands is afforded a free market in the United States. No question as to the source of these products, whether of American, Portuguese, Japanese, or Chinese labor, is raised. But the labor is open to discrimination. Chinese and Japanese were brought in as coolies by the Hawaiian government, and these coolies are under contract to labor in the islands a certain number of years. At the expiration of this service the coolies are expected to return to their native countries. Note what the Hawaiian commission says: "Since the act of Congress annexing Hawaii was passed prohibiting Chinese immigration, the Hawaiian sugar-planters have seemed to be making an unusual effort in securing the importation of Japanese laborers, fearing trouble and embarrassment on account of insufficient labor for the care and carrying on of their sugar-plantations. Of course it becomes necessary to extend our labor laws over the islands, so as to prohibit all kinds of foreign contract labor from coming to the territory: first, because it is the policy of this country to keep out all kinds of cheap foreign labor, including coolie labor, and thereby prevent such labor from interfering with the wages of American labor; and secondly, to protect our manufactured products from competition with manufactured goods produced by cheap alien labor." The enforcement of those

provisions against contract laborers will deprive the planters of Japanese as well as of Chinese coolies, and would even prohibit any further accession of Portuguese. "The question," continues the commission, "whether white labor can be profitably utilized on the sugar-plantations is yet a problem; but the planters are preparing to give such labor a trial, and some of them believe it will prove superior to the labor of either Chinese or Japanese."

This, then, introduces a disturbing influence in the near future in the labor conditions of these islands. They must pass through the same transition as the Southern States of the Union, as Brazil, and as the West Indies, in passing from a slave to a free régime. That will be overcome by proper inducements for migration from the United States. But the problem is suggested: If it is so necessary to protect our home interests from cheap alien labor and its products in Hawaii, what is to be done with the Tagals, Negritos, and other natives of the Philippines, and the products of their labor? Or will the Hawaiian planter be permitted to supply himself with labor from the Asiatic islands now possessions of the United States?

Bearing in mind that Hawaii was sparsely inhabited twenty years ago, by a population little fitted for regular labor, and less fitted to encounter the white man, and was already showing a specialized production requiring large farms or plantations and plenty of labor, the subsequent development is easily explained. In Puerto Rico another set of conditions is encountered. The population is large for the area of the island; it is in no sense like the native element, but is capable of holding its own for a long time against the influx of a foreign element with which it cannot assimilate. After many years of Spanish commercial policy, which has sought the advantage of Spain at the expense of the colony, its produce and its commerce have been moulded into a form that enabled the planters to meet the demands of Spain while seeking a profit in other directions. Such a condition is not readily changed, and modification must be slow. If we assume that as liberal a policy is to be granted in Puerto Rico as has been given to Hawaii, imagination may play riot among possibilities. A

policy that is applicable to Puerto Rico would with some modification apply to Cuba. The military governments now existing in these islands are under the direction of the President, and it is from his decrees and proclamations that we must learn the probable course of action.

Thus far the government has not shown with definiteness what its permanent policy in colonial commerce is to be. The reciprocity treaty had made trade with Hawaii practically free, only eight-hundredths of one per cent. of the imports into the United States paying any duties. A special tariff has been framed for Puerto Rico, and special duties for Cuba have been proclaimed. The navigation laws of the United States have been extended to Hawaii and Puerto Rico, thus limiting the carriage of their products to American vessels. This measure will not introduce a violent change in the conditions of the navigation interests of these islands. In 1897 nearly 81 per cent. of the value of the total trade, import and export, of the United States and the Hawaiian Islands was carried in American vessels. The Puerto-Rican trade will be more seriously affected. Of imports into the United States from that island, less than 16 per cent. were brought in American vessels, and about one-fifth (22 per cent.) of the exports were taken to the island under the American flag. There was practically no steam-vessel of the United States engaged in this trade, and this will now be changed. We have adopted the Spanish rules in an even more extreme form than was enforced by Spain. Only American vessels can engage in the Puerto-Rican trade. The influence of the navigation laws will therefore be small at present, whatever it may develop later.

The question of tariffs involves greater perplexities. And first as to the West Indies. From the very opening of the question a difference of some moment existed. In her colonial tariffs Spain had naturally sought to favor her own products and the shipping of her flag. As a partial recompense for the enforced patronage given to Spanish manufacturers, enforced even in so necessary a commodity as flour, the duties collected on imports into Cuba were fixed at rates much lower than those collected on foreign products. Thus for that island a colonial tariff of low duties existed by the side of

raised that the enormous influx of Asiatics occurred—a speculation in labor, intended to discount the laws of the United States. What has been the result? In 1884 the total male population of the islands was 51,239; in 1896, 72,517—an increase of 41 per cent. The natives were dying off, for they numbered 21,504 in 1894, and 16,339 in 1896; the Portuguese increased from 5239 to 8202; the Chinese, from 17,068 to 19,167, and the Japanese, from 98 to 19,212—constituting a larger part of the population of the islands in 1896 than any other people. The islands had become overwhelmingly Asiatic.

Their production and its export interests are as overwhelmingly American. The extraordinary bounties offered on sugar and rice concentrated the energies of the planters upon those articles, just as the English colonial policy turned Virginia and Maryland into tobacco-fields, Carolina into rice and indigo, and the West Indies into sugar. The movement is in part wholesome, for it depends upon natural aptitude for special cultures. It is unnatural in that it is stimulated by an artificial condition of commerce, based upon the conferring of a bounty on cane as direct as any granted by European countries to beet sugar, and at an even higher rate than is conceded by them. Outside of these two articles, a little wool, a little coffee, and some fruit—in all less than \$250,000 in value—constitute the entire export trade of the Hawaiian Islands.

This is one side of the problem. On the other side, the United States has gained some export trade, for it sold to Hawaii in 1877 only \$1,109,000 in merchandise, and in 1898 about \$6,800,000. From 1879 to 1895 the movement showed little tendency to increase, but since that year the rise has been sharp, and due to the devotion of so much labor and capital to exportable products. Machinery for the plantations was in large demand, and food and clothing for the laborers. As the export trade can be explained by sugar and rice, so the import trade rests upon the same commodities, and the economic results. Further, the import trade has increased to nearly the amount of the bounty on sugar and rice given to the islands. It would be impossible to assert that the one depends upon the other, but the abnormal profits conferred by a free market in the United States enable the

planters to buy liberally all that they and their workers need.

Without the bounty there would not have been so marked an increase in the production of sugar; without the bounty there would have been no rapid process of making the islands Asiatic in population; without the bounty there would have been no annexation movement for many years to come. What was accomplished a century ago by slavery and the colonial pact is now performed by the sugar bounty. Politically and industrially the islands have been made through this bounty; and when it was intimated that this bounty might be withdrawn by the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, the annexation agitation became mighty. It was an act of self-preservation.

Now that annexation has been accomplished, what alteration does it introduce into the economic features of the island? The bounty is continued, for there is no proposition to impose a duty upon Hawaiian sugars. Every product of the islands is afforded a free market in the United States. No question as to the source of these products, whether of American, Portuguese, Japanese, or Chinese labor, is raised. But the labor is open to discrimination. Chinese and Japanese were brought in as coolies by the Hawaiian government, and these coolies are under contract to labor in the islands a certain number of years. At the expiration of this service the coolies are expected to return to their native countries. Note what the Hawaiian commission says: "Since the act of Congress annexing Hawaii was passed prohibiting Chinese immigration, the Hawaiian sugar-planters have seemed to be making an unusual effort in securing the importation of Japanese laborers, fearing trouble and embarrassment on account of insufficient labor for the care and carrying on of their sugar-plantations. Of course it becomes necessary to extend our labor laws over the islands, so as to prohibit all kinds of foreign contract labor from coming to the territory: first, because it is the policy of this country to keep out all kinds of cheap foreign labor, including coolie labor, and thereby prevent such labor from interfering with the wages of American labor; and secondly, to protect our manufactured products from competition with manufactured goods produced by cheap alien labor." The enforcement of those

provisions against contract laborers will deprive the planters of Japanese as well as of Chinese coolies, and would even prohibit any further accession of Portuguese. "The question," continues the commission, "whether white labor can be profitably utilized on the sugar-plantations is yet a problem; but the planters are preparing to give such labor a trial, and some of them believe it will prove superior to the labor of either Chinese or Japanese."

This, then, introduces a disturbing influence in the near future in the labor conditions of these islands. They must pass through the same transition as the Southern States of the Union, as Brazil, and as the West Indies, in passing from a slave to a free régime. That will be overcome by proper inducements for migration from the United States. But the problem is suggested: If it is so necessary to protect our home interests from cheap alien labor and its products in Hawaii, what is to be done with the Tagals, Negritos, and other natives of the Philippines, and the products of their labor? Or will the Hawaiian planter be permitted to supply himself with labor from the Asiatic islands now possessions of the United States?

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two other tariffs of high duties—the one general, in which the laws amounted to prohibition; the other conventional, in which concessions had been made to other nations in return for commercial privileges of a like nature. The conventional were lower than the general rates, but it is evident that the cream of the trade would be reserved for the mother-country under the rates of the colonial tariff. The tariff for Puerto Rico framed in 1892, during the existence of the so-called reciprocity agreement with the United States, contained only general and conventional rates. The concessions made under that agreement were believed to embody all that could be made without seriously affecting Spanish trade with the island, and no colonial scheme of duties was added. Although the reciprocity agreement had long since expired, the conventional rates were applied to imports from the United States at the time of the occupation. Imports from Spain paid 10 per cent. of the minimum rates on foreign products. What concessions have been purchased by convention were confined to articles not produced in Spain, or to commodities that were unimportant items in Spanish exports. The “home market” was the first consideration; the colonial market was secondary, regarded more as a feeder of Spain than as an independent entity possessing interests of its own.

It is necessary to carry these distinct tariffs in the memory, for on them rests the temporary policy of the government of the United States. In August last the United States decreed that the conventional or minimum tariff of Spain should be applied to Puerto Rico. In the case of Cuba the colonial tariff framed by Spain was retained, although it implied “practically free trade,” so low were the duties.

It is evident that the course pursued in Puerto Rico involved a very heavy increase in duties, all the more onerous because the new rates applied generally to articles of necessary consumption, to such as made the larger share of the import trade of the island. To collect these duties in gold would have made them prohibitory, and this in an island where there was nothing to “protect,” no home industry that could possibly be aided or developed by an application of such extreme protection practice. The Treasury gave some relief by making the duties payable

in silver—the Puerto-Rican dollar, value 50 cents, to rate as one American dollar—thus reducing the duties one-half. In Cuba, on the other hand, the American dollar was taken as the standard, and duties were collected in United States money—thus doubling the weight of the rates of duties. Even after this curious jumbling of rates of duties and currency values it was seen that the consumer of Puerto Rico was in a more disadvantageous position than the consumer of Cuba. Flour paid, in Puerto Rico, a duty of \$4 per hundred kilograms; in Cuba, only \$1 50 for the same quantity. After applying the currency reduction the Puerto-Rican will still pay 50 cents per hundred kilos more than the Cuban. So for glass, pig-iron, screws and nuts, tin plate, wax, gunpowder, starch, soap, papers, and beer the Cuban was charged lower rates of duty, and these charges could hardly be compensated by the fact that the Puerto-Rican rates were lower on marble, pottery, cutlery, copper in all forms, clocks, and all machinery.

The inequality of this arrangement led to the promulgation of an amended tariff for Cuba, which went into effect on January 1, 1899, and another for Puerto Rico, which became operative on February 1, 1899. The commissioner claims that all discrepancies between the two have been eliminated, and it is only a trial of their provisions that can develop the weak points. The intention of the framers is to impose a general *ad valorem* of 15 per cent. on imports into Puerto Rico, and of 24 per cent. on those into Cuba. The Spanish obtained 14 per cent. from Puerto Rico and 24 per cent. from Cuba, so the changes made involve a new distribution of duties, increasing the rates on manufactures of cotton-wool, silk, musical instruments, and watches, reducing those on machinery and manufactures of metal, and making “the revenue tariff less burdensome on articles of food than on articles which are consumed by those better able to pay.” The new tariff of Jamaica has furnished the model.

What is the consuming ability of Puerto Rico? In the year 1897 the imports were valued at 17,858,063 pesos, and of this total more than one-half (8,984,808 pesos) was due to food substances; one-seventh (2,540,294 pesos) to cotton and manufactures of cotton, and about one-sixteenth to animals and animal prod-

ucts. No other class of imports gave a value of 1,000,000 pesos, and the nearest approach to that amount was the trade in wood—819,000 pesos. These four classes of imports constituted three-fourths of the entire import trade of the island, and it is safe to say that at least 80 per cent. of these classes would fall to the United States under any system of open competition. In food products there is no one to contend with success against us, save for certain finer qualities of canned or preserved articles; in cottons, it is only the taste and habits of the Spaniards that stand in the path of our monopoly; in animals, propinquity gives us the advantage; and in wood products the United States has always been the natural source of supply. How effective the Spanish tariff has been against our commercial interests in Puerto Rico a few figures will show. Of a total import into the island of \$8,928,031 I have estimated 80 per cent., or more than \$7,000,000, to belong to the United States. We have never sent more than \$2,720,508 in any one year, and that was reached in 1894. The movement of breadstuffs has never reached \$1,000,000 in any year, nor has that of provisions \$900,000. In those lines, and in all machinery and steel or wood manufactures, our products should control the markets of the island under open competition. It is only in textiles, and in fancy articles where habit and taste influence the buyer, that other nations will compete, and naturally it will be French or Spanish exports that will in the first instance be noticeable. Indeed, among the curiosities of suggestion gathered by the American commission is one gravely proposing a continuance of favor to Spanish products in Puerto-Rican markets: "The protection which is now given to certain Spanish goods should be respected, among other reasons, because failing to do this would promote English, German, and French industry to the detriment of the interest of the American manufacturers." What form of reasoning is this that asserts the inability of our own manufacturers to supply the wants of a market, and yet prefers Spanish products to those of other peoples?

What does Puerto Rico produce that will be of advantage to the United States? Since 1870 the value of imports into our markets from this island has been decreasing at an almost steady rate. For

the ten years 1871-80 the average annual value was \$6,576,700; in the next ten years it was \$4,948,000; and in the seven years 1891-7 it was \$2,800,000—a loss of more than 58 per cent. in the twenty-seven years. Even the concession of free sugar made by the tariff law of 1890 could not put new life into this import interest. Nor is the reason for this decrease far to seek. Sugar and molasses in 1896 gave 97 per cent. of the total value. Only one other product gave more than \$10,000—coffee with its \$24,101. This trade has become remarkably concentrated, but under the new dispensation there must be a reorganization. Spain received \$13,928,000 in merchandise from Puerto Rico in 1896—\$8,492,000 in coffee, \$4,178,000 in sugar, \$500,000 in cocoa, and \$260,000 in tobacco. In the same year France took a total of \$3,458,000, of which \$2,166,000 was in sugar, \$540,000 in tobacco, and \$216,000 in sponges. Germany received a total of \$3,204,600, accepting \$2,125,000 in tobacco and \$548,500 in hides and skins. The United Kingdom took \$179,000; the principal items being \$87,300 in mahogany and \$56,000 in sugar. These five nations received Puerto-Rican products to the value of \$22,950,000, and of this the United States took less than one-tenth.

Without doubt this share can be increased by the interference of the legislator. Puerto-Rican products may be made free of duty on import into the United States, thus favoring sugar and tobacco. Cocoa, coffee, and mahogany are now free, and nothing short of a bounty could bring them here in larger quantities than at present. Would it be wise to offer such concessions to sugar and tobacco? Under the existing conditions the sugar cannot compete with the neighboring islands. Since 1895, when the Cuban product has fallen away, leaving a great gap in the sugar-market to be filled, the product of Puerto Rico gave no signs of rising to meet even a part of the demand. Under equal duties its tobacco has not found favor in the United States, though it is believed some Cuban leaf is such only in name, and was grown in the other island. In ten years the largest import of coffee from Puerto Rico was 1,309,659 pounds in 1888, but the requirements of a single year's consumption of our people are 500,000,000 pounds; the largest production of sugar in the island in any one year was 253,000,000 pounds,

or one-third the quantity of cane sugar produced in Louisiana and other Southern States in a good year, and less than six per cent. of the consumption of our people in a single year. The soil, not being virgin soil, could not be made to give the returns of former days, and without the increased yield from the fields, advances in methods of transporting and processes of manufacture would count for little. Sugar-cultivation is costly, but a bounty of 70 per cent. on the value of the product, such as is given to the Louisiana and Hawaiian planters, can do much. Even if the production be trebled, and the same quantity sent into our markets as is received from the South, it will be purchased by a concentration of energy on a single crop—an unwise procedure, as the British West Indies have proved.

If Puerto-Rican sugar is given a free market here, with the bounty involved, what is to hinder an important development occurring in the neighboring islands? Cuba would see the money advantages to be gained from coming into the Union, and the success of Hawaii in securing admission would be remembered. An agitation for annexation, resting upon the hope of gain, with all its vulgar accompaniments, would again be witnessed. What has so recently been enacted in the Pacific Ocean would be repeated on a larger scale in the Antilles; and if again conceded, would there not be good reason to look for some intimations of a like nature from the other islands? San Domingo would be glad to find shelter with us; the little island of St. Thomas has been held before us for many years; and even some of the English islands have questioned the advantage of remaining as they are—questions that have for the time almost been silenced by the sops thrown to them by the active Secretary for the Colonies. Is it any wild theory that sees such a procession of would-be applicants for bounty in case free sugar is accorded to Puerto Rico?

Yet, apart from that step, what other course is open to us? Visitors to the island describe its natural advantages, but these are overshadowed by the greater advantages possessed by other islands. It appears like a garden; but a garden does not mean trade. It may raise cattle, all fruits and vegetables, and everything that a tropical island can be expected to produce; it does not follow that the export

will be profitable. We have one sugar possession in the Pacific, maintained for the people of the Pacific States. It would seem as though another sugar-plantation was to be maintained in Puerto Rico, and certainly the expected benefits to be derived for our export trade will not accrue unless some means is hit upon to give the island a commercial crop, and in such a way as to make it more profitable than it has been. The determination of our commercial policy towards Puerto Rico will indicate that to be taken towards Cuba, and perhaps open up a future the mere thought of which should fill our souls with foreboding. Froude spoke in no uncertain tone of what the future of those islands would be if left to themselves. Our political plungers may interfere, but at what cost to this country!

This leaves to be discussed the Philippines. Little of what has been said of Cuba and Puerto Rico will apply to these Pacific islands; it is hardly possible to expect a repetition of the Hawaiian development. The archipelago stands by itself commercially, and all the more solitary in its relation to the United States, its owners by purchase, its possessors by force, its exploiters of the future. A population that can never be assimilated, and whose most active industry is rebellion against foreign domination, promises little in the way of progress through internal change other than through extermination. This may be accomplished by war, by labor akin to slavery, or by contact with a higher civilization and its consequent disastrous results to the weaker race. Even if the native population be subdued, they will make unwilling toilers; if driven out of the larger and more fertile islands, some form of labor must take their place. It will not be American, it will not be European, for it cannot be either. It must be Asiatic; and, if left to a free settlement, would be Chinese. Yet our laws as applied to the Hawaiian Islands prohibit the introduction of Chinese, and is it right to apply another rule to the Philippines—American territory? Yet this question of labor is the most important one to be faced.

Products take care of themselves. Climate and soil and a mild pressure of commercial exchanges have determined that the Philippines should contribute to the world's trade a few leading commodities.

The most important is hemp, a natural monopoly; for though many species of this plant are found in the tropics, none produces the same or as good a fibre as is obtained in the Philippines. More than that, attempts to raise this particular variety elsewhere have failed. The value of the exports of hemp in 1897 was \$8,500,000, and a nearly equal value of sugar was also exported (\$7,000,000), these two commodities making nearly 74 per cent. of the value of the total exports. If three other items be taken from the export tables—copra (\$2,687,978), tobacco in leaf (\$1,323,445), and cigars (\$805,000)—about 97 per cent. of the entire export value is accounted for, and every leading article entering into the export movement.

This is a narrow foundation on which to build a great export commerce in which the United States looks to have an immediate interest. It is well to remember that the best direction of our foreign trade is towards Europe, and in that direction moved in 1898 nearly 70 per cent. of the value of the total import and export commerce. Of the \$635,000,000 of imports, \$4,100,000 came from the Philippine Islands; and of the \$1,255,000,000 of exports, less than \$150,000 went to those new possessions, whose benefits to our commerce we hear sung on every side. Such a combined trade is not to be measured by percentages; it could disappear entirely and not be missed in the totals. The material of this trade, on examination, appears in quite as disappointing a light. Of Manila hemp, it is safe to say the United States gets all that it needs, and at as low cost as can be expected. Great Britain and ourselves are the only two buyers of this product, and while its uses may be extended, it is not likely to be in such a demand as to double its present importance in European and American markets.

About one-half of our imports from the Philippines is represented by hemp; and sugar will bring the average to 98 per cent. of the whole import. A little coffee, indigo, and tobacco will complete the count of articles entering into this trade. In 1893 the United States was third in importance among the countries receiving Philippine products, being surpassed by the United Kingdom (45 per cent. of the total), China, including Hong-kong, (22 per cent.). Counting in Spain, the four countries took a little less than 90

per cent. of all the exports of the islands. With Egypt, 95 per cent. of the total will be covered.

It is to be noted that some of these exports come to the United States in very small amounts, although taken freely by other countries. A striking fact is the decline in the trade of the United States in certain commodities at one time favored. Coffee was for many years imported, but is not mentioned in recent returns, save occasionally and in small quantities. Indigo, hides and skins, dye-woods, and even tobacco have shown the same disposition to disappear. The imports of sugar were much larger between 1880 and 1890 than they have been since. This is not to be attributed to mismanagement by Spain so much as to the competition of other and more favorably situated producers. Hemp has always held its own—a monopoly. Sugar has been produced in larger quantities, but its market in the United States is small, that in the United Kingdom, now about the same as our own, is shrinking, and the markets of Asia are growing. At present, as much as 600,000,000 pounds could be obtained from this source; but less than one-fourth of that quantity is absorbed by the United States. All the copra is sent to Europe and Asia; Spain, where a strict monopoly exists, takes the larger share of the leaf-tobacco export, while Asia takes the cigars. To Spain is sent the sugar, and to China the dye-woods. When the entire trade is balanced, Europe and the United States have taken 68.5 per cent., and all the rest of the world 31.5 per cent. of the exports.

With a change of ownership, and free trade, it may be assumed that the export interest remains as it is. What future has it? Hemp is unassailable and may double its output. Sugar, shut out from European markets, and not wanted in the United States, must seek an enlarged sale in Asia, and in competition with other islands—the Dutch and British—suffering from the same closure of the markets they once enjoyed. Copra promises well, but it must be multiplied five times in value to touch the ten-million-dollar mark. All other products combined will not give \$2,000,000. The magic of a sugar bounty will not work wonders here; and no favors of a free market will increase to an appreciable extent the exports of other products. It will be many

years before the total can exceed \$25,000,000, and of that the United States cannot take \$10,000,000.

Nor does the import interest promise greater elasticity. The largest import of record was that of 1881, when it was \$18,500,000, and 4 per cent. of that sum was credited to the United States. As sufficient rice is not grown for the needs of the people, it is imported; but wines, flour, and provisions are also important food imports, but in none of these items, save some flour, do we have a share. More than \$7,000,000 in cotton goods is imported in a year, but that coming from the United States has never touched \$21,000. Spain and the United Kingdom held almost a monopoly between them. With Spain out of the race, and the same equal conditions of entry for English and American cottons as have existed in the past, what prospect is there of our wresting this trade to our mill products? In looking over the long list of imports into the islands from Europe, it is seen that they constitute what is required by the white man, and the increase will be slow, dependent upon the possibilities of a producing and commercial phase that has not yet been even approached.

This phase is one on which I have dwelt before, and which becomes clearer the more I study the question. Whatever profit is to be derived from these islands must be sought in Asia and not in Europe. This reverses our whole experience, for in Europe are found our best buyers and sellers. Yet on this reversal of policy alone can I see any future for these Philippines. We must grow what Asia wants, and establish factories to make what Asia will buy. The French recognize this, and have just floated a loan with which to build cotton-mills in Tonkin and Indo-China, employing Chinese cotton and Chinese labor. Even Japan, in the treaty of Shimonoseki, obtained an express concession of possible future importance: "Japanese subjects shall be free to engage in all kinds of manufacturing industries in all the open cities, towns, and ports of China, and shall be at liberty to import into China all kinds of machinery, paying only the stipulated import duties thereon." If the United States intends to make the Philippines great importing islands, it must be by centring the intention in Asiatic products. British India no sooner began

to manufacture on her own account than she turned to China and Japan for a market.

In this light it is useless to look for the rise of a great free port in the Philippines. "Manila," says an enthusiast, "should be the mart of eastern Asia." No, I answer, for Hong-kong and Singapore are already in possession, and offer every facility that Manila can afford. We have a great historical parallel. Was America made commercially from Cat Island or San Domingo? Have the West Indies of any power been a lasting factor in European trade? Have not such as were prominent become so only under prohibitions, trade monopolies, exclusive tariffs, and navigation laws? What open ports existed? The Havana rose to importance because of the immense Spanish possessions near at hand, or monopolized trade. Yet with all England's possessions in North America no great port arose. Curaçoa and Carthage became ports through smuggling, as have some in late years on a smaller scale, through their endeavors to counteract Spanish restrictions. Under free competition one and all have lost this factitious advantage and found their level; but they cater to American rather than to European commerce. There is little reason to look for other results in the Philippines. They face towards Asia, not towards California, and face a coast bristling with undetermined claims of occupation, of protection, and of spheres of influence—containing promise of many things other than "open ports."

What, then, must be the trade policy of the United States with the Philippines? It would be absurd to extend the navigation laws to them; equally absurd to apply the Chinese exclusion act. No system of bounties, direct or indirect, will suffice to favor the growth of solid trade connections in natural products. Native industries are of no account, and even with coal and iron it does not follow that rails or machinery could be made in competition with our home products. A native mill for making cottons would employ a small amount of capital, but beyond that cannot favor the mother-country. The markets for the cloths made in those mills must depend upon the favor of the powers who are parcelling China among themselves, and whose

claims have now pre-empted the whole Chinese coast and command all the leading ports on coast and frontiers.

I can see but one policy to pursue—that of free trade in the Philippines, permitting the islands to find their place under the full stress of competition. In

Puerto Rico, a tariff for revenue only and the free entry of its products into American markets. The question of Hawaii has settled itself—free trade. The example of a corrupt use of tariff legislation should not be extended to these new possessions.

A BROTHER TO SAINT JAMES.

BY WOLCOTT LECLÉAR BEARD.

IT was a very small telegraph station, just a tiny pimple on the face of the great desert. The one kerosene-lamp that lighted it burned dimly, and with an evil smell, for the night was hot and the flame was turned low. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the sandy plain. There were no signs of a town, no signs of man except the station itself, the two lines of glittering rails, and the heavily shadowed prints of horses' hoofs, shown by the faint light that came from the station window.

The operator dozed, leaning back in his chair. From time to time he would straighten in his seat and wave a tattered palm-leaf fan, that scarcely stirred the hot, dry air; then he would fix his eyes on the white-painted, fly-covered ceiling and sink once more into a state of semi-consciousness. It was very lonely. The ticking of a little nickel alarm-clock, as it pounded its way through the slowly passing hours, was the only sound that broke the oppressive stillness, save once when the telegraph instrument clicked with an ever-recurring succession of sounds; but the operator knew that the wire was not calling him, and he did not stir.

At length the distant rumble of a train sang a deep bass that emphasized the silence. It came rapidly nearer, and as it came the operator woke and sat up to listen to the only break in the monotony of the night. Then the rumble ended in a long crashing roar—a roar that stopped and for a few seconds left the desert doubly still by contrast. After a moment, shrieks and oaths and popping shots rang distinctly over the plain. Springing to his feet, the operator started for the door, but stopped as though he had come against a wall, for, standing in

the doorway, a masked figure held a pistol pointed at his head.

"Han's up," said this figure, quietly, in a voice that was evidently assumed. For an instant the operator hesitated, looking quickly at his own pistol hanging in its holster on the wall, and at the telegraph key. A shot filled the room with sudden noise and smoke; the bullet, glancing on the key, buried itself in the wall, and through the singing in his ears the operator could hear the voice, quiet as before, saying: "Han's up, I said. Don't wait." The operator reluctantly raised his hands above his head. "I kinder took temptation outer yer reach that time," the voice went on. "You better not look round again, though. Besides, the wires is bein' cut—hear?" The operator listened. Outside the station he could hear the creak of a saddle, the hard breathing of a man, and the shaking of wires; then the impatient tapping of cut ends as they struck the side of the station at each oscillation.

"Turn yer face ter the wall an' stan' there," said the voice again. "Don't fergit ter keep yer han's up." The operator obeyed. Against the wall hung a little mirror, with a flap of paper over its face to keep away the swarming flies. Close to this mirror the operator placed his face, and with his tongue he worked the paper to one side, so that an edge of the glass was exposed, and he could see reflected there the figure that stood in the doorway. It was clothed entirely in new blue overalls; the head was covered with a white hood that came low over the shoulders, and had holes cut for the eyes that glittered faintly behind them. The hands were gloved. There was nothing in the disguise that could give a clew as to the identity of its wearer.

Five minutes passed slowly by. By this time the shots had ceased, and so had the yells; there was only an indefinable murmur that told that the desert was not as usual. At length the tread of two horses fell almost noiselessly on the soft sand and stopped near the door. There was another interval of waiting, and then two shots were fired, followed, after a pause, by a third.

"Keep yer face where it is—keep it thar ten minutes," said the voice once more. In the mirror the operator could see that the figure backed slowly out of sight, suddenly reappeared, and vanished again. Then a saddle creaked as some one swung into it. The operator turned quickly, caught up the lamp and threw it out of the window, and snatching his pistol from the wall, he darted from the room. At first he could see nothing; then several mounted figures were outlined for an instant against the sky as they passed over a ridge. A moment later two more figures appeared and vanished in the same way.

Some distance down the track, bobbing specks of light were passing to and fro around a dark mass that terminated the glitter of the polished rails. Toward this spot the operator started in a swinging trot that carried him over the ground rapidly, yet suggested a certain indolence of movement, as though, even in his haste, the man was unable to shake off the effect of long habit. As he approached the mass it took more definite form, and the specks of light became lanterns carried by men who hurried here and there with apparent aimlessness. He could see the engine lying helplessly on its side, a bed of glowing coals beside it, and the wreaths of steam that issued from a hundred unintended vents in its shattered mechanism. The tender was a mere heap of twisted plates, and the mail-car had slipped into the car ahead of it, leaving its trucks behind, as though it had taken off its overshoes before entering. A knot of people surrounded a doctor who was bending over a man that lay very still on the sand. The passengers, gathered around the derailed train, discussed the affair excitedly, and a group followed the conductor, cross-examining him, as he walked here and there in a vain attempt to rid himself of them.

"Hello, Danforth!" said the operator,

going up to the harassed official. "How did it happen?"

"Have you wired for a wrecking-train?" asked the conductor, ignoring the operator's question. "One of the boys has just gone along to your station."

"He might just as well come back again, then," answered the operator, composedly. "They've cut the wires. Many hurt?"

"Express messenger, driver, and fireman, and a few cut with glass. Those thieves went through the express-car like a bullet through a punkin, then nipped the registered mail, and cleared. Didn't bother the passengers. Can't you mend those wires?" The conductor's hand was shaking, and he evidently held himself together with an effort.

"Oh yes, I can patch them up somehow, I suppose," said the operator, nodding easily. "Just hold the passengers where they are, will you? I don't want them bothering around." The operator started back to his station, passing one of the passengers, who was pacing nervously up and down beside the track.

The passenger was a tall man, thin and stooped, dressed in clerical garb. A small cut on his forehead had been bleeding a trifle, and though it had stopped, the clergyman still mopped it with his handkerchief. He was greatly agitated. Now and then he would interrupt the work of the handkerchief long enough to clasp his hands together as though he were in pain. The operator was passing him by with a casual glance, then stopped, and stood facing him.

"Look here, James," said he, in his lazy voice. "Do you know that you're not presenting a particularly imposing figure just now?"

The clergyman started. "Henry!" he cried. "Henry—here? But it is like you, Henry," he went on, in a voice of mingled fright and reproof. "It is as you always were. I am all unstrung. I have but newly passed through a terrible peril, and you, my brother, meet me—meet me after three years—with derision."

"Yes, I know it's three years. I didn't mean to deride you, though. I'm the telegraph operator in the station up here. I'm going back there now, and you'd better come with me, I think."

The clergyman turned, and the two men walked along together. "It is

very strange that I should find you here, and under such terrible circumstances. Terrible circumstances. At one moment we were rolling smoothly along toward our various destinations. In the next—" He threw out his hands and shuddered. In spite of the nervous state in which he found himself, the clergyman described the scene through which he had just passed as he would have described it from a pulpit. The operator noticed this, and smiled with a weary sort of amusement, but he said nothing.

"The crash and the shrieks and the reports of fire-arms; the jarring stop and the jangle of broken glass. I was terribly unnerved, yet there was nothing that I could do. Those who might have required my aid were beyond it. Had there been occasion for my services, I hope that I could sufficiently have controlled myself to perform my duty. I hope I should. I think I should."

"Yes, I think you would," agreed the clergyman's brother, thoughtfully, as though he were weighing the matter. "Yes, from what I know of you, I'm pretty sure of it. That you, Billy?"

"Yes, what's left of me's here," answered a badly shaken brakeman, who was stumbling from the telegraph station back to the wrecked train. "I reckon it's me, anyhow. I just come from your place."

"I know. The wires are cut. Can you ride?"

"I guess so. What for?"

"My horse is in the pen, there, and I'll help you saddle up. You'd better go over to Oroville and warn the sheriff—Barton. You'll find him in the Golden Eagle saloon, probably." As he spoke, the operator stepped into the station and dragged forth a saddle. The clergyman could hear him as he caught the horse, and again as he called his last instructions to the departing brakeman. "It's only seven miles, and you can't miss the trail. You just tell Barton what has happened, and he'll know what to do." The brakeman galloped away without replying, and the muffled hoof-beats had grown faint in the distance when the operator returned.

"I'll have to get those wires in shape now," said he, lounging in. "You can hold a lantern for me, can't you?" As his brother was rummaging in a box after his pliers, the clergyman took up the lantern and looked at it helplessly. He could see

no way in which it could be lighted. The operator took it from him, raised the globe, kindled the wick, and handed the lantern back.

"It is three years since last I saw you, Henry," said the clergyman, following his brother outside the little building, where hung the loose ends of the cut wires. "Three years. What have you done and where have you been since—" He hesitated in order to shift the lantern from one hand to another, and the operator misinterpreted the pause.

"Since I left home and disgraced the family?" he replied. "Well, pretty much everything, I think, except steal. I haven't done that—yet."

"We heard that you had—killed a man," the clergyman said, pausing, and then lowering his voice as he uttered the last words. "Perhaps, though, it was not true," he went on, hopefully. "What we heard was merely a rumor."

"True? Oh yes, it probably was. I don't know what you heard, of course. It has always been in self-defence, or defence of somebody else, though, if that means anything to you. Hold the light a little higher, if you can."

It took the clergyman a moment to fully realize the meaning of his brother's speech; then he shrunk back a step. For some time neither of them spoke, and the stillness was broken only by the murmur of voices from the wrecked train, and the rattling of the wires as the operator mended them.

"How is—when—how did you leave—your wife?" asked the operator at last, trying to speak indifferently, and failing. The clergyman shifted the lantern a little and swallowed two or three times.

"I lost her fourteen months ago," he said, coldly.

The operator industriously twisted the end of one wire around another, and then said, slowly: "Well, it was settled in the best way, I think. She was wise in preferring you."

The lantern trembled in the clergyman's hands. He struggled visibly with himself for a moment, and then spoke: "She did not prefer me. But I did not know it then. It was considered more judicious—by her mother—and she yielded. I tried to do my duty. I only found it out by accident, but she did not prefer me." He wiped his forehead as he finished speaking, and sighed as though an un-

pleasant duty had been accomplished. The operator glanced quickly at his brother, and then went on with his work.

"She was right—they were both of them right, I suppose," he said, deliberately. He made a final adjustment of the wires, and the receiver in the office began to click furiously. "That's finished," the operator went on, in a different tone. "I'll connect up inside now. There'll be a wrecking crew and another train bouncing down on us before long, now, and then you can go on to— Where did you say you were bound for?"

"Oroville. After—some time ago my health gave out, and I accepted this call on account of the climate."

The operator looked up from his work with a smile of mild amusement. "Is that so? I never thought to ask the new clergyman's name. So you're coming to top off the latest public improvement."

"I trust so."

"Oh, you will. They've had electric lights for ever so long—months—and some brick buildings, and they've pulled most of the mesquit stumps out of the principal streets. After that, all the Orovillians wanted, in order to beat Boot Leg, down the line here, was either a water-supply system or a church and parson of their own. They decided on the church and parson. It's cheaper, and they knew that Boot Leg would never have thought of it. So you're here."

"I hardly understand you, Henry. Certainly a church is in the line of a public improvement. Where could one find a better? The people seem to rejoice sincerely that the church is to be opened, judging from what they wrote me, and from what one of my parishioners said as we talked on the train."

"One of your parishioners? Who?"

"His name is Brown—Andrew D. Brown. He met me at El Paso, and we travelled together until we reached the last station, when he was obliged to leave on business. He told me much concerning the town and the people, and the need for church-work. He seemed very earnest."

"Andy Brown, eh?" said the operator, apparently speaking more to himself than to his brother. "Seemed very earnest. So he was, no doubt."

"What do you mean, Henry?" asked the clergyman, uneasily. "I know that it is not what you say. To me Mr. Brown

did appear earnest. Indeed, I might say—godly." He hesitated on the last word, as though afraid of derision.

"Godly, to be sure," cried Henry. "He's a land-shark—a real-estate speculator, you know, or rather you don't know what that is in a Western town. I'm afraid his godliness isn't just your kind, James. It's the variety that spoils if it's kept too long. Still, I don't want you to accept my verdict as final. Look for yourself and see." The clergyman did not answer. He set his lips in a straight line, put the tips of his fingers together, and frowned thoughtfully. Evidently he meditated a rebuke, but the words did not seem to come. The operator finished connecting his instrument, and began laboriously to tap a message across the wire.

"Where did you learn this—a—craft, Henry?" asked the clergyman after a while.

"Never did learn it. Picked up a little here and there, and when I got on my uppers I took this job. If I'd learnt it, I'd have got a better one. But this is my last night."

"Your last night?" queried the clergyman.

The operator nodded. "I was held up when the train was, and had my wires cut, you know. The company 'll object to that—it's a way they have. They'd discharge me, probably, if I didn't wire my resignation as soon as I've finished this. Don't talk to me—it puts me out."

Leaning back in his chair, his head resting against the wall, the clergyman listened to the insistent rattle of the telegraph until, thoroughly tired, he fell asleep. The sun was rising when a gentle shake aroused him.

"Wake up, James," cried his brother's voice. "The posse is coming. We'll get you over to town now." James stumbled to his feet, and winking hard, looked about him. Along the ridge over which the robbers had disappeared the night before a large party of men, armed and well mounted, were galloping. With them the brakeman who had gone to warn the sheriff rode uneasily. As they approached the track the operator's horse, ridden by the brakeman, swerved, to the great discomfort of his rider, and galloped toward the station. The brakeman pulled up, dismounted, and turned loose the horse, which thereupon cantered up to his

master. The posse swept on toward the train, and as it came, the dispirited passengers raised a faint cheer. One of the men left the others and came galloping down the track toward the station.

"That's the fellow who relieves me," said the operator to his brother. "I'll go on down to the train now, and see about getting you over to the town. You come along too. I'll meet you there." He swung into the saddle and started away. "It's all right," he shouted to the coming operator. "I've mended the wires, and the wrecking train's on its way. I've told all the details, and there's nothing coming in now but fool questions. You can see to those. So long!"

It was broad daylight, and as the clergyman approached the train the results of the accident, and the tie partly buried between the rails that had caused it, stood plainly revealed. The engine bore a curious resemblance to a maimed and dead animal as it lay on its side by the track. One of the posse pointed it out to a companion and said, "Dead horse, eh?" and the clergyman fully understood what he meant.

"Get into that wagon you see coming over the hill there," called the operator, riding up. "It's come to take what's left of the mail, but I've seen the sheriff, and he says it's all right for you to go too. The stage went over to the regular station, beyond the junction, where you'd have gone if the train hadn't smashed. Give me your checks."

The clergyman did as he was told. To his timid attempt at explanation the driver of the wagon replied by bashfully making room for him on the seat. The clergyman climbed awkwardly in, seating himself as far as possible from the heavy pistol worn by his companion, and which dragged over the stuffed sack, that served as a cushion, with every motion of its wearer. Looking back toward the train, he could see that the posse had gathered about its leader, the sheriff, who was evidently giving instructions. Another moment and it had divided, half going in one direction and half in another, while the sheriff and the clergyman's brother cantered up to the wagon.

"This gentleman sitting by you is one of your parishioners, James," said the operator, when he had come within speaking distance, "Mr. Hop Flanders by name." The clergyman turned with

clerical cordiality to the driver, who spat apologetically over the side of the wagon, and shifting the reins of his four-horse team, extended an enormous brown hand. In this hand the clergyman deposited his. Hop gripped it with all his power, turned it loose after giving it one shake, and returned to his former position as the operator finished the introduction, "My brother, the Reverend James Braisted."

"This, James," the operator went on, "is Mr. Barton, the sheriff of our county. Barton, this is our new clergyman, my brother, Mr. Braisted." The sheriff was forcing his unwilling horse closer to the wagon, when the clergyman turned and half rose in his seat.

"I don't know that it would be fair for me to take your hand, Mr. Barton," said he. "On the whole, I think it would not. I am sure it would not. It would not be right to disguise from you the fact that I do not consider you as one with whom I can have anything in common. As an officer of the law it seems to me that you are doubly culpable—it is not too strong a word—culpable. Culpable in not only permitting, but assisting, tacitly or otherwise, in practices which the law forbids, and which disgrace our Western civilization—disgrace it. It is said that you own one of the places where liquor is sold and where gambling is permitted. At least you are a patron of such places, and you are also an officer of the law. To speak in this way is extremely distasteful to me—extremely. But I can see no alternative." The clergyman resumed his seat, his hand trembling as he wiped his forehead.

"If you're quite through, James, I think we'll move on, Mr. Barton and I. Your baggage will be brought from the train directly, and then you can follow us," said the operator.

Barton had turned deeply red under his tan, but his voice was quiet and low as he said to the operator: "I'm goin' kindah roundabout tuh see 'f I cya'n't fin' some track ah them theah thieves down by the othah road. It'll be some out ah youah way."

"That don't matter," replied the other.

The sheriff turned his horse, and the two men jogged on together.

"Look here, Barton," said the operator, as soon as they were out of ear-shot of the wagon. "I know how that speech that his Reverence got off must have struck you,

and I want to tell you that you mustn't think too much of what he said."

"Think much of it! I hadn' nevah done nothin' tuh him. An' theah ain't nothin' I can do—yuh cya'n't shoot a pahson. What'd he say it foh? What'd he mean?"

"That's what I'm going to make you understand, if you'll only listen a bit. In the first place, you know, he's never been much among men—that is, men as you and I know them. He was educated at a seminary, as they call it—a place where parsons are made—and unless one knows men to start with, there isn't much to be learned about them there. That's the reason he doesn't understand things as they are here. Keeping a saloon and robbing a bank would be pretty much the same in his eyes."

"But I don' run no saloon," objected Barton.

"I know you don't—he didn't say you did—but Andy Brown met my brother on the train, and they had a long talk. Brown probably told him that you had an interest in a saloon, among other things. It has been said that you helped start the Golden Eagle, you know, whether it's true or not. Brown's a plausible sort of chap, and he's got it in for you, so he must have tried to queer you with the dominie—and any one can fool him. Now do understand this thing. Give the parson a chance to look around him and learn something about us all before you make up your mind what you think of him."

"But he oughtah not take one man's wold 'gains' anothah, an' then not give the othah man a show," said Barton.

"Of course he oughtn't, but that's just what I'm trying to explain. He'll be the first to come and tell you he's wrong as soon as he finds it out. He's good people—one of the best that ever lived. Why, when we were at school together—he's two years older than I—the other boys used to call him Saint James. His name is James, you know. He was always worrying himself sick for fear he'd done something wrong. It would never occur to him that Brown was a sneaking liar. Just you lay low for a bit, and see if he don't bear out what I say."

"Well, I was kindah mad fihst off, but I reckon you ah right," said the sheriff, somewhat mollified. "Theah wouldn' no decent man say what he said 'less he

thought he was right. An' then he had tuh study tuh be a pahson, so's he 'ain't had no time tuh fin' out 'bout othah things. I'll put the boys on, so's they won' get riled at nothin' he might say. But it's hahd luck foh a man tuh have tuh study like that, ain't it?"

"Yes, from our stand-point, I suppose it is," agreed the operator. "I'm glad you see it as I do, Barton. It may save his Reverence a lot of trouble he'd otherwise have had before he found his feet."

For some time the sheriff made no reply, but seemed to be thinking deeply. "I s'pose I'd bettah shoot Brown, then," he said at last. "He's the one what made the pahson th'ow me down. He oughtah be shot foh makin' a pahson act like that. S'pose we push a little. I oughtah be gettin' on."

"I wouldn't shoot him just yet," said the operator, calling upon his horse. "It might be a good plan, but it would queer you with my brother, and I want him to like you. Can't you wait awhile?"

Again the sheriff deliberated for a long time, and then said: "Well, maybe that's so. I'll go 'long them lines foh now, anyhow. I won' shoot him yet."

The operator smiled and nodded, and the two men rode along in silence, their eyes bent on the ground in the vain hope of finding some traces of the thieves.

"'Less them thieves got rounded up by the boys, they mustah struck right intah the town, like I reckoned they would all along. I'll split the men up intah little gangs an' have 'em covah the country, while I an' a couple moah go th'ough the burg itself. 'Fraid it'll be bettah wuhk foh a detective than foh a sheriff an' posse, though. The boys oughtah be back mos' as soon as us. Le's push foh home."

The "boys" were back before the sheriff was. The dusty little saloon-lined plaza at the intersection of Oroville's two principal thoroughfares was filled with them as he rode up the street. The posse had increased in size and was still growing, for most of Oroville's male inhabitants were volunteering as fast as they could saddle their horses.

A few minutes later the wagon drove slowly through the crowd and stopped in front of the post-office. Hop Flanders tossed the mail-pouches to the waiting postmaster, while the clergyman stood up in his seat and gazed at the scene about him. By this time the whole town, ap-

parently, was in the plaza, and most of it was mounted and ready for immediate departure. Worming his way in and out among the crowd, the sheriff galloped from place to place, dividing the volunteers into parties, and appointing a leader for each. The men fell into the places assigned them as though they were members of a team that had often played together, and that gloried in its play. Every one was laughing; rough jokes were shouted from one party to another. Infected by the spirits of the men, James Braisted looked upon this gathering of his people with an interest rarely shown by him in matters not directly relating to his spiritual work, and with an absence of consciousness that, in his self-repressed, introspective life, was rarer still.

The men were soon arranged, and for a moment the shouts were stilled, only to break out in a laughing cheer as one of the parties, headed by the operator, swept by at a gallop, its leader saluting the wagon in which the clergyman was enthroned as he passed it. One after another, in rapid succession, the other parties followed the first, and the plaza, though still thronged at the edges with chattering crowds, seemed silent and empty.

A short, thick man with a puffy face emerged from a doorway, and after eying the clergyman for a moment, climbed into the rear of the wagon, stepped forward, and touched him on the arm. "I reckon—I presume, that is—that this is the Reverend Braisted, ain't it?" said he. "Yes? That's good. Phelps is my name. I'm a pardner of Andrew D. Brown's, what you maybe met on the train comin' up. I s'pose you'd like ter go right along t'yer house? The church is jus' nex' door."

Eager to begin his work, and to learn about it and everything concerning it, the clergyman assented readily, and the wagon moved off. Phelps did not fail to point out, as they drove along, the evidences of municipal enterprise; the frame buildings that had nearly superseded the canvas-covered shacks which marked the earliest stage of the town's development; and a few structures of new, garish brick, of a period still later than the frame. Then the wagon pulled up at the church. The clergyman hastened to inspect it, and the snug parsonage close by, straightway forgetting everything else in his enthu-

siasm; for the church was handsome, and its interior fittings had been selected with a taste and an accurate knowledge of what was required that in such a town seemed remarkable. Phelps followed the parson from place to place, beaming at each expression of approval with an air of modest deprecation that seemed to imply that the new church of Oroville owed everything that was good to the instrumentality of Phelps.

For the rest of the day, and for the next few days, the clergyman was busy with work he enjoyed as he enjoyed nothing else. He had little time to think of his brother, though now and then he would inquire of some of his many visitors as to Henry's probable whereabouts, the time of his return, and the amount of danger that his mission would be likely to bring upon him. The answers to such questions were invariably reassuring, so that there was hardly room for apprehension.

It was toward evening on the fourth day after the robbery, and James was sitting on the veranda of his parsonage, when his brother came lounging up the road. The excitement of the preceding days had passed, and the reaction had followed it, leaving the clergyman nervous and tired. With an expression of strong disapproval he noted the careless, swinging gait of the younger man. This walk always had irritated him; it showed so utter a lack of seriousness. The operator saw this look on his brother's face, and smiled as he held out his hand.

"Well, James, how are things coming on?" he asked. "You seem to be rather comfortable here. How do you like the church?"

"Exceedingly. It could not be better. The church and all its appointments are excellent. I was surprised that the people here knew so well what was required, or rather that one of them did, for they tell me that it was but one who chose the fittings."

"It was I," answered Henry. "But it shouldn't be so remarkable, I think, when one considers the way I was brought up."

"You!" exclaimed his brother, passing his hand over his forehead. "Surely you are joking, Henry. They told me it was a man named Jones."

"I'm Jones," replied Henry. "The name is simple and unpretentious, and I

adopted it. You see, I didn't want to disgrace the family more than was necessary."

"I don't understand you; but you can hardly mean what you say," the minister said, anxiously. "Those who know that we are brothers have expressed no surprise that our names are not alike."

"No; they wouldn't. They see that I've changed my name, or think that you've changed yours, that's all. They don't mind that here. Lots of them do it. It's rather the correct thing to do."

The clergyman looked shocked. "I wish you would not treat these things so lightly, Henry," said he. "To me this is serious. Why should these people go under assumed names?"

"Oh, because they're wanted somewhere or other by the police, or by the families they've deserted, or a hundred reasons besides. Nobody knows, and it isn't considered good form to inquire."

"Have you—" here James paused apprehensively. "Have you any such reason, Henry?" he finished.

"I've broken no law. And you know that the other reason I gave hardly applies to me," answered Henry, somewhat bitterly.

The clergyman rose and walked up and down the veranda, then came to a stop in front of his brother. "In what part of the town do you lodge, Henry?" he asked. "I think you had better come here now. There's plenty of room."

"Now that's awfully good of you, James," said the younger man, gratefully. "But I won't take advantage of your kindness, I think. It's better not. I'm afraid that I wouldn't make a very ornamental appendage to a church."

"I am sorry you feel so, Henry," said the clergyman, stiffening. "It is not a good sign. I am sorry that you no longer feel at home in an atmosphere of—"

"Piety?" suggested Henry.

"Piety, if you choose. Yes. Piety. As I said before, it is not a good sign. Where is it that you lodge?" The manner of the elder brother was distinctly pastoral. Henry glanced up resentfully, then shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Where? Over a saloon. Over the Golden Eagle; the one you insulted the sheriff about, the other day," said he. "I'm very comfortable there," he added, after a pause. Drawing from his pocket some tobacco and a bundle of papers,

Henry began to roll a cigarette. His brother watched him absently.

"Perhaps I was wrong in the way I just spoke. I provoked you. I am sorry," said James at last. "You mentioned what I said to the sheriff. In that case I did only what I thought to be my duty. I could not have met him as though we were to be friends. It would not have been honest. Can't you see?"

"Certainly. I quite understand. But you're making an awful mistake, James. You've got to know these people if you're going to deal with them. Things are looked at so differently here from what they are at home that one can't apply the same standards. The sheriff is one of our best citizens. There's hardly a day that he don't risk his life to enforce those laws you accuse him of breaking. He's worth a thousand of that gang you seem to have got in with—Brown and his lot. They're about the worst we breed, and that's saying a good deal."

James straightened up indignantly. "I should be sorry to doubt your motive for speaking of these men as you do, Henry," said he. "Yet I cannot see by what right you vilify them simply because you dislike them. They have all of them talked with me long and earnestly about the church-work, and though they have warned me against this man you are defending, they did so, I am sure, from none but the best motives. It is to Mr. Brown, Mr. Phelps, and others of their kind that I have to look for help with the church. Why, they were the ones who built it, chiefly, and who brought me here."

"They did nothing of the kind. Look here, James. When they first decided to build a church here in Oroville, there was some dispute as to what sort of a church it should be. They could only build one and do it properly, and as the men who contributed toward it were of nearly all denominations, there was some trouble in settling this detail. Finally, rather than have no church at all, they decided to have one representative of each sect come into a game of hundred-dollar freeze-out, the winner to seat his creed, and the rest to stand by the decision. Your man won. It was a four full on sixes held against an ace-high flush that had more to do with bringing you here than anything else."

"And you permitted this?"

"Yes, I permitted it—not that my permission was asked. But there was no irreverence in what they did, looked at from their stand-point. These men—the greater part of them—have a childlike faith in religion. But they take their religion as they do their whiskey—that is, though each man may prefer some one brand, yet all kinds are good. You'd better think about this, James—really you had—for it's true, even though it does come from a hardened sinner like me."

The clergyman looked troubled. "My principles I cannot change, Henry; they are fixed," he said; "and it is an awful thing to gamble in order to decide so vital a matter. Awful. Still, I will think of what you have said. I have no wish to be narrow. But concerning these men whom you so dislike you must be wrong. They have already called and offered every encouragement to the church-work. They have contributed handsomely—and voluntarily—to help in starting us. Just see." He drew from his pocket several gold coins and a slip of white paper, exhibiting them proudly.

"Rather a small pile, isn't it?" asked Henry, scratching a match on the doorstep and carefully lighting his cigarette.

"The gold? Perhaps. There was more gold—much more—but I used it in changing this check. Mr. Phelps gave fifty dollars out of this check, and I had received contributions enough from others to change it and leave what you see." The clergyman was about to replace the money when his brother stopped him.

"Hold on, James, for a minute. Let me see that check, won't you?" he asked.

"You'll hardly venture to doubt its genuineness, even though Mr. Phelps did give it," said the clergyman, smiling, as he handed the check to his brother. Henry was absorbed in studying the slip of paper, and made no reply. There was a sound of a horse's hoofs in the road. They slowed in front of the parsonage, then sprang into a gallop and passed on.

"That was Mr. Phelps who just went by," said James, reproachfully. "You must have let him see that you dislike him, Henry. He was about to stop, but when he saw that you were here he went on toward the town."

"Very likely. James, unless I'm much mistaken, this contribution of Phelps's will hang him."

"Hang him! What do you mean, Hen-

ry? Are you joking?" cried the clergyman, in dismay. But he knew that there was no joke intended. On Henry's face there was a look of earnestness that was seldom seen there. "What do you mean, Henry?" he asked again, as his brother did not at once answer.

"I'll have to take this to the sheriff, and get a warrant out at once, James," said the operator. "There's no time to lose. This check is one that was stolen from the mail-car on the night of the robbery."

The clergyman sat down on the nearest chair. "Surely, Henry, you must be mistaken," said he. "But what did you mean—what did you mean when you spoke of hanging? There was no murder?"

"Train robbery's a capital offence in this territory. But Phelps won't come to that. They'll hang him quite informally, probably, as soon as he's caught."

"But he cannot be guilty. If he were, he would not give the proof into my hands."

"When did he give you this?"

"To-day. Just before you came."

"Then it's all simple enough. These men haven't much money just now, and it's vitally necessary for them to get out of town and away as soon as possible. What they took from the train was all in greenbacks, and if they attempted to pass those around here, where every one uses gold, it would have aroused any amount of suspicion. They knew it would take a day or two before this could reach the bank, and so they passed the check on you, that's all. Of course it was a chance, but they had to take chances. I'll go and see the sheriff, and then come back here." Henry was about to put the check in his pocket, when his brother took it from his hand.

"You see it's made out to some man in Yuma," explained Henry, patiently, "and endorsed to bearer. The endorsement is forged, of course. After they hang Phelps, they can send him up for that, if they like. Give me the check; I must go."

For a moment the clergyman stood irresolute; then he put the check in his pocket. "I must not let you have this now, Henry," he said, decidedly. "The man who gave me this may be innocent—I think he is innocent. I cannot allow him to rest under this terrible charge, and still more terrible danger, when his

only fault may be that he tried to help the best of all good works. I cannot permit that. I must see him. He must have a chance of clearing himself."

"Don't be foolish, James. It's for the law to decide whether he's innocent or not. Let me have the check."

"I cannot. It is not the law that would decide, but lawless men. You yourself have said so. He must have an opportunity of clearing himself."

"James, look here. Phelps saw me looking at that check, and he thoroughly realizes what that means, you may be sure. He and his gang will take any chances to get it back. They'd think nothing of putting you out of the way—in fact, they're very likely to try. Your holding this check means a very great danger to you. Very likely it means death to you. Do you understand?"

The clergyman turned pale. "I cannot help it, Henry," said he. "I hope you are wrong, but whether you are or not, I can see no other way for me. My duty is clear, and the rest is out of my hands." He turned and went into the house. Though he was white and trembling, his brother could see, through the open window, that he locked the money and check in his desk. Then he came out on the veranda again.

Henry rose to go. "Have it your own way if you think you ought to, James," he said. "I think you'd better see your pious friends as soon as possible, though. On second thoughts, I will accept your invitation for a while. I'll stop here to-night. You needn't bother to get a bed ready. I'll be back directly."

He walked quickly, yet with no appearance of haste, down the road to the post where he had left his horse; and when he was mounted he rode as fast as the horse could carry him toward the town. The sheriff was lounging, as usual, in front of the Golden Eagle when the operator galloped up to the door.

"Hello, Barton!" he drawled, "come here a minute, will you?"

The sheriff rose and reluctantly came forward, fanning himself with his hat. "What's wrong now, Hank?" he asked.

"Why, I just came around to ask you to stand by to-night. You see, I've got what you might call a clew to these thieves we've been chasing, and I think they know it, so there may be a row. I can't tell you what it is just yet," Hen-

ry hastened to say, seeing that the sheriff was about to speak. "I'm rather bound not to do that, but you'll know all about it in the morning, probably. What I want you to do is to come if you hear a fight going on—they may be too many for me. If I'm not in a condition to tell you anything when you get there, just take the man I'm fighting with. You can't go wrong."

"Who ah these heah men? I'll see they don' bothah yuh."

"Well, I can hardly tell you that. I'm bound in honor not to. See?"

Barton nodded. "Cyan't yuh take me 'long, Hank?" he asked. "Seems tuh me you'll likely stack up 'gains' a kind ah stiff layout. Maybe they'll do yuh. Wish yuh could take me 'long."

"No, I can't do that, either. Most likely, if I have any trouble with these men, I can stand them off until you come, if you hurry. You'll be ready?"

"I suah will," responded Barton, in a tone of real concern. As the operator rode away, the sheriff stood looking after him as long as he was in sight, then shifted his gaze to a small nondescript dog that sat near him hunting for fleas. He stared so long that the dog grew uncomfortable, and rising, stared back again.

"Theah's suah gontah be trouble, an' more'n likely big trouble," said the sheriff, emphatically. "Reckon I bettah go 'n' roun' up some ah the boys an' keep 'em handy. Sunthin's dead wrong. Hank he don' ask help foh nothin'—you heah me?" The dog carefully tucked his tail between his legs and trotted off, and the sheriff departed in search of his men.

There was little display of force. One after another, men renowned for the accuracy of their pistol practice strolled into the Golden Eagle, and only a few habitués of the place noticed that they remained there instead of wandering from one saloon to another, according to their custom.

Evening fell, and the lights came out. The streets of Oroville were crowded, for it was Saturday, the eve of the weekly fiesta. As the night wore on, the crowds grew hilarious. There were shouts, snatches of song, and occasional shots as some man found his natural capacity for making a noise insufficient for his needs. Now and then the scraping of fiddles could be heard, the twang of guitars, and the jangle of an untuned piano. The

sheriff walked down the road a little and listened; walked back to see that his men were where he could easily call them out to the road. Many times he repeated this manoeuvre, and at last he heard the popping of pistol-shots. There was no question but what they were fired in earnest. There were many of them, and they came irregularly, like the reports of a bunch of fire-crackers. Shots fired in sport do not sound so. Then there was a faint yell in the distance, and more shots.

With a shrill whistle, the sheriff ran to the rail where the horses were tied, and his men, having a shorter distance to go, were there as soon as he. The crowd on the sidewalk stopped to see; those who had horses ran to get them, and others followed on foot as the sheriff and his men started at full speed in the direction from which the sounds came.

As they advanced there were fewer shots, but the noises came more distinctly to their ears. They rounded a turn in the road, and then could see that in front of the parsonage several horses were standing, held by a man who was mounted on one of them. There were other men near the veranda, who ran to the horses as soon as the posse appeared, and mounting quickly, dashed away in the darkness. The posse leaned forward and spurred. Pistol-shots began to flash, and the bullets sang mournfully.

"Don't empty youah guns now," called the sheriff. "Wait till you close on 'em." They had reached the parsonage as he spoke, and Barton turned in at the gate and leaped from his horse, while the rest swept on. The shots and yells had ceased. The only sounds were the rattle of galloping hoofs as the mounted citizens trailed after the posse and the foot-falls of those who were running.

Three dark forms lay in the door-yard. On the veranda knelt the clergyman, supporting his brother's head. Running into the house, the sheriff caught up a lamp and returned, holding it so that the light fell on the operator. He was very pale, and apparently unconscious, but there was no blood visible.

"Did yuh get any whiskey down 'im?" asked the sheriff.

"I have none," replied the parson. Barton pulled a flask from his pocket, uncorked it, and little by little forced some of its contents down the throat of

the wounded man, who finally made a convulsive effort to swallow.

The men who came on foot began to throng the door-yard. "The doctor's comin'," called one of them. "Three men's gone ter fetch him."

"Is he hurt badly?" asked the clergyman. "Is it—do you think—will he recover?"

Barton looked up impatiently. "Cohse he's huht bad," said he. "Don' s'pose he's doin' this foh fun. Cyan't tell how bad till we look. Doctah 'll be heah in a minute."

The clergyman peered into his brother's face. He was by far the paler of the two. At that moment Henry opened his eyes. "Hello, James!" he said, faintly. "Are you all right?"

The clergyman caught his brother's hand. "Are you in pain, Henry? Are you suffering?" he cried.

"No, not yet. That 'll come later, unless I have good luck."

"But you will have good luck, as you call it, Henry. You'll not be taken away yet—I feel sure of it," said James, trying to speak cheerfully, and failing.

"I don't mean that. I'm gone, fast enough. Know where the ball went—struck the hip and glanced up." Henry's voice was growing weaker. His brother glanced at Barton, with eager inquiry in his look. The sheriff nodded and turned away his head.

"I wouldn't bother myself about it more—than I could help, if I were in your place, James," the operator struggled to say. "It's just as well. I don't mind. I'm awfully—tired—of it all. Been—tired for three—years." He paused for a moment, breathing heavily, and then went on: "Remember—me to them at—home, if you think they'd care—to hear. So long, Barton. See that my—brother don't run—up against anything—more." Henry closed his eyes, and his head fell forward.

"Henry, Henry, isn't there something I can do? Think! Surely if you are about to die you can repent. May I not—" In his earnestness the clergyman gave his brother's arm a little shake. The sheriff made a warning motion, and the wounded man opened his eyes.

"I—don't think it's—worth while—now," said he. "Don't shake. It—hurts. Rather—think I'm going now. Feels—that way. Good—by, James."

Once more Henry's head fell forward, and this time he was unconscious.

"Le's get him intah the house," said the sheriff. "We c'n do it 'thout huiltin' him now." Half a dozen men sprang forward to help.

"Here comes the doctor," somebody said.

In another moment the operator was laid on a lounge in the clergyman's study and the doctor was bending over him. James and the sheriff waited impatiently for his verdict, one pacing nervously about the room, the other standing as though carved in stone.

At last the clergyman could stand the suspense no longer. "Tell me, Doctor, for Heaven's sake!" he cried. "Will he live?"

The doctor did not turn his head. "I'm doing all I can for him," said he. "He may regain consciousness, but don't count on it."

For a moment the clergyman stared as though he had not understood; then pulling himself together, he left the room, and Barton followed him on to the veranda. Evidently the officer wished to say something, but he hesitated, and James looked at him in a helpless sort of way, his thoughts evidently elsewhere.

"I know what hahd luck it is; I know how it hits yuh," timidly said the officer at last. "He was all a man, an' he's dyin' like he lived. Look at them"—pointing as he spoke to the motionless bodies that lay in the door-yard. The parson turned away his face. Barton

nervously opened and shut his hands, and then went on: "I don' hardly know how tuh say it, but the boys—every one—knows what he was. Theah ain't no man nowheahs that was whitah than him. No man couldn't 'a' walked straight-ah, nor talked straightah, nor shot straight-ah than him, an' suah no man couldn't go out bettah. He always seemed kindah up against it heah, like suthin' had gone wrong; an' you know bettah 'n I c'n tell yuh that he'll suah strike a soft thing wheah he's gontah fetch up. I ain't tryin' tuh tell you youah business," he hastened to explain. "I jus' wanted you tuh know how we all felt, that's all. An' yuh needn' feah foh them what shot him. It ain't likely that theah livin' now."

With a visible effort the clergyman collected himself. "I spoke to you harshly, unjustly, the other day," said he. "I am very sorry. But I didn't understand."

"Don' mention that no moah," cried Barton. "I know yuh did what yuh thought was straight. He tol' me. It's all right. Yuh hadn' caught on, that's all."

"No. I'm learning now. But it's hard to learn. Very hard. Very, very hard."

"It suah is," assented Barton, sympathetically. "It's expe'ience what tells, an' expe'ience comes awful high sometimes." He turned to leave, then glanced once more through the window at the form of the operator as it lay on the lounge, and added, "I liked him mighty well."

IN HADES.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THEN saw I, with gray eyes fulfilled of rest
And lulling voice, a woman sweet, and she:—
"Bear thou my word: I am of all most blest;
Nor marvel that I am Eurydice.

I stood and watched those slow feet go from me
Farther and farther; in the light afar,

All clear the figure grew—then suddenly
Into my dark his face flashed like a star!—
And that was all. The purple vaporous door

Left me triumphant over time and space;
Sliding across between for evermore,

It could not hide the glory of that face.
For me no room to doubt, no need to learn—
He knew the whole,—and could not choose but turn!"

MATILDA'S ADDRESS BOOK.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"**D**ONE it this time," said Joseph, coolly. "Well, I should say you had," retorted his brother, rushing to the side of the boat and looking down. "Hard aground! Next time I let you sail my boat you'll know it!"

"Tain't yours—only half of it."

"Well, you sha'n't sail my half. Run aground in deep water on a rock you knew was here! I tell you you did know."

"Any harm done, boys?" asked Marcus Garrett, with a calmness which was commendable in view of the fact that a glance showed him the shore was well beyond his limited swimming powers.

"Naw," replied Joseph, with the same phlegm he had shown when the sail-boat first struck the rock gratingly, quivered, and then stood still—"naw; Robert's just talking to hear himself. This old boat's banged on every rock in the lake. There ain't any easier rock to get off of than this one."

"That's so," said Robert, with restored good-humor. "It's so big we can get off and walk on it and shove the boat off. It's the funniest old rock, anyhow, just like a table. The water ain't up to your knees anywhere."

"Deep enough at the edges," warned the older brother. "You want to be careful not to walk off it if you don't like a ducking. This is about the deepest part of the lake, I guess. We'll all have to pull off our shoes and stockings; then we can shove her off in no time. You'd better push your stockings into your pockets, Mr. Garrett, and tie your shoestrings together and hang your shoes over your neck, like mine. You never know what 'll happen. That's it. Now!"

A few moments later they were all three out on the tablelike rock, up to their ankles in water, with shoes off and trousers rolled up, pulling and pushing and tugging at the heavy boat.

"There she goes! She's off!" shouted Robert, as the boat lurched suddenly and righted herself.

"Look out! don't fall off the rock!" cried Joseph, in the same breath; and heeding the warning, Marcus Garrett drew back hastily to safety. The next moment he was fairly rubbing his amazed eyes. How the lads had done it he was a trifle too far past his own boyhood to exactly know, but somehow, at a word from one of them, there was a rush and a bound, a flashing of bare white legs over the gunwale, a thumping of bare feet on the wooden decks,

a squealing of ropes and a tightening of the sail, and the boys and the boat were well away from the rock with its solitary occupant. It never occurred to Marcus but that they would immediately return for him. Even when he saw the sail-boat heading for the farther shore, and observed the relentlessly immovable backs of two tousled heads against the sail, he still believed this to be one of those mysterious manœuvres of sail-boats whereby they attain their destination though heading in every direction save the place they are bound for. But as he stood there on the rock, patiently waiting for the boys' return, a sudden flush spread up and over his face that he felt extended down to his very feet, plunged as they were in the cool bosom of the lake. The deliberation and the enormity of this outrage were in that moment apparent to him, for a familiar air came floating back to him from the disappearing boat. The air, not the words, was perfectly clear to Marcus; familiar as the refrain was, he could not at the moment place it, but that it was sung derisively, and sung to mock him, was only too plain.

Though a degree of innocence had betrayed him into this position, Marcus was not so innocent as to believe there was still a chance of his merciless tormentors' relenting or returning for him. Why they had thus chosen to pillory him he could not decide. He could only wait for a chance rescue, praying that it might come shortly, and not in a shape to render his position more intolerable than it already was. While he was still hot and angry it was easier to stand storklike, first on one foot and then on the other, upon a rock submerged in half a foot of water; but as time went on and his wrath grew less vehement, Marcus distinctly felt the loss of its support. Nobody was looking at him; but then at any time anybody, *somebody*, might come drifting around the nearest promontory and discover him standing like St. Peter on the surface of the waters, the only visible protuberance on that wide expanse, his means of support quite invisible to any casual eye.

As there was not wind enough to seriously ruffle the waters, and as the lake was too frequented for him to be left long on his watery perch, Marcus was aware that he lacked even that dignity which belongs to danger, and it occurred to him that he would do well to employ his time in deciding which way he might look least ridiculous when rescued—whether

he preferred to be discovered erect and motionless, or wading about on his prison confines. He had just decided that the former attitude might be taken as an effort at dignity, which would, his judgment told him, be fatal, and he was stooping to cautiously feel his way about in the water when the splashing of a quick paddle near by struck his ear, and he looked up. As he looked he knew that the worst that could befall him had indeed befallen him.

In a canoe not far from him sat Matilda, wide-eyed and erect with amazement, her paddle poised in her hands, breathless in her astonishment. Marcus stood erect also, and faced her, while for the moment neither of them spoke. And during this brief pause in our narrative it becomes imperative to leave our hero literally cooling his heels and devoutly wishing the waters might rise and swallow him, while we explain why it was that this which had befallen him was indeed the worst.

The secret of this whole affair, which had begun early in the summer, lay in the fact that Marcus had discovered that Matilda was not so old as she thought she was. Most women grow older as time passes, but there are a few exceptions to this rule. Matilda, unknown to others and to herself, had been for some time before this discovery steadily growing younger. The two facts that she was the youngest and the plainest of a large family of handsome daughters, had held Matilda back in the nursery and the school-room. Thus she had formed the habit of maturing slowly, and after some years' experience in the social world was apparently a grown woman, while in reality still nothing but an awkward schoolgirl. She was twenty-six years old, and her own belief that she was a confirmed celibate had taken an active form—of which we shall speak later—when it fell to the lot of Marcus Garrett to discern that Matilda, whom every one else thought a woman, and who surely was a woman in years, was only then on the verge of budding girlhood.

The manner of his awakening to this exciting discovery was in a way remarkable, though bearing the usual family likeness to all other such adventures. On that fateful day he was lazily floating about in a canoe, paddling to and fro with no thought of direction, when he looked up to find that he had wandered from the accustomed but unbeaten boat-paths to that side of the lake where few cottages were, and where here and there in the quiet lagoons were dotted little fishermen's lodges, built by the first summer settlers, and now more or less deserted. On the lonely porch of one of these lodges—it were hard to say if it was a porch or a wharf—sat a solitary female figure, whom Marcus did not at once recognize; and when he did see that it was Matilda he had stumbled upon, he was distinctly regretful, the more so that it was plain she had also recognized him, and it was scarcely possible for him to with-

draw as speedily as he desired without some exchange of civilities.

"Good-morning," said Matilda, in answer to his salutation, and—on such frail threads do our fates hang—it was made plain to Marcus in those two simple words that his companionship was not desired. There are in the *répertoire* of all women, however simple, this salutation final and the salutation which invites. Matilda's was so plainly the former that a mild curiosity seized Marcus Garrett as to what on earth a personage so unimportant as Matilda always appeared could be doing that made her wish to be alone. As he drew nearer he distinctly saw her draw a-fold of her drapery over something that was lying in her lap, and with this incentive, and with little else to amuse him that morning, Marcus steered his canoe to the side of the wharf-porch, stepping out lightly into that fate which awaited him.

Matilda was dressed in a white soft gown with little pink roses climbing all over it, and there were pink ribbons on her wide hat and at her waist. Her cheeks were pink also, and her skin a pretty sunburnt brown, except behind her small ears, where it was very white, with little curls of light hair veiling it. Altogether she was a very pretty picture, and though he had met her many times before, for the first time Marcus glanced twice at her. She looked to him different somehow. He decided that she was perhaps better dressed than usual, and then, as she did not ask him to sit down—which he would probably have refused to do if asked—he dropped at her side on the wharf, dangling his feet over the water as she was doing.

"What are you about here all alone?" he asked.

"Not any harm," replied Matilda, smiling.

"I'm not so sure you are doing no harm," said Marcus. "What's that you are hiding in your lap?"

"My lap!" Matilda looked down innocently. "Oh, this? It's nothing but my Address Book."

She held up a fat little volume as she spoke, that had a small brass label with "Address Book" engraved on it. A brass clasp held the covers together. Marcus stretched out his hand to take the book, which Matilda did not hold against him, but which she evidently only refrained from doing through shyness or politeness. Marcus knew that he himself was not acting with perfected civility, but he was rather curious to see this hidden book, and no one ever considered Matilda's rights particularly.

"I don't believe this is an Address Book," said Marcus, suspiciously, turning the volume over. "I believe you are an authoress, and you are stealing off here to compose. This book is a manuscript. Now isn't it?"

"It's nothing of the kind," retorted Matilda, indignantly. "I pledge you my honor it's an Address Book and nothing else."

"Then if it's an Address Book only, I can read it."

"I'm not so sure," said Matilda, coolly; and after an attempt to open the book, Marcus was not so sure either, for the little brass clasp resisted his fingers. On looking closely he could see a small key-hole in its side. He glanced up to find, to his further surprise, that Matilda was laughing at him.

"Here's the key," she said. "It's on my watch-chain, but you can't have it. I can't imagine why you should care to see dry old addresses; but if you really want me to read you a page or two, give me the book and I'll do so. No, you can't read it to yourself. If the sun wasn't so nice and hot to-day, and the air so sweet and cool, and that water so pretty and blue, and those trees so green and brown, I don't believe I would open the book at all. As it is, I feel as if I could read you a little of it."

Marcus tried not to show her how she surprised him. Every one he had ever known, however silent in other directions, had, as it were, their pet subject on which they would discourse if they could be gently led towards it, and Marcus was rather clever in that kind of leading. In this case he felt that he had somehow dropped accidentally into Matilda's pet subject, though he could not quite make out what this subject was. Certainly she was not now as she usually was, and the change was to her—and he began to believe might prove to his—advantage.

"Now this doesn't interest you, does it?" asked Matilda.

She had taken back her book, and unlocking the clasp, turned over the pages a little, then read aloud:

"Mr. — addressing Miss —. Dearest, I—I—I—I— Why, how perfectly ridiculous! That was I stammering. It's not so in the Address Book," said Matilda, closing the volume, her cheeks very pink indeed. "You can finish this page for yourself, if you like. Only don't read any more."

But Marcus, though he took the open book she handed him, received it in a mechanical hand, and remained stupidly staring at her, until Matilda blushed again, even more deeply than she had as she read, or tried to read, the manuscript address.

"I suppose you are thinking I am a fool," she said, humbly, "and I don't know but I am; only I know I have had that book for years, and I never before was fool enough to try to read it to any one. Indeed, I had that plate made with 'Address Book' on it so no one would guess what the book really was. I thought of calling it my 'Hymn Book,' but decided on this name finally. I think the hot sun must have affected my head to-day. What made you come in here this morning? Nobody ever comes in here."

Something was affecting Marcus, he knew, though he could not so exactly define what it was. Perhaps it was the sun. He only knew

that blushing became Matilda to extravagance. She looked sixteen, and she talked with a delightful freshness and immaturity. Then, too, this curious and significant collection—what did it mean?

"May I ask," said Marcus, timidly, "if you have collected and written down here all the addresses which you yourself have received?"

"Dear me, no," said Matilda, hastily. "Nobody ever offered themselves to me. These are other people's offers, and you don't know how hard they have been to collect. Almost every one vows they can't remember what they said or what was said to them. I don't know whether that's true or not, because, of course, I haven't any way of gainsaying them, and then, too, I never have asked anybody leading questions. If any one happened to tell me how they got engaged, or if I heard it in any other way, I collected it."

She looked at Marcus with that appeal in her eyes which bespeaks the true collector's spirit, and which is more insistent than any leading questions ever can be.

"Well," said Marcus, hurriedly turning from that phase of the subject, "people have collected everything else on earth, so why not addresses? Only I can't imagine what suggested them to you as collectable, and why didn't you finish the one you began to read to me?"

Matilda paused a moment before she replied.

"I think I could read you a funny one," she answered. "But that one I began was a serious one—one of my best. I don't know why I couldn't finish it."

"I know," said Marcus, boldly—he was recovering his wonted self-respect—"and you will after you grow up. Why, you are nothing but a child, a perfect child, still. How old are you, anyhow?"

"Twenty-six," said Matilda, meekly.

"Twenty-six, and I'm twenty-eight," said Marcus; which latter fact seemed to have nothing whatever to do with the former until the words were uttered. Then Marcus, who was not a tyro, felt that he flushed slightly, and knew that something had happened, or was about to happen, which might prove of importance to him. It was merely a question of how deep or how shallow was the impression he was receiving, and this is not always an easy question for any man to settle at first blush. On looking back at this conversation he always felt that Matilda's next few words were what brought him to that point where he knew his own mind only too well.

"You are very easy to talk to," said Matilda, with what he could not have thought simplicity in another woman; "and I am so glad you are, for I was just sitting here wishing I had some one to talk to and advise me a little. I've done something dreadful, and I'm going to tell you about it. Did you notice anything queer about my face to-day?"

"Queer?" repeated Marcus, gazing at her wonderingly. "No."

"Well, look hard at me and you will."

Now to be called upon to look hard into a soft and earnest upturned face is not the safest of offered contracts, as Marcus knew from practical experiences, but he promptly did as requested, and it was from that moment that he himself dated his captivity.

"I don't see anything *queer*—" he began, but Matilda interrupted him.

"It's perfectly wonderful. I can hardly believe it myself, it's so natural, but, do you know, I'm painted like a Jezebel, and I feel like one! I knew you'd be horrified, but indeed I didn't mean to do it. You'll never tell if I tell you? We had a lot of company, girls, staying with us for the hotel hop last night, and I happened to run back into one of the rooms—I'll never tell which one—for something after they were all downstairs, and there, on one of the dressing-tables, was a little tiny platter of red paint. She had forgotten to put it away, you see; and I can't imagine why I ever did such a thing, but I just wanted to see how it would look, and I daubed a little bit of it on one cheek, and then I couldn't get it off to save my life. I washed and I washed, and I scrubbed and scrubbed, and if you look, you'll see it's on yet. Now comes the worst of it. I was so scared, and they were calling and calling me to come down stairs, and I was so afraid they'd come up and catch me, and I couldn't go down as I was, so I just daubed the other cheek too, and then I went down stairs. But the very worst of it all is, I—I—I got lots of attention at the hop last night. I—I liked it too, and I know it was only because of that dreadful paint, for I never had attention before. I am dreadfully afraid I may do it again some time. I don't think I shall, but I feel I might. And then here's my Address Book. I couldn't go on keeping a collection like this if people were to be really attentive to me. It wouldn't be nice or delicate at all, would it? Do you think it immoral to paint?"

It is ever thus. Discoveries are rarely made singly. A moment before Marcus had been pluming himself on the fact that he was the first explorer, and now it seemed he might have rivals. This pretty pink color which he had noted and admired as he joined her was peculiarly becoming to Matilda, and was undoubtedly the source of her last night's triumphs. But as the bee forgets the perfume and the color which have invited him after he once tastes the honey, so it was with Marcus.

"Immoral!" he said, gravely. "Of course it's immoral to paint. I don't like to tell you how immoral painting is. I would speak more plainly if I were not sure you would never do so again. But I am sure."

"I never will," said Matilda, in an awed voice.

"And," Marcus went on, cruelly, "a little

vaseline will at once take off any paint that's still on your face from last night. Water does no good."

"Oh," said Matilda, weakly, "thank you! I will use the vaseline just as soon as I go home."

"But there's no hurry about going home yet, is there?" said Marcus.

"No," she answered. "And it's very nice here, isn't it? I come here in my canoe nearly every morning. This is our old fishing-lodge, and I keep the key of it. I sew and read and write in the house back there."

Marcus looked at her closely, but could see no cause to feed his own conceit or blame her forwardness. She was undoubtedly as innocent as he had always hoped he might some day find some woman.

"Don't you *love* the water?" asked Matilda, looking out at the lake as one who makes conversation after a pause too long to be quite comfortable, and Marcus, roused from his meditations, turned and looked at her. Why not here and now? It was, as Matilda had suggested, a lovely, heart-opening day, and it seemed to him—it might have been merely the languor of the sunshine—but it did seem to him that Matilda's soft blue eyes dwelt on him a little lingeringly, awaiting his reply. "Don't you love—*something*?" she had asked; he couldn't exactly remember what, but that was unimportant, whatever it was; an obvious reply seemed so simple and possible that it was really ridiculous to omit making it. Marcus felt his heart beating faster and faster. His resolution seized him.

"No," he cried, suddenly; "but I—"

"Oh, wait; wait a minute!" interrupted Matilda, in a burst of laughter. "That just reminds me of the funniest thing I heard to-day for my Address Book. It's the story of a man who couldn't get any chance to address the girl he wanted, and so one day he got desperate, and when she happened to say, 'Don't you *love* pancakes?' he said, 'No; but I *love* you.' Isn't that a splendid one? I beg your pardon for interrupting you. I was afraid I'd forget to tell you. What were you going to say?"

"I can't remember," answered Marcus, hastily; and for the moment he thought he hated Matilda and everything concerning her, and above all, the Address Book. But he was mistaken, for this was only the beginning of a long discipline.

The day after the meeting at the lodge Marcus had supposed that he would wake to laugh at himself for a brief folly, but, to his dismay, what he did awake to realize was that he had become inextricably interested in a maiden whom no one but himself had discovered as attractive at all. The vaseline did its work, and as Matilda kept her promise not to repeat her experiment, there was no repetition of her one brief evening of triumph. Thus Marcus had the field to himself; but his empty field was not to be easily won. In the first



"WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU STANDING ON?"

place, the kind and unsuspecting friends who were his hosts were continually rescuing him whenever they found him, as they thought, stranded by his good-nature on the shores of Matilda's society. Least of all did Matilda realize that she was an object of interest to him. She also was constantly opening to him avenues of escape from her side, where in her humility it never seemed to occur to her any one could have possibly schemed to arrive, or, arriving, desire to stay. Marcus felt that his whole salvation lay in the lodge set in the lagoon, where he now considered he had first met Matilda.

Here, as often as he dared, he followed her, escaping from his friends on the old

pretext of a love of solitary fishing. He was not anxious to arouse the suspicions of others, but he found that his greatest stumbling-block lay in the fact that, try as he might, seek her as he would, he could not arouse the suspicions of Matilda. He soon saw unfortunately well that he must make a set speech of some kind if he ever hoped to arouse her to a sense of his feeling towards her, but the circumstances were such as to make such an effort wellnigh impossible for him.

Every time when he succeeded in leading the conversation towards the subject nearest his heart, Matilda would herself grasp his carefully prepared opening and take it away from him, using it as opportunity to talk to him of

the one thing that held him most apart from her—her Address Book. Marcus felt bitterly that he could never endure repeating, as he once so nearly had repeated, some one of these odious addresses which Matilda held collected; yet no entreaty of his ever moved her to yield to him the book, that he might read it for himself, and once for all learn what *not* to say. Thus, while there were times when he literally writhed under the infliction of extracts read to him, there were other times when he listened hungrily for any crumbs of the book's contents, ever divided between supreme thankfulness that he was spared another repetition, and disgust that his tongue was again tied.

There was, however, one point in which Marcus found great comfort. Matilda still continued to blush whenever she read a serious address to him, but, blushing, she still continued to read. Evidently, though the subject caused her some discomfort in connection with him, it was not displeasing to her—nay, it seemed to have a certain fascination.

This was the point of progress, or lack of progress, at which Marcus had arrived in his suit when that occurred which we have recorded at the opening of this story. And it surely is not hard to see, with this history given, why he felt that the worst possible contingency had arisen, when he looked up to see Matilda in her canoe approaching his solitary and peculiar prison.

"What in the world are you standing on?" were Matilda's first practical words; and though in the past Marcus had sometimes felt that she rather lacked a proper sense of humor, now he loved her the more ardently for that deficiency.

"I'm not very sure as to what I am standing on," Marcus answered, with an effort at pleasantry. "I think it's a rock, but whatever it is, I shall always hereafter swear that I never did stand on it, and I shall expect you to endorse my falsehood, as a kind of a family reparation. It was, I am sorry to say, your own brothers who put me off of their sail-boat and deliberately left me here in this plight."

He was trying to speak easily and playfully, and really felt that he succeeded to a remarkable degree.

"Joseph and Robert!" repeated Matilda, in a bewildered way. "I just met them going home in their sail-boat, and they never said a word about you. But then they did know I was on my way here, for I told them at breakfast I was going to the lodge this morning."

Marcus turned and looked behind him. In his excitement and confusion he had not noticed that his marooning had taken place in the mouth of the lagoon that led to Matilda's lodge. Matilda went on in distress:

"Joseph and Robert! I am so mortified!

But we'll talk about that afterwards. The thing to do now is to get you off the rock. I honestly hope father'll thrash both the boys well. But how are we going to get you off? My canoe only holds one. Wait! I know! Now don't you worry, and do just as I tell you. I was going to crochet some cord lace this morning, and here's the ball of cord. You take it, and I'll tie the end to my canoe, and you play it out as I paddle ashore. Then you can pull the canoe back to you and get in. Be careful not to upset it. But the water seems so shallow above the rock you'd be safe if you did upset."

As he listened, Marcus knew more surely than ever that this was the one woman in the world for him. She had not once even had a smile to repress, and her lack of humor, her domestic habits, her softness of heart, which at that moment seemed positively maternal, all tenderly appealed to him as so many comforting and exquisite virtues. He felt his heart glow as his devotion mounted, and he knew that nothing but the stern facts of his situation prevented his then and there finding words to declare himself despite any Address Book on earth. As it was, he contented himself with holding fast the line that bound him to Matilda and Matilda's canoe as she paddled hastily to the lodge-wharf, carrying out her share of the programme. Marcus had then only to pull the cord and drag the empty bark back to him, to carefully step into it, and to paddle himself to the wharf. During that brief voyage his manly resolution was taken. The Address Book still intruded itself upon his thoughts, but he made up his mind that this episode should end his silence, and this resolution grew the more fixed when Matilda met him at the wharf with the same softened look of apologetic gravity she had worn from the first.

"I'm awfully sorry the boys are so bad," she said as she led Marcus into the lodge. "I'm dreadfully mortified, and so will father be. Come in and dry yourself a little. I've lighted a fire on the hearth for you."

Marcus, his thoughts far enough away from the boys or a little damp clothing, took the seat by the fire which Matilda gently urged upon him, and while she considerably turned her back, he made that toilet which Joseph had thoughtfully arranged for him to be able to make. He was thinking he would plunge headlong into his subject, not deciding what to say, but letting his language command him rather than he his language, when Matilda, tracing his silent gravity to displeasure, began, self-reproachfully:

"I ought to have told father before this could happen. That's really what I ought to have done. Don't you remember I did try to warn you some days ago? I knew the boys were hatching some dreadful mischief against you. Whenever they begin to call any one by one of their horrid nicknames, I always know

they are plotting something very bad against that person."

Marcus turned inquiringly. "Nickname? You didn't tell me anything about a nickname. I supposed, from what you said, they'd taken a boy's spite against me for some unknown reason. That's why I went sailing with them to-day when they asked me. What was the nickname?"

"I don't like to tell you," said Matilda, blushing, "because it sounds so horrid. I don't at all know what they meant by it, and they wouldn't tell me. Perhaps I'd better tell you now, for you may know. For weeks they've been calling you nothing but 'The Weazle.' 'The Weazle.' It does sound horrid, doesn't it?"

"The *Weazle*!" repeated Marcus, wonderingly. "I can't imagine—" But the next moment the blood rushed to his forehead, and he stooped quickly over his shoes, which he had removed as a necklace and was then drawing on his feet. He knew now what was the familiar air the boys had mockingly sung at him in their retreat. The words and the air came to him together, and in that same instant the whole abominable and ingenious plot, of which he was intended to become the willing or unwilling victim, unrolled before him. And how brilliantly successful they had almost been! It seemed to him now impossible, utterly impossible, to fall in line and play the puppet rôle consigned to him by these young reprobates, however acceptable that rôle might be. But a moment before, the *dénouement* had seemed to Marcus almost too near. Now, he felt it was farther off than ever. He sat so long, looking gloomily into the fire before him, that Matilda at last turned away again with a timid sigh, and moved aside to the window as if to considerately withdraw, leaving her guest to digest the animus which she could not blame him for nourishing against herself and her family. As she passed the table in the centre of the room she took up a book, and with that in her hand sat down by the window to read. As he glanced after Matilda, and saw this last stroke of fate, it seemed to Marcus that it was useless to struggle longer. She was reading the Address Book!

"I am very sorry," said a timid voice from the window, breaking a dreary silence. "I hoped they were going to sail out again, but they are not; they are coming up to the wharf. You don't want to see the boys yet, do you? Oh, Mr. Garrett, I wish you could forgive us, but I can see why you won't. Wouldn't you be willing to play a little trick on the boys? If you'll hide behind that screen in the corner, I'll tell them I never saw you, and perhaps they'll think you were drowned. That would serve them right."

A desperate hope darted through the brain of Marcus Garrett, and in answer to its suggestion he rose hurriedly. With no time for reply to Matilda, he darted behind the screen

she pointed out just as the two breathless boys first peered in at the door, and then burst into the lodge, looking eagerly about them.

"There she is!" cried Robert.

Joseph came towards his sister eagerly. "Say, Matilda, did the Weazle pop?"

Matilda had half risen to her feet, and her lips had been opened to speak, but now they closed again, and she sank back paralyzed.

"I don't know what you mean," she whispered, so weakly that her oldest brother roared with Homeric laughter as response.

"My, ain't she innocent! And been meeting him right here all summer long! We haven't got a sail-boat for nothin'. Don't know why we called him Weazle, either, do you? Say, Matty, you don't mean you went and saved his life and then let him go, after all the trouble we took? Well, you are dead easy!"

Robert broke in anxiously: "Did somebody else rescue him? You don't tell us somebody else took him off? You got there in time, didn't you?"

Joseph answered for his speechless sister:

"Yes. There's the wet place on the floor where he stood. Can't you see it for yourself? And there's the fire she built to dry him—and then let him go!"

"What's the use in our working for her?" asked Robert, in deep disgust.

Matilda, after her first vain endeavor to stem this torrent, stood gazing wildly from one brother to the other, then sank back in her chair, and, taking the only course left open to her, burst into tears.

"There's gratitude for you!" said Joseph, waving his hand towards her. "Here we've done as much and more for her than a mother would, 'most stove the boat in doin' it, and now look at her! I wash my hands of you—yes, I do! You can pop your own Weazles—only you can't."

"Oh," sobbed Matilda, desperately, "stop! do stop! You don't know what you are doing."

"We know what we tried to do," accused Joseph. "We tried to hurry him for you a little, and you botched the whole thing as soon as you got hold of it. Ain't we your brothers? I tell you he's got to live up to his name. But how in the world can anybody help a softy like you? And he, he must be a chump!"

At that moment the screen at the back of the room quivered, then opened wide, and Marcus walked out from behind the folds. He looked neither to right nor to left, but walked past the gaping boys straight to Matilda's side.

"Matilda," he said, firmly, speaking to her bowed head, "your brothers are entirely right. Though how they have known so much about us without condescending to something like key-holes I don't know. If you had been anybody else—but there, I wouldn't have cared for you if you had been!—you would have known all along that the only thing which

prevented my speaking was this abominable book."

He took up the Address Book which lay in Matilda's lap, and with it held gingerly between his finger and thumb, walked to the fireplace.

"You built this fire for my comfort," he said, "and the greatest comfort it can bestow on me is by burning this book. Matilda, Matilda, may I burn it?"

His heart stood still as he ended, and—so potent still was the power of the hated volume upon him—he knew with angry certainty that the break in his voice and his hesitation were not caused so much by uncertainty as to what Matilda's reply might be as by dread lest the question he asked, which he found startlingly direct and transcribable in the asking, might yet find lodgement in the Address Book.

"Matilda!" he called sharply in his distress.

And Matilda, lifting a face bathed in tears, cried out in answer:

"Oh, burn! Burn, and welcome!"

Even as she spoke, the Address Book fell into

the flames, and rising as Sindbad must have risen in the moment when the Old Man of the Sea no longer burdened his back, Marcus turned from the *auto-de-fe* to discover that he was alone in the lodge with Matilda. From the wharf outside came the sound of hurrying feet and splashing water, then the echo of boyish laughter, and boyish voices singing in unison with each other, more and more distant each moment. It was the same air they had sung when they left Marcus on the rock to encounter his fate, indeed; but now the words also were plain:

"Queen Victoria's sick abed,
Napoleon has the measles,
Prince Albert has the chicken-pox,
And Pop goes the Weazle."

Matilda and Marcus heard them not. The Address Book was a blazing ruin in the background. Marcus had lived up to his cognomen; and Matilda—Matilda, contrite for past blindness, wide-eyed for the present, and radiant for the future—was his. What more was there to hear?

GOLF UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"I SUPPOSE you must have missed your golf while you were in California," observed Major Dodge to his business partner, Judge Crabtree. "I take it that the ancient game hasn't penetrated that region much, eh?"

"You're mistaken on that point," returned the Judge. "I enjoyed a day of the liveliest golfing out there that I ever experienced. The friend that I was visiting had just laid out a fine links, and we went out to try it. The ground was well adapted to the game except for one thing. You know my friend has an ostrich-ranch, and he had established his links in the pasture. The turf was just right, and his notion was that the ostriches would be as good as a flock of sheep. Well, you'd hardly believe it if I told you all the trouble we had with those soulless fowls. The first golf-ball that rolled their way made them fairly cackle with delight. They fought over it, and the biggest of the lot finally gobbled it up, and looked around for more with a grin on his face. We weren't going to be balked by a flock of long-legged ostriches, so we tried again. They gathered in the second ball, and also the third. By this time we were pretty well worked up, and I hit the fourth ball a whack which sent it a quarter of a mile, more or less; but the old original ostrich, who had missed on the second and third, and was therefore pretty mad, went after it with both feet and all his plumes, and got it, too, and before it touched the ground. You may well believe that by this time we were boiling. We took our clubs and went for those unspeakable two-legged beasts. The Colonel brought Old Original a swipe with his niblick, but the wretched creature had been watching our play

and had learned a thing or two, and he just brought his right foot around with a swing which lofted the Colonel about ten yards, and we decided that we wouldn't try that plan any further. The only way we could see was to keep playing till those despicable birds got full. So we sent a caddie to get about sixteen quarts of balls, and then we went at it hammer and tongs.

"It's my private opinion that those fowls hadn't had anything to eat for six months. They finished up that lot of balls in a couple of hours, and we sent for another. Gradually some of them seemed to get enough and retired—wandered off and went to roost, I suppose—but even then we were not quite sure that they had filled up entirely on balls, as two or three of the smaller caddies were missing, and we feared the worst. But we kept on playing, and didn't bother ourselves about the caddie census. Finally, along towards night we had got them all filled except Old Original. There seemed to be no limit to his capacity. He just stood around, twisting his neck about in a way suggestive of caoutchouc, and ready to light on every ball which came within forty rods of him. 'Tell you what let's do,' says the Colonel, when he had got the flock reduced to this one. 'Let's take over all the balls we've got left, and pour them out in front of him, and let him do his worst.' We agreed, and the Colonel dumped thirty-eight balls before him. The old wretch grinned again, swallowed four of them, stuck on the fifth, and then calmly sat down on the pile of balls, apparently with a view either of hatching them or of keeping them warm for supper, we couldn't make out which. Then we retired from the field."

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



AN UNSAINTLY DOG.

"My doggie is a Saint Bernard," said Bertha, small and quaint.
 "But he's too ill-behaved, I think, to be a really saint."



THE GARDENER'S NAUGHTY SON.

"Oh, little maiden, pretty maiden, you had better have a care;
 A great big tiger-lily is a bloomin' 'round in there!"

HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

IX.

"I MET Mrs. Jenkyns while I was out this morning," remarks Ethel Benton to her husband, toward the end of dinner on a warm evening late in June.

"Don't know her," returns Benton, laconically, fanning himself with a napkin.

"Why, of course you do!" continues Ethel. "She was Ida Richards, at school with me; you have met her; married four years ago. I sent her a glass bowl; she sent us oyster-forks. Don't you remember?"

"Oh yes; that little stout woman," agrees Benton, somewhat absent-mindedly.



MET MRS. JENKYNs.

"Well," proceeds Ethel, "she was very effusive, and she told me they had taken a cottage at Seabright for the summer, and she said we must come and visit them."

"Oh, I know that kind!" says Benton.

"That kind of what?"

"That kind of invitation," he explains. "I'll bet Mrs. Jenkyns says that same thing to every person she meets. Of course I may be doing Mrs. Jenkyns a gross injustice, having had the pleasure of meeting her once only—and that at a tea riot—but I feel sure that she belongs to the 'Hello-old-chap-come-and-lunch-with-me-any-day!' class. Those bids are very effective at the time, and inexpensive. But I am 'onto the gag,' as Freddy says."

"You mean that she does not really intend to ask us down?" inquires Ethel.

"Perhaps not exactly that," returns Benton. "I dare say the good woman was sincere enough at the time she was speaking to you; but there are many people who say things on the spur of the moment and later find it inconvenient or inexpedient to make good their offers. The only thing to do is to take such an invitation on the wing for what it is worth. My opinion of its value is to place no confidence in its fulfilment. If she does write, later on, fixing a date for our visit, I shall be surprised. If she does not, I shall not feel in any way slighted."

"You think, then," says Ethel, "that Mrs. Jenkyns goes about scattering verbal invitations to friends and acquaintances promiscuously, without any intention of having them come to her?"

"If these verbal invitations carry no date

with them—yes," asserts Benton. "But that sort of thing is only an evidence of a mild and harmless form of hysteria, after all. Hundreds of people do the same thing. They say, 'You must come to dinner with us soon,' as glibly and as innocently as they would say, 'I hope you will call soon.' They don't mean anything by it."

"But *you* don't ask people to dinner with no intention of having them come, do you?" Ethel argues.

"Certainly not," says Benton; "but I am not hysterical—at least, I don't think I am. And besides, I told you I set great faith in dates; I believe in the virility of slang—I believe, when 'making a date,' to make a *date*. Your friend Mrs. Jenkyns believes in making engagements without making 'dates.' That is 'eminently proper.'"

"I think you do her a great injustice," affirms Ethel, who places confidence in all things and in all people; "but, to be perfectly frank, I shall be just as well satisfied if she does not fix any date. I don't think we would have much fun at their house. Mr. Jenkyns is an old thing."

"That doubtless describes him perfectly—to the feminine mind," remarks Benton, soberly. "But if you were talking, say, to an Englishman, who naturally would understand only the simplest and most direct phraseology, how would you express the equivalent of 'old thing'?"

"Well, Mr. Englishman," retorts Ethel, haughtily, "I should say that Mr. Jenkyns was fussy and exacting and overparticular in small matters—"

"He would object to the dropping of cigar ashes on the rug, for instance," suggests Benton.

"Exactly," agrees Ethel. "He is one of those men who always insist on getting into the theatre fifteen minutes before the curtain rises; and he nearly has a fit if he can't find his rubbers on a rainy day."

"Well, you must be an 'old thing,' then," ventures Benton, "because you nearly have a fit if you can't find *my* rubbers when there is a little dew on the sidewalk."

"Of course," sniffs Ethel, "your wife is everything unpleasant and disagreeable. I really can't see why you ever got married—"

"Heard that before?" shouts Benton, raising his hands; "and as I admit it to be an unanswerable argument, I plead extenuating circumstances, and will pacify you for the present by telling you that I have had better luck than you to-day, for I have actually 'made a date'—that is, if you ratify the agreement."

"What kind of a date?" asks Ethel, enthusiastically.

"To go down to Lobster Point for over the Fourth."

"To Dorothy's?"

"Exactly," replies Benton. "Leroy called me up on the telephone to discuss the question

to-day. We are to be their first guests. The house is hardly settled yet, and we may have to sleep on the floor."

"Oh, I don't care about that!" exclaims Ethel, enthusiastically; "but won't it be fun seeing them have all the troubles we had when we were chicks? Carpets and curtains and linen, and all that sort of thing!"

"A cheerful way you women have of looking at one another's trials," comments Benton.

"Oh, you know what I mean," says Ethel, with a little nod of impatience. "It will be so much fun helping them out—telling them the prices of things—"

"And how much they got stuck," interrupts Benton, "and where they can get the same thing for half the price! Oh yes, I know! We've been there!" and he laughs the laugh of appreciation.

"I'm going to write to Dorothy to-night," continues Ethel, "and tell her we'll come; and I shall ask her to call for me the next time she comes to town on a shopping expedition. What is their address at Lobster Point? What is the name of their place? Dorothy said she wanted to call it by some romantic name, like 'The Rocks,' or 'Tide Wave,' or 'Cozy Hollow,' or something like that."



CARPETS AND THINGS.

"I remember she did," says Benton, chuckling. "I asked Leroy what the place was called. He has named it, 'At the Sign of the Lobster,' and has ordered an emblematical flag to hoist over the boat-house."

"Arthur!" cries Ethel, "he has not done anything of the kind!"

"He has, I assure you," affirms Benton. "The name of their village is Lobster Point—Leroy could not help that, of course. And Dorothy has made out such a long list of people that are to be asked down during the summer that Leroy says that his house will be a regular summer hotel, or an inn; and so he calls it 'At the Sign of the Lobster,' out of respect to local tradition, I suppose."

"Well, Dorothy won't have that," asserts Ethel, confidently.

"Of course she will!" continues Benton. "She ought to be delighted. Just think how easy it will be to mark the linen with red indelible ink and a little stencil of a lobster! And what an odd and artistic device for her note-paper—A lobster, *gules*, rampant, on a field, *azure*, semé with soft-shell crabs, *argent*!"

"You and Mr. Leroy must have lunched to-

gether," remarks Ethel, dryly.

"We did," admits Benton.

"And I am convinced *you* suggested that lobster idea to Mr. Leroy, and all that about the foolish flag—"

"Well, as to the flag," begins Benton, "I accept a certain amount of responsibility. As

a matter of fact, I wanted a deviled lobster on it, because I thought the scheme would lend itself readily to heraldic expression, involving a lobster with horns, like a devil, *gules*, rampant, sinister, and all that. But Leroy was just for a plain live lobster of the sea. I pointed out to him that the ordinary crustacean of commerce, being of a mottled green, would not lend itself readily to picturesque and effective treatment on the white field of the flag—and so he compromised in favor of a boiled lobster. So we matched to see whether it should be a boiled lobster or a deviled lobster, and Leroy won. Then we matched to see who should pay for the flag, and I stuck Leroy. And we are going to have a grand patriotic flag-raising at Lobster Point on the morning of the Fourth of July—"

"You two are crazy!" exclaims Ethel, pushing her chair back from the table.

"Not a bit," resumes Benton, with great seriousness of countenance. "There will be much allegorical and historical meaning in that little ceremony. Don't you remember, my dear, that the boys of '76 called the British soldiers lobsters—I mean lobster-backs—on Boston Common—"

"I don't want to hear any more of your nonsense," cries Ethel, nervously, as she rises from

the table and flees to the sitting-room.

"You may smoke there alone; I am going to write to Dorothy."

"Well, don't tell her about the flag," says Benton, as he resumes the rhythmical fanning with his napkin, and his cigar glows in the darkening room.



LUNCED WITH LEROY.



HIS CIGAR GLOWED IN THE DARKNESS.



A NEW KIND

Polly. "The man I marry must be rich, handsome, intellectual, and good."

Molly. "What—all at once?"

Polly. "Certainly. Why not?"

Molly. "You'll have to have him made to order."

PHILLIPS AND BLAINE.

WHEN Wendell Phillips was last in Washington he was for a few minutes on the floor of the United States Senate, surrounded by a group of Senators, among whom was Senator James G. Blaine, always a favorite with Mr Phillips. It so happened that a few weeks before this time Mr. Blaine, in presenting to Congress the statue of Governor King, first Governor of Maine, to be placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol, had commented severely on the loyalty of Massachusetts, and especially the Federalist party, during the war with Great Britain in 1812. Of this party the father of Wendell Phillips, John Phillips, was a conspicuous member. When Blaine's speech was made, Dawes and Hoar were the Senators from Massachusetts, and they both essayed some sort of an impromptu reply thereto, but did themselves little credit in parrying the thrusts of Blaine's glittering rapier. So when Wendell Phillips met Blaine on this occasion he said to him, laughingly, "I wish I had been a member of this body for about an hour the other day, when you made that speech attacking the Massachusetts Federalists." "Ah," said Mr. Blaine, with that ready wit which never deserted him, "if *you* had been here, I shouldn't have made that speech!"

AT A THEOSOPHIST BOARDING-HOUSE.

I HAVE my meals at a boarding-house in Twenty-fifth Street, where most of the people are, or suppose themselves to be, Theosophists, writes a Drawer reader. The landlady, a bustling, capable, kind-hearted woman, is a thoroughgoing believer, and from time to time has some of these various *swamis* to dinner—handsome, dark-complexioned persons, with names that few people can pronounce, but which she, from having been brought up among just such folks among the hills of Connecticut, has as pat as you or I can say Smith and Robinson. As is natural, the talk here runs very much on the peculiarities of the Theosophist faith—reincarnations and the like. The waiters are Dennis, an Irishman, and Elijah, a colored man, who have in some degree caught the Theosophist contagion. At any rate they must discuss the subject together, if I may judge from a remark I heard Dennis drop lately. There is a man and his wife at this boarding-house who are very fond of nuts. They ask for them at breakfast, eat a great many, and make a good deal of litter, which the servants do not like. As Dennis was carrying off the debris the other morning he was heard to say to Elijah, "Shure at their next reincarnation, bedad, they'll be squirrels!" J.

Heath



THE STORY OF ALLIE CANNON'S DUEL.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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ALLIE CANNON'S FIRST AND LAST DUEL.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC").

"BUT, Aloysius," one of us said at length, "did it never happen to yourself to have to fight a duel in those days?"

Aloysius Cannon was seized with a great fit of laughter that agitated him like a shaking bog.

"Yes, yes," he said, as soon as he regained his self-possession. "Yes, I *did* fight a duel in them days—one."

"Let us hear of it, let us hear of it, by all means, Allie."

"Hear it!" "Hear it!" "Hear it!" was echoed around the room.

"Now, boys, don't gag me, for the Lord's sake! You have heard before this of my first and last duel."

"Not a word!"

"Sorrow take the whisper!"

"Devil a breath!"

"That surprises me. Well, lads, charge your glasses, and drink to the grand old times."

When we had done which, Allie, unloosing another button in his vest, threw himself back in his chair, the very picture of red-ripe content, and, his little eye twinkling with a reminiscent light, glanced around the board.

"There's half of a century gone since that now," Allie began, "and it seems like last week to me. I was a stripling, then, of nineteen years—and a rollicking devilish one, fit for all and any mischief. My head was chock-full of fun and tricks, and very little beside; for in them days the world, I assure you, boys, gave Allie Cannon very little trouble. Which, I suppose, accounts for me now in my gray hairs being the contented old sinner I am."

"I had gone down to Donegal on the Ordnance Survey, and at this particular time we were hanging out in the north of the county at Dunfanaghy. A merry

place we found it during our stay. The people couldn't be kinder to us, or gayer than what they were. No end of feasting and drinking, routs and revels. Such a time of spreeing and dissipation we hadn't had for a long time; and we did enjoy it, I tell you.

"But it was within ten days of our coming that this happened which I tell you the story about. On a Monday night—I remember well it was a Monday—we were to our first Dunfanaghy dance. And it was a great event. Pretty girls in plenty—almost to surfeit—and flirting and courting *go leor*.

"There was a French Colonel there—a Colonel Ferry. He had been born and brought up in France; but his father was a native of northern Donegal, and had gone to France half a century before. Colonel Ferry was a typical specimen, as I conceived it, of the French military dandy. There's little doubt about it, he was a fine figure of a man. His military dress and equipment, too, set him off to perfection; whilst his Frenchy airs and graces likewise helped not a little to impress the impressionable young females of Dunfanaghy. In short, there's no denying that he eclipsed every one of the rest of us most outrageously—yes, outrageously.

"But, fortunately for us, Colonel Ferry confined his attentions in a particular manner to *one* young lady. She was Miss Una MacSweeny, reputed heiress of large house and land property, and I don't know how many thousands of pounds. Independent of the glamour of her dowry Miss MacSweeny would probably be reckoned fairly pretty, but *with* her dowry she was, of course, rated as an exquisitely beautiful girl. The Colonel danced constant attendance on Miss MacSweeny, and Miss MacSweeny seemed

quite enamoured of the Colonel—as what girl there would not be?

“There were many of the lads present who considered they had a better claim upon Una MacSweeny’s gracious smiles than the French Colonel, and who were accordingly stirred with green envy; but none of them cared to cross the Frenchman, for he was a regular fire-eater, and was said to have fought a duel for almost every moon he saw—and, moreover, always managed to come out of them with both honor and success. There was allowed to be no better swordsman in this country, whilst his skill with the pistol was excelled by only few. Little wonder it was, then, that his courting was comparatively smooth. Within as many weeks after his coming north he had fought half a dozen duels with his usual success, and with the result that his path in love, as well as in all other lines, was henceforth smooth beyond the ordinary.

“The first I saw of him was on this night—though it was far from being the first I had heard of him, and not the last either. After that dance there was nothing talked of but Colonel Ferry, Colonel Ferry, Colonel Ferry—and Miss Una MacSweeny. Too much, to my mind, was spoken of him; for, so far as I saw, though he was a handsome enough man, and probably a brave enough, he was too pompous and too supercilious by half, and put on far too many airs; seeming to look down on the rest of the lads as so much dirt.

“I had myself made up to Una MacSweeny at the ball, and after some minutes’ conversation, solicited the pleasure of the next dance. Miss MacSweeny—in a very nice and regretful way, indeed—was sorry to have to refuse me, as she had promised the next to Colonel Ferry. The Colonel, who was right at my elbow, just then advanced and offered his arm to her, at the same time bestowing upon poor me a look which, he had little doubt, would wither me up into a pith ball. But I was happy to be able to disappoint him; I had not any intention of being withered by any man’s glance, or ill wish either. I gave the Colonel as good a look as I got—and, indeed, so far as I could judge, with just about the same effect. But the incident gave me a supreme contempt for the Frenchman.

“When, next day, reminiscences of the

ball were rife, and, as usual, the Colonel’s name was the beginning, the middle, and the end of the conversation, I told the boys of my *rencontre* with him, and they laughed right heartily, and made out to congratulate me on being alive to tell it. With a great deal of gravity they advised me to be a deal more circumspect for the time to come, and not again to cross the fiery path of the Colonel, or I’d get badly singed.

“I had been giving the matter some thought myself; for, to tell truth, my little encounter with the Colonel made me more than anxious to circumvent him, and to take the triumphant wag out of his tail. Says I to the boys, ‘I have little mind to concern myself trying to avoid that gentleman, believe me.’

“‘Take our advice, then, and do concern yourself, Allie,’ they said, ‘in our interests, for we haven’t any time to be fooling around funerals just now.’

“‘Do you know what it is, boys,’ I said; ‘this country, to the best of my belief, is too small for both the Frenchman and me.’

“The boys laughed again.

“‘You’d better pack up, then,’ they said.

“‘But does it dawn on ye at all, boys, that it’s maybe the Colonel who’ll need to pack and go?’ I said. And this gave the boys regular fits. ‘Boys,’ I said, seriously, ‘it’s my intention to engage the Colonel in a duel.’

“‘You!’ they replied, astounded. ‘You! To engage Colonel Ferry! And you never fought a duel in your life!’

“‘Yes, me,’ I said—‘me to engage Colonel Ferry—even though I never did fight a duel before. It’s not too late to begin, is it?’

“‘Well,’ they said, ‘you’d better get some one to tell you which side of a pistol the shot comes out of, before you take the Colonel on your hands.’

“‘As for that,’ says I, ‘I can give a shrewd guess. I intend knocking some of the proud feathers out of the Colonel’s plumage.’

“‘Are ye jokin’?’ says they. ‘Or are ye only mad?’

“‘That’s to be seen,’ says I.

“‘Now, look here, Allie Cannon,’ says the boys, ‘you’re young, and only lately from your mother, and we’re not going to stand by and let ye bring your death on yourself.’

"'Thanky, very much,' says I.

"'Colonel Ferry,' they said, 'is the best swordsman and the best shot in Ireland.'

"'I think I've heard that once or twice,' I said, a wee bit tartly, for every one had been dingdonging it in my ears from the time I came to those quarters.

"'Ay, but it's so,' they said.

"'And I didn't say it wasn't; nor don't mean to say it; nor don't care whether or no.'

"'He's pinked fifty men in his time.'

"'Then he's pinked plenty, and will pink no more, with God's help.'

"'He's knocked out seven since he come here alone,' they said.

"'The less reason, then, he'll have to grumble if he's knocked out himself, now,' says I.

"'Now, Allie Cannon,' says they, 'tell us solemnly and seriously, do you mean to throw away your young life?'

"'Solemnly and seriously,' says I, back again, 'I don't mean at all at all to throw away my young life. I hope, with God's help, to scratch as gray a pow as any of you; but I do mean what I say—that before I'm many days older I'll be on the sod with the Colonel. Moreover,' says I, 'I mean not only to meet the Colonel, but I mean likewise to chase him—ay, *chase* him, make him run, and, furthermore, to upset his intercourse with Una MacSweeny, and to spoil, once and forever, his chances.'

"The boys, when they heard that, shook their heads and left me. And I laughed right hearty to myself, when I was alone. For I had a plan in my noddle—I was always fertile of rascally plans and tricks—a plan in my noddle that was going to astonish them all!

"Right enough the boys, though they pretended to think I was cracked, concluded in their own minds that it was only joking I was. But I didn't say much.

"It was the very next week, and on Monday night likewise, that old Cornelius MacSweeny, Una's pater, gave a dance. Myself and the boys were of course all invited—and, it is superfluous to state, all went. The Colonel, as usual, was the central figure at the dance—if we bar Miss Una. I had come with the positive intention of crossing him and coaxing a challenge out of him, and I was just bursting with the mischief. I was not

long awaiting the opportunity. I succeeded in getting one dance—a polka—with Miss MacSweeny, and that just at a moment when I saw the Colonel striding towards her, to engage her for it. Then, as we danced, the Colonel stood haughtily by, with a scowl on his face. The second or third time that we polkaed in his direction, I, to my great satisfaction, succeeded in dancing on his toe. As soon after the dance as he got the opportunity, the Colonel came up to me.

"'Sir,' he said, blazing with anger, 'you trod upon my toe.'

"I was mopping my brow with my handkerchief when he came up. I paused, respectfully, to hear him, and then I went on with the mopping as I said: 'Oh, no matter, Colonel, no matter. I beg you'll not trouble apologizing, for I hardly felt the inconvenience at all.'

"Upon my word he turned as black as thunder as he wheeled and marched off. I just succeeded in bottling my laughter. But by-and-by I got the boys in a quiet corner and told them the joke. Whether to laugh or cry they hardly knew; but at length they laughed, and that merrily. The Colonel did not enjoy that night any more. What made it worse, one of the boys lost no time in telling Miss MacSweeny the sort of apology I made to the Colonel; and she nearly broke her sides over the joke, and hailing the Colonel, told him, as best she could for the laughing, what she had heard. This finished him outright, as you may suppose.

"Well and good, I wasn't out of my bed the next morning when there was a knock at my bedroom door, and Barney the boy, he come in, telling me that Mr. Latimer of Ards was below wanting to see me.

"'Tell Mr. Latimer,' says I, 'Barney, that I'm not out of my bed yet, but that if he doesn't mind he might step up and see me as I am.'

"Mr. Latimer had acted as the Colonel's friend in more than one delicate matter before, and I guessed well what was aboother to him this morning.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Latimer,' says I. 'How d'ye do? Take a—a—' I was going to say take a chair, but there wasn't such a thing in the room. 'Take a bed, Mr. Latimer,' says I, indicating a spare bed that was in the room.

"Mr. Latimer smiled, and seated himself on the side of the bed. 'I'm much

obliged,' says he. And says he, 'I suppose, Mr. Cannon, you know my business with you this morning?'

"Well, hard feedin' to me if I do, Mr. Latimer,' says I.

"Oh,' says he, 'I'm come from the Colonel. He's naturally upset about that unfortunate mistake of yours last night, and anxious to have it rectified.'

"Oh, is that it?' says I. 'Faith, and to tell you truth, I'm feelin' upset about it myself. If his toe is anything the worse,' says I, 'tell him I said he could call in the dearest doctor in the country-side, and I'll pay the damage.'

"Latimer, he laughed at this, and went on to say it wasn't so much his toe as his moral feelings that was hurt.

"Och, is that all?' says I, giving myself a roll in the bed and gathering in the blankets about me.

"And of course,' says Latimer, 'he's wanting satisfaction. That's my business here this morning, Mr. Cannon; and if you will kindly refer me to a friend who will undertake to manage the matter in your behalf, I'll be obliged.'

"Phew!' says I. 'Is that the way of it, Mr. Latimer? Surely,' says I, 'I'll be more than happy to oblige the Colonel. Mr. Latimer, if you give me time to get up and shake myself, and look about me for a friend, I'll get him to call on you as soon after I've secured him as possible.'

"The minute Latimer was gone, I was out of bed and had on my clothes, and ordered Barney to send me my breakfast and Tom Murnaghan, as fast as the devil would allow him. And in a jiffy I had the breakfast served, and Tom on the heels of it. I managed, between mouthfuls, to convey to Tom how the land lay, and asked him would he be my friend; and Tom swore it would give him a deal of pleasure to stand by me while I'd be shot.

"But it isn't going to be pistols, Tom, my son,' I said.

"What then? Blunderbusses, ye don't say?' says he.

"Blunderbusses I don't say,' says I, 'but swords. Tom,' says I, 'you must let me have my own way in this matter. It's going to be a signal and ignominious defeat for the Colonel'—Tom sneered when he heard this. 'A signal and ignominious defeat, I say, for the Colonel,' I repeated, quite coolly; 'and I must have

the battle royal on an original plan of my own.'

"And what plan's that?' says Tom, says he.

"It's this,' says I: 'Ye must arrange for the duel to be fought with swords, as I said, and on horseback—'

"What?' says Tom, says he.

"Whisht!' says I, 'till I'm finished. On horseback: and that it'll take place in a little enclosure just five minutes' walk out of the town on the west there, that they call Torlogh's Acre. The spectators may spectate from the top of the high clay fence that runs round the field; but you see yourself the necessity there is not to allow any inside the fences except ourselves and our seconds. And, moreover, the signal for the fight is to be the last chap of the church clock as it chaps out seven o'clock the morrow mornin'. Is that clear for you, Tom Murnaghan?' says I, and I took a long swig out of a cup of tea, fixing Tom with the white of my eye at the same time.

"About as clear as mud,' says Tom, quite sarcastic. 'In the name of common-sense,' says he, 'sure you're not serious about all that blatherskitin?'

"Amn't I?' says I.

"You're a fool,' says he.

"Thanky,' says I; 'and I suppose I must be so when you say it; for if there's one man in the north has a good right to pronounce upon a question of fools, it surely should be you.'

"And a blatherskite,' says Tom.

"I bow to your superior knowledge there again,' says I.

"Allie Cannon,' says he, leanin' forward to me, 'do you mean what you say?'

"Tom Murnaghan,' says I, 'I do mean what I say. Do ye take me to be as great a fool as yourself?'

"And them's the conditions of the duel?'

"Them's the conditions—them and no others. If you can't see your way to arrange things in that way, why, Tom, all I can do is to look out for a second who'll fall in with my wishes.'

"Tom, he got up, and putting his hands in his pockets, begun parading up and down the room without saying a word. And I went on finishing my breakfast.

"Allie Cannon,' says Tom, says he, after he'd done five or six turns, 'of course I'll stand to your back, no matter how much blamed humbug you in-

roduce into the affair; only I can't for the life of me see why you'll go making both yourself and me ridiculous. Besides,' says he, 'Colonel Ferry is certain to refuse to fight such a duel on such conditions; while ungenerous people—and there's plenty in Dunfanaghy as there is elsewhere—'ll be sure to put their own construction on the matter, and say you only wanted the excuse to shirk the fight.'

"'Tom,' says I, 'I'd be hanged sorry if the Colonel didn't fight—for, as I warned ye before, I'm going to chase him and disgrace him—chase him from the field and from the north of Ireland—hanged sorry I'd be; but, take my word for it, I've a string to my thumb, and all I've got to do is pull it, and the Colonel daren't refuse to fight if the conditions was ten times as uncommon.'

"'What's the string?' says Tom.

"'Miss Una MacSweeny,' says I, 'with all respect be it said, is the aforementioned string. Una will be rejoiced to know there is going to be a duel about her; she isn't quite up in the niceties of the French duel; and, moreover, even if she was, she wouldn't stand by and see a good thing spoiled. She'll cut the Colonel's acquaintance, or insist on his fighting. And, take my word for it, if the conditions was that we'd have to fight standing on the crown of our heads, with parlor tongs for weapons, the Colonel would give in sooner than lose Una's good-will.'

"'There's something in that, surely,' says Tom, after a while. 'But, all the same,' says he, after studying it, 'I can't for the life of me see what you're to gain by imposing the conditions you do.'

"'Tom, my son,' says I, 'I dare say you don't—just yet. But when all's over you'll see what I'll have gained by these conditions; and I venture to prophesy you'll smack me on the back for being a deuced rascally clever fellow.'

"'I hope so,' says poor Tom—'I hope so. I'm off, then, to see Latimer—and, my Lord! but it's me 'll have to suffer in the cause of friendship. I wish to goodness, Cannon, we could only swap places.'

"As Tom Murnaghan had predicted—and as I could just as easily have predicted myself—Mr. Latimer, let alone the Colonel himself, wasn't for hearing of a duel in the way proposed.

"'It's outrageous, Mr. Murnaghan,' Latimer said—'outrageous.'

"And the Colonel he was ready to jump out of his skin when he heard the way the duel was proposed to be. But, as I told Tom, that would soon be rightified; and I was correct. For no sooner did the business get wind and come to Miss MacSweeny's ears than she was quite enraptured with it, and insisted on the Colonel's making Latimer accept Tom's terms, and go ahead with the row by hook or by crook. It wasn't a bit of use for the Colonel to try to make her understand why he shouldn't and couldn't and wouldn't fight upon such conditions. Miss MacSweeny wouldn't lend herself to reason; she protested, and insisted that he should and could and would fight, and threatened to give the Colonel his dismissal if he refused to do that much for her. So the end of it was that the poor Colonel was ballyragged and coerced, against both will and conscience, into accepting the terms and agreeing to the fight.

"I was as glad as a goldfinch when I heard it. I took Tom Murnaghan into my plans instanter, and there and then told him in strictest secrecy how I meant to defeat the Colonel—"

"How, Allie?" we hastily interrupted.

Said Allie: "As I managed to keep my secret then, I guess I'll be able to keep it now. You'll hear it in its proper course.

"Well, Tom, he certainly laughed a deal over it when he heard it. But when he was tired laughing at it, he hemmed and hawed, and shook his head a good deal. 'Now, for the Lord's sake, Tom Murnaghan,' says I, 'will you just do as you're bid, and I'll take the blame—if any blame there is to be.'

"'In troth, Allie Cannon,' says he, 'ye'll only have your share of it. But—in for a penny, in for a pound—as I've been fool enough to be induced by you to put my finger in the pie at all, I'll go through with the business, and take potluck for how we'll come out of it.'

"And, to tell truth, when Tom Murnaghan did commit himself to anything, he went through with it like a brick. So he now put himself in my hands and did my bidding, and carried out my orders like a black slave; and before he laid down his weary head to sleep that night he had everything in apple-pie order for me, and had me ready to be shoved into the field.

"And we were up with the lark next

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“‘HO-HO-HO! YE COWARD, YE!’ SAYS I.”

morning—that is, if we hadn’t a step or two the foreway of it—and as brisk as a pair of bees, the both of us. As early as we were up—and we had thought ourselves nearly the first—there was a stream of people moving to the field already. For, to be sure, the day before, the fact that the Colonel had another duel on his hands had run the country like a moor afire, and there wasn’t a man or a boy able to creep, crawl, or walk, or drag himself on crutches, but was bent on seeing the fun. So, as it drew up to seven o’clock, you may guess for yourselves far better than I can tell you the size of the tremendous crowd that lined the ditches round Torglogh’s Acre. They were crushing and crowding and squabbling and fighting, too, for seats on the ditch and room to look on. They were from the farthest ends of the parish, and more than one or one hundred from the next parishes to it. Such a crowd, in fact, wasn’t seen together in these parts before for a long while. Some of them, I was told, had come the

night before, with their breakfasts tied up in red handkerchiefs in their hand. They got the choice seats, and in the morning, before the play commenced, they sat there as content as the flowers o’ May, munching their meat out of their fists, and waiting with patience and cheerfulness for the fools that were to provide them with the fun.

“I packed Tom off to the field before me. And he met Latimer there, and talked things over with him and made the final arrangements. At ten minutes to seven, the Colonel, he arrived on a steed every bit as fiery and as haughty as himself—and that’s saying a deal. Miss MacSweeny and the flower of the Dunfanaghy young ladies arrived, and were accommodated with good and prominent seats. The Colonel, he went prancing round the field, and up and down the field, looking very high and mighty entirely, and casting an odd scornful glance at the open-mouthed crowd. Now and again he pranced up to Miss MacSweeny

or some other of the young ladies, and passed a witty word or a compliment with them, and then off sidling and prancing again—a mighty sight to see, all gave in.

“There was a deal of pity expressed for me, I was told, everywhere round the field; it was taken for granted that the Colonel would make mince-meat of me, and that the wind of his sword would be enough for me. And when it crept up and up to seven o'clock, and still no sign of me putting in an appearance, the whisper begun to go round that, after all, I had rued and run away; and some of the boys that had come far and fasting cursed me on the empty stomach (which, they say, is about the most vicious curse could be given a man) for depriving them of their morning's diversion—it being the general opinion that I should have cheerfully consented to get butchered to make a Dunfanaghy holiday.

“But I did not intend depriving the poor fellows of their little innocent bit of diversion—and I didn't. When the church clock chapped out the first stroke of seven I hadn't put in an appearance, and I believe there was a deal of grumbling begun; and as the clock went on chapping, and still no sign of me, the grumbling grew louder; and the Colonel, he shook his head at Miss MacSweeny, and smiled knowingly, as much as to say, ‘I'm not one bit surprised.’

“But, lo and behold you! the instant the hammer of the clock was coming down on the seventh and last chap, into the field, by way of a narrow hidden lane, and with a jingle and a jangle and a clatter and a clang, enough to make the dead shoulder their tombstones and rise up, myself cantered, mounted upon Shan the Hawker's old mare ‘Jinny,’ that was a walking picture of old age and misery, and ‘Jinny,’ moreover, all hung and strung round with the most tremendous collection of old tins, tin porringers, and tin cans that was ever yet seen outside a tinker's shop; and at every step ‘Jinny’ gave, ye would take your oath, if ye heard the clang and the clatter, that it was ten tinkers' shops rolling in the Bay of Biscay.

“The field was dazed for one minute, and then the next minute they let such a roar of laughter out of them as might have been heard on Tory Island, ten miles off. I myself looked as grave as a clergyman at the burial service; and without losing any time, I clapped the spurs into

‘Jinny’ and headed her for where the Colonel was seated upon his horse, and both of them looking transfixed. And ‘Jinny’ had such a peculiar gait of going—first tossing up her head and the front half of her body and then her tail and the hinder half—that the tins jingled and jangled ten times louder, and the people roared and roared ten times harder than before. And ere I'd got within decent distance of the Colonel his steed begun to fidget and shy, and at length took her head with her and turned tail across the field. I gave chase after my own fashion, but couldn't catch up; for the Colonel's mare went dashing and prancing and bolting like a mad thing all over the field, and would have gone in of a rabbit-hole, if she could only have got one convenient, to escape the tinker's shop that was coming thundering behind her. The Colonel was pulling and tugging at his steed for all he was worth, and cursing like a good one—cursing the mare, and cursing me, and cursing the crowd that yelled with the madness of the laughter. I still kept the countenance of a barrister, and pursued him with all the noise of a foundry from one quarter of the field to another, waving my sword over my head, and yelling on him to stand his ground and fight me like a man. The Colonel would have given half of all he was worth to be able to get at me and massacre me there and then; but though he pulled and tugged and walloped his mare to make her answer the rein, and frothed and fumed till he was white and black in the face, the mare would no more face me than a rabbit would face a battery of cannon.

“‘Ho-ho-ho! ye coward, ye!’ says I, shaking my sword at him, and pretending to be thirsting for his blood, as I clapped the spurs into ‘Jinny’ and gave him another chase. ‘Ho-ho-ho! ye dirty coward! And this is the sort of courage you show, is it, when ye meet your match? Will ye not stand till I get even one *pol-thogue* of my sword at ye? I'll carve ye as neatly as that ye'll nearly feel proud of being the corpse that comes under my hand!’

“But the next dash I made at him, his mare shook herself free of the last wee bit of control he had over her, and made a clean burst for the gap and the lane I had come in of; and out with her at a bound, and me out after, as close on their

THE TRIUMPH
OF "JINNY."



heels as ever I could come, clanging and jangling, waving my sword, and roaring to him louder than ever; and the crowd, losing the last control of themselves too, went into such fits with the pure dint of laughing that several fainted, and had to be carried off the field.

"The Colonel's mare, getting rid of the field and having a straight course before her, went off now right across the country like a puff of wind, carrying the poor heart-broken Colonel without his hat, and his hair streaming behind him, till they soon disappeared from sight altogether.

"That I was what they call 'the hero of the hour' there's little need to say. 'Jinny' was caught and led in triumph through Dunfanaghy, and I carried on the shoulders of the crowd. The poor Colonel, he never pulled rein that morning till he stopped on the Diamond of Derry. And to Dunfanaghy he never came back. He paid his landlady by the

mail-carrier, and had his traps and fittings sent to him, and he decamped, none in Dunfanaghy knew where, for he did not as much as send a scrape of a letter even to Una MacSweeny—but it's likely he went to France with small delay.

"And, to tell truth, Una did not show any sign of breaking her heart at all after him, barring it would be with the laughing—fits of which she took every time she thought of the Colonel and the duel. For myself, I was at once established as a *persona grata* with her; and if I'd only had the sense to mind my p's and q's, and to know what was good for me, I might now be a nice respectable old retired shopkeeper, telling this story to my little Dunfanaghy grandchildren, instead of the old bachelor foggy I am, telling my tale here for the amusement of the gang of reprobates I see about me—

"Pass that bottle, MacAnulty, confound you!"

THEN AND NOW.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ERE time drew lines upon his brow
And flecked his hair with snow,
The master caught a little bird—
'Twas many years ago.
He caged it in his inner heart,
That bird with rainbow wing,
And all his soul with rapture thrilled
To hear his captive sing.

When storms arose a sweet repose
He felt the bird impart;
Or high or low the winds might blow
Yet not disturb the heart.
The utter joy its notes would bring
He had no words to speak;
And gladness filled him when he felt
The pressure of its beak.

Came want or plenty, joy or grief,
Whatever fortune sent,
So long as sang the bird within,
The master was content.
In moody silence now he sits,
A lonely man to-day;
The cage remains with open door,
The bird has flown away.

THE LAST ROOM.

From The Departure of Pierrot ::

BY BLISS CARMAN.

THERE, close the door!
I shall not need these lodgings any more.
Now that I go, dismantled wall and floor
Reproach me and deplore.

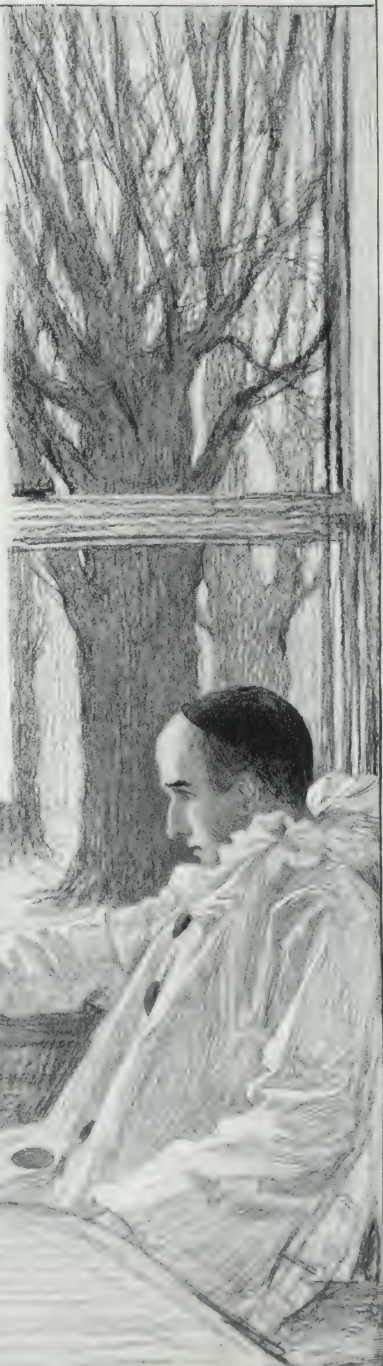
"How well," they say,
"And silently we served you day by day,—
Took every mood, as you were sad or gay
In that strange mortal way."

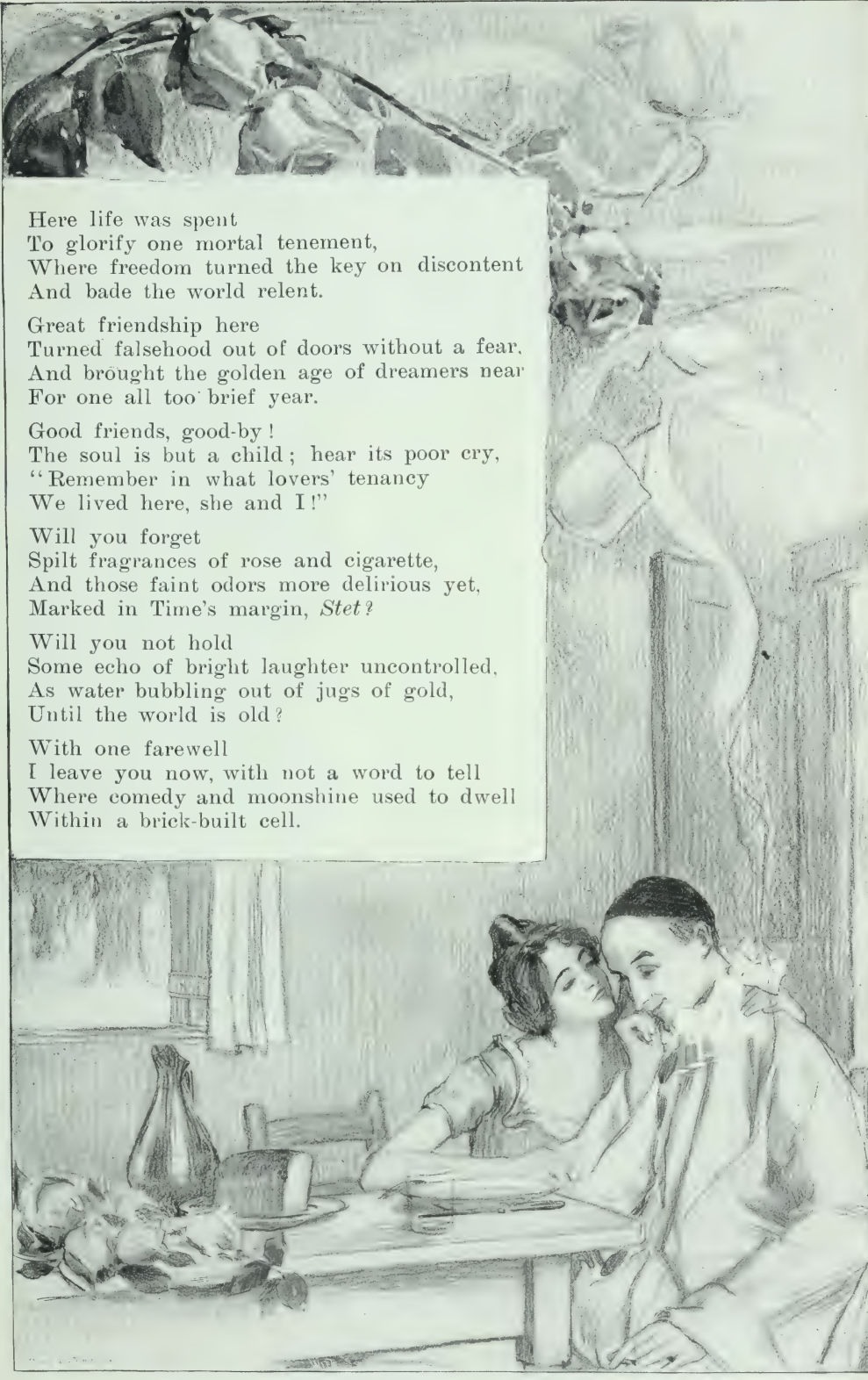
These patient walls
Seem half to know what suffering befalls
The steadfast soul whom destiny appalls
And circumstance enthralls.

A solitude,
Dim as an orchard, quiet as a wood;
My six mute friends who stolidly withstood
Tempest and turmoil rude;

One door, wherethrough
Came human love in little gown and shoe;
One window, where great Nature robed in blue
Smiled benediction too;

And one hearth-stone,
The kind primeval fire-god made his own,—
Bringing us back the wood life we had known,
With lighted log and cone.





Here life was spent
To glorify one mortal tenement,
Where freedom turned the key on discontent
And bade the world relent.

Great friendship here
Turned falsehood out of doors without a fear,
And brought the golden age of dreamers near
For one all too brief year.

Good friends, good-by!
The soul is but a child; hear its poor cry,
"Remember in what lovers' tenancy
We lived here, she and I!"

Will you forget
Spilt fragrances of rose and cigarette,
And those faint odors more delirious yet,
Marked in Time's margin, *Stet*?

Will you not hold
Some echo of bright laughter uncontrolled,
As water bubbling out of jugs of gold,
Until the world is old?

With one farewell
I leave you now, with not a word to tell
Where comedy and moonshine used to dwell
Within a brick-built cell.

In days to be
Others shall laugh here, roister and make free,
Be bold or gay,—but no such comedy
As blessed this life for me.

In nights to come
Others shall dream here, radiant or glum,
Pondering the book God gives us each to
thumb,—
Our page to solve and sum,—

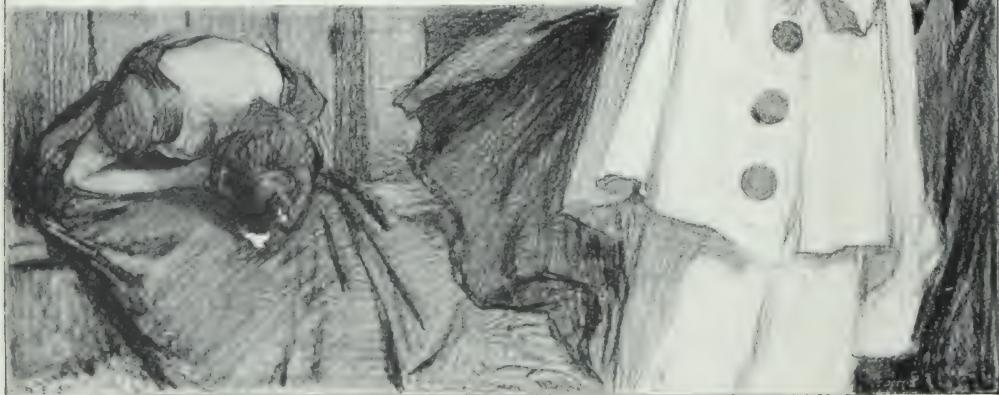
But nevermore
Such moonshine as would tread this square of
floor,
And for love's sake illumine and explore
The dark at sorrow's core.

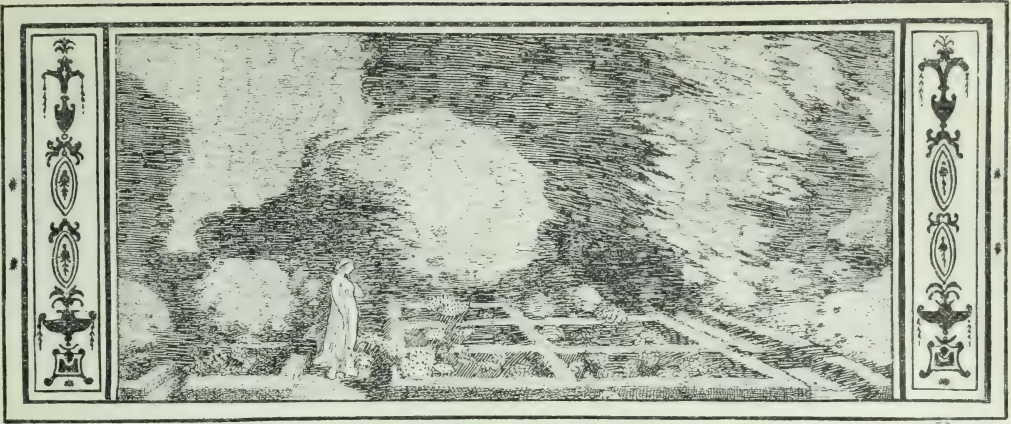
"The sad Pierrot
Lived here and loved,"—how will the story go?—
"Caught rapture from the moment's zest or woe,
One winter long ago.

"Here did Pierrette
Throw dice with destiny to pay love's debt,
Gay, kind, and fearless, without one regret
When the last stake was set."

Peace, peace, fair room,—
My peace be with them still, through shine
and gloom,
Who here may sojourn, ere they too resume
This search for house and home.

Now, to explore!
The impatient wind is in the corridor;
Fate lays a finger on my sleeve once more;
And I must close this door.





THE LADY OF THE GARDEN.

BY ALICE DUER.

THE church of St. James was crowded with a company of well-dressed and cheerful people, save for a sprinkling of celebrities, who, of course, were neither. The nave was brilliant with colors; nature's one-hued flowers in the chancel were completely eclipsed by the flowers of the milliner, which, closely massed in the pews, were nodding and turning and trembling like a grain-field in the wind.

Drowning the roar of the town, which burst in with each new-comer, the organist was discoursing the soul-shaking music of the early acts of *Lohengrin* to an audience not in the least prepared to be shaken; for those few among it who were silent were wholly absorbed in thoughts of their own weddings—past or possible.

The bride was late. The groom was waiting in the vestry-room.

If the groom had been a poor bank-clerk, with an infinitesimal income, he would probably have been married years before, for women were important to him. The best things in his nature were at their disposal if they chose to ask for them (which they had been known to do), and he in return received their best, not only of things spiritual, but of those small subtleties and graces which the wise do not despise.

Unfortunately for him, however, he was a peculiarly eligible person, whose marriage his friends advised and his family plotted; and, indeed, his own rea-

son so heartily agreed with them that none of his other faculties would have anything to say to the plan.

Led either by the opinion of his family or by his own experience, he had acquired the theory that any given man can marry any given woman, provided only that she be not previously attached to some one else—a doctrine that acted like naphtha on the fiery tempers of the women to whom he was so foolhardy as to confide it. There are few attitudes so irritating to the female mind as that of a man who wants to fall in love but doesn't. Not a few women had encouraged a certain measure of intimacy, in order to demonstrate to him how untenable his position was; while others, observing how long and warily he had avoided the toils of matrimony, felt a natural desire to show him that his ensnarement therein might be accomplished. The inner history of these psychological more than sentimental episodes will never be known, but at thirty-five he remained unmarried.

The woman for whom he was now waiting had drawn him by many attractions. She was beautiful; she was indifferent. The world, which is always slow to distinguish between a desire to attract and an inability to help attracting, was of the opinion that she was flirtatious. She was, in any case, ten times as capricious as he. If he ever came to her with faint stirrings of doubt that she

was not the only woman in the world for him, he usually found that she had already come to the conclusion that she liked some one else better, and in contesting her doubts he found his own disappeared. Of late he could almost have persuaded himself that they had never existed, had it not been for the strong and most illogical attraction which she had for him. She reminded him of another woman.

Some years before, a strange thing had happened to this man. He had been staying for a few days in a mountainous and uncultivated country; and one evening, led by a restless humor and a riotous summer moon, he wandered out alone. He followed no path, but went aimlessly through woods, which rustled with owls and bats and unseen four-footed creatures, restless as himself. Finally, on the side of a mountain, he came out of the darkness of the trees upon an unsuspected garden.

All round about it a hedge grew, ragged and high, save where it was broken by the space a gate should have filled; but of this nothing remained but two futilely menacing gate-posts. Between these he entered. Straight grass-grown paths, bordered by uncut box, stretched ahead of him. On all sides box marked out squares which had once been flower-beds, but were now nothing but patches of grass and weeds. A single flowering bush at the entrance had outlived the years of neglect. In the moonlight it looked to him as if a great checker-board of dark green and light lay at his feet.

And as he stood, touched by the desolation about him, he saw a figure coming toward him—the figure of a woman. When she came near enough for him to see her face, his first thought was not that she was beautiful, though afterward he rejoiced to remember that she must have been. He only felt that the spirit of the princesses of his childhood, of the Helen of his Homeric days, of Juliet and of Guinevere, was embodied and stood before him. All the creations of other men's genius, who had delighted and maddened and eluded him, who had made the women of reality passionless and commonplace, seemed to him to be concentrated in this one woman—to be here and to be his.

Where two paths crossed they stood and looked at each other a little while in

silence. A breeze came blowing up the valley, faintly chill, as if it had followed the course of an unseen brook. It rustled the trees behind them, but otherwise the silence was unbroken, except for their own infrequent sentences. He never could remember what she said to him, for afterward he dreamt so vividly of all that he would have had her say, and what he himself would have answered, that he never again could separate the dream from the reality. But he knew that the moonlight and the garden and the scent of the bush at the gate were to her what they were to him. He remembered that whatever she had expressed had been like the discovery of some unknown part of his own soul.

It seemed inevitable that they should part where they had met, and so between the boxwood borders he bade her farewell.

Night after night he came back to the garden, but the lady of the garden returned no more. Night after night he waited at the gateless entrance. Night after night a smaller moon looked down upon him, until at length only a pallid crescent shone just before dawn, and still he waited.

At last all hope failed him, and he went back to a world whose women had lost their charm. Thus it was for a time, and then reality began to contend with recollection—at first unsuccessfully. At first he wanted to remember. At first he believed what his memory told him he had felt. Then, as the claims of the present grew strong, he said to himself that he had exaggerated his own emotions. The claims of the present grew stronger. He wanted to forget, and he forgot.

The music of the organ stopped for a second, and then poured itself forth in a wedding-march. The bride had arrived. He went out into the church. He stood beside her at the altar, and in the light of the great yellow east window they were married.

He had no doubts now. She was desirable; she was elusive. A man might safely promise that, forsaking all others, he would keep him only unto her as long as they both should live. Reality had everything its own way. He thought with gratitude that the real had no longer any shadowy rival.

Then they turned from the altar, and in the first pew, untouched by time, the Lady of the Garden was sitting.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"THE Tree of Knowledge," so called by the people who dwelt in its vicinity, stood on the border of the turnpike road to Boston. It was an ancient elm, as venerable as any prophet, with the wide benediction of his giant arms and the shelter of his green mantle on a hot noontide.

And there was a great hollow in the mighty trunk of the tree, and therein was a sack of calf-skin, cunningly fitted for protection of its precious contents against rain and dampness. Every day the driver of the Boston stage drew in his mettlesome steeds beside the old elm and plunged a hasty hand into the depths of the calf-skin sack. There was no post-office in this tiny settlement, and therefore no way of sending or obtaining the mail except through the friendly offices of the driver and the tree.

The stage dashed down the turnpike every night with a rattling roar of wheels, which carried far, and caused the men in distant hay-fields and wood-lots to stand and listen with hollowed hands at ears, and remark, with that small and primitive triumph which comes from the unquestionable evidence of the senses, "There's the stage-coach."

Every night, just after the passing of the stage, came young Annie Pryor, to see if perchance she might glean anything from its leavings for herself.

Annie would hasten down the road in the summer-time, ruffling to the wind like a rose, with her muslins and laces and ribbons. In the winter season she went clad from neck to heel in a great red cloak, which parted the pale dusk like the red breast of a robin as she danced along.

No matter how fast she came, she always paused a moment before she thrust her little hand into the secret place of the old elm in search of a letter, as if she were collecting her courage for a possible disappointment. But always once in a fortnight, and sometimes oftener, she found there a letter for herself, addressed in a handwriting very fine and clearly cut, with elegant curves and shadings, but always large, with even an exaggera-

tion and affectation of boldness, to prove beyond doubt that it was a man's. Always when Annie secured her letter, and turning the superscription to the light, saw the handwriting, a soft blush came over her face and a look of rapture and wonder into her eyes.

She always hid the letter in the lowest depths of her pocket, and never by any chance read it until after she was home, and sometimes not until she went to bed, and was sure that nobody would see her face until the look which it had worn during the reading had faded away. However, there was nobody in the house to see her except her elder sister, Cornelia, and the servant-woman, Deborah Noyes, who had lived with them ever since Annie was born; but their eyes were very sharp and pitiless with love.

There never had been and never would be letters like these, according to Annie Pryor's judgment, which was biassed by the wisdom of utter innocence of the world, and a fancy as holy in its picturings as a Fra Angelico's. As all women were angels to him, so were all men angels to her. Annie read these letters as she read her Bible, with her heart and her pulses aglow indeed with a warmth which confused her, but with her imagination in the holy of holies, and crowning the writer with an aureole of beauty and sanctity.

She had never seen him in the flesh, and had no idea concerning his identity. The name signed to the letters was clearly a fictitious one—"David Amicus." In those days sentiment was in its fulness of glory, and had not yet overlapped its own height to the descent of the ridiculous. People, especially women, regarded its farthest flights in their correspondence seriously, and with most ardent approbation.

So Annie Pryor, reading with flutterings and palpitations innumerable these epistles signed with a name evidently inspired by Scripture and Latin and sentimentality, and full of such lofty conclusions that the writer seemed more than mortal man, could he exemplify them in himself, was in a rapture of en-

thusiasm and admiration. She was in love with a man whom she had never seen, and who represented to her mind something between a Messiah and a Crusader.

But, after all, the affection of her maiden heart was awakened by nothing except the love which made itself evident through all the lofty verbosity of sentiment, like the strong sweetness of honey. Annie tasted, smelled, and in-breathed the fervent love and the tender glorification of herself in the letters, and her heart leapt to meet it, all in the dark, but none the less surely.

Annie never answered these letters; she never dreamed of such a thing; indeed, there was no address given. She was quite contented to respond silently to all this graciousness of affection, not having as yet arrived at such an understanding of love that its need of herself could occur to her and fill her with distress.

Annie had received her first letter from her unknown admirer when she had just passed her seventeenth birthday. The week before, she had heard of the marriage of the only girl friend whom she had ever known, who had moved to another village with her parents two years before. Annie returned from the neighbor's where she had heard the news, her eyes big with wonder and a certain vague trouble.

She seated herself at a window and remained for some time, looking out without speaking. Then she said, slowly and timidly, to her sister Cornelia, who was sitting opposite embroidering a fine cambric frill for her, "Cornelia."

"What is it, love?" asked Cornelia, softly.

The two were half-sisters; there was a difference of many years in their ages, and a great dissimilarity in their figures. Cornelia was extremely tall and full of a willowy sinuosity, and Annie was almost as small and slight as a child, and as weakly pliable in her movements; still, the likeness to their common father was in their faces. Their voices were widely different too, Annie's having a thin sweetness of quality like a reed, with no reserve, and Cornelia's being not low, but hushed. Cornelia gave the impression of being reined in, either by herself, in opposition to the urgings of Providence, or by Providence, in opposition to her own desire for bolting. She looked at Annie now with a mild gravity of expression, which concealed a quick warmth as of

fire. "What is it, love?" she repeated, when the young girl did not answer at once, but still hesitated with that look of vague trouble in her eyes.

"Rebecca is married," Annie said, slowly.

"Yes," assented Cornelia, who never seemed surprised.

"She is married to a young man in Greenfield, where they went to live, her aunt Maria told me."

Cornelia saw that Annie's eyes were full of tears.

"Are you hurt because Rebecca did not write you about her marriage, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"No; she has written me very seldom since she went away. Her aunt said she would write soon. She has been very busy making her wedding clothes. She has hem-stitched and fagoted everything, and trimmed all her bed-linen with knitted lace." Annie looked at Cornelia with a kind of abashed directness. "Cornelia, when do you think I shall be married?"

Cornelia smiled; then her mouth drew down at the corners. "In the Lord's good time, I trust, love," she replied.

"I hope it will be before long," said Annie, simply and seriously; "or maybe I shall not be married at all. I am seventeen—two months older than Rebecca was."

"Are you not contented and happy as you are, love?" asked Cornelia, and there was a delicate intonation of reproach in her voice.

Then Annie's heart smote her. "Oh, dear Cornelia," she cried out, sweetly, "of course I am happy and contented, but—" then she stopped again.

"I am contented and happy since I have you. I ask for nothing more. You have filled my cup of blessing up full, Annie."

"But I have no Annie," the younger sister rejoined, laughing childishly, "and when I am as old as you, Cornelia, I will have no Annie."

"There is nothing for you to do, for any woman to do, but to trust in the Lord about all such matters," Cornelia said, sternly and with a certain dignity. "If He intends you to have a married life, He will send you some one in good season; if not, and He intends you to be single, you must learn to be contented. Every state has its compensations, and nothing is as unequal as it appears."

"Dear Cornelia," said Annie, abruptly,

"was that why you did not get married—just because the Lord did not send you any one?" Annie spoke in a tone of the sweetest and most deprecating curiosity, her face flushing, but Cornelia turned pale as Annie had never seen her, and Deborah Noyes, who had come in and was sweeping the hearth, gave a frightened start.

"I would rather not talk about such matters, love," Cornelia answered, gently, and yet with an accent which filled the younger sister with pain and distress.

"Oh, Cornelia, forgive me!" she faltered out.

Annie had a feeling that she had outraged secrecy and delicacy, and all the more because old Deborah later took her apart and charged her never to ask her sister such questions. "There air things which had better not be talked about," said the old woman, who had been married in her early youth, had the wisdom of experience, and regarded Annie as her own child.

"Oh, Deborah, I did not mean any harm!" Annie returned, piteously.

"I know you didn't," rejoined Deborah; "but there air things which is only betwixt folks and their Maker, and not to be spoke of by their nearest and dearest."

So Annie Pryor, being forbidden to speak, could only think, and as a result of her thought kept her love-letters secret when they began to arrive a week later.

Annie felt quite justified in her secrecy. The dear and noble unknown had signed what was evidently an assumed name; he did not wish his identity discovered, and she had the authority of her elders that there were subjects better not discussed, and between one's self and God.

So Annie hid her love and her letters, and grew and blossomed into fuller life, like a flower which conceals the secret of its growth from even those who tend and love it, keeping always the god that giveth the increase hidden in the shadow of its own life. Annie had always been pretty, but now she grew into such a beauty that even the stolid farmer folk thereabout, men blunted with toil and the dull fitting of desires to means under the yoke of Providence, turned back to look at her, and the women grew reminiscent and comparative at the sight of her, and glanced in their looking-glasses.

However, she had very few admirers of

any kind in this little place, scarcely more than the nucleus of a village. It had always been inconceivable to people why Captain Jonas Pryor, Annie's father, had settled there when he gave up his traffic on the high seas. It may have been that the loneliness and isolation of the place appealed to the man, used to the loneliness and isolation of the sea; at all events, he seemed happy there. However, he had Annie, for whose sake he had quitted his life work and turned his back forever on his good ship, and she was all-sufficient. Captain Pryor had always been a kind father to Cornelia, but she was not like little Annie, the child of his pretty second wife, herself young enough to be his daughter, who had died when he was cruising off the coast of Ceylon.

After Captain Pryor came home he never let Annie out of his sight when he could avoid it, and he was as wroth as he might have been on his quarter-deck, when somebody suggested sending her away to school.

"I guess by the time she knows as much as her sister and I can teach her she will know enough for any woman," he said; "and as for putting that little tender thing in with a parcel of great girls not good enough to tie her shoes, I'll be damned first! I've sailed about enough around this world to get my bearings, and know about as well where the rocks and the quicksands be as the teachers and the parsons do, and I guess I'll be full as faithful about shunting her off 'em as they'd be. And as for the rest, I guess Cornelia has been polished high enough to give a little of her shine to her sister."

Cornelia was well fitted to teach her young sister, having graduated at a young ladies' seminary, and having been well grounded in the accomplishments, as well as in some more advanced branches than were usually in vogue in such institutions.

As for Captain Pryor, being determined to keep his darling with him and avoid all necessity for self-reproach, he taught her the rude astronomy acquired during long watches on deck under the expanse of stars, and also, as well as he was able with no opportunity for practical illustration, how to navigate a ship.

He imparted to her his well-tested knowledge of geography, with sundry scornful dissensions from the maps in

use. "I tell you all the way to know a coast is by sailing round it," he would say, emphatically, "and it goes out here where that fool has made it go in. Guess he would go to pieces before he had time to say his prayers, if he tried to sail where he has marked water. Don't you ever try to sail a ship according to such bearings, sweetheart."

In fair and mild weather little Annie used to sit with her father on the house-top, around which he had erected a balustrade, and she learned strange lessons of fact and fancy, having for a great treat the looking through her father's spy-glass at the strip of blue sea visible on a clear day, and watching the sails moving along the horizon distance like clouds in the sky. But it did not last long. Captain Pryor was quite an old man, and the breaking up of the ways of a lifetime shake the foundations of life. He died suddenly when Annie was still only a child, and she was left in the care of her elder sister. She was as safe as she would have been with her own mother. As fond as Annie's father had been of her, it would have been impossible for him to surround her always so impalpably and yet so completely, with such fine and discriminating tenderness. The tenderness of one woman for another is farther reaching in detail than that of a man, because it is given with a fuller understanding of needs. Annie was fenced and ramparted against all evils and roughnesses of life, in all the ways which the patience and loving cunning of two devoted women could devise. They kept her from all evil, and all knowledge of it. They saw to it that her feet were dry, and the food for her imagination clean. She had seen only the love-illuminated side of her old sea-captain father, whose knowledge of the wickedness on the face of the earth was as securely hidden from the innocent eyes of his daughter as if it had lain at the deepest bottom of the sea. She had never read a novel; she had had only one companion of her own age, a simple girl, whose life had been as sequestered as her own, and Cornelia had never left the two alone long, and taught Annie to tell her what they talked about. There were no young men in the village except one lout of a farmer's lad, who was beyond the reach of her imagination, or, rather, far short of it. Annie regarded

him no more than she would have regarded a way-side tree, and he viewed her with Heaven knows what dull acquiescence of admiration, stepping out of her path as stupidly and unquestioningly as one of his own oxen. He being the only other of her own age in the village, it was not surprising that Annie was obliged to draw wholly upon her imagination for the original of her unknown lover. Her mind was an absolute blank as to his reality. She could not, search her memory as she would, recall the face of any man whom she had ever seen who in the least answered to her conception of him. So she fed her love with her own fancy and the noble sentiments and words of ardent and respectful devotion transcribed upon the sheets of foolscap, and many a time, when she was ostensibly seated with her sister at work on her embroidery, she was holding sweetest communion with her lover in that farthest closet of secrecy behind silent lips.

Sometimes, however, since there were forces at work within herself of which she knew nothing, she was not quite happy, and there was a sense of insufficiency in her life. She was reaching the point where dreams would not content her. In those days she took to standing long at the gate in the evening and peering down the country road in the dusk, as if she were looking for some one, and on a moonlight night she sat at her window watching out over the pale illumination of the meadow, instead of going to bed. If the knocker sounded, her heart beat high with anticipation, and every footstep smote her ear like the prophecy of another. She prayed timidly, not being sure that such prayers were right, that her lover might appear to her at the elm some day, instead of his letter, and she became so agitated that she could scarcely breathe or walk steadily on her way thither. She reasoned that he might come on the stage, and wait there for her. Finally she became quite sure that he would do so, and every night arrayed herself with the daintiest care. Her mother had possessed an expensive wardrobe, which had been little worn at her death. Cornelia kept her own finery of youth only for her young sister, and Captain Pryor had been well-to-do for those times. Annie went clad in fine array, in shimmering silks and fine mus-

lins and embroideries, like a princess, but they became her well as concerned her looks and her breeding and her birth. Both Annie's mother and Cornelia's had been of fine old Boston stock, with high claims to gentility.

Annie always waited, by her sister's instructions, until the stage was so far past that nobody could espy her, before she sought the tree; and thus it often happened that her dainty toilets were all unseen except by the loving women at home, who would have thought her fair in rags. Sometimes a sense of impatience and futility came over the young girl as she tied on her hat before the looking-glass and arranged her brown curls to the best advantage. She longed, as naturally and innocently as she might have longed for water when thirsty, for the eyes of her lover to reflect her beauty, that she might see it with its best meaning. This little Annie Pryor, stealing palpitatingly down the road to the old tree, was feminine to the heart's core. No power of straining out of her natural line was in her. Noble sentiment was her spiritual bread, and love was her honey. She was fonder of her quiet needle than of any other employment, and her soul seemed to permeate to the farthest hem on her flounces, the scallops of her tucker, and the forked ends of her ribbons, such an entirety of prettiness she was as she walked.

It happened one afternoon in December, when Annie had just passed her eighteenth birthday, that the Boston stage was late, though she did not know it. She had sat in her favorite place by a window, embroidering a pocket-handkerchief which she privately designed for a feature of her wedding finery, until it was past the usual time for the arrival of the stage; then she rose.

Cornelia looked up from her work at an opposite window. "Wrap yourself up warmly, love," she said, "for it looks cold outside."

Annie put on her red cloak and wound a furry tippet round her throat before she set out. It was cold, and threatening snow. The sky hung low with gray clouds, and there was a stillness which shocked the senses like sound. The presence of the storm seemed to make itself felt, like the presence of life in a dark and silent room. It was almost night, but not dark; somewhere beyond the

clouds was the full moon. This little human thing full of life and warmth hurried on like a spark of fire through the quiet of death and storm. She did not meet a living creature nor hear a sound until she was near the old elm. Then she heard the rumble of the approaching stage. "The stage is late," she told herself, in dismay, and did not know what to do. Then she reasoned quickly, while the stage was drawing nearer, that she would not have time to go back and reach the turn into the lane where the Pryor house stood before it was upon her, and made up her mind to the only course of action possible. She stepped aside from the road, and sought the shelter of the wood at the right behind the great elm. The wood was composed of oaks, and white birches waving about in the dusk like white wands of conjurers. Annie went as far into the wood as she deemed necessary to screen herself from prying eyes on the stage-coach, and hid behind an oak, folding her red cloak tightly around her slender form. Then she waited until the stage rolled up. The driver alighted, approached the tree, and was busy for a minute or two beside it. Annie could see quite plainly, as she peeped around the trunk of the oak, the stage with its team of four horses drawn to a slanting curve beside the road. There were no outside passengers except one man on the box, who was holding the lines. She thought that not many had ventured forth on such an inclement day, and with a thrill of her usual disappointment she thought that her unknown lover had not arrived.

She waited until the driver was back in his place again and had halloosed to his horses, which had moved on with a mighty rattling and jingling; then she stood out from behind the oak and peered around fearfully. All at once she became conscious of something unusual. She had felt, rather than heard, something in the wood near her. She looked behind her, then to the right, then to the left, and saw what it was—a man and a horse standing as motionless as an equestrian statue in a cleared space among the trees.

Annie did not cry out, but she seemed to shrink within herself, and folded her arms with a curious involuntary motion, as if she were fairly hugging herself for protection. The man looked sharply at this slender fair thing, her poor pretty

face, wild and white with terror, intent upon his, and remained motionless for a moment, as if uncertain what to do.

Then he stepped forward with a courtly lift and flourish of his broad slouched hat, and all at once Annie's fears fled, for she knew that *he* had come. She looked up, innocently and quite fearlessly, into the dark, handsome face bent over hers, though the soft pink mounted high to the roots of the curls on her forehead.

"I hope I have not alarmed you, madam," said the man, with the utmost gentleness and deference; and he smiled as he spoke, and Annie's heart quivered under the smile as under a caressing hand.

Still, she answered with considerable dignity, her own young copy of her elder sister's soft state when addressing a stranger. "I was alarmed for a moment, sir, because I had not expected to see any one here," she said; and her voice sounded to the young man like a flute played by some nymph of the winter woods.

"But you are not alarmed now, I trust?" he rejoined, gently.

"No, I am not alarmed now, sir."

The stranger held his horse by the bridle, and continued to regard Annie. She could not see his face plainly, because it was under the shadow of his broad hat, but she made sure that it was the face of the man of her dreams, and did not belie the sentiments of his letters. In such a tumult of emotion was she that she felt herself hot and cold, and all her pulses were throbbing above her thoughts; but so fine was her breeding, and the instincts inherited from generations of gentlewomen, that she made no sign.

"Allow me to say that I think you are out rather late in such a lonely place," said the stranger at length, in a tone which he might have used toward a child.

"No, sir; it is quite safe," replied Annie. "I come here every night for my letters." She blushed as she said the last, and her eyes fell, since she made sure that he knew all about the letters. She knew that he must be David Amicus, and she wondered what his real name might be.

As she wondered, he told her, with another courtly bow.

"If you will permit me to present myself, I am Harry Carew, at your service," he said—Annie curtsied—"and I still think it overlate for one so young and fair to be out alone; and I will stand beside the road and keep watch that you are

not molested until you are safely home. You do not live far from here?"

"Only a short distance, sir; but I assure you that it is quite safe."

Annie, and Harry Carew leading his horse, went out to the border of the wood to the old elm, and Annie, with another curtsy, and a gentle "Good-night," and "Thank you, sir," started down the road.

But the young man called after her, with a half laugh. "You have forgotten to look for your letter," he said; and he laughed again softly, for he thought that it was a letter from a sweetheart that she was expecting, and that the sight of his own handsome face had driven it from her mind; for Harry Carew was not without vanity.

Annie turned back confusedly and thrust her hand into the hollow of the tree, but there was only one letter there, and that for one of the farmers. Then she went her way, thinking that Mr. Harry Carew had it in his mind to jest with her, since he must have known that there would be no letter there.

When Annie reached home and entered the warm room, bright with the hearth fire, and the lamp hung around with rows of glittering prisms, beside which her sister sat, she turned her face away, as if to screen her dazzled eyes after the dusk outside, but in reality to hide her face until it should be under better control. Annie felt as if her meeting with Harry Carew was written in such plain characters upon her face that Cornelia would read all at a glance. She sat at a window and stared out at the night, though Cornelia asked her tenderly if she had not better draw near the fire. She sat there while old Deborah laid the tea table in the dining-room, with musical clink of glass and silver, and her heart sank at the thought of poor Harry Carew out in the storm, which had begun: the snow was falling fast. She wondered if he would obtain shelter at one of the neighbor's, or if he would ride on to the nearest tavern: it seemed late for that. She wondered what Cornelia would have said had she asked him to come home with her, if it would have been maidenly to do so. She kept her eyes downcast when she sat at the tea table opposite her sister, but she felt that Cornelia was glancing perplexedly at her face. Cornelia thought that the girl had a strange and unwonted look, and speculated anxiously as to what it might



"SHE LOOKED UP INNOCENTLY AND QUITE FEARLESSLY."

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mean. Annie was uneasy under her sister's fond and reflective gaze, and somewhat guilty. She thought that possibly she ought to tell her secret now, since without doubt Mr. Harry Carew would seek her at her own home before long, possibly the next day. Several times during the evening she was on the verge of confession. Once she said, "Sister—" then stopped.

"What is it, love?" asked Cornelia.

"Nothing," replied Annie.

Cornelia had a subtle sense of disturbance. The sudden repression of confidence from one soul to another may well produce a commotion like that from the stoppage of a wave. "You do not feel ill, I hope, love?" she said, uneasily.

"No, sister," replied Annie.

Annie lighted her candle and went to bed early. She wanted to be alone. The storm had come with all force, and the night was full of the white drive of the snow. The wind had arisen, and came in a steady wall of advance from the northwest. Annie lay in bed listening to it. "It is a dreadful storm, and even a strong man might freeze if he were out in it," she thought. While she had no doubt, the simple romanticism of her nature making it almost incapable of interrogation toward events which coincided with her theories, she was yet somewhat bewildered at the strange advent of her mysterious lover. It was certainly singular that he had appeared in such wise. Annie had no knowledge of heroines of romance, upon which to draw for comparison, but she reflected vaguely that it might have been more according to the fitness of things had Mr. Harry Carew come dashing boldly up the turnpike, and knocking at her door, implored permission to pay his addresses, than for him to lurk in the oak wood on the chance of seeing her when the stage passed.

Still, she had no doubt that Harry Carew was the David Amicus of her letters, and her whole heart went out toward him with trust and love and the most fervent admiration. She considered him as grand and handsome as a prince in his appearance, and as for his character, were there not the noble sentiments in his letters to vouch for that?

Annie recalled many to herself as she lay there sheltered from the storm in her maiden nest. She had many expressions, word for word, in her memory. Some

which she specially admired and treasured ran after this wise—"To walk ever in the path of virtue and honesty, though the hedges set with cruel thorns press close on either side, is to my mind better than to walk in the path of vice, though there be room therein for the wide spreading of purple and fine linen, and the society of the gay and light-minded with whom to pass the time to eternity by song and jest." And another—"Constancy and the faithful keeping of vows and promises I enjoin upon myself, for I comprehend not how I can be false to another without also being false to my own self." And another—"I shun intemperance and impurity as I would shun the plague, for I am well aware that you could esteem me no more after my moral death than you could do after my physical, and the wedded bliss toward which I ever look forward as toward an earthly paradise would be forfeited forever."

"There is no man in the whole world so noble and so good," thought Annie Pryor, though she had seen Harry Carew only once, and then at a disadvantage, on account of the dusk, and his slouched hat well over his flashing eyes; but by some unwritten law of love those eyes had found their way at once to her soul.

It was midnight before Annie fell asleep; then it was an hour or more before she woke suddenly, with the conviction borne in upon her that there was something unwonted astir.

Annie was timid, but was that night in a state of excitement and exaltation of spirit which was beyond ordinary fear. Without the least hesitation she sprang out of bed, ran to the window, and looked out. The storm was furious; all the night was a whirlpool of white crystals, yet made faintly luminous by the full moon. She could see dimly the yard in front of the house, and the figure of a man plodding through the snow.

Annie hesitated, not knowing whether to awaken her sister and Deborah, or not; then she decided not. She knew who had come—Mr. Harry Carew, seeking shelter from the storm. He must be nearly spent. She did not see his horse; perhaps that had fallen down exhausted. It would take some time to arouse her sister; there might be some parley before he would be admitted, since they were three lonely women, and there were valuable silver

and some jewelry in the house. While they delayed and talked he might fall fainting on the door-stone; she resolved that she would admit him herself.

Annie put on her clothes hurriedly, lighted a candle, and shading it carefully lest the light shine through the cracks of her sister's door across the hall, stole down stairs to the front door. She drew the bolt and threw the door wide open, and there was nobody there. Then she heard a slight noise in the north parlor, and ran to the door of that and opened it. The wind and snow from an open window came in her face, and her candle would have flickered out had she not carefully shaded it. She dimly perceived a man's figure before her, and spoke at once, though in a hushed and tremulous voice. "Oh," said she, "I am sorry that you had to climb in the window! I am very sorry! I went to the door as fast as I could. I am very sorry!" Then, when he made no response, she spoke again, with the sweetest pity in her voice: "I fear you are overcome with the cold and the storm," she said, "you have been out in it so long. Please come out in the other room, where the fire is. It is covered, but I will soon have it blazing again, and the room cannot be cold yet. Please come out in the other room, and I will get some wine for you; I fear that you are almost exhausted."

Then there was a smothered ejaculation in return, which might mean almost anything; then silence. The shadowy figure of the man was motionless. Annie stood regarding him with hesitation and fear, lest he might be unable to do as she said, and might at any minute fall on the floor at her feet.

"Oh," she pleaded, falteringly, "I hope you are able to come. Pray come, if you can, or—or—would you like me to help you?"

Annie made a timid motion toward the man as she spoke; then, to her intense relief, he answered her in a smothered voice.

"I will come," he said.

Annie led the way across the entry to the south parlor, which was the ordinary sitting-room of the family in winter weather, where the great hearth fire was kept, being raked over with ashes every night, and readily kindled anew every morning. Annie pulled a rocking-chair before the hearth.

"Please be seated, sir," she said, "and I will soon have the fire burning."

But as she went down on her knees upon the hearth the man pushed her gently aside and took the shovel from her hand.

"Nay, be seated yourself," he said; "this is no work for your hands."

"Oh, sir, I fear you are not able."

Harry Carew laughed faintly and confusedly, and went on with his work of raking away the ashes from the bed of glowing coals. Annie lighted the candles, and he piled some sticks on the fire, which soon blazed. The room was full of light, and Annie looked timidly at her guest. He was very white, so white that she was confirmed in her opinion that he must be exhausted by his struggle with the storm; and, moreover, his face wore a strange expression, half of reckless mirth, and half of something else which she could not decipher.

However, his face, now seen fully, was very handsome and quite young. He had tossed his slouched hat aside and displayed his head of black curly locks. His clothes, though they were rough and sat upon him somewhat carelessly, had yet the air of a gentleman's. His short cloak, thrown back over his shoulders, disclosed a pistol in his belt, which was a common enough ornament for a gentleman travelling alone on horseback, and Annie thought nothing of it.

The young man, on his part, saw for the first time—for he had not fully seen her that evening—the very loveliest maid his eyes had ever beheld. She was clad in a sack and petticoat of crimson wool, of which the firelight and the candle-light made a rich flow of color, and her face was surrounded by the loose stream of her brown hair. Of such an exceeding fineness and delicacy was Annie's beauty that it had an unreal character, and led a beholder to doubt if he saw aright. The face of the young man surveying her became more and more singular in expression. He had a feeling as if a draught of wine had gone to his head, and he did not fairly know if he were in his sober senses or not.

"I am sorry that I was so long in coming to admit you," she said again, with sweetest apology. "I saw you from my window, and as soon as I could went down to unbolt the door, but you were not there. I am sorry that you had to climb in the window."



"CORNELIA STOOD THERE, STERN AND FRIGHTENED."

Mr. Harry Carew colored like a girl; he began to speak, and stammered, then laughed nervously to hide his confusion.

"I should have begged you to come home with me this evening, perhaps," said Annie, with a sweet and childlike directness, though she was evidently stirred with maidenly modesty and embarrassment. "My sister Cornelia would have made you welcome, and—and—I knew, of course, who you were."

"What the devil can she mean?" thought Harry Carew, then checked even his reckless mode of thought before the tender innocence in her face.

"I am very sorry I did not," Annie continued, almost tearfully, feeling more and more distressed at her lack of courtesy. "I knew the storm was coming fast, too. It is dreadful that you wandered about so long."

"Oh, do not think of that, I beg of you," returned Harry Carew, in a choked voice.

"Please be seated," urged Annie, sweetly.

"No, no; thank you," he stammered out. "You—you are an angel. I never saw mortal woman like you. But I cannot stay. I must be back in Boston before to-morrow morning."

He reached toward his hat, then turning, saw Annie regarding him with a look of such utter alarm and wonder that he started. Then with a gesture of the very helplessness of recklessness he sat down in the chair which she had placed for him. "Well," he said, with something between a laugh and a groan, "I will stay, and thank you for your hospitality, as I would thank an angel at the gate of heaven. But call your sister, child, for 'tis after midnight, and she does not know me as well as you do, for there cannot be two such miracles of trust and innocence under one roof."

Annie turned toward the door, but it was opened before she reached it, and Cornelia stood there, pale and stern and frightened, with old Deborah's night-capped face peering around her shoulder.

Cornelia advanced into the room and stood staring, her head turning as with measured method, first toward her sister, then toward Carew, then back again. Her eyes were full of dismay and incredulity.

"Oh, sister—" Annie began, but Cornelia did not seem to hear her; her head

was turned toward the young man, and him she addressed.

"Who are you? Why do you come here at dead of night in such fashion as this?" she asked, and her voice had the awful sternness of aroused gentleness. There was no lack of spirit in Cornelia Pryor, especially when she had her young sister to defend.

The young man, who had arisen at her entrance, opened his mouth to speak, but Annie anticipated him.

"Oh, Cornelia!" she cried out in a grieving voice, as if she would burst into tears. "Oh, sister, do not speak to him so! The poor gentleman is overtaken by the storm on his way to Boston, and he is almost exhausted; see how pale he is. Oh, sister!"

"Is this true, sir?" demanded Cornelia, with keen eyes on his face.

The young man bowed. "It is true that I am overtaken by the storm, and I begin to doubt the possibility of my getting through to-night; the snow has gathered fast, and my horse is somewhat jaded. She has carried me from the south shore this afternoon."

"Where is your horse, sir?"

"Tied to the gate yonder, madam."

"Did you knock? I did not hear you."

Then Annie interposed, with her eagerness like that of a child. "No, sister, he did not knock. I heard him coming, and I looked out of the window and saw him in the yard, and I—"

"Why did you not call me?"

"Oh, sister, I was afraid that he would fall down out there in the storm before he would be let in. I thought you might be frightened because we were all alone and there were the silver and mother's jewels in the house, and—and you did not know him."

"Do you know him?" asked poor Cornelia Pryor, with a gasp.

"Yes, sister," replied Annie, blushing, but looking bravely at Cornelia.

"What is your name?" asked Cornelia, turning to the young man. Her lips were stiff: she could scarcely speak.

"Harry Carew, madam."

"What is your native place?"

"Boston, madam."

"Are you a relative of General Carew?"

The young man's mouth twitched and his forehead contracted. He looked whiter than ever, but he answered, presently, "I am his youngest son, madam."

A quick light of recollection flashed over Cornelia's face. "Oh," she said, involuntarily, "you are the son of whom I—"

But Harry Carew stopped her with a gesture of almost agony. "Oh, madam," he cried out, as if he were in an extremity of peril—"oh, madam, I beg of you to be silent! I beg of you to wait until I have had an opportunity to speak with you in private! I beg of you, by your womanly pity!"

Cornelia's face softened. "I have my sister to protect, sir," said she.

"And I will defend your sister with my life against any who offer her harm or insult, be he myself or any other man!" cried Harry Carew, hotly.

"Oh, sister!" said Annie.

Cornelia drew herself up to her full height. "Mr. Carew," said she, "we are a household of women, utterly helpless and unprotected. You are a stranger to me personally, though you claim to belong to a family whom I have known in times past; and it may be so, for you resemble General Carew, as I remember him, but I have no proof."

"Oh, sister!"

The young man pulled a letter from his pocket and handed it to Cornelia. "There is a letter received from my father not three days since," he said, "if that will serve as proof of my identity. I should have no object in coming by such a letter by unfair means, for it is of no value, since the golden words which it contains do not pass as coin of the realm."

Cornelia looked at the superscription on the great folded sheet.

"You are at liberty to read the contents," said the young man. "I beg that you will do so at your leisure."

Cornelia regarded him steadfastly, with the letter in her hand. "Admitting that you are Harry Carew," said she, "there are still grave reasons why I should hesitate about admitting you into such a household as this at such an hour, but I cannot drive you from my door in this storm, and I therefore bid you welcome to a house which has never yet had its hospitality outraged or betrayed."

"And it shall never have it outraged or betrayed by me, madam," replied Harry Carew.

"Oh, sister!" Annie sighed, faintly.

"Deborah will fetch you the lantern and the keys," said Cornelia, "and you

had best lead your horse to the barn and feed him. Then when you return you shall have some refreshment."

"Oh, madam," cried the young man, eagerly, "I want no supper for myself, only for my horse! If you will but give me a bed and shelter, it is all I ask."

"We send not our guests to bed supperless," replied Cornelia, with her mild stateliness of manner.

Mr. Harry Carew took the lantern and keys as directed, and when he had stabled and fed his jaded horse, had his own supper, served daintily with fine damask and all the silver tea things, and then went to bed in the bedstead of state in the guest-chamber of the Pryor house.

That was the great snow-storm, which became the folk-lore tale of a generation. Once in a while a storm of the elements, like a storm of human passion, rages itself into immortality. The snow fell during two nights and the greater part of three days, and all the roads were impassable. Harry Carew remained in the Pryor house nearly all the week, otherwise he had stood a fair chance of perishing by the way. All the landmarks of stones and fences were lost, the trees stood branch-high in windward swirls, and the houses, with shaggy walls and pendulous eaves, like old men's beards, cowered low under great weights of snow.

Harry Carew worked manfully, fighting the snow with shovel and broom, defending the house of his entertainers as best he might against the onslaught of the storm. Several times the great chimney had to be dug out, since its cap of snow extinguished the hearth fire, and the house was thereby filled with smoke. The blinds and shutters of the northeast windows had to be braced, else the windows would have been forced in with the battering gusts of the storm.

"Only see how hard he is working for us, sister," said Annie, with soft reproach, "and you hesitated about asking him to stay, though he would have perished in the storm."

"I was only fearful for you, love," replied Cornelia, in a troubled voice. Cornelia was very pale; she seemed to have grown thin in a few days.

"Well, you are not now; you have seen his letters, and you know there is not such a man anywhere. I am not sure that even father was as good as he is," said Annie, radiantly.

The morning after Harry Carew's arrival Annie had gone to Cornelia with her precious letters.

"What are they?" Cornelia asked, faintly, when she held them out toward her. She made no motion to take them.

"The letters he sent—the letters he wrote."

"The letters who wrote?" Cornelia spoke as if her voice were failing her.

"The letters that Mr. Harry Carew wrote," replied Annie, blushing, and looking at her with surprise. "Who else could have written them?"

"Take them away," said Cornelia, thrusting at the letters with her slim trembling hand.

"Why, no, sister. I want you to read them; then you will see how good and noble he is," Annie said, in a hurt fashion.

"No, dear; I would rather not read them."

"Oh, sister!" pleaded Annie, in her little sweet voice, which had always won the elder sister from her own way. Cornelia took the letters, and the red surged over her thin face, and her hands shook as she opened them till the paper rustled like leaves in a wind.

Annie waited; then she confronted Cornelia with a look of triumph. "He wrote them, sister," she said, then started, her sister's face was so strange and ghastly, and so laboring with speech which yet did not come. "Why, what is it? what is it, sister?" she cried out. "Are you ill? Oh, sister!"

Cornelia motioned her away, trying to smile.

"Sister, are you ill?"

"No, no, love. Go now; take your letters and go. I want to think."

"You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you, love."

"Oh, sister, was there ever anybody like him? And you are not angry because I did not tell you before about the letters?"

"No, love," said Cornelia, patiently; but she did not look at Annie.

"I will never keep anything from you again, sister. You will not mistrust him ever again, now you have seen his beautiful letters, will you, sister?"

"No, love," Cornelia repeated: she was breathing shortly, as if she had been running.

"Shall I tell her? Shall I tell her?" she kept asking herself; but she told nothing, and Annie went away with her

letters, rather puzzled and hurt by her sister's manner, but not seriously so. This young girl was cast on very simple lines, and with the lack of subtlety in her own nature came the lack of comprehension of it in others. She would always see the characters of her fellow-beings like pure colors, with no complexities of shadings and motives, and no amount of jostling by life would ever depose her from the first ground of observation from which her childish eyes had beheld the world and the things thereof.

She went away with her letters, and there was Harry Carew standing in the door of the south parlor, bowing low, and accosting her as if she were indeed the angel which he had called her, and with all the little savor of gentle mockery and merriment gone from his manner.

"Oh, believe me, I do not know how to express to you my gratitude, my more than gratitude, my heart-felt devotion, for the confidence which you place in me and the permission which you and your sister give me to remain," he said, fervently, with eyes of reverent admiration on her face.

Annie laughed gently. There was a soft blush all over her sweet face, which seemed to the young man like a tangible veil of maiden modesty which separated her from him. "Oh, sir," she replied, "it requires no trust after these letters! They bear testimony to what you are."

"Those letters?"

"Yes, sir. Have you so soon forgotten your own letters?" Annie laughed again, though in a puzzled fashion.

"My letters?"

"Yes, sir, your letters." Annie's face, surveying his, began to look grieved as well as puzzled, and she straightened herself a little at the same time.

Harry Carew extended his hand. "Since you say they are mine, may I see them?" he asked, almost timidly.

But Annie held the letters with a quick motion close to her bosom, and looked at him with a deepening blush on her cheeks.

"As you please. I would not look at them against your will," Harry Carew said, gently and humbly.

"You may see them," Annie said, in a whisper. Then she gave him the letters, and stood with her head averted while he looked at them, lest he read certain passages at the same moment when she should remember them.

Harry Carew unfolded the letters with trembling hands and glanced over them. His face changed as he read. "Who is this man, this friend of yours, who calls himself David Amicus?" he asked, abruptly.

Annie was cruelly bewildered at the question. She did not know if she should be hurt or indignant. She did not answer at once, but glanced at him irresolutely.

"Well?" asked Harry Carew, harshly.

"Why, sir, you yourself! It is scarcely kind or courteous of you to make a jest of me," said Annie then, with something of dignity.

Harry Carew drew a long breath. "Believe me, I have no thought of making a jest of you," he said, earnestly. "I crave your pardon if I have seemed to do so. But tell me the whole story, if you please. How long have you been receiving these letters? How did they come?"

"But you already know, sir."

"But tell me over. I beg of you."

Then Annie half reluctantly, for she was still doubtful as to whether or not he was making a jest of her, told him the story of the letters.

When she had finished she scarcely knew Harry Carew's face, that she had seen it before, so softened it was, and full of sorrow and shame and tenderness. It seemed to her, also, that his black eyes were bright with tears; but that she doubted, since he was a man, and she knew of no reason for them.

Harry Carew gave the letters to her. "Thank you," he said, and bowed, and went abruptly, turning his face aside like a girl, as if he wished to conceal it, into the south room, in whose door he had been standing.

Annie went away with her letters, somewhat puzzled and hurt by Mr. Harry Carew's manner, as she had been by Harry Carew's, but never doubting anything. She reflected that he had probably some good reason for pretending surprise concerning the letters, as he had had for secrecy in the first place.

Later in the day Harry Carew and Cornelia Pryor had a private conference in the north parlor, whither she had led the way, that they might be secure from interruption. There was no fire in the room, and the white storm drove past its four windows, filling it with a pale gloom. Cornelia stood in the midst of the great square apartment, confronting

her guest with a mild pitilessness. "I found a window in this room open last night, Mr. Carew," she said. "I continue to offer you my hospitality, but it is best that we understand each other. Why did you come to this house last night?"

"I came to rob you, to steal your money and your jewels," answered Harry Carew, looking at her with face as white as if he were dead. Then suddenly, before she could speak, he had thrown himself on his knees before her. "Oh," he cried, "I beg of you never to let her know! I beg of you never to let your sister know! If you do, you will have snatched away the last straw that could save me from destruction."

"Your poor father, whose letter I have read, should save you from destruction, and not my sister," answered Cornelia, coldly.

"Oh," said Harry Carew, hoarsely, "I have read those letters, and I know what she thinks of me. For God's sake, never tell her what I am! Never let me see myself in her eyes as black as I am, lest I can never be anything else forever. Oh, I beg of you never to tell her that those letters are not mine!"

"Would you then deceive her, and add treachery to your other sins?" Cornelia asked, sternly.

"No, no; I would make those letters true. I would grow to be what she thinks I am. I would reach the height on which I see myself in her innocent heart. Oh, I beg of you do not take away my last chance of salvation! Let me work and strive until I have made myself worthy of her."

"You have not known my sister one day," said Cornelia, coldly.

"How long does it take to learn to love an angel?" demanded Harry Carew. Suddenly a look of jealous anxiety came over his face. "Who wrote those letters?" he asked. "I thought, when I read them, that no man wrote them, for I never knew a man so good; but if any did, he has first right."

"I wrote them," said Cornelia.

"You?"

There was something fairly majestic about Cornelia Pryor, standing before him in her long black gown, which shaded as unsubstantially into the gloom of the room as a shadow. "I had in my youth a bitter experience," said she.

"I discovered the treachery and wickedness of man. I threw my heart away upon one who was unworthy, and I wanted to save my sister from a like fate. I wanted to fill her mind with such a pure ideal that there could be no danger. I endeavored in those letters to show what a man worthy of her affection should be, that she might love no other."

Cornelia Pryor disclosed her visionary and romantic scheme with a quiet stateliness and dignity which challenged criticism. Harry Carew stared at her incredulously, then he almost laughed, though the tears stood in his bold black eyes. "And then—and then," he stammered, "I came with the husks in my heart and my stomach, and she invested me with all those virtues. She greeted me, coming to rob her, as if I were the prince."

Harry Carew's face took on an expression of the most passionate devotion; his voice broke. "Bless her! bless her!" he said. "I will worship her for that till my dying day, if I can have no more."

"It is the first time I ever attempted to steal," he added, eagerly. "I hope you will believe that. Last night I was wellnigh desperate. I had lost every cent at cards. I determined to rob the Boston stage. Then she came and saved me from that. I would have dropped dead first then."

"Then I had not a cent in my purse, and the storm came on. I did not know that she lived here; I thought she went to the house beyond. I have never attempted highway robbery or burglary before. I trust you will believe that. I beg you never to let her know what I came here for last night, as you hope for mercy. Let me have my chance to reach what she thinks I am; then I will tell her all myself."

Harry Carew went away nearly a week later. He saw Annie alone in the north parlor a few minutes before he left, but there were no words of love passed between them. He only held both her little hands in his, and looked in her eyes as if they had been indeed those of an angel, and who can say what angel of himself poor Harry Carew saw there?

"Good-by," he said, "and he shall come back to you some day."

"Who shall come back?" asked Annie, wonderingly, and trembled under his

eyes, which had meanings besides love which she could not fathom.

"The man who wrote the letters," replied Harry Carew. Then he kissed her hands and was gone.

It was two years before Harry Carew returned, and then in far different fashion from that in which he had come before. His father and mother were with him, and they all rode in the great Carew coach; and Harry had arrived at that fair after-estate of the prodigal son, and no question of his abiding. He was arrayed in purple and fine linen; he held his head high, and looked abroad like one who sees things as they are from the unwavering foothold of his own self-respect. Harry had just been elected to a high office in the city government of Boston. People opined that he would yet be the most prosperous of the Carews.

Then Annie Pryor and Harry Carew were married and went away, and the evening after they were gone Cornelia strolled out to the turnpike, and then a little farther to the old elm, the "Tree of Knowledge," as the people called it. It was a clear December night; there was no snow on the ground, and the sun was setting redly. The limbs of the tree, with their mottle of gray lichen, reflected orange tints of flame, and looked like mottled orange snakes uprearing in triangular contortions against the sky. Cornelia stood under them, reflecting. She called to mind everything which had passed—about the letters, and Annie's love and wooing and wedding—and she wondered if it might not sometimes be better to guard the Tree of Knowledge with the flaming sword, instead of the gates of a lost Paradise.

Cornelia wondered, standing under the tree, clad still in the dress of splendid brocade which she had worn at Annie's wedding; there were gold and silver threads in it. The sun sank, and the orange light on the tree paled. Cornelia gazed down the darkening curve of road. Annie was wedded and gone, all her own romance was dead, and she was left alone; yet her peace did not fail her, nor her anticipation of joy to come, for she had thrust herself and her own needs and sorrows so far behind her trimmed and burning lamp of love that she had become, as it were, a wedding-guest of all life.



WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

I.—THE ANGEL CHILD.

ALTHOUGH Whilomville was in no sense a summer resort, the advent of the warm season meant much to it, for then came visitors from the city—people of considerable confidence—alighting upon their country cousins. Moreover, many citizens who could afford to do so escaped at this time to the sea-side. The town, with the commercial life quite taken out of it, drawled and drowsed through long months, during which nothing was worse than the white dust which arose behind every vehicle at blinding noon, and nothing was finer than the cool sheen of the hose sprays over the cropped lawns under the many maples in the twilight.

One summer the Trescotts had a visitation. Mrs. Trescott owned a cousin who was a painter of high degree. I had almost said that he was of national reputation, but, come to think of it, it is better to say that almost everybody in the United States who knew about art and its travail knew about him. He had picked out a wife, and naturally, looking at him, one wondered how he had done it. She was quick, beautiful, imperious, while he was quiet, slow, and misty. She was a veritable queen of health, while he, apparently, was of a most brittle constitution. When he played tennis, particularly, he looked every minute as if he were going to break.

They lived in New York, in awesome apartments wherein Japan and Persia, and indeed all the world, confounded the observer. At the end was a cathedral-like studio. They had one child. Perhaps it would be better to say that they had one CHILD. It was a girl. When she came

to Whilomville with her parents, it was patent that she had an inexhaustible store of white frocks, and that her voice was high and commanding. These things the town knew quickly. Other things it was doomed to discover by a process.

Her effect upon the children of the Trescott neighborhood was singular. They at first feared, then admired, then embraced. In two days she was a Begum. All day long her voice could be heard directing, drilling, and compelling those free-born children; and to say that they felt oppression would be wrong, for they really fought for records of loyal obedience.

All went well until one day was her birthday.

On the morning of this day she walked out into the Trescott garden and said to her father, confidently, "Papa, give me some money, because this is my birthday."

He looked dreamily up from his easel. "Your birthday?" he murmured. Her envisioned father was never energetic enough to be irritable unless some one broke through into that place where he lived with the desires of his life. But neither wife nor child ever heeded or even understood the temperamental values, and so some part of him had grown hardened to their inroads. "Money?" he said. "Here." He handed her a five-dollar bill. It was that he did not at all understand the nature of a five-dollar bill. He was deaf to it. He had it; he gave it; that was all.

She sallied forth to a waiting people—Jimmie Trescott, Dan Earl, Ella Earl, the Margate twins, the three Phelps children, and others. "I've got some pennies now,"

she cried, waving the bill, "and I am going to buy some candy." They were deeply stirred by this announcement. Most children are penniless three hundred days in the year, and to another possessing five pennies they pay deference. To little Cora waving a bright green note these children paid heathenish homage. In some disorder they thronged after her to a small shop on Bridge Street hill. First of all came ice-cream. Seated in the comic little back parlor, they clamored shrilly over plates of various flavors, and the shopkeeper marvelled that cream could vanish so quickly down throats that seemed wide open, always, for the making of excited screams.

These children represented the families of most excellent people. They were all born in whatever purple there was to be had in the vicinity of Whilomville. The Margate twins, for example, were out-and-out prize-winners. With their long golden curls and their countenances of similar vacuity, they shone upon the front bench of all Sunday-school functions, hand in hand, while their uplifted mother felt about her the envy of a hundred other parents, and less heavenly children scoffed from near the door.

Then there was little Dan Earl, probably the nicest boy in the world, gentle, fine-grained, obedient to the point where he obeyed anybody. Jimmie Trescott himself was, indeed, the only child who was at all versed in villany, but in these particular days he was on his very good behavior. As a matter of fact, he was in love. The beauty of his regal little cousin had stolen his manly heart.

Yes, they were all most excellent children, but, loosened upon this candy-shop with five dollars, they resembled, in a tiny way, drunken revelling soldiers within the walls of a stormed city. Upon the heels of ice-cream and cake came chocolate mice, butter-scotch, "everlastings," chocolate cigars, taffy-on-a-stick, taffy-on-a-slate-pencil, and many semi-transparent devices resembling lions, tigers, elephants, horses, cats, dogs, cows, sheep, tables, chairs, engines (both railway and for the fighting of fire), soldiers, fine ladies, odd-looking men, clocks, watches, revolvers, rabbits, and bedsteads. A cent was the price of a single wonder.

Some of the children, going quite daft, soon had thought to make fight over the spoils, but their queen ruled with an iron

grip. Her first inspiration was to satisfy her own fancies, but as soon as that was done she mingled prodigality with a fine justice, dividing, balancing, bestowing, and sometimes taking away from somebody even that which he had.

It was an orgy. In thirty-five minutes those respectable children looked as if they had been dragged at the tail of a chariot. The sacred Margate twins, blinking and grunting, wished to take seat upon the floor, and even the most durable Jimmie Trescott found occasion to lean against the counter, wearing at the time a solemn and abstracted air, as if he expected something to happen to him shortly.

Of course their belief had been in an unlimited capacity, but they found there was an end. The shopkeeper handed the queen her change.

"Two seventy-three from five leaves two twenty-seven, Miss Cora," he said, looking upon her with admiration.

She turned swiftly to her clan. "O-oh!" she cried, in amazement. "Look how much I have left!" They gazed at the coins in her palm. They knew then that it was not their capacities which were endless; it was the five dollars.

The queen led the way to the street. "We must think up some way of spending more money," she said, frowning. They stood in silence, awaiting her further speech.

Suddenly she clapped her hands and screamed with delight. "Come on!" she cried. "I know what let's do." Now behold, she had discovered the red and white pole in front of the shop of one William Neeltje, a barber by trade.

It becomes necessary to say a few words concerning Neeltje. He was new to the town. He had come and opened a dusty little shop on dusty Bridge Street hill, and although the neighborhood knew from the courier winds that his diet was mainly cabbage, they were satisfied with that meagre data. Of course Riefsnyder came to investigate him for the local Barbers' Union, but he found in him only sweetness and light, with a willingness to charge any price at all for a shave or a hair-cut. In fact, the advent of Neeltje would have made barely a ripple upon the placid bosom of Whilomville if it were not that his name was Neeltje.

At first the people looked at his sign-board out of the eye corner, and wonder-

ed lazily why any one should bear the name of Neeltje; but as time went on, men spoke to other men, saying, "How do you pronounce the name of that barber up there on Bridge Street hill?" And then, before any could prevent it, the best minds of the town were splintering their lances against William Neeltje's sign-board. If a man had a mental superior, he guided him seductively to this name, and watched with glee his wrecking. The clergy of the town even entered the lists. There was one among them who had taken a collegiate prize in Syriac, as well as in several less opaque languages, and the other clergymen—at one of their weekly meetings—sought to betray him into this ambush. He pronounced the name correctly, but that mattered little, since none of them knew whether he did or did not; and so they took triumph according to their ignorance. Under these arduous circumstances it was certain that the town should look for a nickname, and at this time the nickname was in process of formation. So William Neeltje lived on with his secret, smiling foolishly toward the world.

"Come on," cried little Cora. "Let's all get our hair cut. That's what let's do. Let's all get our hair cut! Come on! Come on! Come on!" The others were carried off their feet by the fury of this assault. To get their hair cut! What joy! Little did they know if this were fun; they only knew that their small leader said it was fun. Chocolate-stained but confident, the band marched into William Neeltje's barber shop.

"We wish to get our hair cut," said little Cora, haughtily.

Neeltje, in his shirt sleeves, stood looking at them with his half-idiot smile.

"Hurry, now!" commanded the queen. A dray-horse toiled step by step, step by step, up Bridge Street hill; a far woman's voice arose; there could be heard the ceaseless hammers of shingling carpenters; all was summer peace. "Come on, now. Who's goin' first? Come on, Ella; you go first. Gettin' our hair cut! Oh, what fun!"

Little Ella Earl would not, however, be first in the chair. She was drawn toward it by a singular fascination, but at the same time she was afraid of it, and so she hung back, saying: "No! You go first! No! You go first!" The question was precipitated by the twins and

one of the Phelps children. They made simultaneous rush for the chair, and screamed and kicked, each pair preventing the third child. The queen entered this mêlée, and decided in favor of the Phelps boy. He ascended the chair. Thereat an awed silence fell upon the band. And always William Neeltje smiled fatuously.

He tucked a cloth in the neck of the Phelps boy, and taking scissors, began to cut his hair. The group of children came closer and closer. Even the queen was deeply moved. "Does it hurt any?" she asked, in a wee voice.

"Naw," said the Phelps boy, with dignity. "Anyhow, I've had m' hair cut afore."

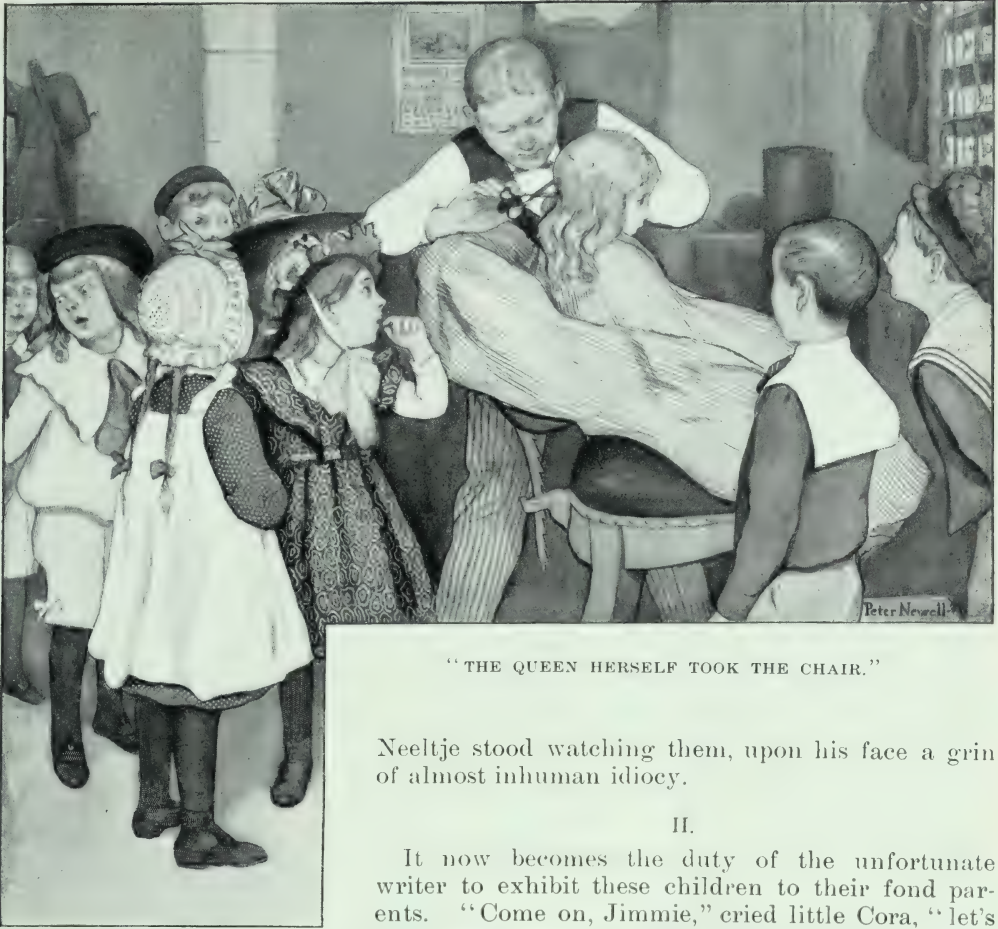
When he appeared to them looking very soldierly with his cropped little head, there was a tumult over the chair. The Margate twins howled; Jimmie Trescott was kicking them on the shins. It was a fight.

But the twins could not prevail, being the smallest of all the children. The queen herself took the chair, and ordered Neeltje as if he were a lady's-maid. To the floor there fell proud ringlets, blazing even there in their humiliation with a full fine bronze light. Then Jimmie Trescott, then Ella Earl (two long ash-colored plaits), then a Phelps girl, then another Phelps girl; and so on from head to head. The ceremony received unexpected check when the turn came to Dan Earl. This lad, usually docile to any rein, had suddenly grown mulishly obstinate. No, he would not, he would not. He himself did not seem to know why he refused to have his hair cut, but, despite the shrill derision of the company, he remained obdurate. Anyhow, the twins, long held in check, and now feverishly eager, were already struggling for the chair.

And so to the floor at last came the golden Margate curls, the heart treasure and glory of a mother, three aunts, and some feminine cousins.

All having been finished, the children, highly elate, thronged out into the street. They crowed and cackled with pride and joy, anon turning to scorn the cowardly Dan Earl.

Ella Earl was an exception. She had been pensive for some time, and now the shorn little maiden began vaguely to weep. In the door of his shop William



"THE QUEEN HERSELF TOOK THE CHAIR."

Neeltje stood watching them, upon his face a grin of almost inhuman idiocy.

II.

It now becomes the duty of the unfortunate writer to exhibit these children to their fond parents. "Come on, Jimmie," cried little Cora, "let's go show mamma." And they hurried off, these happy children, to show mamma.

The Trescotts and their guests were assembled indolently awaiting the luncheon-bell. Jimmie and the angel child burst in upon them. "Oh, mamma," shrieked little Cora, "see how fine I am! I've had my hair cut! Isn't it splendid? And Jimmie too!"

The wretched mother took one sight, emitted one yell, and fell into a chair. Mrs. Trescott dropped a large lady's journal and made a nerveless mechanical clutch at it. The painter gripped the arms of his chair and leaned forward, staring until his eyes were like two little clock faces. Dr. Trescott did not move or speak.

To the children the next moments were chaotic. There was a loudly wailing mother, and a pale-faced, aghast mother; a stammering father, and a grim and terrible father. The angel child did not understand anything of it save the voice of calamity, and in a moment all her little imperialism went to the winds. She ran sobbing to her mother. "Oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!"

The desolate Jimmie heard out of this inexplicable situation a voice which he knew well, a sort of colonel's voice, and he obeyed like any good soldier. "Jimmie!" He stepped three paces to the front. "Yes, sir."

"How did this—how did this happen?" said Trescott.

Now Jimmie could have explained how had happened anything which had happened, but he did not know what had happened, so he said, "I—I—nothin'."

"And, oh, look at her frock!" said Mrs. Trescott, brokenly.

The words turned the mind of the mother of the angel child. She looked up, her eyes blazing. "Frock!" she repeated. "Frock! What do I care for her frock? Frock!" she choked out again from the depths of her bitterness. Then she arose



"LOOK!" SHE DECLAIMED."

suddenly, and whirled tragically upon her husband. "Look!" she declaimed. "All—her lovely—hair—all her lovely hair—gone—gone!" The painter was apparently in a fit; his jaw was set, his eyes were glazed, his body was stiff and straight. "All gone—all—her lovely hair—all gone—my poor little darlin'—my—poor—little—darlin'!" And the angel child added her heart-broken voice to her mother's wail as they fled into each other's arms.

In the mean time Trescott was patiently unravelling some skeins of Jimmie's tangled intellect. "And then you went to this barber's on the hill. Yes. And where did you get the money? Yes. I see. And who besides you and Cora had their hair cut? The Margate twi—Oh, lord!"

Over at the Margate place old Eldridge Margate, the grandfather of the twins, was in the back garden picking pease and smoking ruminatively to himself. Suddenly he heard from the house great noises. Doors slammed, women rushed up stairs and down stairs calling to each other in voices of agony. And then full

and mellow upon the still air arose the roar of the twins in pain.

Old Eldridge stepped out of the peapatch and moved toward the house, puzzled, staring, not yet having decided that it was his duty to rush forward. Then around the corner of the house shot his daughter Mollie, her face pale with horror.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Oh, father," she gasped, "the children! They—"

Then around the corner of the house came the twins, howling at the top of their power, their faces flowing with tears. They were still hand in hand, the ruling passion being strong even in this suffering. At sight of them old Eldridge took his pipe hastily out of his mouth. "Good God!" he said.

And now what befell one William Neeltje, a barber by trade? And what was said by angry parents of the mother of such an angel child? And what was the fate of the angel child herself?

There was surely a tempest. With the exception of the Margate twins, the boys

could well be eliminated from the affair. Of course it didn't matter if their hair was cut. Also the two little Phelps girls had had very short hair, anyhow, and their parents were not too greatly incensed. In the case of Ella Earl, it was mainly the pathos of the little girl's own grieving; but her mother played a most generous part, and called upon Mrs. Trescott, and condoled with the mother of the angel child over their equivalent losses. But the Margate contingent! They simply screeched.

Trescott, composed and cool-blooded, was in the middle of a giddy whirl. He was not going to allow the mobbing of his wife's cousins, nor was he going to pretend that the spoliation of the Margate twins was a virtuous and beautiful act. He was elected, gratuitously, to the position of a buffer.

But, curiously enough, the one who achieved the bulk of the misery was old Eldridge Margate, who had been picking pease at the time. The feminine Margates stormed his position as individuals, in pairs, in teams, and *en masse*. In two days they may have aged him seven years. He must destroy the utter Neeltje. He must midnightly massacre the angel child and her mother. He must dip his arms in blood to the elbows.

Trescott took the first opportunity to express to him his concern over the affair, but when the subject of the disaster was mentioned, old Eldridge, to the doctor's great surprise, actually chuckled long and deeply. "Oh, well, look-a-here," he said. "I never was so much in love with them there damn curls. The curls was purty—yes—but then I'd a darn sight rather see boys look more like boys than like two little wax figgers. An', ye know, the lit-

tle cusses like it themselves. They never took no stock in all this washin' an' combin' an' fixin' an' goin' to church an' paradin' an' showin' off. They stood it because they was told to. That's all. Of course this here Neel-te-gee, er whatever his name is, is a plumb dumb ijit, but I don't see what's to be done, now that the kids is full well cropped. I might go and burn his shop over his head, but



Peter Newell 99

"AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE CAME THE TWINS."

that wouldn't bring no hair back onto the kids. They're even kicking on sashes now, an' that's all right, 'cause what fer does a boy want a sash?"

Whereupon Trescott perceived that the old man wore his brains above his shoulders, and Trescott departed from him rejoicing greatly that it was only



AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

women who could not know that there was finality to most disasters, and that when a thing was fully done, no amount of door-slamming, rushing up stairs and down stairs, calls, lamentations, tears,

still undaunted lamb. Attached to them was a husband and father, who was plainly bewildered, but still more plainly vexed, as if he would be saying: "Damn 'em! Why can't they leave me alone?"

could bring back a single hair to the heads of twins.

But the rains came and the winds blew in the most biblical way when a certain fact came to light in the Trescott household. Little Cora, corroborated by Jimmie, innocently remarked that five dollars had been given her by her father on her birthday, and with this money the evil had been wrought. Trescott had known it, but he—thoughtful man—had said nothing. For her part, the mother of the angel child had up to that moment never reflected that the consummation of the wickedness must have cost a small sum of money. But now it was all clear to her. He was the guilty one—he! "My angel child!"

The scene which ensued was inspiring. A few days later, loungers at the railway station saw a lady leading a shorn and

HAITI THE UNKNOWN.

BY HENRY SANDHAM.

OUR French cousins have great confidence in their time-honored saying, "It is the unexpected that happens," and no country in the known world is better qualified to demonstrate the truth of the maxim than Haiti. One is tempted to believe that it was this readiness of proof that induced the French people to settle and cultivate the island. Even the massacre of themselves and destruction of their property in 1802-3 is covered as with a blanket policy by this saying. Its spirit was revived in the advice given me by a bright young Haitian gentleman when he said, "If you see a bridge, go round it; whenever you see a sidewalk, take the road."

Of no part of the world is it harder to secure reliable information than of Haiti; even the experience of one who has resided on the island is misleading, unless he has travelled all over the republic. For a distance of fifty miles will alter even the time of the rainy season; for example, the wet season at Port au Prince is from April to September, at Port de Paix, from the middle of November to the middle of February. It really seems as though a man could take an umbrella and a long breath, run through the showers, and so escape the wet season altogether.

The island is a mass of mountains varying from 1000 to 10,000 feet in height, wooded to the top; but monotony is prevented by the strong, fine individuality of the outline of each mountain, as well as by the variety of growth with which it is overrun. Their principle of construction seems to outrage all laws that govern well-regulated mountains. Right across a beautiful valley a mountain has thrown itself, rendering it impossible to get out of the valley without the aid of a balloon, unless the traveller is willing to retrace his steps; in fact, Haitian scenery strongly resembles those old Normandy villages where the houses are built close together at all sorts of angles, with high steep roofs. Imagine these houses from 1000 to 10,000 feet from the ground to the ridge-pole, and you have a very fair idea of a Haitian landscape. Then the constantly changing character of the scenery

is an unfailing delight to the traveller. The best description I know of this characteristic was given by a Haitian who had travelled all over the world, and who was endeavoring to tell me what we would see the following day in a journey of thirty miles back into the country.

"You know what a well-kept English park is like? That is the first section of our journey. Then we ride through New England and the White Mountains, only this is finer. After that the Scottish Highlands, but this is much better. Next we will gallop for a couple of hours through the Black Forest in Germany. Well, this is the same, only finer. Then we see Switzerland, but this will be finer. A few miles farther on we pass through the Bavarian Alps. You know them? No? Well, you have read about them; this is the same, only finer. And at last we will ride up to Habitation David. You have read about heaven? David is finer." He sat down, simply adding, "You will see for yourself." And after-experience proved he had a margin of truth and right on his side.

But there were one or two points my friend had overlooked. First, that Haiti envelops all views with its own beautiful color; everything vibrates with it as soon as you get a few miles inland. Sometimes it is a fine subdued throbbing tone of color; at others, rampant, blazing with intensity, but always magnificently harmonious, and to be seen nowhere but in Haiti. Second, he overlooked, from constant association, the fact that between each of these remarkable changes of scenery comes a strip that is purely and completely Haitian, where you see bunches of the homes of the natives, with their basket-work walls, steep thatched roofs, overshadowed by majestic palms and graceful cocoanut, surrounded by banana-trees loaded with fruit; for on this island, contrary to the usual experience in the tropics, you will find great masses of banana leaves as perfect as they are seen in the hot-houses of the North, owing to the way the valleys are sheltered by the mountains, which prevent the winds from playing their usual havoc with the leaves



GROS MORNE — A CHARACTERISTIC HAITIAN LANDSCAPE.

do the work, and are more slouchy in their appearance.

As a rule, both sexes dress in blue, which fades to all kinds of green and purple-gray tones, just the color that a Haitian landscape needs to balance its mass of warm opalescent tints. When a Haitian wants anything, he wants it very badly, and will give all he has to secure its possession; as soon as he owns it, all interest in it departs. He seldom finishes anything he starts; never on principle repairs anything, consequently his house and all his belongings are one superb, picturesque ruin—the despair of the social and political economist, but the constant joy and delight of the artist.

As far as I was able to judge, the

and reducing the gorgeous broad masses of translucent green into faded, ragged ribbons.

Then the natives themselves are so picturesque, with their rich, deep-toned bronze skins. They are a tall, straight-limbed race, and from their habit of carrying everything on their heads, whether it weighs two ounces or two hundred pounds, they acquire an erect, graceful carriage that is beautiful to behold—especially the women, whose walk would fill the heart of a society belle with envy and despair. The men, from generations of practice, have acquired a habit of lying on their backs and watching the women

Haitian is entirely devoid of nerves or feeling of any kind. Upon one occasion I saw one undertake to split a stick. He stood it on end, placed his machette on top, reached out for another stick which he used as a mallet, and while doing so the piece of wood fell over. Twenty-three times he repeated the operation before he accomplished his object. He never uttered a swear word, looked annoyed, or hurried his action, and he was not working by the day either—it was piece-work, on contract, for my host.

The mention of my host reminds me of how much our impressions of a strange place or new country are influenced by

our welcome and the character of our entertainers. In the case of my visit to Haiti I was especially fortunate, as mine host was a character in every sense of the word, and consequently gathered characters around him; but that seems to be the inevitable in the tropics; unless a white man has a strong personality and great sources of self-reliance he soon leaves that part of the world and comes back to places where others amuse him and take care of him. Mine host controlled two of the four carriages of the town of Port de Paix. What more natural, the day after my arrival, than that he should suggest my taking a ride? So behold your humble scribe seated in a two-wheeled vehicle driven by a pocket-edition

of a boy, who looked about seven years old, who admitted to being seventeen, and afterwards proved to be twenty-four. He was a professional jockey, decoyed from the island of Jamaica to take charge of mine host's stud. We were surrounded by all the white contingent of the city, assembled to do the honors of the town and take care of that *rara avis*, a visitor. These outriders were all mounted on horses that were either full or half blooded Arabian animals, with eyes like Jersey calves', legs like deers', ending in dainty unshod hoofs. When ready to start, the carriage animal,



MARKET-DAY.

which was a peculiar long-legged, huge-eared white mule, named Christine, refused to move an inch. Then the whole party yelled at the top of their shout, "Christine, remember the *Maine*!" There was a crash, the back of the seat nearly cut me in two, and there was nothing to be seen but white ears and legs—the ground covered with scattering pigs and Haitian babies. As soon as I could breathe, I asked the driver what caused the mule to respond to that cry. With a face as innocent as a cherub's, he answered, "Don't know, sah, except Christine a patriotic mule, sah." Even offered bribery

failed to elicit anything further from this child of twenty-four. In after-days, a stable-boy, in response to a handful of cigarettes, gave me a pointer. Once he had seen mine host, accompanied by an equally strong man, carefully select two of the heaviest whips in the harness-room, retire to a secluded spot accompanied by the fair and wilful Christine. Then they began shouting, "Christine, remember the *Maine*." At the first word mine host slashed her on the off side, at the

be owing to the word "*Maine*"; and further, if she wished to avoid a repetition, it was imperative she should get away from that place as soon as possible. It is only fair to my jockey friend to say he always stoutly denied the story, and insisted that it was patriotism alone actuated this magnified ghost of a mule.

Haitian roads vary. On my first ride, after being thrown all over the carriage, and nearly extinguishing the infant driver

by being tossed into his lap, we emerged from the humpty-dumpty streets of the city and spun along a beautiful level piece of country road, which was over a quarter of a mile wide, and gradually converged to a narrow passage or outlet. Nothing could be smoother or finer than this piece of driveway, or more exhilarating than this rapid passage through the scented sun-filled air, the carriage surrounded by the group of dancing stallions, their eyes shining with delight at the run their riders were giving them. I remarked to the infant that I did not expect such fine driveways in Haiti. His childish, trembling lip gave an inscrutable smile, and before he could answer, I saw all the horsemen apparently trying to climb the fence at the side of the road. At the same moment Christine gave a jump, and the bottom of the carriage struck a field of mud, sending it out in shoots in all directions. Here

my driver remarked, "That, sah, is another piece of the road, sah."

A week or so after, I saw a number of soldiers going out to repair this road and fill this identical hole. I expressed surprise at soldiers being used for such a purpose, and followed the troops to see the operation. It was very simple. The



GOING TO MARKET.

second, his friend struck the nigh, and so on, until the word "*Maine*" was reached, when both sides were simultaneously slashed. Now Christine had been often hit on one side or the other, to say nothing of top and bottom, but to be hit on both sides at the same moment was beyond her comprehension, and could only



A GROUP OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

soldiers were divided into two equal bodies, one stationed on each side of the dangerous place. They stopped and compelled each passing man, woman, or child to go back and find a stone and throw it into the slush. When the repair was completed, it was a serious question as to which was worse, the hill of rocks or the original mud-hole. At present the only way to travel in Haiti is in the saddle. There is hardly a road worthy of the name on the island.

The bulk of the Haitians will tell you that they consider what was good enough for their fathers good enough for them. In consequence they are opposed to all progress. No stronger proof can be given of this than the new market erected by the late progressive President in the capital. This is a very large building, covering two entire blocks in the heart of the city of Port au Prince, connected over the intervening street by a very imposing arch and clock-tower. As far as my own experience is concerned, this market is the only cool, comfortable place in the city. Yet it is never used, though the streets surrounding it are packed to suffocation. The market people swelter in the heat, and their meats and vegetables decompose so rapidly in the sun that after business has been go-

ing on for a few hours the nose that is not trained to all the stages of a Haitian market must be carefully carried on the windward side of the crowded picturesque scene. A very large proportion of these wretched unhealthy characteristics could be avoided if the people would go under the cool, spacious, well-aired shelter provided for them; but their forefathers bought and sold in the open air, and that decides the matter. In some of the smaller places, where they have shade trees and small rustic booths, it seems better, but really is not, as the people sit in the shade and thrust their stock out in the sun so that the glare of the light upon it will call attention.

A large proportion of the material taken to town is logwood, tied on the backs of donkeys, and to meet one of these trains on the narrow trails of Haiti is most trying. If you were sure which way the donkey is going, or even if the donkey were sure himself, it would be comparatively simple; but just as you have decided that the donkey is going to take the right-hand side the unexpected happens, and he wheels to the left. I know of nothing that can give more excruciating pain than the sharp ends of a lot of logwood sticks when they come in contact with your knee-cap and leg. The



IN A HAITIAN SUBURB.

driver does not show the slightest concern. The donkey may upset you or your horse, or you may be fortunate enough to upset the donkey and ride over it. The driver smiles and bows just the same.

In his home life in the country the Haitian has the science of living brought down to such simple proportions that there is nothing left. In many cases his house, which covers on an average about twelve by eighteen feet, is almost without furniture of any kind. Sometimes he will have two or three chairs, but the seats are so narrow that you can only partially sit down; a few boards or sticks covered with a grass mat an inch thick form the bed; and this, together with an iron pot for cooking, seems to cover all the household property. There is seldom a door to the house, for the simple reason that when the inhabitants are absent there is nothing left for any person to take. The national food is rice and beans, washed down by native rum. The natives' costume consists of trousers, shirt, and hat; and with his coco-macaque (good stick) in his hand he is fully equipped, and, as a rule, carries on his person all the wardrobe he possesses. If by any chance he becomes slightly advanced in worldly

possessions, he sends to Paris or New York for a suit in the very latest fashion. It must be a frock-coat of black broadcloth, which he buttons at all times; patent-leather boots, gloves, large cuffs, very high collar, stiff black hat (a silk hat is preferred), and his good coco-macaque of one or two inches thick dwindled down to a slender cane. Of all costumes in the world this is the most unsuitable for his climate and his occupations; but in perfect happiness

he perspires his life away, knowing that all the world can see at a glance that he is a gentleman. But, whether poor beyond description or comparatively well-to-do, the Haitian is the soul of hospitality. Up in the heart of the mountains a traveller can stop at the first house he sees and be assured of a hearty welcome to all the owner has in the place; an offer to pay will be regarded in the light of an insult.

The Haitian is a wonderful example of conservatism. What was, must be right. A few years ago the town of Port de Paix, owing to an unexpected progressive spirit on the part of the government, constructed some fine water-works. The town was well piped, with hydrants at short distances on all the streets. Decorative fountains were placed in the squares, drinking-places for man and beast everywhere. The natives, as usual, took not the slightest interest in this important and necessary undertaking. At last, when completed, in accordance with the custom of the country, the water system was opened with a series of fêtes. The whole section of the country had a hilarious holiday—balls, processions, cock-fights, etc. When these were all over, the natives came to the conclusion that the water-works must have been built to



BORD DE MER, PORT DE PAIX.

give an excuse for them, and the water-works were no longer of any service, so they promptly smashed the whole system up, returned to carting the city's water from the distant river by ox teams. Now they tie their animals to the hydrants, fall over the fragments of the pipes scattered round the streets, and are happy.

As a rule, the poor Haitian does not beg. He volunteers information and asks to be paid for the same. Here are some examples: A traveller is journeying during the blinding heat of mid-day. A native meets him and says: "The sun is very strong, and you will get warm. Give me ten cents for telling you." Or it

is raining; the rider is soaked to a pulp; the native remarks: "It is raining, and you are wet. Give me," etc. The climax was reached as we were crossing one of the innumerable fords of the country. The leading horse stumbled, turned a summersault, and downed his rider into the river. My friend had hardly got his head above water before a



THE OLD FRENCH FORT, PORT DE PAIX.

The French made their last stand here when driven from the island.

native called out: "Your horse has thrown you into the river. Give me ten cents for telling you."

With all its unexpected faults and its many drawbacks a strange homesickness for the beauty and mystery of the island thrusts itself into the brain and heart of any person who has once wandered through its bewitching valleys or climbed its matchless mountains. You never know at what moment you may be walking over a very treasure. This is no old wife's fairy tale. I have on my desk, as I write, two silver pieces, part of the contents of a treasure-chest dug up while I was on the island. The silver is discolored by the iron and copper bands that bound the chest together. It was buried by the French in the fatal years of 1802 to 1804. This kind of a find happens every little while, and, like the beauty of the island, seems inexhaustible.

How vividly at this moment comes an excursion from Port de Paix to the grotto Bon Dieu! We started before daylight, so as to save our horses in the severe mountain-climbing, and were rewarded by reaching the crowning crest of the first mountain range before the sun jumped up above the next. We had the delicious experience of the sun driving the cool night air past us out of the intervening valley. It seemed as though the light and warmth of the sun rushed into the valley, pushing the cool, richly perfumed air before it. Both horses and men stood with distended nostrils. It only lasted about five minutes, but they seemed to cover a lifetime filled with all that makes life desirable.

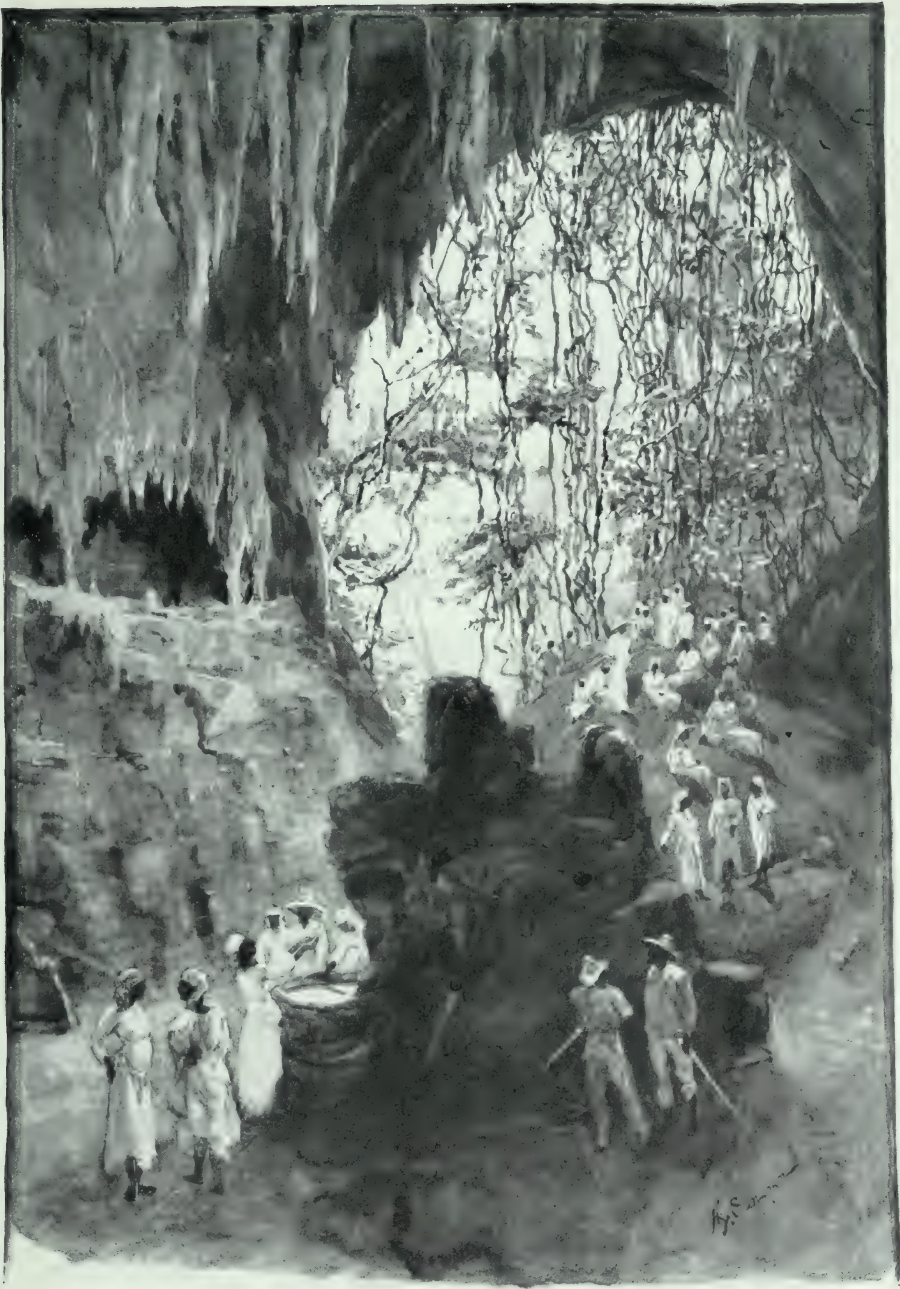
I wish it were possible even to refer to all the evidences of the high state of civilization of this island only one hundred years ago that we passed in our climb up that mountain: aqueducts, bridges, houses, gateways, etc., to say nothing of sections of broad, well-paved highways, that must have been marvels—all destroyed when Haiti became a republic.

As we neared the end of our journey we met the funeral procession of a child. The coffin was being carried on the head of a young man. They came to a standstill, and greeted us with smiles and pleasant words. They evidently thought our party of more interest than the funeral, for they all turned round and joined us, except the hearse, who stood staring for a

moment, then, with a whoop of delight, dropped the coffin and ran after us also.

We were informed that we must dismount, as the rest of the road was impassable for horses. Remembering the frightful places my horse had brought me safely over that morning, I wondered whether the grotto was worth seeing anyway; but I was taken charge of by a powerful native, and we plunged through a thick growth of young cane and Indian corn. My guide gave me to understand that I was to take hold of the growth on the left hand only; and, to impress this upon me, pointed to the right with one hand, raised the other level with his head, thrust it to the right, making a hissing sound with his teeth, to indicate my passage through the cane. Then, with fingers spread and palm downward, he gave the motion of a leaf swirling through the air. This continued till his hand nearly touched my foot; then placing the other hand under it, he rubbed them together and gave a puff with his lips. By this time I felt sure that no grotto existed that was worth seeing. In a few minutes we came to an open place on the right, and looking down on a space that seemed miles below where I stood, I realized what tropical trees look like when seen by the birds, and saw also several tiny villages with little specks moving about that might be human or cattle. But we reached the grotto.

It was a wonderful water-worn space, circular in formation, with a beehive form of roof covered with stalactites, beautiful in form. About thirty feet from the ground was a series of smaller caves, going completely round the grotto, having the appearance of being elaborately carved opera-boxes. But its chief beauty was the entrance; as seen from the interior, its general form being like a gothic window, the resemblance increased by great strings of vines that hung over it. But, as usual in Haiti, it was the color effect that was so marked. There was the peculiar green-blue sky, great masses of pearly purple mountains, and in perpendicular lines the dark purple-gray of the vines, some of the leaves with their translucent color being gorgeous beyond description; and here and there groups of natives in their various shades of blue, their faces, hands, and feet making the only color darks in this wonderful living picture.



GROTTO BON DIEU.

According to tradition the scene of ancient cannibal feasts.

After leaving the grotto we rode along the crest of the mountain until we had a choice of view. On one side we looked into the heart of Haiti, on the other we looked over the glowing sea toward Cuba, with the beautiful isle of Tortuga stretching at our feet. Here, although it was the hottest time of the day, it was quite

desirable every quarter of an hour to turn the side of the body that had been in the shade round to the sun.

The mention of Cuba reminds me that every business man I talked with, whether a native or a foreigner, expressed the greatest regret that the island was not included with Cuba and Puerto

Rico. As one of the leading politicians of the island put the case a short time ago:—Uncle Sam is enlarging his kitchen: he is getting a place ready for another pot; he has Cuba for one leg, Porto Rico for another, and the third must go on this island. It is well for us all to look the situation fairly in the face. The reader will remember that rice and beans cooked in a three-legged pot compose the national dish of the Haitians.

Haiti would undoubtedly be an acquisition. It is a marvellously fertile island, inhabited by a docile but unambitious race, who, with steady government and rights assured, would develop into good citizens. It is a country free from the pests that generally infest the tropics. During my residence I saw only three snakes. They were between five and six feet long and about one inch thick—perfectly harmless: there is not a poisonous snake on the island. I saw one scorpion, which a Haitian crushed to death with his naked foot: there were no flies to speak of, and I never required a mosquito-net day or night. The climate is healthy, with the exception of one or two small places, which could be easily made perfectly livable with ordinary sanitary precautions. You can have your choice of climate. In some places you are never warm, and in others you can never get cool. The cloudless blue sky is an unknown quantity, as far as my experience was concerned. The heavens are filled with floating

clouds, beautiful in form, and in color like opals—an ever-changing beauty.

Of course there is in Haiti a small circle of native-born creoles, who are naturally born ladies and gentlemen, exquisite in their courtly manners, and most desirable as friends. Then the white men who are living there, as I have already mentioned, are characters. If they take a liking to you, all they have or can capture is yours. The following will illustrate this characteristic:

—Mine host and a friend were walking through the leading thoroughfare of one of the towns, when the friend suddenly came to a standstill, and placing his long nervous index finger on mine host's breast, remarked:

"My dear boy, in here they make the best cocktails in Haiti. I have spent three fortunes in assuring myself of the truth of this. Let's go in and try one."

There was a prompt adjournment from the pathwalk to the interior of the building, a few minutes of delightful, expectant silence as the ingredients were shaken together, a mutual bow, followed by disappearance of the liquids.

Friend. "How do you like that?"

Mine host. "Delicious!"

Friend. "Let us have another."

Mine host. "Certainly, only this second one is on me."

Friend. "Make no mistake, my boy; they are *both* on you. I've no money."

It is the unexpected that happens—especially in Haiti the unknown.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART VIII.

XLII

ON Sunday Mrs. March partially conformed to an earlier New England ideal of the day by ceasing from sight-seeing. She could not have understood the sermon if she had gone to church, but she appeased the lingering conscience she had on this point by not going out till afternoon. Then she found robbing of the gaiety which Sunday afternoon wears in Catholic lands. The people were resting from their week-day labors, but they

were not playing; and the old churches, long since converted to Lutheran uses, were locked against tourist curiosity.

It was as it should be; it was as it would be at home and yet in this ancient city where the past was so much alive in the perpetual picturesqueness, they felt an incongruity in it; and they were fain to escape from the Protestant silence and seriousness of the streets to the damp shade of the public garden they had involuntarily visited the evening of their arrival.

* Begun in January number, 1880.

On a bench sat a quiet, rather dejected man, whom March asked some question of their way. He answered in English, and in the parley that followed they discovered that they were all Americans. The stranger proved to be an American of the sort commonest in Germany, and he said he had returned to his native country to get rid of the ague which he had taken on Staten Island. He had been seventeen years in New York, and now a talk of Tammany and its chances in the next election, of pulls and deals, of bosses and heelers, grew up between the civic step-brothers and joined them in a common interest. The German-American said he was bookkeeper in some glass-works which had been closed by our tariff, and he confessed that he did not mean to return to us, though he spoke of German affairs with the impartiality of an outsider. He said that the Socialist party was increasing faster than any other, and that this tacitly meant the suppression of rank and the abolition of monarchy. He warned March against the appearance of industrial prosperity in Germany; beggary was severely repressed, and if poverty was better clad than with us, it was as hungry and as hopeless in Nuremberg as in New York. The working classes were kindly and peaceable; they only knifed each other quietly on Sunday evenings after having too much beer.

Presently the stranger rose and bowed to the Marches for good-by; and as he walked down the aisle of trees in which they had been sitting together, he seemed to be retreating farther and farther from such Americanism as they had in common. He had reverted to an entirely German effect of dress and figure; his walk was slow and Teutonic; he must be a type of thousands who have returned to the father-land without wishing to own themselves its children again, and yet out of heart with the only country left them.

"He was rather pathetic, my dear," said March in the discomfort he knew his wife must be feeling as well as himself. "How odd to have the lid lifted here, and see the same old problems seething and bubbling in the witch's caldron we call civilization as we left simmering away at home! And how hard to have our tariff reach out and snatch the bread from the mouths of those poor glass-workers!"

"I thought that *was* hard," she sighed. "It must have been *his* bread, too."

"Let's hope it was not his cake, anyway. I suppose," he added, dreamily, "that what we used to like in Italy was the absence of all the modern activities. The Italians didn't repel us by assuming to be of our epoch in the presence of their monuments; they knew how to behave like pensive memories. I wonder if they're still as charming?"

"Oh, no," she returned; "nothing is as charming as it used to be. And now we need the charm more than ever."

He laughed at her despair, in the tacit understanding they had lived into, that only one of them was to be desperate at a time, and that they were to take turns in cheering each other up. "Well, perhaps we don't deserve it. And I'm not sure that we need it so much as we did when we were young. We've got tougher; we can stand the cold facts better now. They made me shiver once, but now they give me a sort of agreeable thrill. Besides, if life kept up its pretty illusions, if it insisted upon being as charming as it used to be, how could we ever bear to die? We've got that to consider." He yielded to the temptation of his paradox, but he did not fail altogether of the purpose with which he began, and they took the trolley back to their hotel cheerful in the intrepid fancy that they had confronted fate when they had only had the hardihood to face a phrase.

They agreed that now he ought really to find out something about the contemporary life of Nuremberg, and the next morning he went out before breakfast, and strolled through some of the simpler streets, in the hope of intimate impressions. The peasant women serving portions of milk from house to house out of the cans in the little wagons which they drew themselves were a touch of pleasing domestic comedy; a certain effect of tragedy imparted itself from the lamentations of the sucking-pigs jolted over the pavements in handcarts; a certain majesty from the long procession of yellow mail-wagons, with drivers in the royal Bavarian blue, trooping by in the cold small rain, impassably dripping from their glazed hat-brims upon their uniforms. But he could not feel that these things were any of them very poignantly significant; and he covered his retreat from the actualities of Nuremberg by visiting the chief book-store and buying more photographs of the architecture



"LATER THEY MET THE LOVERS IN THE STREET."

than he wanted, and more local histories than he should ever read. He made a last effort for the contemporaneous life by asking the English-speaking clerk if there were any literary men of distinction living in Nuremberg, and the clerk said there was not one.

He went home to breakfast wondering if he should be able to make his meagre facts serve with his wife; but he found her far from any wish to listen to them. She was intent upon a pair of young lovers, at a table near her own, who were so absorbed in each other that they were proof against an interest that must otherwise have pierced them through and through. The bridegroom, as he would have called himself, was a pretty little Bavarian lieutenant, very dark and regular, and the bride was as pretty and as little, but delicately blond. Nature had admirably mated them, and if art had helped to bring them together through the genius of the bride's mother, who was breakfasting with them, it had wrought almost as fitly. Mrs. March queried impartially who they were, where they met, and how, and just when they were going to be married; and March consented, in his personal immunity from their romance, to let it go on under his eyes without protest. But later, when they met the lovers in the street, walking arm in arm, with the bride's mother behind them gloating upon their bliss, he said the woman ought, at her time of life, to be ashamed of such folly. She must know that this affair, by nine chances out of ten, could not fail to eventuate at the best in a marriage as tiresome as most other marriages, and yet she was abandoning herself with those ignorant young people to the illusion that it was the finest and sweetest thing in life.

"Well, isn't it?" his wife asked.

"Yes, that's the worst of it. It shows how poverty-stricken life really is. We want somehow to believe that each pair of lovers will find the good we have missed, and be as happy as we expected to be."

"I think *we* have been happy enough, and that we've had as much good as was wholesome for us," she returned, hurt.

"You're always so concrete! I meant us in the abstract. But if you *will* be personal, I'll say that *you've* been as happy as you deserve, and got more good than you had any right to."

She laughed with him, and then they laughed again to perceive that they were

walking arm in arm too, like the lovers, whom they were insensibly following.

He proposed that while they were in this mood they should go again to the old cemetery, and see the hinged jaw of the murdered Paumgartner, wagging in eternal accusation of his murderess. "It's rather hard on her, that he should be having the last word, that way," he said. "She was a woman, no matter what mistakes she had committed."

"That's what I call *banale*," said Mrs. March.

"It is, rather," he confessed. "It makes me feel as if I must go to see the house of Dürer, after all."

"Well, I knew we should have to, sooner or later."

It was the thing that they had said they would not do, in Nuremberg, because everybody did it; but now they hailed a fiacre, and ordered it driven to Dürer's house, which they found in a remote part of the town near a stretch of the city wall, varied in its picturesqueness by the interposition of a dripping grove; it was raining again by the time they reached it. The quarter had lapsed from earlier dignity, and without being squalid, it looked worn and hard worked; otherwise it could hardly have been different in Dürer's time. His dwelling, in no way impressive outside, amidst the envioning quaintness, stood at the corner of a narrow side-hill street that sloped cityward; and within it was stripped bare of all the furniture of life belowstairs, and above was none the cozier for the stiff appointment of a show-house. It was cavernous and cold; but if there had been a fire in the kitchen, and a table laid in the dining-room, and beds equipped for nightmare, after the German fashion, in the empty chambers, one could have imagined a kindly, simple, neighborly existence there. It in no wise suggested the calling of an artist, perhaps because artists had not begun in Dürer's time to take themselves so objectively as they do now, but it implied the life of a prosperous citizen, and it expressed the period.

The Marches wrote their names in the visitors' book, and paid the visitor's fee, which also bought them tickets in an annual lottery for a reproduction of one of Dürer's pictures; and then they came away, by no means dissatisfied with his house. By its association with his sojourns in Italy it recalled visits to other

shrines, and they had to own that it was really no worse than Ariosto's house at Ferrara, or Petrarch's at Arquá, or Michelangelo's at Florence. "But what I admire," he said, "is our futility in going to see it. We expected to surprise some quality of the man left lying about in the house because he lived and died in it; and because his wife kept him up so close there, and worked him so hard to save his widow from coming to want."

"Who said she did that?"

"A friend of his who hated her. But he had to allow that she was a God-fearing woman, and had a New England conscience."

"Well, I dare say Dürer was easy-going."

"Yes; but I don't like her laying her plans to survive him; though women always do that."

They were going away the next day, and they sat down that evening to a final supper in such good-humor with themselves that they were willing to include a young couple who came to take places at their table, though they would rather have been alone. They lifted their eyes for their expected salutation, and recognized Mr. and Mrs. Leffers, of the *Norumbia*.

The ladies fell upon each other as if they had been mother and daughter; March and the young man shook hands, in the feeling of passengers mutually endeared by the memories of a pleasant voyage. They arrived at the fact that Mr. Leffers had received letters in England from his partners which allowed him to prolong his wedding journey in a tour of the continent, while their wives were still exclaiming at their encounter in the same hotel in Nuremberg; and then they all sat down to have, as the bride said, a real *Norumbia* time.

She was one of those young wives who talk always with their eyes submissively on their husbands, no matter whom they are speaking to; but she was already unconsciously ruling him in her abeyance. No doubt she was ruling him for his good; she had a livelier mind than he, and she knew more, as the American wives of young American business men always do, and she was planning wisely for their travels. She recognized her merit in this devotion with an artless candor, which was typical rather than personal. March was glad to go out with Leffers

for a little stroll, and to leave Mrs. March to listen to Mrs. Leffers, who did not let them go without making her husband promise to wrap up well, and not get his feet wet. She made March promise not to take him far, and to bring him back early, which he found himself very willing to do, after an exchange of ideas with Mr. Leffers. The young man began to talk about his wife, in her providential, her almost miraculous adaptation to the sort of man he was, and when he had once begun to explain what sort of man he was, there was no end to it, till they rejoined the ladies in the reading-room.

XLVII.

The young couple came to the station to see the Marches off after dinner the next day; and the wife left a bank of flowers on the seat beside Mrs. March, who said, as soon as they were gone, "I believe I would rather meet people of our own age after this. I used to think that you could keep young by being with young people; but I don't, now. Their world is very different from ours. Our world doesn't really exist any more, but as long as we keep away from theirs we needn't realize it. Young people," she went on, "are more practical-minded than we used to be; they're quite as sentimental; but I don't think they care so much for the higher things. They're not so much brought up on poetry as we were," she pursued. "That little Mrs. Leffers would have read Longfellow in our time; but now she didn't know of his poem on Nuremberg; she was intelligent enough about the place, but you could see that its quaintness was not so precious as it was to us; not so sacred." Her tone entreated him to find more meaning in her words than she had put into them. "They couldn't have felt as we did about that old ivied wall and that grassy, flowery moat under it; and the beautiful Damenthor; and that pile-up of the roofs from the Burg; and those winding streets with their Gothic façades all cobwebbed with trolley wires; and that yellow, aguish-looking river drowsing through the town under the windows of those overhanging houses; and the market-place, and the squares before the churches, with their queer shops in the nooks and corners round them!"

"I see what you mean. But do you think it's as sacred to us as it would have been twenty-five years ago? I had an

irreverent feeling now and then that Nuremberg was overdoing Nuremberg."

"Oh, yes; so had I. We're that modern, if we're *not* so young as we were."

"We were very simple, in those days."

"Well, if we were simple, we knew it!"

"Yes; we used to like taking our unconsciousness to pieces and looking at it."

"We had a good time."

"Too good. Sometimes it seems as if it would have lasted longer if it had not been so good. We might have our cake now if we hadn't eaten it."

"It would be mouldy, though."

"I wonder," he said, recurring to the Lefferses, "how we really struck them."

"Well, I don't believe they thought we ought to be travelling about alone, quite, at our age."

"Oh, not so bad as that!" After a moment he said, "I dare say *they* don't go round quarrelling on their wedding journey, as we did."

"Indeed they do! They had an awful quarrel just before they got to Nuremberg: about his wanting to send some of the baggage to Liverpool by express that she wanted to keep with them. But she said it had been a lesson, and they were never going to quarrel again." The elders looked at each other in the light of experience, and laughed. "Well," she ended, "that's one thing we're through with. I suppose we've come to feel more alike than we used to."

"Or not to feel at all. How did they settle it about the baggage?"

"Oh! He insisted on her keeping it with her." March laughed again, but this time he laughed alone, and after a while she said: "Well, they gave just the right relief to Nuremberg, with their good, clean American philistinism. I don't mind their thinking us queer; they must have thought Nuremberg was queer."

"Yes. We oldsters are always queer to the young. We're either ridiculously lively and chirpy, or we're ridiculously stiff and grim; they *never* expect to be like us, and wouldn't, for the world. The worst of it is, we elderly people are absurd to one another; we don't, at the bottom of our hearts, believe we're like *that*, when we meet. I suppose that arrogant old ass of a Triscoe looks upon me as a grinning dotard."

"I wonder," said Mrs. March, "if she's told him yet," and March perceived that she was now suddenly far from the mood

of philosophic introspection; but he had no difficulty in following her.

"She's had time enough. But it was an awkward task Burnamy left to her."

"Yes, when I think of that, I can hardly forgive him for coming back in that way. I know she is dead in love with him; but she could only have accepted him conditionally."

"Conditionally to his making it all right with Stoller?"

"Stoller? No! To her father's liking it."

"Ah, that's quite as hard. What makes you think she accepted him at all?"

"What do you think she was crying about?"

"Well, I *have* supposed that ladies occasionally shed tears of pity. If she accepted him conditionally she would have to tell her father about it." Mrs. March gave him a glance of silent contempt, and he hastened to atone for his stupidity. "Perhaps she's told him on the instalment plan. She may have begun by confessing that Burnamy had been in Carlsbad. Poor old fellow, I wish we were going to find him in Ansbach! He could make things very smooth for us."

"Well, you needn't flatter yourself that you'll find him in Ansbach. I'm sure I don't know where he is."

"You might write to Miss Triscoe and ask."

"I think I shall wait for Miss Triscoe to write to me," she said, with dignity.

"Yes, she certainly owes you that much, after all your suffering for her. I've asked the banker in Nuremberg to forward our letters to the *poste restante* in Ansbach. Isn't it good to see the crows again, after those ravens around Carlsbad?"

She joined him in looking at the mild autumnal landscape through the open window. The afternoon was fair and warm, and in the level fields bodies of soldiers were at work with picks and spades, getting the ground ready for the military manœuvres; they disturbed among the stubble foraging parties of crows, which rose from time to time with cries of indignant protest. She said, with a smile for the crows: "Yes. And I'm thankful that I've got nothing on my conscience, whatever happens," she added in dismissal of the subject of Burnamy.

"I'm thankful too, my dear. I'd much rather have things on my own. I'm more

used to that, and I believe I feel less remorse than when you're to blame."

They might have been carried near this point by those telepathic influences which have as yet been so imperfectly studied. It was only that morning, after the lapse of a week since Burnamy's furtive reappearance in Carlsbad, that Miss Triscoe spoke to her father about it, and she had at that moment a longing for support and counsel that might well have made its mystical appeal to Mrs. March.

She spoke at last because she could put it off no longer, rather than because the right time had come. She began as they sat at breakfast. "Papa, there is something that I have got to tell you. It is something that you ought to know; but I have put off telling you because—"

She hesitated for the reason, and "Well!" said her father, looking up at her from his second cup of coffee. "What is it?"

Then she answered, "Mr. Burnamy has been here."

"When?"

"The night of the Emperor's birthday. He came into the box when you were behind the scenes with Mr. March; afterwards I met him in the crowd."

"Well?"

"I thought you ought to know. Mrs. March said I ought to tell you."

"Did she say you ought to wait a week?" He gave way to an irascibility which he tried to check, and to ask with indifference, "Why did he come back?"

"He was going to write about it for that paper in Paris." The girl had the effect of gathering her courage up for a bold plunge. She looked steadily at her father, and added: "He said he came back because he couldn't help it. He—wished to speak with me. He said he knew he had no right to suppose I cared anything about what had happened with him and Mr. Stoller. He wanted to come back and tell me—that."

Her father waited for her to go on, but apparently she was going to leave the word to him, now. He hesitated to take it, but he asked at last with a boldness that seemed to surprise her, "Have you heard anything from him since?"

"No."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. I told him I could not say what he wished; that I must tell you about it."

The case was less simple than it would

once have been for General Triscoe. There was still his affection for his daughter, his wish for her happiness, but this had always been subordinate to his sense of his own interest and comfort, and a question had recently arisen which put his paternal love and duty in a new light. He was no more explicit with himself than other men are, and the most which could ever be said of him without injustice was that in his dependence upon her he would rather have kept his daughter to himself if she could not have been very prosperously, very richly married. On the other hand, if he disliked the man for whom she now hardly hid her liking, he was not just then ready to go to extremes concerning him.

"He was very anxious," she went on, "that you should know just how it was. He thinks everything of your judgment and—and—opinion." The general made a consenting noise in his throat. "He said that he did not wish me to 'white-wash' him to you. He didn't think he had done right; he didn't excuse himself, or ask you to excuse him unless you could from the stand-point of a gentleman."

The general made a less consenting noise in his throat, and asked, "How do you look at it, yourself, Agatha?"

"I don't believe I quite understand it; but Mrs. March—"

"Oh, Mrs. March!" the general snorted.

"—says that Mr. March does not think so badly of it as Mr. Burnamy does."

"I doubt it. At any rate, I understood March quite differently."

"She says that he thinks he behaved very nobly afterwards when Mr. Stoller wanted him to help him put a false complexion on it; that it was all the more difficult for him to do right then, because of his remorse for what he had done before." As she spoke on she had become more eager.

"There's something in that," the general admitted, with a candor that he made the most of both to himself and to her. "But I should like to know what Stoller had to say of it all. Is there anything," he inquired, "any reason why I need be more explicit about it, just now?"

"No—no. Only, I thought— He thinks so much of your opinion that—if—"

"Oh, he can very well afford to wait. If he values my opinion so highly he can give me time to make up my mind."

"Of course—"

"And I'm not responsible," the general continued, significantly, "for the delay altogether. If you had told me this before— Now, I don't know whether Stoller is still in town."

He was not behaving openly with her; but she had not behaved openly with him. She owned that to herself, and she got what comfort she could from his making the affair a question of what Burnamy had done to Stoller rather than of what Burnamy had said to her, and what she had answered him. If she was not perfectly clear as to what she wanted to do, or wished to have happen, there was now time and place in which she could delay and make sure. The accepted theory of such matters is that people know their minds from the beginning, and that they do not change them. But experience seems to contradict this theory, or else people often act contrary to their convictions and impulses. If the statistics were accessible, it might be found that many potential engagements hovered in a doubtful air, and before they touched the earth in actual promise were dissipated by the play of meteorological chances.

When General Triscoe put down his napkin in rising he said that he would step round to Pupp's and see if Stoller were still there. But on the way he stepped up to Mrs. Adding's hotel on the hill, and he came back, after an interval which he seemed not to have found long, to report rather casually that Stoller had left Carlsbad the day before. By this time the fact seemed not to concern Agatha herself very vitally. He asked if the Marches had left any address with her, and she answered that they had not. They were going to spend a few days in Nuremberg, and then push on to Holland for Mr. March's after-cure. There was no relevance in his question unless it intimated his belief that she was in confidential correspondence with Mrs. March, and she met this by saying that she was going to write her in care of their bankers; she asked whether he wished to send any word.

"No. I understand," he intimated, "that there is nothing at all in the nature of a—a—an understanding, then, with—"

"No, nothing."

"Hm!" The general waited a moment. Then he ventured, "Do you care to say—do you wish me to know—how he took it?"

The tears came into the girl's eyes, but she governed herself to say, "He—he was disappointed."

"He had no right to be disappointed."

It was a question, and she answered: "He thought he had. He said—that he wouldn't—trouble me any more."

The general did not ask at once, "And you don't know where he is now—you haven't heard anything from him since?"

Agatha flashed through her tears. "Papa!"

"Oh! I beg your pardon. I think you told me."

XLVIII.

At the first station where the train stopped, a young German bowed himself into the compartment with the Marches, and so visibly resisted an impulse to smoke that March begged him to light his cigarette. In the talk which this friendly overture led to between them he explained that he was a railway architect, employed by the government on that line of road, and was travelling officially. March spoke of Nuremberg; he owned the sort of surfeit he had suffered from its excessive mediævalism, and the young man said that it was part of the new imperial patriotism to cherish the Gothic throughout Germany; no other sort of architecture was permitted in Nuremberg. But they would find enough classicism at Ansbach, he promised them, and he entered with sympathetic intelligence into their wish to see this little extinct capital when March told him they were going to stop there, in hopes of something typical of the old disjointed Germany of the petty principalities, the little paternal despotisms now extinct.

As they talked on, partly in German and partly in English, their purpose in visiting Ansbach appeared to the Marches more meditated than it was. It was in fact somewhat accidental; Ansbach was near Nuremberg; it was not much out of the way to Holland. They took more and more credit to themselves for a reasoned and definite motive, in the light of their companion's enthusiasm for the place, and its charm began for them with the drive from the station through streets whose sentiment was both Italian and French, and where there was a yellowish cast in the gray of the architecture which was almost Mantuan. They rested their sensibilities, so bruised and fretted by Gothic angles and points, against the

smooth surfaces of the prevailing classicistic façades of the houses as they passed, and when they arrived at their hotel, an old mansion of Versailles type, fronting on a long irregular square planted with pollard sycamores, they said that it might as well have been Lucca.

The archway and stairway of the hotel were draped with the Bavarian colors, and they were obscurely flattered to learn that Prince Leopold, the brother of the Prince-Regent of the kingdom, had taken rooms there, on his way to the manœuvres at Nuremberg, and was momentarily expected with his suite. They realized that they were not of the princely party, however, when they were told that he had sole possession of the dining-room, and they went out to another hotel, and had their supper in keeping delightfully native. People seemed to come there to write their letters and make up their accounts, as well as to eat their suppers; they called for stationery like characters in old comedy, and the clatter of crockery and the scratching of pens went on together; and fortune offered the Marches a delicate reparation for their exclusion from their own hotel in the cold popular reception of the prince which they got back just in time to witness. A very small group of people, mostly women and boys, had gathered to see him arrive, but there was no cheering or any sign of public interest. Perhaps he personally merited none; he looked a dull, sad man, with his plain, stubbed features; and after he had mounted to his apartment, the officers of his staff stood quite across the landing, and barred the passage of the Americans, ignoring even Mrs. March's presence, as they talked together.

"Well, my dear," said her husband, "here you have it at last. This is what you've been living for, ever since we came to Germany. It's a great moment."

"Yes. What are you going to do?"

"Who? I? Oh, nothing! This is your affair; it's for you to act."

If she had been young, she might have withered them with a glance; she doubted now if her dim eyes would have any such power; but she advanced steadily upon them, and then the officers seemed aware of her, and stood aside.

March always insisted that they stood aside apologetically, but she held as firmly that they stood aside impertinently, or at least indifferently, and that the in-

sult to her American womanhood was perfectly ideal. It is true that nothing of the kind happened again during their stay at the hotel; the prince's officers were afterwards about in the corridors and on the stairs, but they offered no shadow of obstruction to her going and coming, and the landlord himself was not so preoccupied with his highhopes but he had time to express his grief that she had been obliged to go out for supper.

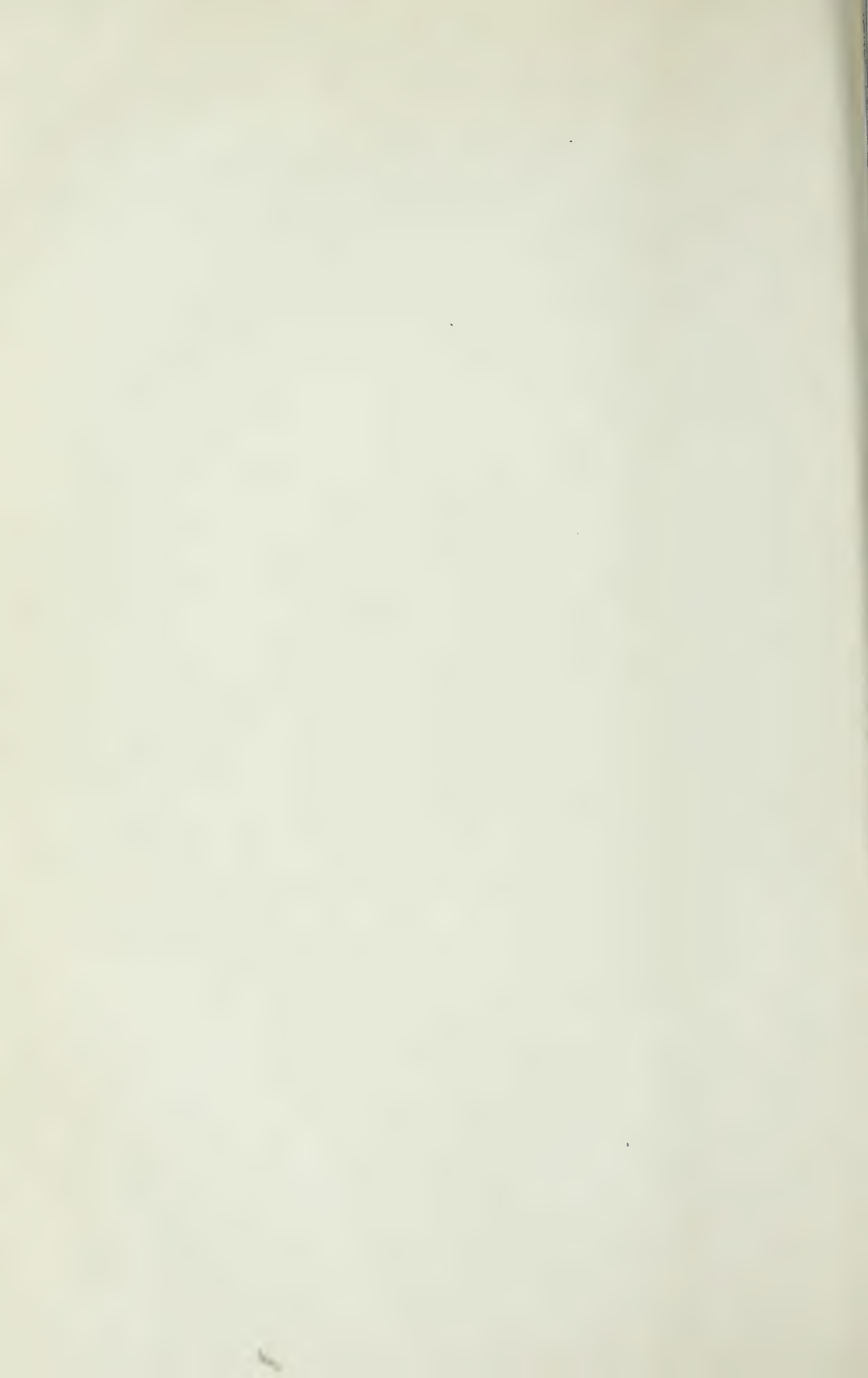
They satisfied the passion for the little obsolete capital which had been growing upon them by strolling past the old Residenz at an hour so favorable for a first impression. It loomed in the gathering dusk even vaster than it was, and it was really vast enough for the pride of a King of France, much more a Margrave of Ansbach. Time had blackened and blotched its coarse limestone walls to one complexion with the statues swelling and strutting in the figure of Roman legionaries before it, and standing out against the evening sky along its balustraded roof, and had softened to the right tint the stretch of half a dozen houses with mansard roofs and renaissance façades obsequiously in keeping with the Versailles ideal of a Residenz. In the rear, and elsewhere at fit distance from its courts, a native architecture prevailed; and at no great remove the Marches found themselves in a simple German town again. There they stumbled upon a little bookseller's shop blinking in a quiet corner, and bought three or four guides and small histories of Ansbach, which they carried home, and studied between drowsing and waking. The wonderful German syntax seems at its most enigmatical in this sort of literature, and sometimes they lost themselves in its labyrinths completely, and only made their way perilously out with the help of cumulative declensions, past articles and adjectives blindly seeking their nouns, to long-procrastinated verbs dancing like swamp-fires in the distance. They emerged a little less ignorant than they went in, and better qualified than they would otherwise have been for their second visit to the Schloss, which they paid early the next morning.

They were so early, indeed, that when they mounted from the great inner court, much too big for Ansbach, if not for the building, and rung the custodian's bell, a smiling maid who let them into an ante-room, where she kept on picking over



"MARCH BEGGED HIM TO LIGHT HIS CIGARETTE."

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vegetables for her dinner, said the custodian was busy, and could not be seen till ten o'clock. She seemed, in her nook of the pretentious pile, as innocently unconscious of its history as any hen-sparrow who had built her nest in some coign of its architecture; and her friendly, peaceful domesticity remained a wholesome human background to the tragedies and comedies of the past, and held them in a picturesque relief in which they were alike tolerable and even charming.

The history of Ansbach strikes its roots in the soil of fable, and aboveground is a gnarled and twisted growth of good and bad from the time of the Great Charles to the time of the Great Frederick. Between these times she had her various rulers, ecclesiastical and secular, in various forms of vassalage to the empire; but for nearly four centuries her sovereignty was in the hands of the margraves, who reigned in a constantly increasing splendor till the last sold her outright to the King of Prussia in 1791, and went to live in England on the proceeds. She had taken her part in the miseries and glories of the wars that desolated Germany, but after the Reformation, when she turned from the ancient faith to which she owed her cloistered origin under St. Gumpertus, her people had peace except when their last prince sold them to fight the battles of others. It is in this last transaction that her history, almost in the moment when she ceased to have a history of her own, links to that of the modern world, and that it came home to the Marches in their national character; for two thousand of those poor Ansbach mercenaries were bought up by England and sent to put down a rebellion in her American colonies.

Humanly, they were more concerned for the Last Margrave, because of certain qualities which made him the Best Margrave, in spite of the defects of his qualities. He was the son of the Wild Margrave, equally known in the Ansbach annals, who may not have been the Worst Margrave, but who had certainly a bad trick of putting his subjects to death without trial, and in cases where there was special haste, with his own hand. He sent his son to the university at Utrecht because he believed that the republican influences in Holland would be wholesome for him, and then he sent him to travel in Italy; but when the boy came home looking frail

and sick, the Wild Margrave charged his official travelling companion with neglect, and had the unhappy Hofrath Meyer hanged without process for this crime. One of the gentlemen of his realm, for a pasquinade on the Margrave, was brought to the scaffold; he had, at various times, twenty-two of his soldiers shot with arrows and bullets or hanged for desertion, besides many whose penalties his clemency commuted to the loss of an ear or a nose; a Hungarian who killed his hunting-dog, he had broken alive on the wheel. A soldier's wife was hanged for complicity in a case of desertion; a young soldier who eloped with the girl he loved was brought to Ansbach from a neighboring town, and hanged with her on the same gallows. A sentry at the door of one of the Margrave's castles amiably complied with the Margrave's request to let him take his gun for a moment, on the pretence of wishing to look at it. For this breach of discipline the prince covered him with abuse and gave him over to his hussars, who bound him to a horse's tail and dragged him through the streets; he died of his injuries. The kennel-master who had charge of the Margrave's dogs was accused of neglecting them: without further inquiry the Margrave rode to the man's house and shot him down on his own threshold. A shepherd who met the Margrave on a shying horse did not get his flock out of the way quickly enough; the Margrave demanded the pistols of a gentleman in his company, but he answered that they were not loaded, and the shepherd's life was saved. As they returned home the gentleman fired them off. "What does that mean?" cried the Margrave, furiously. "It means, gracious lord, that you will sleep sweeter to-night for not having heard my pistols an hour sooner."

From this it appears that the gracious lord had his moments of regret; but perhaps it is not altogether strange that when he died, the whole population "stormed through the streets to meet his funeral train, not in awe-stricken silence to meditate on the fall of human grandeur, but to unite in an eager tumult of rejoicing, as if some cruel brigand who had long held the city in terror were delivered over to them bound and in chains." For nearly thirty years this blood-stained miscreant had reigned over his hapless people in a sovereign plenitude of power,

which by the theory of German imperialism in our day is still a divine right.

They called him the Wild Margrave, in their instinctive revolt from the belief that any man not untamably savage could be guilty of his atrocities; and they called his son the Last Margrave, with a touch of the poetry which perhaps records a regret for their extinction as a state. He did not harry them as his father had done; his mild rule was the effect partly of the indifference and distaste for his country bred by his long sojourns abroad; but doubtless also it was the effect of a kindly nature. Even in the matter of selling a few thousands of them to fight the battles of a bad cause on the other side of the world, he had the best of motives, and faithfully applied the proceeds to the payment of the state debt and the embellishment of the capital.

His mother was a younger sister of Frederick the Great, and was so constantly at war with her husband that probably she had nothing to do with the marriage which the Wild Margrave forced upon their son. Love certainly had nothing to do with it, and the Last Margrave early escaped from it to the society of Mlle. Clairon, the great French tragédienne, whom he met in Paris, and whom he persuaded to come and make her home with him in Ansbach. She lived there seventeen years, and though always an alien, she bore herself with kindness to all classes, and is still remembered there by the roll of butter which calls itself a *Klarungswecke* in its imperfect French.

No roll of butter records in faltering accents the name of the brilliant and disdainful English lady who replaced this poor tragic muse in the Margrave's heart, though the lady herself lived to be the last Margravine of Ansbach, where everybody seems to have hated her with a passion which she doubtless knew how to return. She was the daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and the wife of Lord Craven, a sufficiently unfaithful and unworthy nobleman by her account, from whom she was living apart when the Margrave asked her to his capital. There she set herself to oust Mlle. Clairon with sneers and jests for the theatrical style which the actress could not outlive. Lady Craven said she was sure Clairon's nightcap must be a crown of gilt paper; and when Clairon threatened to kill herself, and the Margrave was alarmed, "You forget,"

said Lady Craven, "that actresses only stab themselves under their sleeves."

She drove Clairon from Ansbach, and the great tragédienne returned to Paris, where she remained true to her false friend, and from time to time wrote him letters full of magnanimous counsel and generous tenderness. But she could not have been so good company as Lady Craven, who was a very gifted person, and knew how to compose songs and sing them, and write comedies and play them, and who could keep the Margrave amused in many ways. When his loveless and childless wife died he married the English woman, but he grew more and more weary of his dull little court and dull little country, and after a while, considering the uncertain tenure sovereigns had of their heads since the French King had lost his, and the fact that he had no heirs to follow him in his principality, he resolved to cede it for a certain sum to Prussia. To this end his new wife's urgency was perhaps not wanting. They went to England, where she outlived him ten years, and wrote her memoirs.

The custodian of the Schloss came at last, and the Marches saw instantly that he was worth waiting for. He was as vain-glorious of the palace as any grand-monarching margrave of them all. He could not have been more personally superb in showing their different effigies if they had been his own family portraits, and he would not spare the strangers a single splendor of the twenty vast, handsome, tiresome, Versailles-like rooms he led them through. The rooms were fatiguing physically, but so poignantly interesting that Mrs. March would not have missed, though she perished of her pleasure, one of the things she saw. She had for once a surfeit of highhoting in the pictures, the porcelains, the thrones and canopies, the tapestries, the historical associations with the margraves and their marriages, with the Great Frederick and the Great Napoleon. The Great Napoleon's man Bernadotte made the Schloss his headquarters when he occupied Ansbach after Austerlitz, and here he completed his arrangements for taking her bargain from Prussia and handing it over to Bavaria, with whom it still remains. Twice the Great Frederick had sojourned in the palace, visiting his sister Louise, the wife of the Wild Margrave, and more than once it had welcomed her next neighbor.

and sister Wilhelmina, the Margravine of Baireuth, whose autobiographic voice, piercingly plaintive and reproachful, seemed to quiver in the air. Here, oddly enough, the spell of the Wild Margrave weakened in the presence of his portrait, which signally failed to justify his fame of furious tyrant. That seems, indeed, to have been rather the popular and historical conception of him than the impression he made upon his exalted contemporaries. The Margravine of Baireuth at any rate could so far excuse her poor blood-stained brother-in-law as to say: "The Margrave of Ansbach . . . was a young prince who had been very badly educated. He continually ill-treated my sister; they led the life of cat and dog. My sister, it is true, was sometimes in fault. . . . Her education had been very bad. . . . She was married at fourteen."

At parting, the custodian told the Marches that he would easily have known them for Americans by the handsome fee they gave him; and they came away flown with his praise; and their national vanity was again flattered when they got out into the principal square of Ansbach. There, in a bookseller's window, they found among the pamphlets teaching different languages without a master, one devoted to the *Amerikanische Sprache* as distinguished from the *Englische Sprache*. That there could be no mistake, the cover was printed with colors in a German ideal of the star-spangled banner; and March said he always knew that we had a language of our own, and that now he was going in to buy that pamphlet and find out what it was like. He asked the young shop-woman how it differed from English, which she spoke fairly well from having lived eight years in Chicago. She said that it differed from the English mainly in emphasis and pronunciation. "For instance, the English say '*Half past*,' and the Americans '*Half past*'; the English say *laht* and the Americans say *late*."

The weather had now been clear quite long enough, and it was raining again, a fine, bitter, piercing drizzle. They asked the girl if it always rained in Ansbach; and she owned that it nearly always did. She said that sometimes she longed for a little American summer; that it was never quite warm in Ansbach; and when they had got out into the rain, March said: "It was very nice to stumble on Chicago in

an Ansbach book-store. You ought to have told her you had a married daughter, in Chicago. Don't miss another such chance."

"We shall need another bag if we keep on buying books at this rate," said his wife with tranquil irrelevance; and not to give him time for protest, she pushed him into a shop where the valises in the window perhaps suggested her thought. March made haste to forestall his wife by saying they were Americans, but the mistress of the shop seemed to have her misgivings, and "Born Americans, perhaps?" she ventured. She had probably never met any but the naturalized sort, and supposed these were the only sort. March re-assured her, and then she said she had a son living in Jersey City, and she made March take his address that he might tell him he had seen his mother; she had apparently no conception what a great way Jersey City is from New York.

Mrs. March would not take his arm when they came out. "Now, that is what I never can get used to in you, Basil, and I've tried to palliate it for twenty-seven years. You *know* you won't look up that poor woman's son! Why did you let her think you would?"

"How could I tell her I wouldn't? Perhaps I shall."

"No, no! You never will. I know you're good and kind, and that's why I can't understand your being so cruel. When we get back, how will you ever find time to go over to Jersey City?"

He could not tell, but at last he said: "I'll tell you what! You must keep me up to it. You know how much you enjoy making me do my duty, and this will be such a pleasure!"

She laughed forlornly, but after a moment she took his arm; and he began, from the example of this good mother, to philosophize the continuous simplicity and sanity of the people of Ansbach under all their civic changes. Saints and soldiers, knights and barons, margraves, princes, kings, emperors, had come and gone, and left their single-hearted, friendly subject-folk pretty much what they found them. The people had suffered and survived through a thousand wars, and apparently prospered on under all governments and misgovernments. When the court was most French, most artificial, most vicious, the citizen life must

have remained immutably German, dull, and kind. After all, he said, humanity seemed everywhere to be pretty safe, and pretty much the same.

"Yes, that is all very well," she returned, "and you can theorize interestingly enough; but I'm afraid that poor mother, there, had no more reality for you than those people in the past. You appreciate her as a type, and you don't care for her as a human being. You're nothing but a dreamer, after all. I don't blame you," she went on. "It's your temperament, and you can't change, now."

"I may change for the worse," he threatened. "I think I have, already. I don't believe I could stand up to Dryfoos, now, as I did for poor old Lindau, when I risked your bread and butter for his. I look back in wonder and admiration at myself. I've steadily lost touch with life since then. I'm a trifler, a dilettante, and an amateur of the right and the good, as I used to be when I was young. Oh, I have the grace to be troubled at times, now, and once I never was. It never occurred to me that the world wasn't made to interest me, or at the best to instruct me, but it does now, at times."

She always came to his defence when he accused himself; it was the best ground he could take with her. "I think you behaved very well with Burnamy. You did your duty then."

"Did I? I'm not so sure. At any rate, it's the last time I shall do it. I've served my term. I think I should tell him that he was all right in that business with Stoller, if I were to meet him, now."

"Isn't it strange," she said, provisionally, "that we don't come upon a trace of him anywhere in Ansbach?"

"Ah, you've been hoping he would turn up!"

"Yes. I don't deny it. I feel very unhappy about him."

"I don't. He's too much like me. He would have been quite capable of promising that poor woman to look up her son in Jersey City. When I think of that, I have no patience with Burnamy."

"I am going to ask the landlord about him, now he's got rid of his highhopes," said Mrs. March.

XLIX.

They went home to their hotel for their mid-day dinner, and to the comfort of having it nearly all to themselves. Prince

Leopold had risen early, like all the hard-working potentates of the continent, and got away to the manœuvres somewhere at six o'clock; the decorations had been removed, and the court-yard where the hired coach and pair of the prince had rolled in the evening before had only a few majestic ducks waddling about in it and quacking together, indifferent to the presence of a yellow mail-wagon, on which the driver had been apparently dozing till the hour of noon should sound. He sat there immovable, but at the last stroke of the clock he woke up and drove vigorously away to the station.

The dining-room which they had been kept out of by the prince the night before was not such as to embitter the sense of their wrong by its splendor. After all, the tastes of royalty must be simple, if the prince might have gone to the Schloss and had chosen rather to stay at this modest hotel; but perhaps the Schloss was reserved for more immediate royalty than the brothers of prince-regents; and in that case he could not have done better than dine at the Golden Star. If he paid no more than two marks, he dined as cheaply as a prince could wish, and as abundantly. The wine at Ansbach was rather thin and sour, but the bread March declared the best bread in the whole world, not excepting the bread of Carlsbad.

After dinner the Marches had some of the local pastry, not so incomparable as the bread, with their coffee, which they had served them in a pavilion of the beautiful garden remaining to the hotel from the time when it was a patrician mansion. The garden had roses in it and several sorts of late summer flowers, as well as ripe cherries, currants, grapes, and a Virginia-creeper red with autumn, all harmoniously contemporaneous, as they might easily be in a climate where no one of the seasons can very well know itself from the others. It had not been raining for half an hour, and the sun was scalding hot, so that the shelter of their roof was very grateful, and the puddles of the paths were drying up with the haste which puddles have to make in Germany, between rains, if they are ever going to dry up at all.

The landlord came out to see if they were well served, and he was sincerely obliging in the English he had learned as a waiter in London. Mrs. March made haste to ask him if a young American of

the name of Burnamy had been staying with him a few weeks before; and she described Burnamy's beauty and amiability so vividly that the landlord, if he had been a woman, could not have failed to remember him. But he failed, with a real grief, apparently, and certainly a real politeness, to recall either his name or his person. The landlord was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow; he told them that he was lately married, and they liked him so much that they were sorry to see him afterwards privately boxing the ears of the *piccolo*, the waiter's little understudy. Perhaps the *piccolo* deserved it, but they would rather not have witnessed his punishment: his being in a dress-coat seemed to make it also an indignity.

In the late afternoon they went to the café in the old Orangery of the Schloss for a cup of tea, and found themselves in the company of several Ansbach ladies who had brought their work, in the evident habit of coming there every afternoon for their coffee and for a dish of gossip. They were kind, uncomely, motherly-looking bodies; one of them combed her hair at the table; and they all sat outside of the café with their feet on the borders of the puddles which had not dried up there in the shade of the building. A deep lawn, darkened at its farther edge by the long shadows of trees, stretched before them with the sunset light on it, and it was all very quiet and friendly. The tea brought to the Marches was brewed from some herb apparently of native growth, with bits of what looked like willow leaves in it, but it was flavored with a clove in each cup, and they sat contentedly over it and tried to make out what the Ansbach ladies were talking about. These had recognized the strangers for Americans, and one of them explained that Americans spoke the same language as the English and yet were not quite the same people.

"She differs from the girl in the bookstore," said March, translating to his wife. "Let us get away before she says that we are not so nice as the English," and they made off toward the avenue of trees beyond the lawn.

There were a few people walking up and down in the alley, making the most of the moment of dry weather. They saluted one another like acquaintances, and three clean-shaven, walnut-faced old peasants bowed in response to March's stare, with self-respectful civility. They were yeo-

men of the region of Ansbach, where the country round about is dotted with their cottages, and not held in vast homeless tracts by the nobles as in North Germany.

The Bavarian who had imparted this fact to March at breakfast, not without a certain tacit pride in it to the disadvantage of the Prussians, was at the supper table, and was disposed to more talk, which he managed in a stout, slow English of his own. He said he had never really spoken English with an English-speaking person before, or at all since he studied it in school at Munich.

"I should be afraid to put my school-boy German against your English," March said, and, when he had understood, the other laughed for pleasure, and reported the compliment to his wife in their own parlance. "You Germans certainly beat us in languages."

"Oh, well," he retaliated, "the Americans beat us in some other things," and Mrs. March felt that this was but just; she would have liked to mention a few, but not ungraciously; she and the German lady kept smiling across the table, and trying detached vocables of their respective tongues upon each other.

The Bavarian said he lived in Munich still, but was in Ansbach on an affair of business; he asked March if he were not going to see the manœuvres somewhere. Till now the manœuvres had merely been the interesting background of their travel; but now, hearing that the Emperor of Germany, the King of Saxony, the Regent of Bavaria, and the King of Würtemberg, the Grand-Dukes of Weimar and Baden, with visiting potentates of all sorts, and innumerable lesser highnotes, foreign and domestic, were to be present, Mrs. March resolved that they must go to at least one of the reviews.

"If you go to Frankfort, you can see the King of Italy too," said the Bavarian, but he owned that they probably could not get into a hotel there, and he asked why they should not go to Würzburg, where they could see all the sovereigns except the King of Italy.

"Würzburg? Würzburg?" March queried of his wife. "Where did we hear of that place?"

"Isn't it where Burnamy said Mr. Stoller had left his daughters at school?"

"So it is! And is that on the way to the Rhine?" he asked the Bavarian.

"No, no! Würzburg is on the Main,

about five hours from Ansbach. And it is a very interesting place. It is where the good wine comes from."

"Oh, yes," said March, and in their rooms his wife got out all their guides and maps and began to inform herself and to inform him about Würzburg. But first she said it was very cold and he must order some fire made in the tall German stove in their parlor. The maid who came said, "Gleich," but she did not come back, and about the time they were getting furious at her neglect, they began getting warm. He put his hand on the stove and found it hot; then he looked down for a door in the stove where he might shut a damper; there was no door.

"Good heavens!" he shouted. "It's like something in a dream," and he ran to pull the bell for help.

"No, no! Don't ring! It will make us ridiculous. They'll think Americans don't know anything. There *must* be some way of dampening the stove; and if there isn't, I'd rather suffocate than give myself away." Mrs. March ran and opened the window, while her husband carefully examined the stove at every point, and explored the pipe for the damper in vain. "Can't you find it?" The night wind came in raw and damp, and threatened to blow their lamp out, and she was obliged to shut the window.

"Not a sign of it. I will go down and ask the landlord in strict confidence how they dampen their stoves in Ansbach."

"Well, if you must. It's getting hotter every moment."

She followed him timorously into the corridor, lit by a hanging lamp, turned low for the night.

He looked at his watch; it was eleven o'clock. "I'm afraid they're all in bed."

"Yes; you mustn't go! We must try to find out for ourselves. What can that door be for?"

It was a low iron door, half the height of a man, in the wall near their room, and it yielded to his pull. "Get a candle," he whispered, and when she brought it, he stooped to enter the doorway.

"Oh, do you think you'd better?" she hesitated.

"You can come, too, if you're afraid. You've always said you wanted to die with me."

"Well. But you go first."

He disappeared within, and then came back to the doorway. "Just come in

here, a moment." She found herself in a sort of antechamber, half the height of her own room, and following his gesture she looked down where in one corner some crouching monster seemed showing its fiery teeth in a grin of derision. This grin was the damper of their stove, and this was where the maid had kindled the fire which had been roasting them alive, and was still joyously chuckling to itself. "I think that Munich man was wrong. I don't believe we beat the Germans in anything. There isn't a hotel in the United States where the stoves have no front doors, and every one of them has the space of a good-sized flat given up to the convenience of kindling a fire in it."

L.

After a red sunset of shameless duplicity March was awakened to a rainy morning by the clinking of cavalry hoofs on the pavement of the long irregular square before the hotel, and he hurried out to see the passing of the soldiers on their way to the manœuvres. They were troops of all arms, but mainly infantry, and as they stumped heavily through the groups of apathetic citizens in their mud-splashed boots, they took the steady down-pour on their dripping helmets. Some of them were smoking, but none smiling, except one gay fellow who made a joke to a serving-maid on the sidewalk. An old officer halted his staff to scold a citizen who had given him a mistaken direction. The shame of the erring man was great, and the pride of a fellow-citizen who corrected him was not less, though the arrogant brute before whom they both cringed used them with equal scorn; the younger officers listened indifferently round on horseback behind the glitter of their eyeglasses, and one of them amused himself by turning the silver bangles on his wrist.

Then the files of soldier slaves passed on, and March crossed the bridge spanning the gardens in what had been the city moat, and found his way to the marketplace, under the walls of the old Gothic church of St. Gumpertus. The market, which spread pretty well over the square, seemed to be also a fair, with peasants' clothes and local pottery for sale, as well as fruits and vegetables, and large baskets of flowers, with old women squatting before them. It was all as picturesque as the markets used to be in Montreal and Quebec, and in a cloudy memory of his

wedding journey long before, he bought so lavishly of the flowers to carry back to his wife that a little girl, who saw his arm-load from her window as he returned, laughed at him, and then drew shyly back. Her laugh reminded him how many happy children he had seen in Germany, and how freely they seemed to play everywhere, with no one to make them afraid. When they grow up the women laugh as little as the men, whose rude toil the soldiering leaves them to.

He got home with his flowers, and his wife took them absently, and made him join her in watching the sight which had fascinated her in the street under their windows. A slender girl, with a waist as slim as a corseted officer's, from time to time came out of the house across the way to the firewood which had been thrown from a wagon upon the sidewalk there. Each time she embraced several of the heavy four-foot logs and disappeared with them in-doors. Once she paused from her work to joke with a well-dressed man who came by, and seemed to find nothing odd in it; some gentlemen lounging at the window overhead watched her with no apparent sense of anomaly.

"What do you think of *that*?"

"I think it's good exercise for the girl, and I should like to recommend it to those fat fellows at the window. I suppose she'll saw the wood in the cellar, and then lug it up stairs, and pile it up in the stoves' dressing-rooms."

"Don't laugh! It's too disgraceful."

"Well, I don't know! If you like, I'll offer these gentlemen across the way your opinion of it in the language of Goethe and Schiller."

"I wish you'd offer my opinion of *them*. They've been staring in here with an opera-glass."

"Ah, that's a different affair. There isn't much going on in Ansbach, and they have to make the most of it."

The lower casements of the houses were furnished with mirrors set at right angles with them, and nothing which went on in the streets was lost. Some of the streets were long and straight, and at rare moments they lay full of sun. At such times the Marches were puzzled by the sight of citizens carrying open umbrellas, and they wondered if they had forgotten to put them down, or thought it not worth while in the brief respites from the rain, or were profiting by such rare occasions

to dry them; and some other sights remained baffling to the last. Once a man with his hands pinioned before him, and a gendarme marching stolidly after him with his musket on his shoulder, passed under their windows; but who he was, or what he had done, or was to suffer, they never knew. Another time a group went by on the way to the railway station: a young man carrying an umbrella under his arm, and a very decent-looking old woman lugging a heavy carpet bag, who left them to the lasting question whether she was the young man's servant in her best clothes, or merely his mother.

Women do not do everything in Ansbach, however, the sacristans being men, as the Marches found when they went to complete their impression of the courtly past of the city by visiting the funeral chapel of the margraves in the crypt of St. Johannis Church. In the little ex-margravely capital there was something of the neighborly interest in the curiosity of strangers which endears Italian witness. The white-haired street-sweeper of Ansbach, who willingly left his broom to guide them to the house of the sacristan, might have been a street-sweeper in Vicenza; and the old sacristan, when he put his velvet skull-cap out of an upper window and professed his willingness to show them the chapel, disappointed them by saying "*Gleich!*" instead of "*Subito!*" The architecture of the houses was a party to the illusion. St. Johannis, like the older church of St. Gumpertus, is Gothic, with the two unequal towers which seem distinctive of Ansbach; at the St. Gumpertus end of the place where they both stand the dwellings are Gothic too, and might be in Hamburg; but at the St. Johannis end they seem to have felt the exotic spirit of the court, and are of a sort of Teutonized renaissance.

The rococo margraves and margravines used of course to worship in St. Johannis Church. Now they all, such as did not marry abroad, lie in the crypt of the church, in caskets of bronze and copper and marble, with draperies of black samite, more and more funereally vain-glorious to the last. Their courtly coffins are ranged in a kind of hemicycle, with the little coffins of the children that died before they came to the knowledge of their greatness. On one of these a kneeling figurine in bronze holds up the effigy of the child within; on another the epitaph

plays tenderly with the fate of the little princess, who died in her first year.

In the Rose-month was this sweet Rose taken.

For the Rose-kind hath she earth forsaken.

The Princess is the Rose, that here no longer
blows,

From the stem by death's hand rudely shaken.

Then rest in the Rose-house,

Little Princess-Rosebud dear!

There life's Rose shall bloom again

In Heaven's sunshine clear.

While March struggled to get this into English words, two German ladies, who had made themselves of his party, passed reverently away and left him to pay the sacristan alone.

"That is all right," he said, when he came out. "I think we got the most value; and they didn't look as if they could afford it so well; though you never can tell, here. These ladies may be the highest kind of highbotes practising a praiseworthy economy. I hope the lesson won't be lost on us. They have saved enough on us for their coffee at the Orangery. Let us go and have a little willow-leaf tea!"

The Orangery perpetually lured them by what it had kept of the days when an Orangery was essential to the self-respect of every sovereign prince, and of so many private gentlemen. On their way they always passed the statue of Count Platen, the dull poet whom Heine's hate would have delivered so cruelly over to an immortality of contempt, but who stands there near the Schloss in a grass-plot prettily planted with flowers, and ignores his brilliant enemy in the comfortable durability of bronze; and there always

awaited them in the old pleasaunce the pathos of Kaspar Hauser's fate, which his murder affixes to it with a red stain.

After their cups of willow leaves at the café they went up into that nook of the plantation where the simple shaft of church-warden's Gothic commemorates the assassination on the spot where it befell. Here the hapless youth, whose mystery will never be fathomed on earth, used to come for a little respite from his harsh guardian in Ansbach, homesick for the kindness of his Nuremberg friends; and here his murderer found him and dealt him the mortal blow.

March lingered upon the last sad circumstance of the tragedy in which the wounded boy dragged himself home, to suffer the suspicion and neglect of his guardian till death attested his good faith beyond cavil. He said this was the hardest thing to bear in all his story, and that he would like to have a look into the soul of the dull, unkind wretch who had so misread his charge. He was going on with an inquiry that pleased him much, when his wife pulled him abruptly away.

"Now, I see, you are yielding to the fascination of it, and you are wanting to take the material from Burnamy!"

"Oh, well, let him have the material; he will spoil it. And I can always reject it, if he offers it to *Every Other Week*."

"I could believe, after your behavior to that poor woman about her son in Jersey City, you're really capable of it."

"What comprehensive inculpation! I had forgotten about that poor woman."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD STREET.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE Past walks here: noiseless, unasked, alone;
Knockers are silent, and between each stone
Grass peers, unharmed by lagging feet and slow
That with the dark and dawn pass to and fro.
The Past walks here: unseen for evermore
Save by some heart who, in her half-closed door,
Looks forth and hears the great pulse beat afar,
The hum and thrill, and all the sounds that are;
And listening, remembers half in fear,—
As a forgotten tune re-echoes near,
And from some lilac-bush a breath blows fleet
Through the unanswering dusk, the voiceless street,—
Draws back, and sighs, with candle held above,
"It is too late for laughter or for love."

THE SORROWS OF DON TOMAS PIDAL, RECONCENTRADO.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

I WAS driving lately with the great Cuban "war special" Sylvester Scovel along a sun-blazoned road in the Havana province, outside of Marnion: we were away beyond the patrols of the Seventh Corps. The native soldiers pattered along the road on their ratlike ponies. To them Scovel was more than a friend: he was a friend of the great chief Gomez, and that is more than enough for a Cuban.

He pointed to a ditch and to a hill, saying he had been in fights in those places—back in Maceo's time; hot little skirmishes, with no chance to put your hat on your sword. But he had always managed to get away from the Spanish; and so had Maceo—all but the one time.

Beside the road there were fine old mansions—stuccoed brick, with open windows, and with the roofs fallen in. The rank tropic vegetation was fast growing up around them, even now choking the doorways and gravel walks. And the people who lived in them? God knows!

The day grew into noon. We were hungry, and the ardent sun suggested stopping at a village which we were passing through. There was a fonda, so we got down from our carriage, and going in, sat down at a table in a little side room.

One is careful about the water in Cuba, and by no chance can a dirty cook get his hands on a boiled egg. We ordered coffee and eggs. A rural Cuban fonda is very close to the earth.

Through the open window could be seen the life of the village—men sitting at tables across the way, drinking, smoking, and lazing about. It was Sunday. Little children came to the window and opened their eyes at us, and we pitied their pale anæmic faces and little puffed bellies, for that terrible order of Weyler's had been particularly hard on children. There were men hanging about who looked equally hollow, but very few women.

"Reconcentrados—poor devils," observed my friend.

This harmless peasantry had suffered all that people could suffer. To look at them and to think of them was absolutely

saddening. Still, the mass of suffering which they represented also deadened one's sensibilities somewhat, and for an ordinary man to put out his hand in help seemed a thing of no importance.

"I should like to know the personal experiences of one individual of this fallen people, Scovel. I can rise to one man, but two or three hundred thousand people is too big for me."

"All right," replied the alert "special." "We will take that Spanish-looking man over there by the cart. He has been starved, and he is a good type of a Cuban peasant." By the arts of the finished interviewer, Scovel soon had the man sitting at our table, with brandy and water before him. The man's eyes were like live coals, which is the most curious manifestation of starvation. His forehead was wrinkled, the eyebrows drawn up in the middle. He had the greenish pallor which comes when the blood is thin behind a dark coarse skin. He did not seem afraid of us, but behind the listlessness of a low physical condition there was the quick occasional movement of a wild animal.

"Reconcentrado?"

"Si, señor. I have suffered beyond counting."

"We are Americans; we sympathize with you; tell us the story of all you have suffered. Your name? Oh! Don Tomas Pidal, will you talk to us?"

"It will be nearly three rains since the King's soldiers burned the thatch over my head and the cavalry shoved us down the road like the beasts.

"I do not know what I shall do. I may yet die—it is a small affair. Everything which I had is now gone. The Americans have come to us; but they should have come long before. At this time we are not worth coming to. Nothing is left but the land, and that the Spaniards could not kill. Señor, they of a surety would have burnt it, but that is to them impossible."

"Are you not a Spaniard by birth?"

"No; my father and mother came from over the sea, but I was born in

sight of this town. I have always lived here, and I have been happy, until the war came. We did not know what the war was like. We used to hear of it years ago, but it was far to the east. The war never came to Punta Brava. We thought it never would; but it did come; and now you cannot see a thatch house or an ox, and you have to gaze hard to see any people in this country about here. That is what war does, señor, and we people here did not want war.

"Some of the valiant men who used to dwell around Punta Brava took their guns and the machete of war, and they ran away into the manigua. They used to talk in the fonda very loud, and they said they would not leave a Spaniard alive on the island. Of a truth, señor, many of those bravos have gone, they have taken many Spaniards with them to death, and between them both the people who worked in the fields died of the hunger. They ate the oxen, they burned the thatch, and the fields are grown up with bushes. There is not a dog in Punta Brava to-day.

"When the bravos ran away, the King's soldiers came into this land in numbers as great as the flies. This village sheltered many of them—many of the battalion San Quintin—and that is why the houses are not flat with the ground."

"Why did you not go out into the manigua, Don Pidal?" was asked.

"Oh, señores, I am not brave. I never talked loud in the fonda. Besides, I had a wife and five children. I lived perfectly. I had a good house of the palm. I had ten cows of fine milk and two yokes of heavy work-oxen. There were ten pigs on my land, and two hundred chickens laid eggs for me. By the sale of these and my fruit I got money. When I killed a pig to sell in Havana, it was thirty dollars. When I did not choose to sell, we had lard in the house for a month, and I had not to buy. Two of my boys, of fourteen and sixteen years, aided me in my work. We bred the beasts, planted tobacco, corn, sweet-potatoes, and plantains, and I had a field of the pineapples, besides many strong mango-trees. Could a man want for what I did not have? We ate twice a day, and even three times. We could have eaten all day if we had so desired.

"Then, señor, the tax-gatherers never suspected that I had fourteen hundred

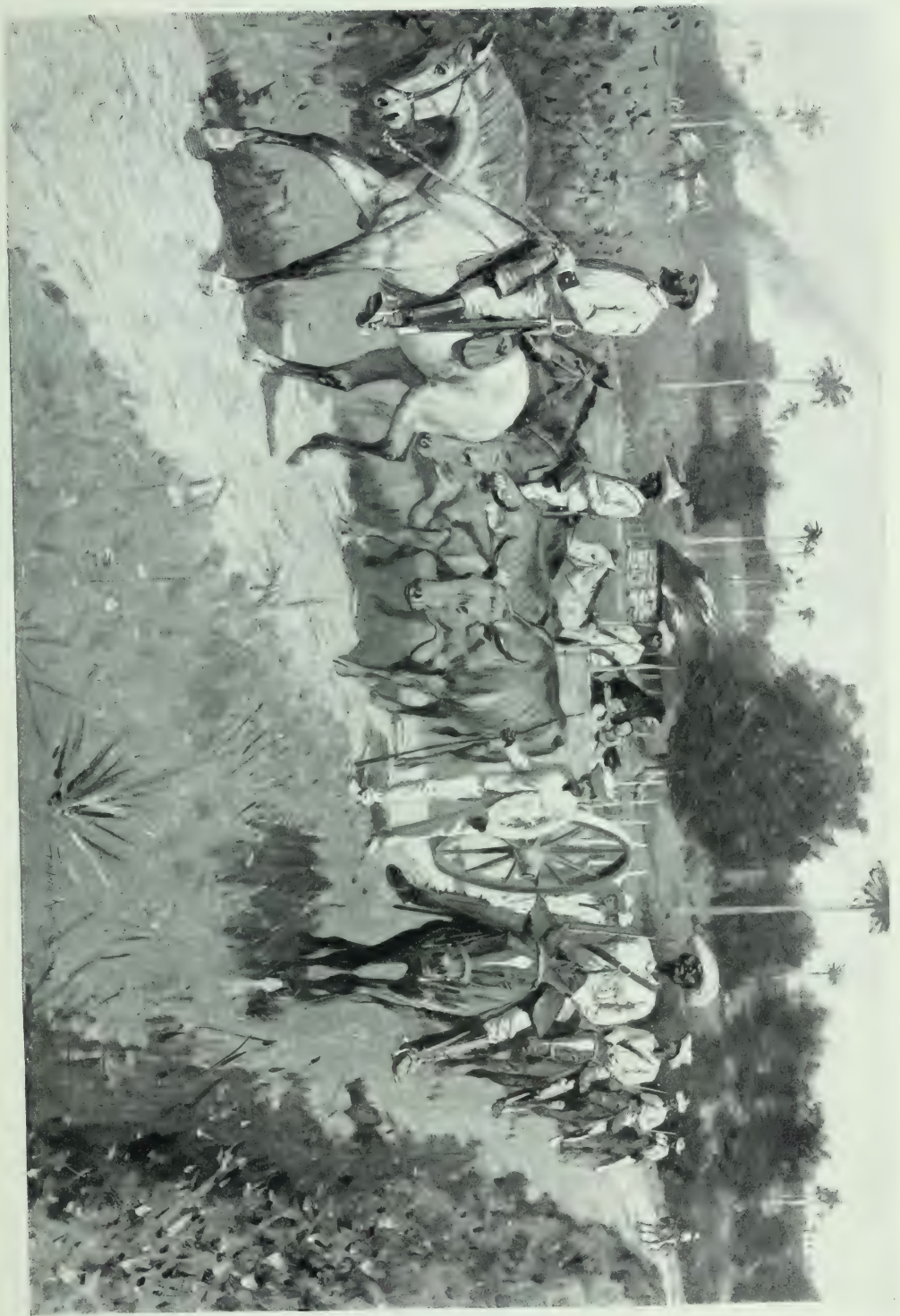
dollars in silver buried under the floor of my house. We could work as much as we pleased, or as little; but we worked, señor—all the men you see sitting about Punta Brava to-day worked before the war came; not for wages, but for the shame of not doing so. When the yokes were taken from the cattle at night and the fodder was thrown to them, we could divert ourselves. The young men put on their 'guayaberas,'* threw their saddles on their 'caballitos,'† and marched to the girls, where they danced and sang and made love. To get married it was only for the young man to have seventy dollars; the girl had to have only virtue. There was also to go to town to buy, and then the feast-days and the Sunday nights. There was always the work—every day the same, except in the time of tobacco; then we worked into the night. In the house the women washed, they cooked, they looked after the pigs and the chickens, they had the children, and in the time of the tobacco they also went forth into the fields.

"It was easy for any man to have money, if he did not put down much on the fighting-cocks. The Church cost much; there was the *cura*, the *sacristan*—many things to pay away the money for; but even if the goods from Spain did cost a great sum, because the officers of the King made many collections on them, even if the taxes on the land and the annuals were heavy, yet, señor, was it not better to pay all than to have the soldiers come? Ah me, amigo, of all things the worst are the King's soldiers. It was whispered that the soldiers of your people were bad men. It was said that if they ever came to Punta Brava we should all die; but it is not so. Your soldiers do not live in other people's houses. They are all by themselves in tents up the King's road, and they leave us alone. They do nothing but bring us food in their big wagons. They lied about your soldiers. It was the talk in this country, señor, that the great people in the free States of the North wanted to come to us and drive the King's soldiers out of the country, but it was said that your people quarrelled among themselves about coming. The great general who lived in Havana was said to be a friend to all of us, but he did not have the blue

* Fine shirts.

† Little horses.

"THIS WAS THE FIRST I FELT OF WAR."



soldiers then. He is down the King's road now—I saw him the other day—and a man cannot see over the land far enough to come to the end of his tents.

"If they had been there one day the King's soldiers would not have come through my land and cut my boy to pieces in my own field. They did that, señor—cut him with the machetes until he was all over red, and they took many canastas of my fruits away. I went to the comandante to see what should be done, but he knew nothing about it.

"Then shortly a column of troops came marching by my house, and the officer said by word of mouth that we must all go to town, so that there would be none but rebels in the country. They burned my house and drove all my beasts away—all but one yoke of oxen. I gathered up some of my chickens and what little I could find about the place and put it on a cart, but I could not get my money from the burning house, because they drove us away. This was the first I felt of war.

"I thought that the King would give us food, now that he had taken us from our fields, but we got nothing from the King's officers. I could even then have lived on the outside of the town, with my chickens and what I could have raised, but it was only a short time before the soldiers of the battalion took even my chickens, and they made me move inside of a wire fence which ran from one stone fort to another. I tried to get a pass to go outside of the wire fence, and for a few weeks I was used to go and gather what potatoes I could find, but so many men were cut to pieces by the guerillas as they were coming from the fields that I no longer dared go out by day.

"We had a little thatch over our heads, but it did not keep out the rain. We became weak with the hunger. We lived in sorrow and with empty bellies. My two young children soon died, and about me many of my friends were dying like dogs. The ox-cart came in the afternoon, and they threw my two children into it like carrion. In that cart, señor, were twenty-two other dead people. It was terrible. My wife never dried her tears after that. If I had five dollars I could have gotten a box, but I did not have it. The priest would not go for less than double the price of the box, which is the custom. So my two little ones

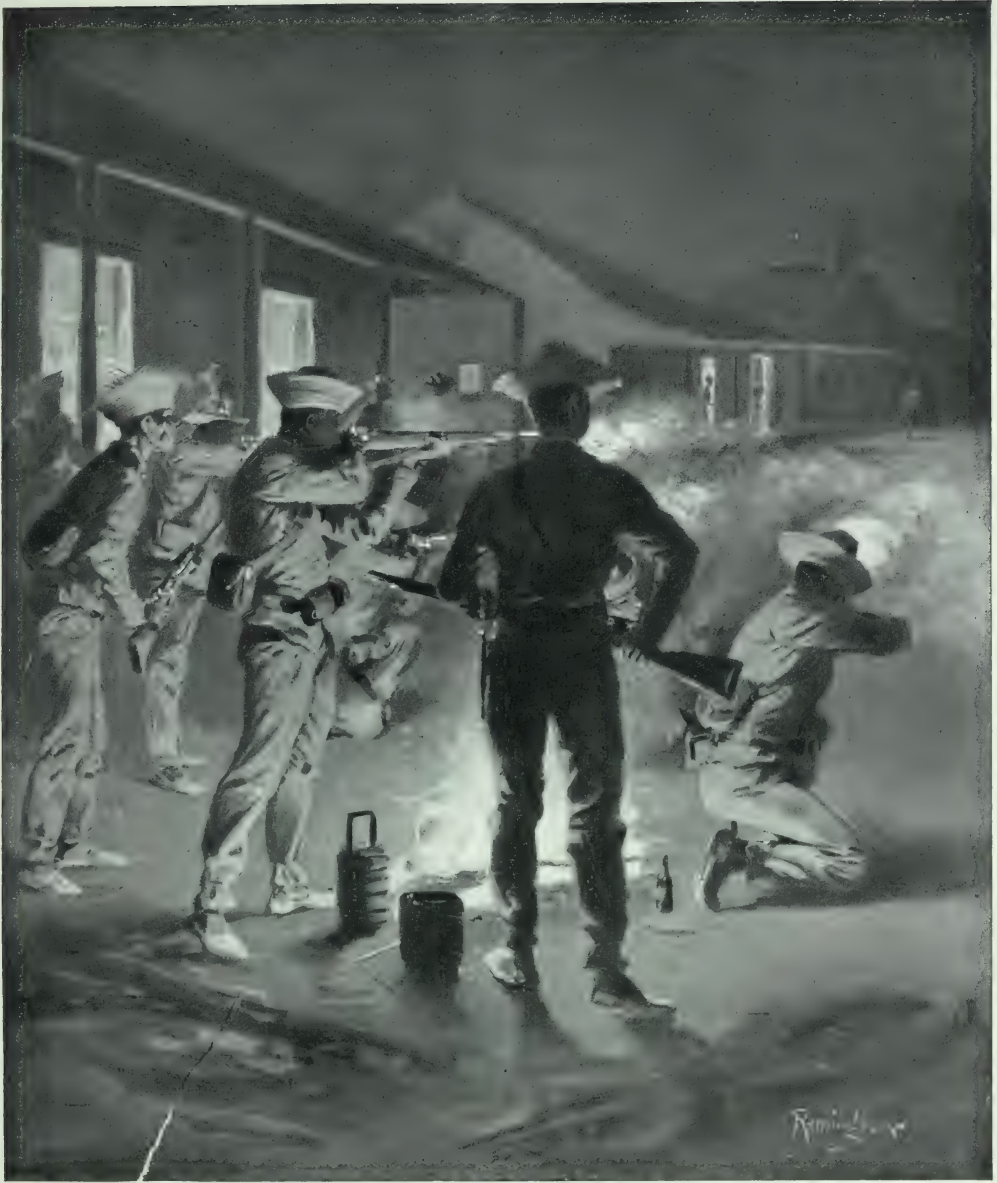
went to Guatoco on an ox-cart loaded with dead like garbage—which the Spanish comandante said we were.

"Now came the hard days, señor. Not even a dog could pick up enough in Punta Brava to keep life in his ribs. My people lay on the floor of our thatch hut, and they had not the strength to warm water in the kettle. My other child died, and again the ox-cart came. My oldest boy said he was going away and would not return. He got through the wire fence in the dark of the night, and I went with him. We got a small bunch of bananas, and in the black night out there in the manigua we embraced each other, and he went away into the country. I have not seen him since; I no longer look for him.

"Only the strongest could live, but I had hopes that by going through the fence every few nights I could keep my wife alive. This I did many times, and came back safely; but I was as careful as a cat, señor, as I crawled through the grass, for if a soldier had shot me, my wife would then have but to die. It was hard work to gather the fruit and nuts in the night, and I could not get at all times enough. My wife grew weaker, and I began to despair of saving her. One night I stole some food in a soldier's kettle from near a mess fire, and the men of the battalion fired many shots at me, but without doing me injury. Once a Spanish guerilla, whom I had known before the war came, gave me a piece of fresh beef, which I fed to my wife. I thought to save her with the beef, but she died that night in agony. There was no flesh on her bones.

"Then I ran away through the wire fence. I could not see my wife thrown on the dead wagon, and I never came back until a few days since. I did not care if the guerillas found me. I made my way into Havana, and I got bread from the doorways at times, enough to keep me alive. There was a little work for wages along the docks, but I was not strong to do much. One night I looked between iron bars at some people of your language, señor. They were sitting at a table which was covered with food, and when they saw me they gave me much bread, thrusting it out between the bars. A Spaniard would not do that.

"I was not born in a town, and when the King's soldiers sailed away I came back here to my own country. I did not like to live in Havana.



"AND THE SOLDIERS FIRED MANY SHOTS AT ME."

"But now I do not care to live here. I do not see, señor, why people who do not want war should have it. I would have paid my taxes. I did not care if the goods from Spain cost much. There was to get along without them if they were beyond price. It was said by the soldiers that we peasants out in the fields told the men of the manigua what the battalion San Quintin were doing. Señor, the battalion San Quintin did nothing but

eat and sleep in Punta Brava. The guerrillas roamed about, but I never knew whence they roamed.

"The men of the manigua took my potatoes and my plantains, but, with their guns and machetes, could I make them not to take them? Was it my fault if fifty armed men did what pleased them?

"Señor, why did not the blue soldiers of your language come to us before we died?"

This we were not able to answer.





THE BODY TO THE SOUL. BY ELLEN M. H. GATES.

S AID the body to the soul,
You are Master, you control;
Viewless, coming from afar,
Mystery to yourself you are.

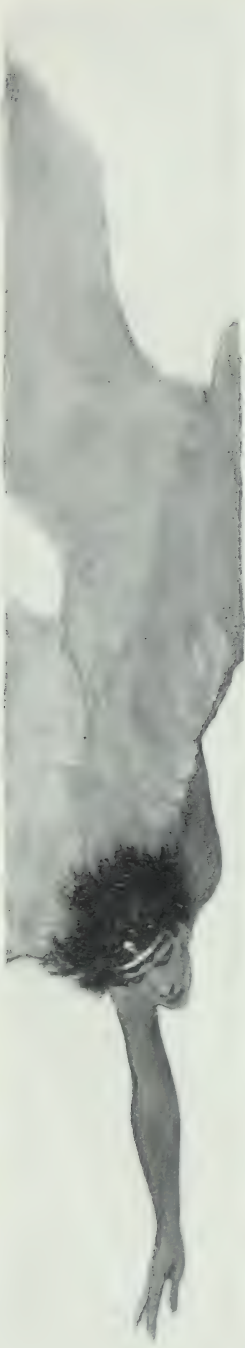
I, of earthly atoms made,
Stand erect, am not afraid;
Must forever, as I run,
Cast a shadow in the sun.

All the worlds are turning round,
We are strangers, outward bound,
Down the roads we do not know,
With our orders sealed we go.

You are awful in your might,
Swift and strong, you feel delight
In the movement of the years,
In the splendor of the spheres.

Strange companionship is ours,
Separate lives and mingled powers;
You will conquer time and death,
In my nostrils is my breath.





Can you tell me when we met?
Know you where our bounds are set?
Can you see the certain line
Where we whisper "mine" and "thine"?

I, your comrade made of clay,
Uncomplaining go or stay;
Kiss your sceptre, fear your frown,
Own your right to wear the crown.

I have fled at your command
O'er the burning wastes of sand;
Heard the icebergs grind and groan
In the lonesome Arctic Zone:

Plunged for you beneath the waves;
Faced the wild beasts in their caves;
Fought your causes on the fields
Where the foeman never yields.

I have wasted 'neath the strain
Of your unacknowledged pain;
If dishonor touched your name,
Cheek and forehead flushed with shame.

When you conquered grief or wrong,
I have sung the victor's song;
In your shining, love-lit hours
I have wreathed myself with flowers.

Now more swiftly drop the sands
Through the hour-glass in my hands,
And more oft I hear you say
I am but the hindering clay.

I arraign you, Sovereign Soul;
I, the slave whom you control,
Face you boldly; you have done
Scarce your part beneath the sun.

He who made you made me too;
In my face His breath He blew;
In my veins, with art divine,
Mixed the blood as red as wine.

Since His hands have fashioned me,
I must unforgotten be;
If you cause me needless pain,
He will hear His dust complain.

Restless, wayward as the wind,
 You have suffered, you have sinned,
 Urged me onward in your pride,
 Beauty fleeing, rest denied.

Oft my lips are parched with thirst,
 While you give me drink accurst;
 Oft I starve for bread to eat,
 While you burn the fields of wheat.

Through his throne-room, may the King
 Send his soldiers rioting?
 While the workmen humbly toil,
 Should the priest the temple spoil?

Sovereign Spirit, back I throw
 Blame and failure; I shall go
 Unaffrighted to my place,
 Undishonored by my race.

You are lonesome, homesick, tost;
 You have learned what life can cost;
 Leaping upward like a flame,
 You will vanish whence you came.

Through my fibres I shall feel
 New sensations, I shall reel,
 Drooping earthward, be a part
 Of old Nature's peaceful heart.

Soul of mine, if e'er you pass
 Lake of heaven, as smooth as glass,
 Bend above it, you may see
 Some transfigured type of me!





A DULUTH TRAGEDY

BY

THOMAS

A.

JANVIER



I.
JUTTING out from the rocky coast, a sand spit nearly seven miles long, Minnesota Point is as a strong arm stretched forth to defend the harbor of Duluth against the storms which breed in the frozen North and come roaring down Lake Superior. Wisconsin Point, less than half its length, almost meets it from the other shore. Between the two is the narrow inlet through which in old times came the Canadian voyageurs—on their way across Saint Louis Bay and up the windings of the Saint Louis River to Fond du Lac, twenty miles farther westward. That was in the fur-trading days of little sailing-vessels and birch-bark canoes. Now, close to its shoulder, the Point is cut by a canal through which the great black steamships come and go.

Five-and-twenty years ago—before the canal was thought of, and when the Duluth of the present with its backing of twenty thousand miles of railway was a

dream just beginning to be realized—Minnesota Point was believed to have a great future. Close to its shoulder a town site was staked out, and little wooden houses were built at a great rate. Corner lots on that sand spit were at a premium. The “boom” was on. The smash of '73 knocked the bottom out of everything for a while. When good times came again the town site moved on westward a half-mile or so and settled itself on the mainland. The little houses on the Point were out of the running and were taken up by Swedes—who were content, as Americans were not, to live a few steps away from the strenuous centre of that inchoate metropolis. That time the “boom” was a genuine one. The new city had come to stay. In course of time, to meet its growing trade requirements, the canal was cut which made the Point an island—and after that the Point was dead for good and all.

Nowadays it is only in summer that a

little life, other than that of its few inhabitants, shows itself on Minnesota Point—when camping parties and picnic parties go down by three miles of shaky tramway to Oatka Beach. During all the rest of the year that sandy barren, with its forlorn decaying houses and its dreary growth of pines stunted by the harsh lake winds, is forgotten and desolate. Now and then is heard the cry of a gull flying across it slowly; and always against its outer side—with a thunderous crash in times of storm, in times of calm with a sad soft lap-lapping—surge or ripple the deathly cold waters of Lake Superior: waters so cold that whoever drowns in them sinks quickly—not to rise again (as the drowned do usually), but for all time, in chill companionship with the countless dead gathered there through the ages, to be lost and hidden in those icy depths.

The ghastly coldness of the water in which it is merged seems to have numbed the Point and reconciled it to its bleak destiny. It has accepted its fate: recognizing with a grim indifference that its once glowing future has vanished irrevocably into what now is the hopelessness of its nearly forgotten past.

II.



George Maltham, wandering out on the Point one Sunday morning in the early spring-time—he had just come up from Chicago to take charge of the Duluth end of his father's line of lake steamers and was lonely in that strange place, and was the more disposed to be misanthropic because he had a headache left over from the previous wet night at the club—came promptly to the conclusion that he never had struck a place so god-forsakenly dismal. Aside from his own feelings, there was even more than usual to justify this opinion. The day was gray and chill. A strong northeast wind was blowing that covered the lake with white-caps and that sent a heavy surf rolling shoreward. A little ice, left from the spring break-up, still was floating in the harbor.

Under these conditions the Point was at its cheerless worst.

Maltham had crossed the canal by the row-boat ferry. Having mounted the sodden steps and looked about him for a moment—in which time his conclusion was reached as to the Point's god-forsaken dismalness—he was for abandoning his intended explorations and going straightaway back to the mainland. But when he turned to descend the steps the boat had received some waiting passengers—three church-bound Swedish women in their Sunday clothes—and had just pushed off. That little turn of chance decided him. After all, he said to himself, it did not make much difference. What he wanted was a walk to rid him of his headache; and the Point offered him, as the rocky hill-sides of the mainland conspicuously did not, a good long stretch of level land.

Before him extended an absurdly wide street—laid out in magnificent expectation of the traffic that never came to it—flanked in far-reaching perspective by the little houses which sprang up in such a hurry when the "boom" was on. In its centre was the tramway, its road-bed laid with wooden planks. The dingy open tram-car, in which the church-bound Swedish women had come up to the ferry, started away creakingly while he stood watching it. That was the only sight or sound of life. For some little time, in the stillness, he could hear the driver addressing Swedish remarks of an encouraging or abusive nature to his mule.

Taking the planked tramway in preference to the rotten wooden sidewalks full of pitfalls, Maltham walked on briskly for a mile or so—his headache leaving him in the keen air—until the last of the little houses was passed. There the vast street suddenly dribbled off into a straggling sandy road, which wound through thickets of bushy white birch and a sparse growth of stunted pines. The tramway, along which he continued, went on through the brush in a straight line. The Point had narrowed to a couple of hundred yards. Through rifts in the tangle about him he could see heaps of storm-piled drift-wood scattered along the lake-side beach—on which the surf was pounding heavily. On the harbor side the beach was broken by inthrasts of sedgy swamp. Presently he came to a sandy open space in which, beside a weather-worn little

wooden church, was a neglected graveyard that seemed to give the last touch of dreariness to that dismal solitude.

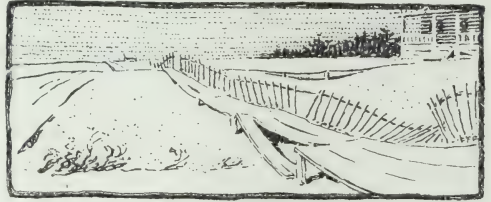
The graveyard was a waste of sand, save where bushy patches of birch had sprung up in it from wind-borne seeds. Swept by many storms, the sandy mounds were disappearing. Still marking the graves were a few shabby wooden crosses and a dozen or so of slanting or fallen wooden slabs. Once these short-lived monuments had been painted white and had borne legends in black lettering. But only a Swedish word or a Swedish name remained here and there legible—for the sun and the wind and the rain had been doing their erasing work steadily for years. One slab alone stood nearly upright and retained a few partly decipherable lines in English. But even on that Maltham could make out only the scattered words: "Sacred....Ulrica....Royal House of Sweden....ever beloved....of Major Calhoun Ashley," and a date that seemed to be 1879.

His headache had gone, but it had left him heavy and dejected. That fragmentary epitaph increased his sombreness. Even had he been in a cheerful mood he could not have failed to perceive the pathetic irony of it all. There was more than the ordinary cruelty of death and forgetfulness, he thought, about that grave so desolate of one who had been connected—it did not matter how—with a "royal house," and who was described in those almost illegible lines as "ever beloved." That was human nature down to the hard pan, he thought; and with a half-smile and a half-sigh over the fate of that poor dead Ulrica he turned away from the graveyard and walked on. Half-whimsically he wondered if he had reached the climax of the melancholy which brooded over that dreary sand spit. As he stated the case to himself, short of finding a man lying murdered among the birch-bushes it was not likely that he would strike anything able to raise that graveyard's hand!

The murdered man did not materialize, and the next out-of-the-way sight that he came across—when he had walked on past the dingy and forgotten-looking little church—was a big ramshackling wooden house of such pretentious absurdity that his first glimpse of it fairly made him laugh. Its square centre was a wooden tower of three stories, battlemented,

flanked by two battlemented wings. A veranda ran along the lower floor, and above the veranda was a gallery. Some of the windows were boarded over; others had scraps of carpet stuck into their glassless gaps—and all had Venetian shutters (singularly at odds with the climate of that region) hanging dubiously and with many broken slats. The paint had weathered away, and bricks had fallen from the chimney-tops—a loss which gave to the queer structure, in conjunction with lapses in its battlements, a sadly broken-crested air. As a whole, it suggested a badly done caricature of an old-fashioned Southern homestead—of which the essence of the caricature was finding it in that bleak Northern land.

III.



Maltham had come to a full stop in front of this absurd dwelling, which was set a little back from the road in a dishevelled enclosure, and as he stood examining in an amused way its various eccentricities he became aware that from one of the lower windows a man was watching him.

This was disconcerting, and he turned to walk on. But before he had gone a dozen steps the front door opened and the man came outside. He was dressed in shabby gray clothes with a certain suggestion of a military cut about them; but in spite of his shabbiness he had the look of a gentleman. He was sixty, or thereabouts, and seemed to have been well set up when he was younger—before the slouch had settled on his shoulders and before he had taken on a good many unnecessary inches about his waist. From where he stood on the veranda he hailed Maltham cordially:

"Won't yo' come in, suh? I have observed youah smiles at my old house heah— No, no, yo' owe me no apology, suh," he went on quickly, as Maltham attempted a confused disclaimer. "Yo' ah quite justified in laughing, suh, at my foolish fancy—that went wrong mainly because the Yankee ca'pentah whom I

employed to realize it was a hopelessly damned fool. But it was a creditable sentiment, suh, which led me to desiah to reproduce heah in god-fo'saken Minnesotah my ancestral home in the grand old State of South Cahrolina—the house that my grandfatheh built theah and named Eutaw Castle, as I have named its pore successeh, because of the honorable pahnt he bo' in the battle of Eutaw Springs. The result, I admit, is a thing to laugh at, suh—but not the ideah. No, suh, not the ideah! But come in, suh, come in! The exterior of Eutaw Castle may be a failuah; but within it, suh, yo' will find in this cold No'the'n region the genuine wahm hospitality of a true Southe'n home!"

Maltham perceived that the only apology which he could offer for laughing at this absurd house—the absurdity of which became rather pathetic, he thought, in view of its genesis—was to accept its owner's invitation to enter it. Acting on this conclusion, he turned into the enclosure—the gate, hanging loosely on a single hinge, was standing open—and mounted the veranda steps.

As he reached the top step his host advanced and shook hands with him warmly. "Yo'ah vely welcome, suh," he said; and added, after putting his hand to a pocket in search of something that evidently was not there: "Ah, I find that I have not my cahd-case about me. Yo' must pehmit me to introduce myself: Majoh Calhoun Ashley, of the Confedehrate sehvice, suh—and vely much at youahs."

Maltham started a little as he heard this name, and the small shock so far threw him off his balance that as he handed his card to the Major he said: "Then it was your name that I saw just now in—" And stopped short, inwardly cursing himself for his awkwardness.

"That yo' saw in the little graveyahd, on the tomb of my eveh-beloved wife, suh," the Major replied—with a quaver in his voice which compelled Maltham mentally to revise his recent generalizations. The Major was silent for a moment, and then continued: "Heh grave is not yet mahked fitly, suh, as no doubt yo' obsevhed. Cihcumstances oveh which I have had no control have prevented me from erecting as yet a suitable monument oveh heh sacred remains. She was my queen, suh"—his voice broke again—

"and of a line of queens: a descendant, suh, from a collatehral branch of the ancient royal house of Sweden. I am hoping, I am hoping, suh, that I shall be able soon to erect oveh heh last resting-place a monument wo'thy of heh noble lineage and of hehself. I am hoping, suh, to do that vely soon."

The Major again was silent for a moment; and then, pulling himself together, he looked at Maltham's card—holding it a long way off from his eyes. "Youah name is familiah to me, suh," he said, "though fo' the moment I do not place it, and I am most happy to make youah acquaintance. But come in, suh, come in. I am fo'getting myself—keeping you standing this way outside of my own doah."

He took Maltham cordially by the arm and led him through the doorway into a wide bare hall; and thence into a big room on the right, that was very scantily furnished but that was made cheerful by a rousing drift-wood fire. Over the high mantel-piece was hung an officer's sword with its belt. On the buckle of the belt were the letters C. S. A. Excepting this rather pregnant bit of decoration, the whitewashed walls were bare.

The Major bustled with hospitality—pulling the bigger and more comfortable of two arm-chairs to the fire and seating Maltham in it, and then bringing out glasses and a bottle from a queer structure of unpainted white pine that stood at one end of the room and had the look of a sideboard gone wrong.

"At the moment, suh," he said apologetically, "my cellah is badly fuhnished and I am unable to offeh yo' wine. But if yo' have an appreciative taste fo' Bourbon," he went on with more assurance, "I am satisfied that yo' will find the ahticle in this bottle as sound as any that the noble State of Kentucky eveh has produced. Will yo' oblige me, suh, by saying when!"

Not knowing about the previous wet night, and its still lingering consequences, the promptness with which Maltham said "when" seemed to disconcert the Major a little—but not sufficiently to deter him from filling his own glass with a handsome liberality. Holding it at a level with his lips, he turned toward his guest with the obvious intention of drinking a toast.

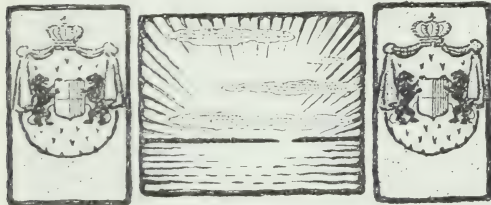
"May I have a little water, please?" put in Maltham.

"I beg youah pahdon, suh. I humbly beg youah pahdon," the Major answered. "I am not accustomed to dilute my own liquoh, and I most thoughtlessly assumed that yo' would not desiah to dilute youahs. I trust that yo' will excuse my seeming rudeness, suh. Yo' shall have at once the bevehrage which yo' desiah."

While still apologizing, the Major placed his glass on the table and went to the door. Opening it he called: "Ulrica, my child, bring a pitcheh of fresh wateh right away."

Again Maltham gave a little start—as he had done when the Major had introduced himself. In a vague sub-conscious way he felt that there was something uncanny in thus finding living owners of names which he had seen, within that very hour, scarcely legible above an uncared-for grave. But the Major, talking on volubly, did not give him much opportunity for these psychological reflections; and presently there was the sound of footsteps in the hall outside, and then the door opened and the owner of the grave-name appeared.

IV.



Because of the odd channel in which his thoughts were running, Maltham had the still odder fancy for an instant that the young girl who entered the room was the dead Ulrica of whom the Major had spoken—"a queen, and of a line of queens." And even when this thought had passed—so quickly that it was gone before he had risen to his feet to greet her—the impression of her queenliness remained. For this living woman bearing a dead name might have been Aslauga herself: so tall and stately was she, and so fair with that cold beauty of the North of which the soul is fire. Instinctively he felt the fire, and knew that it still slumbered—and knew, too, that in the fullness of time, being awakened, it would glow with a consuming splendor in her dark eyes.

All this went in a flash through his mind before the Major said: "Pehmit

me, Mr. Maltham, to present yo' to my daughteh, Miss Ulrica Ashley." And added: "Mr. Maltham was passing, Ulrica, and did me the honeh to accept my invitation to come in."

She put down the pitcher of water and gave Maltham her hand. "It was very kind of you, sir," she said gravely. "We do not have many visitors, and my father gets lonely with only me. It was very kind of you, sir, indeed." She spoke with a certain precision, and with a very slight accent—so slight that Maltham did not immediately notice it. What he did notice, with her first words, was the curiously thrilling quality of her low-pitched and very rich voice.

"And don't you get lonely too?" he asked.

"Why no," she answered with a little air of surprise. And speaking slowly, as though she were working the matter out in her mind, she added: "With me it is different, you see. I was born here on the Point and I love it. And then I have the house to look after. And I have my boat. And I can talk with the neighbors—though I do not often care to. Father cannot talk with them, because he does not know Swedish as I do. When he wants company he has to go all the way up to town. You see, it is not the same with us at all." And then, as though she had explained the matter sufficiently, she turned to the Major and asked: "Do you want anything more, father?"

"Nothing mo', my child—except that an extra place is to be set at table. Mr. Maltham will dine with us, of co'se."

At this Maltham protested a little; but presently yielded to Ulrica's, "You will be doing a real kindness to father if you will stay, Mr. Maltham," backed by the Major's peremptory: "Yo' ah my prison-eh, suh, and in Eutaw Castle we don't permit ouah prison-ehs to stahve!" The matter being thus settled, Ulrica made a little formal bow and left the room.

"The wateh is at youah sehvice, suh," said the Major as the door closed behind her. "I beg that yo' will dilute youah liquoh to youah liking. Heah's to youah veyh good health, suh—and to ouah bet-teh acquaintance." He drank his whiskey appreciatively, and as he set down his empty glass continued: "May I ask, suh, if yo' ah living in Duluth, oh meh-ly passing through? I ventuah to ask because a resident of this town sca'ely

would be likely to come down on the Point at this time of yeah."

"I began to be a resident only day before yesterday," Maltham answered. "I've come to take charge here of our steamers—the Sunrise Line."

"The Sunrise Line!" repeated the Major in a very eager tone. "The biggest transportation line on the lakes. The line of which that great capitalist Mr. John L. Maltham is president. And to think, suh, that I did not recognize youah name!"

"John L. Maltham is my father," the young man said.

"Why of co'se, of co'se! I might have had the sense to know that as soon as I looked at youah cahd. This is a most fo'tunate meeting, Mr. Maltham—most fo'tunate for both of us. I shall not on this occasion, when yo' ah my guest, enteh into a discussion of business mattehs. But at an eahly day I shall have the hon-eh to lay befo' yo' convincing reasons why youah tehminial docks should be established heah on the Point—which a beneficent Providence cleahly intended to be the shipping centeh of this metropolis—and prefehrably, suh, as the meahest glance at a chaht of the bay will demonstrate, heah on my land. Yo' will have the first choice of the wha'ves which I have projected; and I may even say, suh, that any altehrations which will affo'd mo' convenient accommodations to youah vessels still ah possible. Yes, suh, the matteh has not gone so fah but that any reasonable changes which yo' may desiah may yet be made."

Remembering the sedgy swamps beside which he had passed that morning, Maltham was satisfied that the Major's concluding statement was well within the bounds of truth. But he was not prepared to meet off-hand so radical a proposition, and while he was fumbling in his mind for some sort of non-committal answer the Major went on again.

"It is not fo' myself, suh," he said, "that I desiah to realize this magnificent undehtaking. Living heah costs little, and what I get from renting my land to camping pahties and fo' picnics gives me all I need. And I'm an old man, anyway, and whetheh I die rich oh pore don't matteh. It's fo' my daughteh's sake that I seek wealth, suh, not fo' my own. That deah child of mine is heh sainted motheh oveh again, Mr. Maltham—except that

heh motheh's eyes weh blue. That is the only diffehrence. And beside heh looks she has identically the same sweet natuah, suh—the same exquisite goodness and beauty of haht. When my great loss came to me," the Major's voice broke badly, "it was my love fo' that deah child kept me alive. It breaks my haht, suh, to think of dying and leaving heh heah alone and pore."

Maltham had got to his bearings by this time and was able to frame a reasonably diplomatic reply. "Well, perhaps we'd better not go into the matter to-day," he said. "You see, our line has traffic agreements with the N. P. and the Northwestern that must hold for the present, anyway. And then I've only just taken hold, you know, and I must look around a little before I do anything at all. But I might write to my father to come up here when he can, and then he and you could have a talk."

The Major's look of eager cheerfulness faded at the beginning of this cooling rejoinder, but he brightened again at its end. "A talk with youah fatheh, suh," he answered, "would suit me down to the ground-flo'. An oppo'tunity to discuss this great matteh info'mally with a great capitalist has been what I've most desiahed fo' yeahs. But I beg youah pahdon, suh. I am fo'getting the sacred duties of hospitality. Pehmit me to fill youah glass."

It seemed to pain him that his guest refused this invitation; but, finding him obdurate, he kept the sacred duties of hospitality in working order by exercising them freely upon himself. "Heah's to the glorious futuah of Minnesotah Point, suh!" he said as he raised his glass—and it was obvious that he would be off again upon the exploitation of his hopelessly impossible project as soon as he put it down. Greatly to Maltham's relief, the door opened at that juncture and Ulrica entered to call them to dinner; and he was still more relieved, when they were seated at table, by finding that his host dropped business matters and left the glorious future of Minnesota Point hanging in the air.

At his own table, indeed, the Major was quite at his best. He told good stories of his army life, and of his adventurous wanderings which ended when he struck Duluth just at the beginning of its first "boom"; and very entertain-

ing was what he had to tell of that metropolis in its embryotic days.

But good though the Major's stories were, Maltham found still more interesting the Major's daughter—who spoke but little, and who seemed to be quite lost at times in her own thoughts. As he sat slightly turned toward her father he could feel her eyes fixed upon him; and more than once, facing about suddenly, he met her look full. When this happened she was not disconcerted, nor did she immediately look away from him—and he found himself thrilled curiously by her deeply intent gaze. Yet the very frankness of it gave it a quality that was not precisely flattering. He had the feeling that she was studying him in much the same spirit that she would have studied some strange creature that she might have come across in her walks in the woods. When he tried to bring her into the talk he did not succeed; but this was mainly because the Major invariably cut in before he could get beyond a direct question and a direct reply. Only once—when her father made some reference to her love for sailing—was her reserve, which was not shyness, a little broken; and the few words that she spoke before the Major broke in again were spoken so very eagerly that Maltham resolved to bring her back to that subject when he could get the chance. Knowing something of the ways of women, he knew that to set her to talking about anything in which she was profoundly interested would lower her guard at all points—and so would enable him to come in touch with her thoughts. He wanted to get at her thoughts. He was sure that they were not of a commonplace kind.

V.



When the dinner was ended he made a stroke for the chance that he wanted. "Will you show me your boat? I'm a bit of a sailor myself, and I should like to see her very much indeed."

"Oh, would you? I am so glad!" she answered eagerly. And then added more

quietly: "It is a real pleasure to show you the *Nixie*. I am very fond of her and very proud of her. Father gave her to me three years ago—after he sold a lot over in West Superior. And it was very good of him, because he does not like sailing at all. Will you come now? It is only a step down to the wharf."

The Major declared that he must have his after-dinner pipe in comfort, and they went off without him—going out by a side door and across a half-acre of kitchen-garden, still in winter disorder, to the wharf on the bay side where the *Nixie* was moored. She was a half-decked twenty-foot cat-boat, rather wide for her length, with the look of being able to hold her own pretty well in a blow.

"Is she not beautiful?" Ulrica asked with great pride. And presently, when Maltham came to a pause in his praises, she added hesitatingly: "Would you—would you care to come out in her for a little while?"

"Indeed I would!" he answered instantly and earnestly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Ulrica exclaimed. "I do want you to see how wonderfully she sails!"

The boat was moored with her stern close to the wharf and with her bow made fast to an outstanding stake. When they had boarded her Ulrica cast off the stern mooring, ran the boat out to the stake and made fast with a short hitch, and then—as the boat swung around slowly in the slack air under the land—set about hoisting the sail. She would not permit Maltham to help her. He sat aft, steadying the tiller, watching with delight her vigorous dexterity and her display of absolute strength. When she had sheeted home and made fast she cast off the bow mooring, and then stepped aft quickly and took the tiller from his hand. For a few moments they drifted slowly. Then the breeze, coming over the tree-tops, caught them and she leaned forward and dropped the centreboard and brought the boat on the wind. It was a leading wind, directly off the lake, that enabled them to make a single leg of it across the bay. As the boat heeled over Maltham shifted his seat to the weather side. This brought him a little in front of Ulrica, and below her as she stood to steer. From under the bows came a soft hissing and bubbling as the boat slid rapidly along.

"Is she not wonderful?" Ulrica asked with a glowing enthusiasm. "Just see how we are dropping that big sloop over yonder—and the *Nixie* not half her size! But the *Nixie* is well bred, you see, and the sloop is not. She is as heavy all over as the *Nixie* is clean and fine. Father says that breeding is everything—in boats and in horses and in men. He says that a gentleman is the finest thing that God ever created. It was because the Southerners all were gentlemen that they whipped the Yankees, you know."

"But they didn't—the Yankees whipped them."

"Only in the last few battles, father says—and those did not count, so far as the principle is concerned," Ulrica answered conclusively.

Maltham did not see his way to replying to this presentation of the matter and was silent. Presently she went on, with a slight air of apology: "I hope you did not mind my looking at you so much while we were at dinner, Mr. Maltham. You see, except father, you are the only gentleman I ever have had a chance to look at close, that way, in my whole life. Father will not have much to do with the people living up in town. Most of them are Yankees, and he does not like them. None of them ever come to see us. The only people I ever talk with are our neighbors; and they are just common people, you know—though some of them are as good as they can be. And as father always is talking about what a gentleman ought to be or ought not to be it is very interesting really to meet one. That was the reason why I stared at you so. I hope you did not mind."

"I'm glad I interested you, even if it was only as a specimen of a class," Maltham answered. "I hope that you found me a good specimen." Her simplicity was so refreshing that he sought by a leading question to induce a further exhibition of it. "What is your ideal of a gentleman?" he asked.

"Oh, just the ordinary one," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "A gentleman must be absolutely brave, and must kill any man who insults him—or, at least, must hurt him badly. He must be absolutely honest—though he is not bound, of course, to tell all that he knows when he is selling a horse. He must be absolutely true to the woman he loves, and must never deceive her in any way. He

must not refuse to drink with another gentleman unless he is willing to fight him. He must protect women and children. He must always be courteous—though he may be excused for a little rudeness when he has been drinking and so is not quite himself. He must be hospitable—ready to share his last crust with anybody, and his last drink with anybody of his class. And he must know how to ride and shoot and play the principal games of cards. Those are the main things. You are all that, are you not?"

She looked straight at him as she asked this question, speaking still in the same entirely matter-of-fact tone. But Maltham did not look straight back at her as he answered it. The creed that she set forth had queer articles in it, but its essentials were searching—so searching that his look was directed rather indefinitely toward the horizon as he replied, a little weakly perhaps: "Why, of course."

She seemed to be content with this not wholly conclusive answer; but as he was not content with it himself, and rather dreaded a cross-examination, he somewhat suddenly shifted the talk to a subject that he was sure would engross her thoughts. "How splendidly the *Nixie* goes!" he said. "She is a racer, and no mistake!"

"Indeed she is!" Ulrica exclaimed, with the fervor upon which he had counted. "She is the very fastest boat on the bay. And then she is so weatherly! Why, I can sail her into the very eye of the wind!"

"Yes, she has the look of being weatherly. But she wouldn't be if you didn't manage her so well. Who taught you how to sail?"

"It was old Gustav Bergmann—one of the fishermen here on the Point, you know. And he said," she went on with a little touch of pride, "that he never could have made such a good sailor of me if I had not had it in my blood—because I am a Swede."

"But you are an American."

Ulrica did not answer him immediately, and when she did speak it was with the same curiously slow thoughtfulness that he had observed when she was explaining the difference between her father's life and her own life in the solitude of Minnesota Point.

"I do not think I am," she said. "I

do not know many American women, but I am not like any American woman I know. You see, I am very like my mother. Father says so, and I feel it—I cannot tell you just how I feel it, but I do. For one thing, I am more than half a savage, father says—like some of the wild Indians he has known. He is in fun, of course, when he says that; but he really is right, I am sure. Did you ever want to kill anybody, Mr. Maltham?"

"No," said Maltham with a laugh, "I never did. Did you?"

Ulrica remained grave. "Yes," she answered, "and I almost did it, too. You see, it was this way: A man, one of the campers down on the Point, was rude to me. He was drunk, I think. But I did not think about his being drunk, and that I ought to make allowances for him. Somehow, I had not time to think. Everything got red suddenly—and before I knew what I was doing I had out my knife. The man gave a scream—not a cry, but a real scream: he must have been a great coward, I suppose—and jumped away just as I struck at him. I cut his arm a little, I think. But I am not sure, for he ran away as hard as he could run. I was very sorry that I had not killed him. I am very sorry still whenever I think about it. Now that was not like an American woman. At least, I do not know any American woman who would try to kill a man that way because she really could not help trying to. Do you?"

"No," Maltham answered, drawing a quick breath that came close to being a gasp. Ulrica's entire placidity, and her argumentative manner, had made her story rather coldly thrilling—and it was quite thrilling enough without those adjuncts, he thought.

She seemed pleased that his answer confirmed her own opinion. "Yes, I think I am right about myself," she went on. "I am sure that it is my Swedish blood that makes me like that. We do not often get angry, you know, we Swedes: but when we do, our anger is rage. We do not think or reason. Suddenly we see red, as I did that day, and we want to strike to kill. It is queer, is it not, that we should be made like that?"

Maltham certainly was discovering the strange thoughts that he had set himself to search for. They rather set his nerves on edge. As she uttered her calm reflec-

tion upon the oddity of the Swedish temperament he shivered a little.

"I am afraid that you are cold," she said anxiously. "Shall we go about? Father will not like it if I make you uncomfortable."

"I am not at all cold," he answered. "And the sailing is delightful. Don't let us go about yet."

"Well, if you are quite sure that you are not cold, we will not. I do want to take you down to the inlet and show you what a glorious sea is running on the lake to-day. It is only half a mile more."

They sailed on for a little while in silence. The swift send of the boat through the water seemed so to fill Ulrica with delight that she did not care to speak—nor did Maltham, who was busied with his own confused thoughts. Suddenly some new and startling concepts of manhood and of womanhood had been thrust into his mind. They puzzled him, and he was not at all sure that he liked them. But he was absolutely sure that this curious and very beautiful woman who had uttered them interested him more profoundly than any woman whom ever he had known. That fact also bothered him, and he tried to blink it. That he could not blink it was one reason why his thoughts were confused. Presently, being accustomed to slide along the lines of least resistance, he gave up trying. "After all," was his conclusion, so far as he came to a conclusion, "it is only for a day."

VI.



As they neared the inlet the water roughened a little and the wind grew stronger. Ulrica eased off the sheet, and steadied it with a turn around the pin. In a few minutes more they had opened the inlet fairly, and beyond it could see the lake—stretching away indefinitely until its cold gray surface was lost against the cold gray sky. A very heavy sea was running. In every direction was the gleam of white-caps. On the beaches to the left and right of them a high surf

was booming in. They ran on, close-hauled, until they were nearly through the inlet and were come into a bubble of water that set the boat to dancing like a cork. Now and then, as she fell off, a wave would take her with a thump and cover them with a cloud of spray.

The helm was pulling hard, but Ulrica managed it as easily and as knowingly as she had managed the setting of the sail—standing with her feet well apart, firmly braced, her tall figure yielding to the boat's motion with a superb grace. Suddenly a gust of wind carried away her hat, and in another moment the great mass of her golden hair was blowing out behind her in the strong eddy from the sail. Her face was radiant. Every drop of her Norse blood was tingling in her veins. Aslauga herself never was more gloriously beautiful—and never more joyously drove her boat onward through a stormy sea.

But Maltham did not perceive her beauty, nor did he in the least share her glowing enthusiasm. He had passed beyond mere nervousness and was beginning to be frightened. It seemed to him that she let the boat fall off purposely—as though to give the waves a chance to buffet it, and then to show her command over them by bringing it up again sharply into the wind; and he was certain that if they carried on for another five minutes, and so got outside the inlet, they would be swamped.

"Don't you think that we had better go about?" he asked. It did not please him to find that he had not complete control over his voice.

"But it is so glorious!" she answered. "Shall we not keep on just a little way?"

"No!" he said sharply. "We must go about at once. We are in great danger as it is." He felt that he had turned pale. In spite of his strong effort to steady it, his voice shook badly and also was a little shrill.

"Oh, of course," she replied, with a queer glance at him that he did not at all fancy; "if you feel that way about it we will." The radiance died away from her face as she spoke, and with it went her intoxication of delight. And then her expression grew anxious as she looked about her, and in an anxious tone she added: "Indeed you are quite right, Mr. Maltham. We really are in a bad place

here. I ought never to have come out so far. We must try to get back at once. But it will not be easy. I am not sure that the *Nixie* will stand it. I am sure, though, that she will do her best—and I will try to wear her as soon as I see a chance."

She luffed a little, that she might get more sea-room to leeward, and scanned the oncoming waves closely but without a sign of fear. "Now I think I can do it," she said presently, and put up the helm.

It was a ticklish move, for they were at the very mouth of the inlet, but the *Nixie* paid off steadily until she came full into the trough of the sea. There she wallowed for a bad ten seconds. A wave broke over the coaming of the cockpit and set it all aflow. Maltham went still whiter, and began to take off his coat. It was with the greatest difficulty that he kept back a scream. Then the boat swung around to her course—Ulrica's hold upon the tiller was a very steady one—and in another minute they were sliding back safely before the wind. In five minutes more they were in the smooth water of the bay.

Ulrica was the first to speak, and she spoke in most contrite tones. "It was very, very wrong in me to do that, Mr. Maltham," she said. "And it was wicked of me, too—for I have given my solemn promise to father that I never will go out on the lake when it is rough at all. Please, please forgive me for taking you into such danger in such a foolish way. It was just touch and go, you know, that we pulled through. Please say that you forgive me. It will make me a little less wretched if you do."

The danger was all over, and Maltham had got back both his color and his courage again. "Why, it was nothing!" he said. "Or, rather, it was a good deal—for it gave me a chance to see what a magnificent sailor you are. And—and it was splendidly exciting out there, wasn't it?"

"Wasn't it!" she echoed rapturously. "And oh," she went on, "I *am* so glad that you take it that way! It is a real load off my mind! Will you please take the tiller for a minute while I put up my hair?"

As she arranged the shining masses of her golden hair—her full round arms uplifted, the wind pressing her draperies close about her—Maltham watched her

with a burning intentness. The glowing reaction following escape from mortal peril was upon him and the tide of his barely saved life was running full. In Ulrica's stronger nature the same tide may have been running still more impetuously. For an instant their eyes met. She flushed and looked away.

He did not speak, and the silence seemed to grow irksome to her. She broke it, but with a perceptible effort, as she took the tiller again. "Do you know," she said, "I did think for a minute that you were scared." She laughed a little, and then went on more easily: "And if you really had been scared I should have known, of course, that you were not a gentleman! Was it not absurd?"

Her words roused him, and at the same time chilled him. "Yes, it was very absurd," he answered not quite easily. And then, with presence of mind added: "But I *was* scared, and badly scared—for you. I did not see how I possibly could get you ashore if the boat filled."

"You could not have done it—we would have been drowned," Ulrica replied with quiet conviction. "But because you are a gentleman it was natural, I suppose, for you not to think about yourself and to worry that way about me. You could not help it, of course—but I like it, all the same."

Maltham reddened slightly. Instead of answering her he asked: "Would you mind running up along the Point and landing me on the other side of the canal? I want to hurry home and get into dry things—and that will save me a lot of time, you know."

"Oh," she cried in a tone of deep concern, "are you not coming back with me? I shall have a dreadful time with father, and I am counting on you to help me through."

Maltham had foreseen that trouble with the Major was impending, and wanted to keep out of it. He disliked scenes. "Of course, if you want me to, I'll go back with you," he answered. And added, drawing himself together and shivering a little, "I don't believe that I shall catch much cold."

"What a selfish creature I am!" Ulrica exclaimed impetuously. "Of course you must hurry home as fast as you can. What I shall get from father will not be the half of what I deserve. And to think of my thinking about your getting me off

from a scolding at the cost of your being ill! Please do not hate me for it—though you ought to, I am sure!"

Having carried his point, Maltham could afford to be amiable again. He looked straight into her eyes, and for an instant touched her hand, as he said: "No, I shall not—hate you!" His voice was low. He drawled slightly. The break gave to his phrase a telling emphasis.

It was not quite fair. He knew thoroughly the game that he was playing; while Ulrica, save so far as her instinct might guide her, did not know it at all. She did not answer him—and he was silent because silence just then was the right move. And so they went on without words until they were come to the landing-place beside the canal. Even then—for he did not wish to weaken a strong impression—he made the parting a short one: urging that she also must hurry home and get on dry clothes. It did not strike her, either then or later, that he would have shown a more practical solicitude in the premises had he not made her come three miles out of her way.

Indeed, as she sailed those three miles back again, her mind was in no condition to work clearly. In a confused way, that yet was very delightful, she went over to herself the events of that wonderful day—in which, as she vaguely realized, her girlhood had ended and her womanhood had begun. But she dwelt most upon the look that he had given her when he told her, with the break in his phrase, that he would not hate her; and upon the touch of his hand at parting, and his final speech, also with a break in it: "I shall see you to-morrow—if you care to have me come."

At the club that evening Maltham wrote a very entertaining letter to Miss Eleanor Strangford, in Chicago—telling her about the queer old Major and his half-wild daughter, and how the daughter had taken him out sailing and had brought him back drenched through. He was a believer in frankness, and this letter—while not exhaustive—was of a sort to put him right on the record in case an account of his adventures should reach his correspondent by some other way. He would have written it promptly under any circumstances. It was the more apposite because he had promised to write every Sunday to Miss Strangford—to whom he was engaged.

VII.



Maltham left his office early the next afternoon and went down the Point again. He had no headache, the wind had shifted to the southward, and all about him was a flood of spring sunshine. Yet even under these cheerful conditions he found the Point rather drearily desolate. He gave the graveyard a wide berth when he came to it, and looked away from it. His desire was strong that he might forget where he had seen Ulrica's name for the first time. He was not superstitious, exactly; but his sub-consciousness that the direction in which he was sliding—along the lines of least resistance—was at least questionable, made him rather open to feelings about bad and good luck.

Being arrived at Eutaw Castle, he inferred from what the Major said and from what Ulrica looked that the domestic storm of the previous day had been a vigorous one—and was glad that he had kept out of it. But it had blown over pretty well, and his good-natured chaff about their adventure swept away the few remaining clouds.

"It is vely handsome of yo', suh," said the Major, "to treat the matteh as yo' do. My daughteh's conduct was most inexcusable—fo' when she cahried yo' into that great dangeh she broke heh sacred wo'd to me."

"But it was quite as much my fault as hers," Maltham answered. "I should not have let her go. You see, the sailing was so delightfully exciting that we both lost our heads a little. Luckily, I got mine back before it was too late."

"Yo' behaved nobly, suh, nobly! My daughteh has told me how youah only thought was of heh dangeh, and how white yo' went when yo' realized youah inability to save heh if the boat went down. Those weh the feelings of a gentleman, suh, and of a vely gallant gentleman—such as yo' suahly ah. Youah conduct could not have been fineh, Mr. Maltham, had yo' been bo'n and bred in South Cahr-olina. Suh, I can say no mo' than that!"

Ulrica took little part in the talk. Her eyes were dull and she moved languidly, as though she were weary. Not until her father left the room—going to fetch his maps and charts, that he might demonstrate the Point's glorious future—did she speak freely.

"I could not sleep last night, Mr. Maltham," she said hurriedly. "I lay awake the whole night—thinking about what I had done, and about what you must think about me for doing it. If I had drowned you, after breaking my word to father that way, it would have been almost murder. It was very noble of you, just now, to say that it was as much your fault as it was mine. But it was not. It was my fault all the way through."

"But the danger was just as great for you as it was for me," Maltham answered. "You would have been drowned too, you know."

"Oh, that would not have counted. It would not have counted at all. I should have got only what I deserved."

Maltham came close to her and took her hand. "Don't you think that it would have counted for a good deal to *me*?" he asked. Then he dropped her hand quickly and moved away from her as the Major re-entered the room.

Inasmuch as he would have been drowned along with her, this speech was lacking in logic; but Ulrica, who was not on the lookout for logic just then, was more than satisfied with it. Suddenly she was elate again. For the dread that had kept her wakeful had vanished: his second thoughts about the peril into which she had taken him had not set him against her—he still was the same! She could not answer him with her lips, but she answered him with her eyes.

Maltham's feelings were complex as he saw the effect that his words had upon her. He had made several resolutions not to say anything of that sort to her again. Even if she did like flirting (as he had put it in his own mind) it was not quite the thing, under the circumstances, for him to flirt with her. He resolutely kept the word flirting well forward in his thoughts. It agreeably qualified the entire situation. As he very well knew, Miss Strangford was not above flirting herself. But it was not easy to classify under that head Ulrica's sudden change

in manner and the look that she had given him. In spite of himself, his first impression of her would come back and get in the way of the new impression that he very much wished to form. When he first had seen her—only the day before, but time does not count in the ordinary way in the case of those who have been close to the gates of death together—he had felt the fire that was in her, and had known that it slumbered. After what he had just seen in her eyes he could not conquer the conviction that the fire slumbered no longer and that he had kindled its strong flame.

Nor did he wholly wish to conquer this conviction. It was thrillingly delightful to think that he had gained so great a power over her, for all her queenliness, in so short a time. Over Miss Strangford—the contrast was a natural one—he had very little power. That young lady was not queenly, but she had a notable aptitude for ruling—and came by it honestly, from a father whose hard head and hard hand made him conspicuous even among Chicago men of affairs. It was her strength that had attracted him to her; and the discovery that with her strength was sweetness that had made him love her. He was satisfied that she loved him in return—but he could not fancy her giving him such a look as Ulrica had just given him; still less could he fancy her whole being irradiated by a touch and a word.

And so he came again to the same half-formed conclusion that he had come to in the boat on the preceding day: he would let matters drift along pleasantly a little farther before he set them as they should be with a strong hand.

This chain of thought went through his mind while the Major was exhibiting the maps and expounding the Point's future; and his half-conclusion was a little hastened by the Major's abrupt stop, and sudden facing about upon him with: "I feah, suh, that yo' do not quite follow me. If I have not made myself cleah, suh, I will present the matteh in anotheh way."

Maltham shot a quizzical glance at Ulrica—which made her think that she knew where his thoughts had been wool-gathering, and so brought more light to her eyes—and answered with a becoming gravity: "The fact is I didn't quite catch the point that you were making, Major,

and I'll be very much obliged if you'll take the trouble to go over it again."

"It is no trouble—it is a pleasuah, suh," the Major replied with an animated affability. And with that he was off again, and ran on for an hour or more—until he had established the glorious future of Minnesota Point in what he believed to be convincing terms. "When the time to which I am looking fo'wa'd comes, Mr. Maltham, and it will come vely soon, suh," he said in enthusiastic conclusion, "it stands to reason that the fo'tunes of this great metropolis of the No'thwest will be fo'evah and unchangeably established. Only I must wahn yo', suh, that we must begin to get ready fo' it right away. We must take time by the fo'lock and provide at once—I say at once, suh—fo' the needs of that magnificent futuah that is almost heah now!"

He took a long breath as he finished his peroration, and then came down smiling to the level of ordinary conversation and added: "I feah, Mr. Maltham, that I pehmit my enthusiasm to get away with me a little. I feah I may even boah yo', suh. I promise not to say anotheh wohd on the subject this evening. And now, as it is only a little while befo' suppeh, we cannot do betteh, suh, than to take a drink."

Maltham had not intended to stay to supper. He even had intended not to. But he did—and on through the evening until the Major had to warn him that he either must consent to sleep in Eutaw Castle or else hurry along up the Point before the ferry-boat stopped running for the night. The Major urged him warmly to stay. Finding that his invitation certainly would not be accepted, he went off for a lantern—and was rather put out when Maltham declined it and said that he could find his way very well by the light of the stars.

Actually, Maltham did not find his way very well by the light of the stars. Two or three times he ran against trees. Once—this was while he was trying to give the graveyard a wide offing—he stumbled over a root and fell heavily. When he got up again he found that he had wrenched his leg, and that every step he took gave him intense pain. But he was glad of his flounderings against trees, and of his fall and the keen pain that followed it—for he was savage with himself.

And yet it was not his fault, he grumbled. Why had the Major gone off that

way to hunt up a lantern--and so left them alone? Toward the end of his walk--his pain having quieted his excitement, and so lessened his hatred of himself--he added much more lightly: "But what does a single kiss amount to, after all?"

VIII.



It was on a day in the early autumn that Maltham at last decided definitely--making effective his half-formed resolution of the spring-time--to stop drifting and to set things as they should be with a strong hand. But he had to admit, even as he formed this resolution, that setting things quite as they should be no longer was within his power.

The summer had gone quickly, most astonishingly quickly, he thought; and for the most part pleasantly--though it had been broken by certain interludes, not pleasant, during which he had been even more savage with himself than he had been during that walk homeward from Eutaw Castle in the dark. But, no matter how it had gone, the summer definitely was ended--and so were his amusing sessions with the Major over the future of Minnesota Point, and his sails with Ulrica on the lake and about the bay. Ice already had begun to form in the sheltered parts of the harbor, and the next shift of wind into the North would close the port for the winter by freezing everything hard and fast. All the big ships had steamed away eastward. On the previous day he had despatched the last vessel of his own line. His work for the season was over, and he was ready to return to Chicago. In fact, he had his berth engaged on that night's train. Moreover, in another month he was to be married: in her latest letter Miss Strangford had fixed the day. Then they were going over to the Riviera, and probably to Egypt. In the spring they were coming back again, but not to Duluth nor even to Chicago. He was to take charge of the Eastern office of the line, and their home would be in New York. These various moves were so definite and so final

as to justify him in saying to himself, as he did say to himself, that the Duluth episode was closed.

He had hesitated about going down to Eutaw Castle to say good-by, but in the end had perceived that the visit was a necessity. The Major and Ulrica knew that he was to leave Duluth when navigation was closed for the winter--indeed, of late, Ulrica had referred to that fact frequently--but he had not confided to them the remainder of his rather radical programme. He meant to do that later by letter--from the Riviera or from Egypt. In the mean time, until he was married and across the Atlantic, it was essential to keep unbroken the friendly relations which had made his summer--even with its bad interludes--so keenly delightful to him; and to go away without paying a farewell visit he knew would be to risk a rupture that very easily might lead on to a catastrophe. Moreover, as he said to himself, there need not be anything final about it. Even though the harbor did freeze, the railways remained open--and it was only sixteen hours from Chicago to Duluth by the fast train. To suggest that he might be running up again soon would be a very simple matter: and would not be straining the truth, for he knew that the pull upon him to run up in just that way would be almost irresistibly strong.

In fact, the pull was of such strength that all of his not excessive will power had to be exerted to make him go away at all--at least, to go away alone. Very many times he had thought of the possibility of reversing his programme completely: of making his wedding journey with Ulrica, and of writing from some far-off place to Miss Strangford that he had happened to marry somebody else and that she was free. But each time that he had considered this alternative he had realized that its cost would come too high: a break with his own people, the loss of the good berth open to him in New York, the loss of his share of Miss Strangford's share of the grain-elevators and other desirable properties which would come to her when her father died. But for these practical considerations, as he frequently and sorrowfully had assured himself, he would not have hesitated for a moment--being satisfied that, aside from them, such a reversal of his plans would be better in every way. For he knew

that while Miss Strangford had and Ulrica had not his formal promise to marry her, it was Ulrica who had the firmer hold upon his heart; and he also knew that while Ulrica would meet his decision against her savagely but feebly with her passion, Miss Strangford would meet the reverse of that decision calmly and firmly with her strength. The dilemma so nearly touched the verge of his endurance that he even had contemplated evading it altogether by shooting himself. But he had not got beyond contemplation. For that sort of thing he was lacking in nerve.

It was because facing what he knew was a final parting—even though Ulrica would not know it—would be so bitter hard for him that he had hesitated about making his visit of good-by. But when he had decided that it was a necessity—that the risk involved in not making it outweighed the pain that it would cost him—he came about again: adding to his argument, almost with a sob, that he could not go away like that, anyhow—that he *must* see her once more!

And so he went down the Point again, knowing that he went for the last time—and on much the same sort of a day, as it happened, as that on which his first visit had been made: a gray, chill day, with a strong wind drawing down the lake that tufted it with white-caps and that sent a heavy surf booming in upon the shore. He had no headache, but he had a heart-ache that was still harder to bear.

He had intended to take the tram-car—that he might hurry down to the Castle, and get through with what he had to do there, and so away again quickly. But when he had crossed the canal he let the car go off without him—for the good reason that the meeting and the parting might not come so soon. And for this same reason he walked slowly, irresolutely. Once or twice he halted and almost turned back. It all was very unlike his brisk, assured advance on that far back day—ages before, it seemed to him—when he went down the Point for the first time.

As he went onward, slowly, he was thinking about that day: how it had been without intention that he turned eastward instead of westward when he started on his walk; how a whim of the moment had led him to cross the canal; how the mere chance of the three church-bound women hurrying into the ferry-boat had prevented his immediate re-

turn. He fell to wondering, dully, what "chance" is, anyway—this force which with a grim humor uses our most unconsidered actions for the making or the unmaking of our lives; and the hopeless puzzle of it all kept his mind unprofitably employed until he had passed the last of the little houses, and had gone on through the stunted pines, and so was come to the desolate graveyard.

He did not shun the graveyard, as he had shunned it all the summer long. The need for that was past—now that, in reality, Ulrica's name had come to be to him a name upon a grave. For a while he stood with his arms resting on the broken fence, looking before him in a dull way and feeling a dull surprise because he found the dismal place still precisely as he remembered it. That in so very long a time it should not have become more ruinous seemed to him unreasonable. Then he walked on past the little church, still slowly and hesitatingly, and so came at last to the Castle. Oddly enough, the Major was standing again at the same lower window, and saw him, and came out to welcome him. For a moment he had a queer feeling that perhaps it still was that first day—that he might have been dozing in the pine woods, somewhere, and that the past summer was all a dream.

The Major was beaming with friendliness. "Aha, Masteh Geo'ge, I'm glad to see yo' and to congratulate yo'!" he said heartily. And he gave Maltham a cordial dig in the ribs as he added: "Yo' ah a sly dog, a vely sly dog, my boy, to keep youah secret from us! But I happened to be up in town yestehday, and by the mehest chance I met Captain Todd, of youah boat, and he told me why yo' ah going back to Chicago in such a huhy, suh! It is a great match, a magnificent match that yo' ah making, Geo'ge, and I congratulate yo' with all my haht. I should be glad of the oppo'tunity to congratulate Miss Strangfo'd also. Fo' I am not flattehing yo', Geo'ge, when I tell yo' that she could not have found a betteh husband had she gone to look fo' him in South Cahrolina. Suh, I can say no mo' than that!"

The Major's speech was long enough, fortunately, for Maltham to get over the shock of its beginning before he had to answer it. But even with that breathing space his answer was so lame that the

Major had to invent an excuse for its lack of heartiness. "I don't doubt that atfeh youah chilly walk, Geo'ge, yo' ah half frozen," he said. "Come right in and have a drink. It will do yo' good, suh. It will take the chill out of youah bones!"

Maltham was glad to accept this invitation, and the size of the drink that he took did the Major's heart good. "That's right, Geo'ge!" he said with great approval. "A South-Cahrolinian couldn't show a betteh appreciation of good liquoh than that!" He raised his glass and continued: "I drink, suh, to Miss Strangfo'd's health, and to youahs. May yo' both have the long lives of happiness that yo' both desehve!"

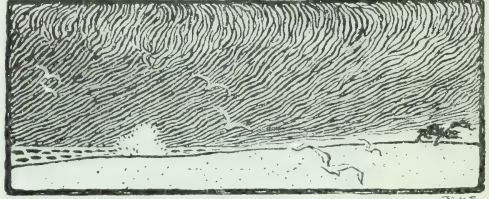
He put down his empty glass and added: "I will call Ulrica. She will be glad to see yo' and to offeh yo' heh congratulations." He paused for a moment, and then went on in a less cheerful tone: "But I must wahn yo', Geo'ge, that she has a bad headache and is not quite hehself to-day—and so may not manifest that wahn co'diality in regahd to youah present and futuah happiness that she suahly feels. I confess, Geo'ge," the Major continued anxiously, "I am not quite comfo'table about heh. She seems mo' out of so'ts than a meah headache ought to make heh. And fo' the last month and mo', as yo' may have obsehved youahself, she has not seemed to be hehself at all. I don't mind speaking this way frankly to yo', Geo'ge, fo' yo' know how my haht is wrapped up in heh. As I once told yo', it was only my love fo' that deah child that kept me alive when heh motheh left me," the Major's voice was very unsteady, "and it is God's own truth that if anything went wrong with heh; if—if I weh to lose heh too, Geo'ge, I suahly should want to give right up and die. I could not live without heh—I don't think that I could live without heh fo' a single day!"

There were tears in the Major's eyes as he spoke, and his last word was almost a sob. Maltham was very pale. He did not attempt an answer.

"Thank yo', Geo'ge," the Major went on presently. "I see by youah looks that I have youah sympathy. I am most grateful to yo' fo' it, most grateful indeed!" In a moment he added: "Hahk! She's coming now! I heah heh step outside. Hahk how heavy and slow it is—

and she always as light on heh feet as a bird! To heah heh walk that way almost breaks my haht!" And then he checked himself suddenly, and tried to look rather unusually cheerful, as Ulrica entered the room.

IX.



Being braced to meet some sort of a storm, Maltham was rather put about by not encountering it. Ulrica certainly was looking the worse for her headache—her eyes were duller than usual, and there were dark marks under them, and she was unusually pale; but she did not seem to be at all excited, and the greeting that she gave him was out of the ordinary only in that she did not offer him her hand. He drew a quick breath, and the tense muscles of his mind relaxed. If she were taking it in that quiet way, he thought, he had worked himself into heroics for nothing. And then, quite naturally, he felt a sharp pang of resentment because she did take it so quietly. Her calmness ruffled his self-love.

As she remained silent, making no reference to Maltham's engagement, the Major felt that the proprieties of the case were not being attended to and prompted her. "I have been wishing Geo'ge joy and prospehrity, my deah," he said. "Have yo' nothing to say to him youahself about his coming happiness?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I have a great deal to say to him—so much that I am going to carry him off in the *Nixie* to say it." She turned to Maltham and added: "You will come with me for a last sail, will you not?"

Maltham hesitated, and then answered doubtfully: "Isn't it a little cold for sailing to-day? Your father says that you are not feeling well. I do think that it will be better not to go—unless you really insist upon it, of course."

"Yo' mustn't think of such a thing!" the Major struck in peremptorily. "The weatheh is like ice. Yo' will catch yo' death of cold!"

"It is no colder, father, than that day

when I took George out in the *Nixie* for the first time—and it will do my head good," Ulrica answered. And added, to Maltham: "I do insist. Come!"

Against the Major's active remonstrance, and against Maltham's passive resistance, she carried her point. "Come!" she said again—and led Maltham out by the side door into the ragged garden. There she left him for a moment and returned to her father—who was standing in a very melancholy way before the fire.

"Do not mind, father," she said. "It is the best thing for me—it is the only thing for me."

He looked at her inquiringly, puzzled by her words and by her vehement tone. Suddenly she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Remember always, father, that I have loved you with my whole heart for almost my whole life long. And remember always," she went on with a curiously savage earnestness, "that I am loving you with my whole heart—with every bit of it—to-day!"

"I am suah yo' ah, my daughteh," the Major answered, very huskily.

She kissed him again, holding him tight in her arms. Then she unclasped her arms with a sudden quick energy and swiftly left the room.

She led Maltham silently to the boat, and silently—when she had cast off the mooring—motioned to him to enter it. He found this silence ominous, and tried to break it. But the commonplace words which he wanted to speak would not come.

And then, as he sat in the stern and mechanically steadied the tiller while she hoisted the sail, the queer feeling again came over him that it still was that wonderful first day. This feeling grew stronger as all that he remembered so well was repeated: Ulrica's rapid movement aft to the tiller; his own shifting of his seat; her quick loosing of the centreboard as the wind caught them; and then the heeling over of the boat, and her steady motion, and the bubbling hiss of the water beneath the bow. It all so lulled him, so numbed his sense of time and fact, that suddenly he looked up in her face and smiled—just as he had done on that first day.

But the look in Ulrica's eyes killed his smile, and brought him back with a sharp wrench to reality. Her eyes no longer were dull. They were glowing—and they seemed to cut into him like knives.

"Well," she asked, "have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No," he answered, "except that fate has been too strong for me."

"Fate sometimes is held accountable for a great deal!" she said dryly, but with a catch in her voice.

They were silent again, and for a long while. The boat was running down the bay rapidly—even more rapidly, the wind being much stronger, than on that first day. They could hear, as they had not heard then, the surf crashing upon the outer beach of the Point.

The silence became more than he could stand. "Can you forgive me?" he asked at last.

Ulrica looked at him with a curious surprise. "No," she answered quite calmly. "Think for a moment about what you have done and about what you intend to do. Do you not see that it is impossible?"

"But I love you!" he cried eagerly. "I love you more than I can tell. It is not my will that is separating us—it is fate!"

Her look softened for an instant as he began, but as he ended it hardened again. She did not answer him. A strong gust of wind heeled the boat farther over. They were going at a slashing rate. Before them the inlet was opening. The booming of the surf was very loud.

He saw that his words had taken hold upon her, and repeated them: "I do love you, Ulrica—and, oh, you don't know how very wretched I have been! More than once in this past month I have been very near killing myself."

She gave him a searching look, and seemed satisfied that he spoke the truth. "I am glad that you have wanted to kill yourself," she said slowly and earnestly. They were at the mouth of the inlet. As she spoke, she luffed sharply and they entered it close-hauled.

"Yes," she repeated, speaking still more earnestly, "I am very glad of that. It makes me feel much easier in my mind about what I am going to do."

Her tone startled him. He looked up at her quickly and anxiously. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Drown you," she answered simply.

For an instant he did not take in the meaning of her words. Then his face became very white, though he tried to smile. His voice shook as he said: "I do not



"THAT I AM LOVING YOU WITH MY WHOLE HEART."

think that this is a good time for joking." The boat was biting her way into the wind sharply, plunging and bucketing through the partly spent waves which came in from outside.

"You know that I am not joking," Ulrica answered very quietly. "I am going to drown you, and to drown myself too. I have thought it all out, and this seems the best thing to do. It is the best for father," her voice trembled, "and it is the best," she went on again, firmly, "for me. As for you, it does not matter whether it is the best for you or not—it is what you deserve. For you are a liar and a traitor—a liar and a traitor to me, and to that other woman too!" As she spoke these last words her calmness left her, and there was the ring of passionate anger in her tone. The fire that she had been smothering, at last was in full blaze.

They were at the very mouth of the inlet. The white-capped surface of the lake swelled and tossed before them. The boat was wallowing heavily.

Maltham's paleness changed to a greenish-gray. He uttered a shrill scream—a cry of weakly helpless terror. "Put about! For God's sake put about!" he gasped. "We shall be drowned!"

For answer, she hauled the sheet a little and brought the boat still closer into the wind—heading straight out into the lake. "I told you once that the *Nixie* could sail into the wind's eye," she said, coolly. "Now she is doing it. Does she not go well?"

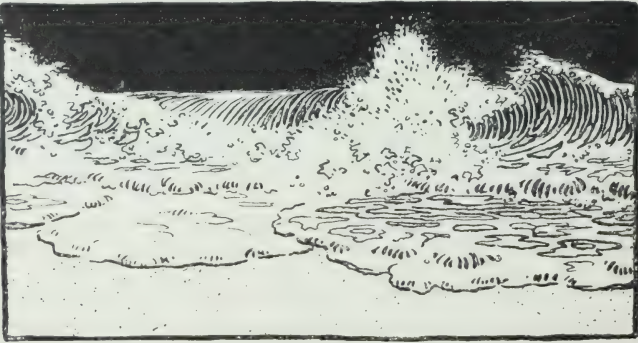
At that, being desperate, he rallied a little. Springing to his feet, but standing unsteadily, he grasped the tiller and tried to shift the helm. Ulrica, standing firmly, laid her hand flat against his breast and thrust him away savagely—with such force that he reeled backward and fell, striking against the coaming and barely missing going over the side.

"You fool!" she exclaimed. "Do you not see that it is too late?" She did not trouble herself to look at him. Her gaze was fixed in a keen ecstasy on the great oncoming waves.

What she said was true—it was too late. They were fairly out on the open lake, and all possibility of return was gone. To try to go about would be to throw the *Nixie* into the trough of the sea—and so send her rolling over like a log. At the best, the little boat could live in that surge and welter for only a very few minutes more.

Maltham did not attempt to rise. His fall had hurt him, and what little was left of his spirit was cowed. He lay in a miserable heap, uttering little whimpering moans. The complaining noise that he made annoyed her. For the last time she looked at him, burning him for an instant with her glowing eyes. "Silence, you coward!" she cried, fiercely—and at her strong command he was still. Then her look was fixed on the great oncoming waves again, and she cast him out from her mind.

Even in her rage—partly because of it—Ulrica felt in every drop of her Norse blood the glow and the thrill of this glorious battle with great waters. The sheer delight of it was worth dying for—and so richly worth living through to the very last tingling instant that she steered with a strong and a steady hand. And again—as she stood firmly on the tossing boat, her draperies blown close about her, her loosened hair streaming out in golden splendor—she was Aslauga's very self. Sorrow and life together were ending well for her—in high emotion that filled and satisfied her soul. Magnificent, commanding, defiant, she sailed on in joyful triumph: glad and eager to give herself strongly to the strong death-clasp of the waves.



all the rest of the misery attending "changing" in summer, she bravely held her ground and gained her point, and left the kitchen triumphant, if weak.

The morning's mail had just come. Molly put most of the letters aside for consideration when she should have more leisure, but one envelope she tore open hastily. The contents did not tend to soothe her tired nerves.

"So we are coming," the letter read, "with Tootie, to spend Monday night with you, unless you telegraph us to the contrary on Sunday." Oh, did not every one know that Clam River mails were days late? bemoaned Molly.

"Tootie is, naturally, a little fretful. How could he be anything else with those horrid big teeth coming? But you will love the darling when you see him, and I know in your house everything will be done to make him comfortable. The real reason of our visit is that Mr. Baldame wants to talk over some business matters with your husband; so he takes us to you on our way to the mountains, where we go for a change of air to help those terrible teeth come more easily, and make our blessed—" But Molly skipped this, and read on, to discover that they were going to be at the Lenox Hill Hotel for a few hours between train connections; and although anxious fears were expressed about keeping the "poor lamb" in the hot city for even this short time, there was but one thing for Molly to do, and she did it.

Nobody with the wildest imagination could picture Mrs. Van Worcester—whose objection to babies in general, and to every particular baby in especial, was open history—in the tiny Clam River house with a cross, teething child. Molly knew by experience that Tootie would be, of necessity, the centre of interest, and, also of necessity, the sole topic of the dinner conversation. Wherever Tootie's mother found herself, there the subject of Tootie took precedence of all others. No; Tootie and his mother and Mrs. Van Worcester were too utterly

incongruous to put together in one's thoughts for a minute, and Molly dismissed the former from her mind and from her hearth without hesitation—not quite daring to let herself conjecture on the consequences. The contents of the telegram that she sent to the Lenox Hill Hotel lay heavy on her conscience for many days to come. Then she started on the wearisome work of "getting ready."

It was a particularly busy day at the office—Mondays are apt to be—and Mr. Sebastian Mallory did a good deal of "lively hustling" after he landed from the over-



"WHAT DID YOU SAY, MARM?"

due train. He found his desk loaded with letters, and on top of all a request from the head of the firm for an important half-hour's business interview at noon. This complicated matters, but such a request was of course equivalent to a command. One note, however, brought a smile of satisfaction to Basty's lips when he found it in glancing over his mail. It was from Baldame, saying he would bring his wife and "kid" out to Clam River for that night, as he wanted to talk over matters relating to the Whackitout Silver Mines. He thought that at last he saw a chance of getting his friend in on the ground-floor of the company's combination, but it would all have to be talked over at length first; and as the owners of the mines were to settle up matters and make an official statement immediately, the whole thing would be closed, practically, on Tuesday. There was a final clause: "Needless to say, old fellow, I am overjoyed to have got this through so far for you. It has required a good deal of wire-pulling, but I know you'd do as much for me, and it means some shekels in your pocket by-and-by, as we both have reason to know," etc. Basty could have shouted for joy. For months he had been working Baldame for just this end. It did mean a very good thing for him; without much capital, and with a pretty hard grind most of the time to make both ends meet, it was a rare streak of luck to get in with the company. He took a minute to make a memorandum to get some cigars and a bottle of "fiz" to celebrate the evening; then, with shirt sleeves turned up, Basty prepared for a day of it.

"Telegram for you, sir." The office-boy stood at his elbow, and Basty grew white for a moment as he saw the signature to the voluminous message on the yellow paper. Then, in its entirety, the situation dawned on him, and he understood the last sentence: "I shall never forgive you if you fail to bring out a man to-night. The Goddess commands and I entreat." Basty looked at his watch. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and he did not have to leave the office until four. There was plenty of time to get a man; he knew a lot of fellows who would be just right; it would only take a minute or two at the telephone. He went into the inner office and rang up Heartleigh. Heartleigh was the most charming man in the world,

unique as being, at the age of thirty-five, foremost in his profession of architecture in the city and almost in the country; and, besides, the best of dinner men, a good story-teller—in fact, just an ideal person for the occasion.

The bell rang back. Heartleigh answered: "Mighty sorry. Going out of town on business for the night. Can come any other night this week. Do ask me again. Good-by!"

"Hard luck!" murmured Mallory. But there were plenty of other men almost as good. Franklin Mason came to his mind. Just the fellow; had made the hit of the season with his book of short stories; every one was talking about him, and he was the kind of a "lion" that Mrs. Van Worcester, with all her prestige and power, couldn't reach, because he didn't care a fig for anything that she had to give. There was some delay in getting him, but finally Mr. Mason answered:

"Too bad. Nothing I would have liked better, but I'm going off this noon for a week's shooting. If I had known yesterday, I could have arranged to come; but now— Well, good-by!"

Basty heard the clock strike; half an hour had gone. Hastily he rang up Thornton—a lawyer of the same set as Mrs. Van Worcester, and distinctly presentable, but not a celebrity; yet he would answer perfectly well. The response came over the wire:

"Thank you so very much; but my mother has just come to town, and I promised to blow her off to the play to-night. Ask me again soon."

Basty drew a long breath and spent a minute or two in consideration. Gordon—yes, Gordon might do. He was pretty young and a trifle fresh, but no end bright, and his verses were known all over. So Basty rang up Gordon.

"Mr. Gordon has gone on his vacation. He started an hour ago, and he won't be back for two weeks," came in clear, concise tones across the wire.

Mr. Mallory passed his hand over his brow. It was very hot in the small telephone-office, and his face was wet, and his collar had all gone to pieces. He tried to think calmly. St. John was good-looking, an old sport, and although he didn't care much for him personally, or like overmuch to think of his Molly in such company, he would amuse the



"THE SITUATION DAWNED ON HIM."

Goddess; he spoke her language; so Basti rang again.

"What a bore!" came in answer presently. "Great fun to go down to see your little girl; glad you've given me the chance; and you better believe I'll make the most of it. Name a day next week. To-night I've a committee meeting of the

yacht club, and can't get off. What night next week will you say? Any? Well, I'll make it Thursday, and I'll be there. Ta, ta!"

The clock struck twelve. Basti dropped the mouth-piece and rang off. He wanted a minute to think and collect his scattered wits. Then he saw that a man was

standing in the doorway waiting for him to get through. It was Mollar, his college chum; and while Basty held out his hand, the other said, hurriedly: "I will only keep you a minute. I want you to dine with me at the Valdoria and go to the play. I've asked Langly, whom you always wanted to meet, for the especial purpose. Do come."

"Oh!" moaned Basty, "if I only could! but—" And he tried to explain the situation. Mollar, the dearest old chap in the world, couldn't understand, and Basty felt inclined to kick him when he said, "I'd let the lady go to thunder before I'd take all that bother for her!" and looked totally unsympathetic. But Mollar, as Basty knew well, would really lay down his life for him if he asked it, so he forgave him now on the ground that he would know better when he was married, and dismissed him.

The list of eligibles was becoming limited, but there was Shanty. Basty wondered why he had not thought of him before. He had never known him much socially, but he was the best of talkers, and a very good friend in a business way, and he would be "pleased to death to be asked," Basty knew. He was right, and he felt a glow of relief all over as through the telephone came: "Delighted to come. Half past four o'clock train from the ferry? All right; we'll be there—"

Here Basty put the receiver to his mouth and fairly yelled: "Hold on! Whom do you mean by 'we'?"

"Of course you intended to include Mrs. Shanty in the invitation, didn't you?"

The tone was queer, and suddenly Basty realized that there *was* a Mrs. Shanty. The next few minutes were not pleasant ones for him to remember, and Shanty's voice, as he finally remarked, "I beg your pardon. I misunderstood. I cannot leave my wife," was cold enough to send down the mercury of Basty's heart several degrees. He could have torn his hair. How in Heaven's name had he been so stupid as to forget the existence of Shanty's wife? Shanty was a man who wouldn't get over that kind of thing, and Shanty was so very useful in every way to the firm!

Basty was now pretty desperate. Still he went on ringing up one man after another, and one after another refusal was sent over the wire. Lunch hour came

and went. One o'clock arrived, and then only was Mr. Mallory roused to the fact how time was passing by a hand being laid on his shoulder, and a voice in his ear saying: "Well, you're in for it! The boss has been waiting more than an hour for you to appear downstairs, and he's in a state! They told him you were talking to your friends over the telephone." Basty blanched. Then he put on his coat and went down stairs to the private office of his chief.

It was a trying half-hour, and it left Mr. Sebastian Mallory rather shaky and shop-worn. He ascended the stairs wearily, and sat down before his piled-up desk. It was no use attempting to do anything now; it was too late in the day. The train would go in half an hour. He hadn't eaten a mouthful since morning; he hadn't secured a man. Finally he wrote and sent a note to Mollar. There, it was done! No one could have been worse, but he knew that Mollar would come to his rescue, even if he had to make an enemy of another man for life, and that he had practically asked him to do. But Molly had commanded him to bring some one, and he would.

At six o'clock Mr. Sebastian Mallory and his guest arrived at Clam River. Mr. Mollar was not happy. He had never gone back on any one in such a mean way before. He had lost a good dinner and a happy man's evening, all for a lot of womanish nonsense he couldn't for the life of him make head or tail out of, but he had come at his friend's desperate call. As for Basty himself, he was in a frame of mind it would hardly do to analyze.

There was little comfort for any one at the house. After one glance at the occupants of the carriage that came from the station, Molly fled to her room without waiting to greet them. "To think you could have brought that *thing*, who is the very most dreadful bore in the world, when *all* you had to do was to get *one man*, and I have made myself sick working all day!" was her greeting to her husband. Of course tears followed, so it was of no use to argue, and Basty retired from the scene with Mollar and cigars.

At eight o'clock, however, the Mallory household had assumed a very pleasing aspect, and nothing could possibly have been guessed to be wrong anywhere. Everything had come from market, and



"OF COURSE TEARS FOLLOWED."

Molly knew Sarah would do her best, if only for the sake of getting a good reference. The house looked charming: candles burning under little shades made a soft light, and roses, gathered in anguish in the hot afternoon sun, were everywhere giving out a delicate delicious odor. Molly was a pretty sight to see in her becoming muslin frock, her white shoulders rising from babyish frills of lace and knots of innocent blue ribbon; and Basty and Mr. Mollar were above reproach in immaculate evening dress and stiff collars. Maid, table decorations, all were so perfect that nothing was left to be desired, even to salted almonds, and the most delicate of Sauternes in the cooler—every detail was complete.

"She is coming!" murmured Molly,

drawing a long breath as the carriage drew up at the door; she felt as if all the effort had been worth while now; nothing could have been better if she had given a week to planning it. Even Mr. Mollar looked handsome enough to make any one overlook his other shortcomings. The door opened, and in came—the maid with a note. Molly tore open the envelope, and read:

"CHÉRIE.—At this last moment, with the carriage at the door waiting to take me to you, my tired nerves have given out. It has been such a wearisome day! Let me come to you soon when it is cooler; my heart now goes instead.

A vous,

MARGUERITE VAN WORCESTER."

EPISODES OF THE TAIPING REBELLION.

THE SHRAPNEL OF GENERAL ALING, AND THE BATTLE OF MUDDY FLATS.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL L. A. BEARDSLEE, U. S. N.

AT the time of the Taiping Rebellion—that is to say, in 1854—a shrewd and ambitious "house-boy," named Aling, employed by one of the foreign business houses of Shanghai, being fired by the prospect of unlimited loot, organized a very successful rebellion against the imperial authority. He proclaimed himself General, and all of his assistants officers of high degree; and one night he took possession of the walled Chinese city in the name of *Tai ping-wang*. The capture was not without bloodshed; a few out of the multitude of Chinamen made some resistance, but they were promptly slain, and their heads hung on hooks as ornaments to the gate of entrance. The Chinese citizen does not fight unless he has taken too much samshu; in his own words, "*That fitey no blong my pidgin; he blongy soldier man pidgin.*"

The capture, or rather change of ownership, of the city was reported to the Emperor, who despatched an army to recapture it. In laying siege to the city the army selected the site for its forts with great judgment, for between the points of the extreme ranges of the guns of both sides there was a safety zone about half a mile wide, in which—though battles were frequent and fierce-looking, with much

firing of guns and crackers, beating of gongs, and a great noise of insulting shouts—no balls would fall.

At this time I was a very young and small midshipman on the United States corvette *Plymouth*, at anchor in the harbor of Shanghai. I managed to see more or less of what was going on, and, among other things, one shot that was more effective than the usual run. There was a battle on. I had strolled over to the front of the Taiping troops, where, resting on his gun, stood Colonel Reynolds, familiarly known as Pirate Reynolds, a burly English soldier of fortune, who, for a consideration, had joined Aling's army to organize and drill it. He had a Minie rifle, the first of the make I had ever seen, and he was very proud of it. After descanting on its merits, he asked me if I should like to try a shot. I said I should. He pointed toward the enemy, and said, "Do you see that chap with a red shirt—that fellow jumping up and down?" I could see him distinctly. "Well, take a crack at him, and if you hold a little high, you'll fetch him." I recoiled at the offer, hardly caring to commit a murder. "Gimme the gun," he said; "seeing you are so damned squeamish, I'll try him myself;" and he did. He

fired, and the red-shirted Chinaman fell dead. This ended the battle; the Imperialists, who had not dreamed of such heavy losses, beat a rapid retreat.

Men would escape from the ranks very frequently during these battles, and take refuge in the foreign settlements, where they would do considerable looting. To prevent this as much as possible, a guard had been stationed along the Yang-king-pang Creek, with headquarters at a Joss-house. I was detailed for duty with this guard, which preserved "Shanghai neutrality"; that is, we drove back impartially the stragglers from either army, never shooting unless they resisted us. It so happened, however, that nearly all of our troubles were with the Imperialists, or Tanti men. The Taipings seldom offended, and for this reason General Aling gradually grew to look upon us as friends and allies.

Several of us used sometimes to stroll over the bridge and through the gates, taking a shuddering peep on the way at the freshly severed heads, and go on into the city to call on the General. Every one was civil and friendly, and the more so, perhaps, for the fact that some of us youngsters, having no knowledge of international law, or fear of consequences as long as the first lieutenant didn't hear of it, amused ourselves at the water-battery by introducing considerable improvement in the shooting at an enemy's fort across the river. They had one big gun in particular, which, I remember, we once loaded *secundum artem*—that is, with the nearest to a spherical ball which we could find in an adjacent pile—and then trained on the fort. We lit the outer end of a long fuse, and rushed for safety behind a stone structure, where we staid until a tremendous roar notified us that the gun had gone off. A nervous peep assured us that it had not burst.

There was always a guard at Aling's door, and along the long semi-dark tortuous passage which led to it sentinels were stationed at most unexpected corners. Aling was generally found sitting at a large table, on which lay a pair of pistols, and his sword conveniently near. He wore an anxious look, a mixed and gorgeous uniform, and a pork-pie hat adorned with a blue glass button. This head-gear he did not remove as he saluted us, and, in fact, not at all. For this there was a reason. Among his many reforms

Taiping (who professed to be a younger brother of Jesus Christ) had abolished the wearing of the queue, or pigtail, and directed that hair should be worn *au naturel*. The position of Aling and his cohorts was not sufficiently assured to warrant their literal compliance with the order. Therefore, in view of an emergency which might call upon them for disguise, they contented themselves with coiling their queues and concealing them under their hats.

Certain of Taiping's reforms just suited Aling. All Joss-houses, Josses, grog-shops, and houses of ill fame were abolished, and Aling's lockers were filled with loot. Immediately upon entering his quarters we were served with champagne, ale, and cigars galore, and he not infrequently presented to us Josses and other ornaments from looted temples. Altogether a call upon Aling was pleasant.

One afternoon, as I wended my way through the semi-dark passage, I received quite a start. Something grabbed my leg, and then came a most hideous clatter of sound in a very high key—evidently a spoken language. As I jumped, I looked, and all I could see, in the dim light, was a long brown hand and arm, which traced back to a bamboo cage and to a woman imprisoned in it. The noise was a woman's voice, in which sobs, or more correctly squeals, indicated a tale of woe. My guide hit her hand with a stick, and she let go of my clothes; then he hurried me to Aling's room and presence. Aling arose as usual to greet me, and as soon as I could with decency interrupt the salutation I began asking about his prisoner. Our conversation was carried on in pidgin-English, in which we were both adepts.

"Aling, what fashion hab got that piecee woman downside?" (Aling, why have you got that woman downstairs?)

"She blong Toutai woman; he makee spy pidgin." (She is an Imperialist woman; she is a spy.)

"Hi, that velly bad, what thing you catchee? You no makee killum he?" (Why, that is very bad; what will you do to her? You won't kill her?)

"Choy! my can secure no killum, he woman, spose he man my killum chop-chop." (Of course I won't kill a woman. If it were a man, I would kill him very quickly.)

Then, after a pause: "*My puttee stone on he neck, puttee he in water—blimeby he drown.*" (I will put her in the water with a stone on her neck. She will quickly drown.)

I determined to save the woman's life, and to that end I pleaded with Aling, offering even to buy her. I mentioned a price, undoubtedly much beyond her market value, which I could not tell, as I had not seen her, and a sum that would have left me bankrupt for the cruise, could I have borrowed it. Aling refused all my offers; he persisted that she had learned too much, and that she was dangerous. But at last he seemed to yield a little, and said: "*My can do so fashion, spose you no wanchee takee he, you letty my keep so fashion no can makee talk any man. My can sellie you, you makee show my how fashion makee that shrapnel.*" (I will do this, if you will let me keep her in close confinement. I will let you have her, if you will teach me to make shrapnel.)

Aling had seen the peculiar efficacy of shrapnel in the battle of Mudoy Flats, which I shall tell about by-and-by, and he had been strenuously begging for this instruction ever since. I had declined to teach him, on the broad ground that I had no right to, but actually because I did not know how myself. All this occurred nearly fifty years ago, and at that time at the Naval Academy midshipmen were not taught such matters. However, the stake was worth a risk, and I closed the bargain, stipulating for a few days' time, and that the woman should be well cared for and fed.

My woman was brought in. She was very noisy in her demonstrations of gratitude. I was glad I had earned them, for in one respect she resembled my mother—she was of about the same age. A room was assigned her. I saw her safely secured, and I left wondering how I was going to keep my part of the bargain.

I sought aid from the gunner, but he knew no more than I. Between us, however, we devised a plan, and made an elaborate working drawing of it. Our shrapnel consisted of two hollow hemispheres, which screwed together at the edges. As we could not be quite sure of a perfect joint, the fuse-hole was to be bored some distance from the edges. When carefully drawn to scale, with the sulphur in which the bullets were bedded painted

yellow, and with the bullets as nearly a lead-color as we could manage, it was, on paper, a very pretty projectile. The gunner supplied me with a fuse for sample.

When I delivered the sketch to Aling he was highly pleased, and gave me a Joss and a drink and a cheroot, as usual, and let me see my property.

Some days elapsed before I again had opportunity to visit Aling. When I entered his apartment he did not arise and salute me as joyously as usual; he neither laughed nor smiled; he did not offer Joss, drink, or smoke; he did not seem disposed for conversation. In short, the interview was chilly.

As a topic of mutual interest, I introduced the shrapnel, and asked:

"*Aling, you hab makee that shrapnel?*"

"*Hab makee,*" he replied, very shortly and surlily.

I tried again: "*You hab makee flire he?*"

With a little more show of interest, he said: "*Hab makee flire one piecee. My hab killum lum [eleven] piecee man!*"

"*Maskee Aling, you killum eleven man one piecee shrapnel! He number one!*"

But then came an explosion: "*Hi yah! no blong killum that Toutai man, he killum my man.*"

There was something wrong in my invention: it had evidently exploded at the muzzle.

I did not seek further conversation, I did not ask to see the lady, but I did clear out. As I passed through the gates, the hanging heads seemed to grin at me.

I never went back. What became of the woman I never knew. She may have been killed, or she may have escaped during a big fight in which a French frigate took vengeance on her captors for the murder of some sailors. Aling and his dynasty disappeared.

The battle of Muddy Flats does not need to be described in detail; it was of little importance, except perhaps to those who took part in it, and especially to those who were killed and wounded. I doubt if its record has found a place in history, unless the archives of the Navy Department may be so considered. Yet, while it lasted, it was quite a sharp little fight, in which some three or four hundred people were killed. It occurred on the 4th day of April, 1854.

The two cities of Shanghai, the walled Chinese city, in which natives alone live, and the foreign settlement, well built with fine houses and streets, both front on the Yang-tse-kiang, and are separated by the Yang-king-pang Creek and a Chinese suburb; they are about two miles apart. A race-course, belonging to the foreign residents, is in the rear of the foreign settlement, and in the rear of the walled city were the forts held by the forces of the imperial army of China, which had been sent down from Peking to oppose Aling. The cities, race-course, and forts formed the corners of a somewhat irregular quadrilateral. The battle-field was an expansive mud flat before the Chinese forts, interspersed with rice-marshes and swamps. Many conical earthen structures were erected thereon, resembling haycocks in size and general appearance, in the upper portions of which reposed what was left of the dead of a long-ago dynasty, who were thus lifted clear of the water, and of the wild dogs who hold high carnival in Asiatic burying-grounds.

The combatants were, on the one side, an army from five to ten thousand strong; I might better say *weak*, for they got so scared early in the fight that their numbers merely increased their percentage of casualties. These men were under the shelter of the forts of which I have spoken, which were of mud, and from four to seven feet thick.

On the other side was a very mixed party of about three hundred bluejackets and marines, captains and mates of trading-vessels, merchants, bookkeepers, and clerks of several nationalities. The United States sailing-corvette *Plymouth*, Captain John Kelley, and the British corvettes *Encounter* and *Grecian*, Captains O'Callahan and Donalds, which were at anchor in the harbor, contributed about three-fourths of the attacking force. The remainder was made up from merchant ships and business houses. The junior members of the foreign trading establishments in the neighborhood were bored by enforced inactivity, as their usual out-door sports, such as racing, rabbit-coursing, pheasant-shooting, etc., were greatly circumscribed by the presence of the Chinese army; and furthermore they were justly enraged at the frequent looting expeditions made by the soldiers into the foreign settlement; so they were nat-

urally among the most eager to get at them and, in a legitimate way, "shoot a few fuhkies."

The immediate cause of the affair was an outrageous assault which was perpetrated the day before the fight by a gang of Chinese soldiers upon an English gentleman, Mr. Chaldecott Smith, and a lady whom he was escorting on the race-course. The two English people would have fared badly but for a lucky chance. Some of the sailors, both English and American, who were ashore on liberty had hired horses, and, after a drink for luck, had repaired to the course for an international race in accordance with the natural instinct of jacks. They arrived just in time to see a chance for a row, and they took advantage of it. Although unarmed, they charged on the Chinamen, jumped off, and, with fists and their riding-whips, so soundly thrashed them that they took to their heels and made for their forts, from which such a host sallied to their assistance that the jacks had to remount their ponies and flee.

This little circus stirred up the Chinamen as a stick would stir up a swarm of bees. The news, or rather rumors, came in thick. The Chinese vowed that night to burn and loot the foreign settlement. The people became alarmed, and a prearranged signal was hoisted on Russell and Company's flag-staff: "Send assistance." The ships quickly responded, and in less than an hour a small outpost fort nearest to the settlement was attacked, a few Chinamen killed, and many wounded. About two hundred were captured, tied together by their pigtails, and driven into a large tea-storehouse.

Captains Kelley and O'Callahan, although in the American and English services, were both of Irish blood, and it was up. They met and arranged to have a picnic the next day, if the Chinamen failed to obey an order which they sent them by some paroled prisoners. The order was to evacuate all of their forts by three o'clock in the afternoon. The alternative was that we would drive them out. That evening the affair was planned. In virtue of his seniority, the landing party was to be commanded by Captain Kelley.

As I joined in the general work of clearing up and loading revolvers and grinding swords, I certainly was a very excited boy. Hardly a wink did I sleep that night, and my coffee was all of the

breakfast I swallowed. The prospect of a real fight was something magnificent. I little knew in those days what it meant.

Imagine my chagrin when at morning quarters my name was not mentioned as one of the landing party! I appealed to our first lieutenant, John P. Gillis—a tall, stern, blue-eyed, white-haired veteran, of whom I was always in great awe. He answered me shortly: "No, sir; you'd be more in the way than you would be of use; you are not big enough for the work, sir." His remark certainly made me feel small enough.

I hurried out of Mr. Gillis's sight, heart-broken, and burst into tears. Old Charles Berry, captain of the after-guard, and Orrin Galusha, boatswain's mate of the star-board gangway, found me in woe. They took pity on me. How they worked it I swore solemnly never to reveal, but I got there all the same, a smuggled volunteer.

Mess gear was piped at six bells (11 A.M.) that day; we had dinner half an hour later, and were embarking in boats at noon. After a short pull to the Bund and a three-mile march, the companies reached a position where with their 12-pound howitzers they commanded the Chinese forts. There were no movements in them indicative of speedy evacuation, and we waited impatiently for the appointed hour.

By this time I had dared to show myself, but, much to my mortification, I was not even noticed.

After a short time quite a body of Chinamen made their appearance on the parapets, and stood there idly gazing at us. Now one of their superstitions is that if they can secure the first shot fired by an enemy and fire it back again, the Fung Shui (spirit of good or bad luck) will be pleased, and give them victory. At exactly three o'clock Captain Kelley gave the order "Fire!" and in about two seconds a 12-pound shrapnel was sailing for that crowd. A shrapnel is not a projectile that permits itself to be picked up and fired back. This one landed somewhere in that group of men, exploded, and beyond doubt killed and wounded many.

But it did more than was ever done before, perhaps, by a single projectile: it practically won the fight. The walls in our front were almost immediately deserted, and in a very brief period the country back of the forts was yellow

with a running, struggling, stampeded crowd. Some of them, we were told, had not ceased running when they reached and passed through Soo-chow, some thirty miles away, and on their route were afterwards found many bodies of men, unwounded, and apparently trampled to death. That first shrapnel was the one that caught the eye of Aling.

We gave them one more shot, in order to encourage their haste, and then charged the forts with a shout, only to be brought up all standing, when we had almost reached them, by a wide deep ditch with which they were surrounded. It was fortunate for us that we charged in so close, for there were three or four big cannon pointed in our direction, and a few of the more courageous Chinamen had stopped to fight us. These guns, as we afterwards found, were heavily charged with balls, bullets, and fragments of different kinds of metal, and but for the fact that they had no method of elevating or depressing them, and had laid them for a point considerably farther off than the ditch where we stopped, they would have hurt us badly.

As it was, they succeeded in firing one, and the missiles killed Captain Pearson of the American ship *Rose Standish*, a seaman of the *Plymouth*, and one of the Englishmen, and wounded several, among whom was Mr. Gray of Russell and Co., whose leg was shot off.

Our sharpshooters saw to it that no other Chinese cannon was discharged. Their manner of discharging their ordnance was very like the way boys fire their toy cannons on the Fourth of July—powder was poured and pricked into the touch-hole, and a coal of fire applied. While this was being done our boys got plenty of chances for good shots.

A party of the English sailors under Lieutenant Roderic Dhu (Lucky Dhu, the Englishmen called him, for he got a slight wound in his arm which resulted in promotion) spied a bamboo house near by, tore it down, bridged the ditch, and rushed across. They attacked the forts in the rear, sabred all the defenders, and burnt the huts. All Chinamen left in the huts were killed. We counted three hundred bodies. "Just one apiece for us," an officer remarked. That night a guard was established, and the next day, under our protection, a great gang of coolies destroyed the forts.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF STREIGHT'S RAIDERS.

AN INCIDENT FROM THE LIFE OF GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

BY JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

AS part of his campaign against Major-General Braxton Bragg, commanding the Confederate Army of Tennessee, with headquarters then at Tullahoma, Major-General W. S. Rosecrans, commanding the Union Army of the Tennessee, deemed it essential again (in 1863) to attempt to destroy the two important railroads then leading from Chattanooga—one to Atlanta and the other to Knoxville. One such desperate venture had been tried in 1862, and failed lamentably. The story of the "Andrew's Raiders" will ever remain a thrilling and pathetic chapter in American history, and Streight's bold raid and Forrest's relentless pursuit will interest the world as long as women "bring forth male children."

For this daring ride 2000 picked men were placed under the command of Colonel Abel D. Streight, of Indiana, a man of great courage and activity, and withal not lacking in resources. They were selected from his own, the Fifty-first Indiana Regiment, the Seventy-third Indiana under Colonel Gilbert Hathaway, the Third Ohio under Colonel Orris A. Lawson, the Eighteenth Illinois under Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew F. Rogers, and two companies of Alabama (Union) cavalry under Captain D. D. Smith.

After their equipment at Nashville this expedition was placed upon transports which carried it down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee to Eastport, on the south bank of this river, near the Alabama State line, where it disembarked on the 19th of April, 1863.

To cover the movement and to protect the raiders from pursuit, General Grenville M. Dodge had, with 7500 troops, preceded Colonel Streight to Tuscumbia, in northern Alabama, and thence eastward through the Tennessee Valley, in daily conflict with a brigade of Confederate cavalry under Colonel P. D. Roddey. Dodge's advance had been so stubbornly resisted by Roddey that it was not until

the evening of the 28th of April that he had driven the Confederates across Town Creek at Courtland, in Lawrence County, Alabama. General Rosecrans had written: "This great enterprise, fraught with great consequences, is commended to Dodge's care, enjoining on him to despatch Streight by every means to his destination."*

From twenty to forty miles south of the Tennessee River, and running nearly east and west across the northern portion of the State of Alabama, is a mountainous belt of country, at that time sparsely inhabited and without railroad or telegraphic communication. A good proportion of these mountain people were Union sympathizers, and many of them had relatives in the Federal army. For these reasons Colonel Streight had wisely selected this as his route for the movement upon the railroads in Georgia. As there were many rugged hills and mountains to cross, and as the roads were generally in a wretched condition, it was deemed a wise precaution to mount the troops for this expedition on mules, since these hardy animals are surer of foot in difficult going, and can stand greater hardships on less forage than horses.

On the 25th of April Colonel Streight halted at Tuscumbia, where his troops were carefully inspected by the surgeon, and all men not fit for the arduous duties to be undertaken were sent to the rear. In his official report he says, "This reduced my command to 1500 men." At midnight on the 26th of April, in order to conceal his departure, Streight marched out of Tuscumbia, and through the mud and rain and darkness made slow progress towards Mount Hope, which place, thirty-six miles from Tuscumbia, he reached at sunset on the 27th. After a few hours' rest for his men and horses he pushed on through the mire and slush, and late on the afternoon of the 28th of April reached Moulton, the county-seat of Lawrence County. Here he

* Official Records, Vol. XXIII., ¶ 2, p. 232.

again fed and rested his weary cavalcade until 1 A.M. on the 29th of April, when, saddling up, he moved eastward, with Blountsville as his next objective.

Although Dodge had attacked Roddey at Bear Creek on the 17th of April, the presence of so large a body of Federals south of the Tennessee River did not attract the serious attention of General Bragg until Tusculum had been reached. He then, on April 23, directed Forrest, who was at Spring Hill, Tennessee, to take what troops he deemed necessary, and to move with all rapidity and take charge of the Confederate forces in the Tennessee Valley and check the Federal advance.

Upon receipt of this order, Edmondson's Eleventh Tennessee was hurried off with directions to cross the Tennessee River at Bainbridge and to join Roddey. The Eighth Tennessee, under Dibrell, with one gun, was directed to proceed as far as the Tennessee River, and then to march westward along the northern bank in the direction of Florence. Colonel Dibrell was ordered to use his artillery at every opportunity, and to create as much of a diversion in the Union rear as was possible. With the Fourth, Ninth, and Tenth Tennessee regiments, and two guns of Morton's battery, Forrest in person crossed the Tennessee River at Brown's Ferry, near Courtland, Alabama, on the 26th of April, and was soon in position to dispute the farther advance of General Dodge.

While thus engaged, and at dark on the evening of the 28th of April, after the fighting had ceased, a courier reached Forrest with the startling intelligence that a body of mounted Union troops, estimated at about 2000, had, on the 27th, passed through Mount Hope in the direction of Moulton, and were probably now at the latter place. Grasping at once the object of this movement, he took immediate steps to prevent its accomplishment. A portion of his troops was detailed to confront Dodge, and to hold him in check or prevent any rapid pursuit. A courier was despatched to Dibrell to attack vigorously the Federal general's outposts near Florence, and in every way to create a diversion in his rear.

In order to prevent any possibility of escape of this isolated column of Federal cavalry then near Moulton, the Eleventh Tennessee, with Roddey's Alabama regi-

ment and Julian's battalion, under Colonel P. D. Roddey, were ordered at once to march and place themselves between Dodge's right flank and the troops under Streight, and then to follow on directly after the raiders. With Starnes's and Biddle's regiments, the two pieces of Morton's battery, and Ferrell's six pieces (heretofore with Roddey), Forrest prepared for the pursuit. The artillery and caissons were double-teamed, and the best horses and harnesses selected. The cartridge-boxes were filled with ammunition, three days' rations were cooked, and shell-corn issued for two days' forage. At one o'clock on the morning of the 29th of April, as Colonel Abel D. Streight and his bold raiders were riding out of Moulton in the direction of Blountsville, Forrest, sixteen miles distant, at the head of his pursuing column, marched out of Courtland. There began at this hour a running fight between two bodies of cavalry which, in the brilliant tactics of the retreat and stubbornness in defence on one side, and the desperate bravery of the attack and relentlessness in pursuit on the other, have no analogue in our military history. They were brave men all, and worthy sons of a common country. Never again between them or their children may bitterness or hatred prevail; and never again in our glorious land may the implements of war be trained by brother against brother!

Early in the forenoon of the 29th Forrest's troops reached Moulton, and here they rested for an hour, with the saddles off to cool the horses' backs while feeding the hungry animals. Just as the bugle sounded to "saddle up," the glorious sunlight broke through a rift in the western sky, and as their idolized chieftain mounted his horse and gave that ever-famous command, "Move up, men," 1200 hats, shabby though they were, were lifted, and the rebel yell that split the air might well have shaken the sparkling pendants of rain from the tender green leaves of that April afternoon. The moment was auspicious. The wild enthusiasm of his men was to him the harbinger of success. Never was mortal man more in his element than Nathan Bedford Forrest at this hour. He knew the strength of the enemy's column, that they were picked men, well led, and would fight with desperation, but he knew just as well that at his heels, ready to go wherever he showed

the way, were men than whom no braver or truer ever straddled a horse — men trained under his own eye and by his skilled hand. Horses and men alike were seasoned by a long and successful campaign, which had twice received proud recognition in general orders from the commander-in-chief of the army and a vote of thanks from the Congress of the Confederate States.

Meanwhile Colonel Streight had not been idle. At dark on the 29th he reached the gorge which leads to the summit of Sand Mountain, known as Day's Gap, seventeen miles from Moulton, and here he rested for the night, utterly unconscious of the fact that the "Wizard of the Saddle" was on his trail.

While the Union troops were sleeping, the Confederates were reeling off mile after mile of their heavy task. A little after midnight, Forrest, at the head of the column, had arrived within four miles of Day's Gap, and now assured that he had his adversary in striking distance, the men were halted for rest until near daylight.

Colonel Streight had determined to be up and away before the dawn, and in good time on the morning of April 30 the Federal army moved slowly up the narrow, winding, and rocky road by which Sand Mountain is here ascended. In and out, as the way runs, it is more than a mile to the summit. From boulders and knobs and trees the gap should be easily held from direct assault. It took an hour to make the ascent, and it was sunrise when the great undulating plateau was reached. Just as the advance was on the crest, and when the rear-guard of the Union troopers and some loiterers were still lounging about the camp fires below, suddenly, from a distance of not over five hundred yards, cannon boomed on the morning air, and a whizzing shell exploded above the startled stragglers. These and the rear-guard did not stand upon the order of their going, but in wild disorder they fled to join the column of raiders climbing up the mountain.

Two miles from the western crest of Sand Mountain the Confederates were making such pressure upon the rear of Streight's column that he was compelled to turn and fight them off. He says: "The country through which we were



THE ROUTE TRAVELLED BY STREIGHT AND FORREST FROM TUSCUMBIA AND COURTLAND RESPECTIVELY.

now passing was of open sand ridges, very thinly wooded, and afforded fine defensive positions." His line of battle was formed "along the crest of a ridge circling to the rear. Our right rested on a precipitous ravine, and the left was protected by a marshy run that was easily held against the enemy." In the centre of his position and concealed by brush were planted his two 12-pounder howitzers. He had scarcely formed in line, with guns loaded and men all lying down, when his rear-guard of the Alabama (Union) companies came scurrying down the road, with Captain Bill Forrest leading his company of scouts right on their heels.

As Streight's men passed through the gap left open for them, the Federals from either side of the road poured a furious and effective volley into the advancing Confederates. A Minie ball crushed Captain Forrest's thigh-bone, and several of his men were killed or wounded by this deadly fusillade. General Forrest now rode to the front to inspect the Federal position. He had at hand a portion of Edmondson's and Roddey's regiments, Julian's battalion, his Escort company, and the remnant of Captain Forrest's forty scouts. In the hard ride since leaving Courtland a number of the horses had not

been able to keep up with the advance, and those that came in late to the bivouac, four miles west of Day's Gap, had been left to rest and feed, and had not yet reached the front. Dismounting Edmondson's men, Roddey's and Julian's troops, still mounted, were deployed to the right, while to the left of Edmondson, his Escort, seventy-five strong, and the scouts were placed. Morton's two guns were brought up and opened upon the Union line. Edmondson's trained veterans advanced steadily, and when they had reached a point within about one hundred yards of the Federal troops, the two mounted companies on the left rode into the skirmishers on this flank. At this moment Roddey's and Julian's men recklessly urged their horses in advance of the alignment of the dismounted troops, and in this exposed position brought on themselves a murderous volley from the greater portion of the Federal line. A number of men and horses were killed or wounded, and being thrown into confusion, the able Federal commander seized the moment to order a charge, which, gallantly made, swept the mounted Confederates from the field. As Edmondson was now overlapped and enfiladed, and in danger of having the right files of his regiment captured, he and the Escort and Captain Forrest's scouts also fell back, yet steadily and without confusion. Reaching the two guns, they made an effort to take them away, but as several of the horses had been shot and were entangled in the gearing, before the pieces with their caissons could be extricated the gallant Federals were upon them and the guns were taken.

To those who have been with General Forrest when his troops suffered even a temporary repulse, and know how furious he became, it is not difficult to depict the state of mind he was now in at the loss of his two pet guns. He rode in among the men with his sabre drawn, and accompanied his deft employment of this weapon with a series of remarks well calculated to increase the temperature of the mountain atmosphere. He told every man to get down and hitch his horse to a sapling. There would be no horse-holders in this fight; men were too scarce. Those guns had to be retaken if every man died in the attempt, and if they did not succeed, they would never need their horses again. The order to "move up"

was soon given, and the line of troopers (all now dismounted), in desperate mood, marched steadily forward. Nearing the strong position from which they had been repulsed, the enemy again opened fire upon them, but without artillery and in scattering shots.

Forrest ordered the charge, and the men went forward, only to see the rear-guard of the Union column mount their mules and scamper away in the direction of Blountsville. It was now 11 A.M. on the 30th of April. Satisfied with his success, Streight with the captured guns had hastily departed, admitting a loss of about thirty killed and wounded. Among the mortally wounded was Lieutenant-Colonel Sheets of the Fifty-first Indiana.

The Confederates should naturally have suffered more severely, as they were the assailants, and received the fire of the Federals, who were better protected. The running fight had now opened. The tactics of both leaders were in evidence. With Streight it was to move with celerity until his rear was too hard pressed, and then, whenever a suitable position offered, to ambuscade his adversary and thus discourage direct assault.

The Confederate general summed up his tactics in his pointed phraseology. To his officers and men he said, "Whenever you see anything blue, shoot at it, and keep up the scare." He had the raiders now on the run, and he had no idea of letting them rest until he had worried them into a surrender. With great rapidity he pressed on after the flying column. Six miles eastward from the battle-ground of the morning a by-road came in, and here he was joined by the Fourth and Ninth Tennessee regiments, which had been despatched by this route to head off the raiders; but the Federals had passed before they could strike their line of march. Forrest now sent Roddey with his regiment and Julian's battalion back towards Courtland to confront Dodge. To preclude the possibility of Streight's escape towards Guntersville and thence across the Tennessee, Edmondson's regiment, accompanied by Major Charles W. Anderson of the staff, was despatched towards Guntersville and Brooksville, in a general direction parallel with the route upon which Streight was moving, and between him and the Tennessee River. Under his immediate leadership in the direct pursuit of Streight



COLONEL STREIGHT CAPTURING GENERAL FORREST'S GUNS.

he retained his Escort company, Captain Forrest's scouts, and the regiments of Biddle and Starnes, and with these moved swiftly on. Nine miles eastward from Day's Gap the rear-guard of the Federals was encountered, and skirmishing began, which increased in briskness until about an hour before dark. Colonel Streight says: "The enemy pressed upon our rear so closely that I was compelled to prepare for battle. I selected a strong position on a ridge called Hog Mountain. The whole force soon became engaged about one hour before dark." A most obstinate and plucky encounter ensued, which did not cease until ten o'clock at night, when Streight retreated.

Forrest in person led his men again and again with seeming desperation, and much of the fighting was at such close range that the opposing lines were clearly visible by the flash of pistol and carbine. Ever in the thickest of the fray, the Confederate commander had one horse killed under him and two others wounded in this bloody encounter. Nor did Streight's picked veterans yield until Biddle, with a strong detachment and the daring Escort company, had, under cover of the darkness, made a flank movement and attacked the mule-holders in the Union rear. In the hurry of his retreat the Federal leader was compelled to abandon the two guns he had captured that morning, and left them once more in the hands of Forrest's cavalry. Streight says, "The ammunition we had captured with the guns was exhausted, and being very short of horses, I ordered the guns spiked and the cartridges destroyed." The Hoosier colonel had scarcely started before he had to turn and fight the persistent Tennesseans, who, with the ferocity of blood-hounds, were at his heels. He says, "We had scarcely got under way when I received information of the enemy's advance." In a dense thicket of pines through which the mountain road passed he quickly dismounted Hathaway's men, and concealed the troops within short gunshot range of the highway. As the Confederate vedettes approached they were greeted with a volley, which indicated to General Forrest the position of the ambuscaders. Ordering one gun of Ferrell's battery, under Lieutenant R. G. Jones, to be double-shotted with canister, this was noiselessly shoved by hand along the sandy road until they were within

200 yards of the thicket from which the Union troopers had fired. Training it as best he could in the direction of the enemy, the gunner pulled the lanyard, and the charge went crashing through the pines. The Indianians responded with a return salute of small-arms. A second piece was now brought near enough to open upon them with shrapnel, when the raiders resumed their flight, with the Confederates in pursuit.

Between two and three o'clock on the morning of May 1 a second ambuscade, which was practically a repetition of the first, was encountered. As the Federals rode away, Forrest ordered his troops to dismount, unsaddle their animals, and lie down for a two hours' sleep. Without again halting, the Union cavalcade marched through the night, and reached Blountsville, forty-three miles from Day's Gap, by ten o'clock in the morning. The short rest of two hours was welcome to the Confederates, who for the last forty-eight hours had ridden steadily for forty-four, and for the last eighteen hours had fought almost without cessation.

At Blountsville Colonel Streight did not tarry longer than was necessary to impress all the horses and mules, and corn enough for feed, and to give men and stock a much-needed though brief respite. He fully appreciated the gravity of his situation. Forrest's persistent hammering had taught him the urgent need of a faster pace, and he now determined to rid himself of every possible encumbrance. The contents of the few light wagons he had brought this far were transferred to pack-mules, ammunition was again distributed to the men, and the wagons were bunched and set on fire. As the smoke was rising in the air, General Forrest, at the head of his Escort and a portion of the Fourth Tennessee, charged into the village, and drove the Federal rear-guard at full speed through and out of the town in the direction of Gadsden. Ten miles east of Blountsville, at the Black Warrior River, Streight was again compelled to turn on his pursuers in order to secure a crossing of this swift and dangerous stream. Under cover of a heavy line of skirmishers, he hurried the main portion of his command through the rocky ford, with the loss of only two pack-mules (each carrying two boxes of hard bread), which, stumbling over the large loose stones in the bed of this moun-

tain torrent, fell, and were carried away with the current and drowned. Despatching a picked squadron to keep close to the Union rear-guard, Forrest gave his command another rest for three hours. Some of the Confederates were not so weary of body but that they found time from sleep to strip off and wade in the water to relieve the dead pack-mules of what was "hardtack" before it was water-soaked. To the hungry troopers it did not matter if it was wet, for, as one freckle-faced, brawny youth remarked while struggling up the steep bank with the heavy box on his shoulder, "Boys, it's wet and full of mule-hair, but it is a d—d sight better than anything the old man's a-givin' us."

Colonel Streight reports that it was about 5 P.M. on the 1st of May when the last of his command crossed the east branch of the Black Warrior. "With the exception of small parties who were continually harassing the rear of the column, we proceeded without further interruption until about 9 o'clock the next morning, May 2, when the rear-guard was vigorously attacked at the crossing of Black Creek, near Gadsden."

Just before reaching this point Forrest had taken command of the advanced guard, and gaining rapidly on the Union column, closed in upon the raiders at the ever-famous Black Creek bridge which spans a crooked, deep, and sluggish stream with precipitous clay banks and mud bottom. There was no other means of crossing this creek, then swollen by recent rains and deemed impassable except by bridge or boat, and Colonel Streight had built his hopes of escape more upon this obstacle in Forrest's path than any other possible to him before he reached the Chattooga River near Rome. He had bent every energy to cross his command here and destroy the bridge before the Confederates could close in upon him. By 9 o'clock all of his men were over except the rear

vedettes, his howitzers and troops were in position on the eastern bank, and the structure was in flames. At this moment a cloud of dust came sweeping down the narrow road; in front of it, at full speed, a man on horseback, wearing a blue uni-



EMMA SANSON.

form, and in the whirlwind, though not yet distinguishable, a squadron of Confederates. Seeing the bridge ablaze and escape impossible, the man in blue checked his horse, turned toward the Confederates, threw up his hands, and surrendered. The foremost man in the pursuing squadron was General Forrest.

Close by the road-side and some two hundred yards from the westerly approach of the bridge there stood a plain farmhouse. Owning this home and the small tract of land on which it had been built there lived the widow Sanson and her two young unmarried daughters. Their chief



GENERAL FORREST AND EMMA SANSON.

means of support had been an only son and brother, who had gone to the war in 1861 in one of the first companies that left Gadsden to join the Southern army, and the sisters with their mother were now struggling to make the little farm yield enough for their support.

As Forrest came dashing down the road close on the fleeing Federals the younger

sister, Emma Sanson, then sixteen years old, recognizing him as a Confederate officer, told him the bridge was destroyed, and in reply to his questions informed him that there was no other bridge available. She told him that there was an old ford on her mother's farm where at times, in very low water, she had seen the cows wade across the creek, and she believed it

was possible for himself and his men to cross there; that no one but her folks knew anything of this "lost ford," and she would guide him to it.

So many exaggerated versions of this simple affair have found their way in print that I determined to get from the one best able to give it, viz., Emma Sanson, now Mrs. C. B. Johnson, of Callo-way, Texas, a true statement of the incident.

When the war came on, there were three children—a brother and sister older than I. In August, 1861, my brother enlisted in the second company that left Gadsden, and joined the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry. My sister and I lived with our mother on the farm. We were at home on the morning of May 2, 1863, when, about eight or nine o'clock, a company of men wearing blue uniforms and riding mules and horses galloped past the house and went on towards the bridge. Pretty soon a great crowd of them came along, and some of them stopped at the gate and asked us to bring them some water. Sister and I each took a bucket of water, and gave it to them at the gate. One of them asked me where my father was. I told him he was dead. He asked me if I had any brothers. I told him I had "six." He asked where they were, and I said they were in

the Confederate army. "Do they think the South will whip?" "They do." "What do you think about it?" "I think God is on our side and we will win." "You do? Well, if you had seen us whip Colonel Roddey the other day and run him across the Tennessee River, you would have thought God was on the side of the best artillery." By this time some of them began to dismount, and we went into the house. They came in and began to search for fire-arms and men's saddles. They did not find anything but a side-saddle, and one of them cut the skirts off that. Just then some one from the road said, in a loud tone, "You men bring a chunk of fire with you, and get out of that house." The men got the fire in the kitchen and started out, and an officer put a guard around the house, saying, "This guard is for your protection." They all soon hurried down to the bridge, and in a few minutes we saw the smoke rising and knew they were burning the bridge. As our fence extended up to the railing of the bridge, mother said, "Come with me and we will pull our rails away so they will not be destroyed." As we got to the top of the hill we saw the rails were already piled on the bridge and were on fire, and the Yankees were in line on the other side guarding it. We turned back towards the house, and had not gone but a few steps before we saw a Yankee coming at full speed, and behind were some more men on horses. I heard

First Intro in Sadie

May 2 1863
 My highest Regards to Miss
 Emma Sanson for her Gallant
 Conduct while my father was
 Skirmishing with the Rebels
 a Corp of Black Creek was
 captured at that time
 W. B. Forrest
 Very truly
 Obeying & al-

them shout, "Halt! and surrender!" The man stopped, threw up his hand, and handed over his gun. The officer to whom the soldier surrendered said: "Ladies, do not be alarmed; I am General Forrest. I and my men will protect you from harm." He inquired, "Where are the Yankees?" Mother said, "They have set the bridge on fire and are standing in line on the other side, and if you go down that hill they will kill the last one of you." By this time our men had come up, and some went out in the field, and both sides commenced shooting. We ran to the house, and I got there ahead of all. General Forrest dashed up to the gate and said to me, "Can you tell me where I can get across the creek?" I told him there was an unsafe bridge two miles farther down the stream, but that I knew of a trail about two hundred yards above the bridge on our farm, where our cows used to cross in low water, and I believed he could get his men over there, and that if he would have my saddle put on a horse I would show him the way. He said, "There is no time to saddle a horse; get up here behind me." As he said this he rode close to the bank on the side of the road, and I jumped up behind him. Just as we started off mother came up about out of breath, and gasped out: "Emma, what do you mean?" General Forrest said: "She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy; I will bring her back safe." We rode out into a field through which ran a branch or small ravine, and along which there was a thick undergrowth that protected us for a while from being seen by the Yankees at the bridge or on the other side of the creek. This branch emptied into the creek just above the ford. When we got close to the creek, I said, "General Forrest, I think we had better get off the horse, as we are now where we might be seen." We both got down and crept through the bushes, and when we were right at the ford I happened to be in front. He stepped quickly between me and the Yankees, saying: "I am glad to have you for a pilot, but I am not going to make breast-works of you." The cannon and the other guns were firing fast by this time, as I pointed out to him where to go into the water and out on the other bank, and then we went back towards the house. He asked me my name, and asked me to give him a lock of my hair. The cannon balls were screaming over us so loud that we were told to leave and hide in some place out of danger, which we did. Soon all the firing stopped, and I started back home. On the way I met General Forrest again, and he told me that he had written a note for me and left it on the bureau.

Within thirty minutes from the time of Forrest's arrival at Black Creek the artillery was up and the Federals were driven away from the opposite bank.

The "lost ford" was soon cleared and made passable. The cavalry went over, carrying by hand the ammunition from the caissons. The artillery and empty caissons, with long ropes tied to the poles, were then rolled by hand to the water's edge, one end of the rope taken to the top of the opposite bank and hitched to double teams of horses. In this original manner the artillery soon made a subaqueous passage to the east bank. The advance-guard had already hurried on after the raiders, who, to their great surprise, were hustled out of Gadsden, less than four miles distant from Black Creek bridge, before they could do much damage to the small commissary supplies there. Colonel Streight says: "Another all-night march now became necessary, though the command was in no condition to do so. . . . It became evident to me that our only hope was in crossing the river at Rome and destroying the bridge, which would delay Forrest a day or two and allow the command a little time to sleep, without which it would be impossible to proceed."

If the state of the Hoosier colonel's men and horses was so deplorable from fatigue and loss of sleep, what must have been the condition of those pursuing him? Forrest's men had no opportunities for obtaining fresh horses or mules when theirs succumbed to the terrible strain to which they were being subjected. The Federals had swept the country clear of live-stock and had destroyed all supplies as they advanced, and in this, as in the tremendous tactical advantage of the ambushade, they had the Confederate leader at great disadvantage. Many of his men had not tasted food in twenty-four hours, and a number fell from their horses from sheer exhaustion, and slept by the road-side as their comrades rode almost over their seemingly lifeless bodies. Forrest's command had, in fact, crumbled away to a mere remnant. From 1 A.M. on April 29 to noon of May 2 they had marched 119 miles, fighting almost without cessation, and still the strongest of them pushed on in desperate emulation of their indomitable leader. Less than 600 men formed the Confederate command which passed eastward of Gadsden. In front of Forrest, fleeing, yet at times turning in despair to fight, were about twice as many brave and picked men of the enemy. From Gadsden on, Streight

HOW FORREST CROSSED THE RIVER WITH HIS ARTILLERY.





THE LAST STAND OF STREIGHT'S RAIDERS.

says, "the enemy followed closely, and kept up a continuous skirmish until 4 P.M." Here, at Blount's plantation, twelve miles from Gadsden, he decided to halt to feed the horses and mules, which had no sooner stopped than his rear-guard became severely engaged and was driven in. Here Colonel Streight had skilfully planned a dangerous ambushade in which he hoped to entrap and destroy Forrest; but such cunning was as native to the Confederate leader as to his adversary, and he did not take the bait. In the fighting which ensued, brave Colonel Gilbert Hathaway, Streight's right-hand man, fell mortally wounded, and the death of this officer sealed the doom of the raiders. The Federal commander said: "His loss to me was irreparable. His men almost worshipped him, and when he fell it cast a deep gloom of despondency over his regiment which was hard to overcome. We remained in ambush but a short time when the enemy, who by some means had learned of our whereabouts, commenced a flank movement. I then decided to withdraw as silently as possible."

Through the entire night this plucky remnant of Rosecrans's picked band of raiders struggled onward. Bragg's important communications between Chattanooga and Atlanta looked very safe now, but these men were dying gamely. Forrest was at last sure of his quarry,

provided he could keep his remnant from destruction by ambush. It was too great a danger, with his handful of men, to risk a night fight, with all the advantage on the other side. Therefore, picking out a squadron of his best-mounted troopers to follow on and "devil them all night," he gave his men their first night's rest since leaving Courtland. From Gadsden, by a parallel route, he had hurried a courier to Rome to give the alarm, and Colonel John H. Wisdom rivalled Paul Revere in this famous ride. Hoping to forestall this, Streight had picked out 200 of his best-mounted men and sent them forward, under Captain Milton Russell, to seize the bridge at Rome; but Russell arrived on the following day only to find the bridge barricaded and defended by a strong company of home-guards. He wisely concluded not to attack, and sent word back to his chief of the condition of affairs. Meanwhile things were going desperately with Colonel Streight, without regard to Russell's failure, of which he was yet in ignorance. With heroic persistence he hurried his weary, worn-out cavalcade by starlight as far as the Chattooga River, where Russell had crossed. Alas! his subordinate had not left a guard to hold the ferry-boat, and some citizens, by this time apprised of the warlike character of the soldiers who had used it, had spirited the boat away to parts undiscoverable.

Many a man would have given up in despair at this moment, but Abel D. Streight was not that sort of a man. Several miles distant, up the stream, there was a bridge, and he marched towards it. He says: "We had to pass over an old coal-chopping for several miles where the timber had been cut and hauled off for charcoal, leaving innumerable wagon-roads running in every direction. The command was so worn out and exhausted that many were asleep, . . . and it was not until near daylight that we had crossed the river." This bridge he also burned, and still onward plodded with his worn-out troopers, past Cedar Bluff, twenty-eight miles from Gadsden, at sun-up, and then still onward in the direction of Rome, until, at 9 A.M., May 3, he stopped at Lawrence, thirty-one miles east of Gadsden, to rest and feed. Such was the extreme state of exhaustion among his men that as soon as they were ordered to halt they dropped to the ground, and many of them fell asleep at once.

Ten hours of refreshing sleep wrought wonders in Forrest's command. By dawn of day on May 3 his less than six hundred were once more in full cry after the raiders, whom he overtook shortly after they had halted at Lawrence. He advanced at once, making the greatest possible display of his force, yet careful not to make an assault, which would demonstrate his numerical weakness. In crescentic line he threw his skirmishers forward until he had more than half surrounded the Federal position. From the noise these men were making, and the orders given as to the disposition and formation of the troops and artillery, one might well have thought a brigade or two was being moved in battle-array, rather than a corporal's guard of little more than half a thousand men.

In this dire extremity brave Colonel Streight gathered his officers about him, and with them tried to arouse the sleeping men. Some of these, when vigorously shaken, raised themselves to a sitting posture, stared drowsily about as if dazed and uncertain as to where they were, then, nodding, closed their eyes, fell over on the earth, and were again asleep. Others made no response whatever to the energetic efforts made to awaken them. After strenuous exertion, about one-half of the Federal command struggled to their feet, and once more pluckily rallied

to their colors. Their commander lined them up for one more desperate effort, and then ordered them to lie down for better protection. They did lie down, their heads to the foe, their loaded guns pointed along the ground in the direction in which Forrest and his men were coming. Then, instead of shutting one eye in deadly aim along the gleaming barrels of their rifles, both eyes were closed. Gunstock and hammer, barrel and sight, and hated foeman faded from their vision in the darkness which overcame them. The brave fellows were asleep in line of battle. The exultant rebel yell, the crack and crackle of pistol and carbine, and the tattoo of horses' feet upon the ground as the rear-guard and pickets came rushing into camp no longer aroused them. The man of iron had worn them out. Colonel Streight, in his official report, says: "Nature was exhausted. A large portion of my best troops actually went to sleep while lying in line of battle under a severe skirmish fire."

It was at this propitious moment that General Forrest sent Captain Henry Pointer, of his staff, with a flag of truce to the Union commander, demanding the surrender of himself and command. The wily Confederate, knowing his man, and his own questionable position as well, expressed an earnest desire to avoid "the further effusion of blood," but took especial pains to leave off that terrifying threat of "no quarter, if he had to sacrifice his men in the assault," with which he was wont to bluff his antagonists ever since he used it so successfully in his first attack on Murfreesborough. Colonel Streight replied that he would meet General Forrest to discuss the question, and in the conference asked what his proposition was. Forrest replied, "Immediate surrender—your men to be treated as prisoners of war; the officers to retain their side-arms and personal property." Colonel Streight requested a few minutes in which to consult his officers. Forrest said: "All right, but you will not require much time. I have a column of fresh troops at hand, now nearer Rome than you are. You cannot cross the river in your front. I have men enough right here to run over you." In all of this there was not one word of truth; but this was war, and in war everything is fair.

Just then one piece of a section of Ferrell's battery, under Lieutenant R. G.

Jones, came in sight. This officer says: "I was riding a little in advance of the gun when, suddenly looking up, I saw General Forrest, Captain Pointer, one or two other officers, and several Federal officers sitting down on the north side of the road. A little distance up the road I saw a crowd of Yankees. Captain Pointer motioned for me to halt. He then approached me and said: 'Colonel Streight objects to your coming up so close; drop back a little.' I moved back with the gun, and came to 'action front,' with one wheel in the road and the other at the edge of the wood. Soon Sergeant Jackson came up with the other piece and took position in the other half of the roadway."

Streight returned to his command, called his officers together, and talked over the situation. They voted unanimously to surrender, and their commander, though personally opposed to it, and still ready to fight to the death, yielded to the decision of his subordinates. The men stacked their guns, and were marched away to an open field or clearing, but it was not until the Confederate general got his small command between the Federal troopers and their arms that he felt himself secure. For seventy-two hours, with no troops in reach excepting the regiments of Biddle and Starnes, his brother's company of scouts, about thirty in number, his personal Escort company, and eight pieces of Morton's and Ferrell's batteries, Forrest had pursued and fought Streight with four regiments and two companies of picked troops and two 12-pounder howitzers. Moving in front, the Federal commander had cleared up the country of all horses and mules, and in this way kept his men supplied with fresh mounts. He says: "I do not think that at the time of surrender we had a score of the mules drawn at Nashville left." On the other hand, Forrest had no opportunity of supplying his men with animals. When, from casting a shoe or other injury, or from exhaustion, one of his horses gave out, that was the end of both man and horse as far as this expedition was concerned.

Starting from Courtland, Alabama, at one o'clock on the morning of 29th of

April he and his command marched sixteen miles to Moulton, thence seventeen miles to Day's Gap. They rode and fought nearly all day of April 30, and through the greater portion of that night, reaching Blountsville, seventy-six miles from the starting-point, at ten o'clock on the morning of May 1, the time consumed being fifty-seven hours, for fifty-two of which his troops were in the saddle. From Blountsville to Gadsden forty-three miles additional were covered, and from Gadsden to Lawrence, where Streight surrendered, thirty-one miles more, making a total distance of one hundred and fifty miles. As the greater part of this march was through a mountainous region and over bad roads, it is not surprising that the thousand troops with which he had started had dwindled down to considerably less than six hundred at the finish. To this small force Colonel Abel D. Streight surrendered all that was left of the two thousand picked troops of the Union army which had left Nashville on April 10.

On May 10, Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, telegraphed to Rosecrans: "The President desires to know whether you have any information on the subject (capture of this force), and whether Colonel Streight belongs to your command."

The answer he received was in the affirmative, and ended with the explanation that the expedition "was deemed feasible and vastly important to us."

General Braxton Bragg reported to the War Department at Richmond: "May 3, between Gadsden and Rome, after five days and nights of fighting and marching, General Forrest captured Colonel Streight and his whole command, about sixteen hundred, with rifles, horses, etc."

The Congress of the Confederate States of America resolved that "The thanks of Congress are again due to General N. B. Forrest and the officers and men of his command for meritorious service on the field, and especially for the daring, skill, and perseverance exhibited in the pursuit and capture of the largely superior force of the enemy near Rome, Georgia," etc.

THE PRINCESS XENIA.*

A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTOPHER had now before him the most arduous part of his task. He had been in Arnholz but once, and then for an hour only; he knew no one within that city; and he dared take no letters of recommendation, from fear of breeding suspicions in von Straben's mind. He was anxious, indeed, in order to make certain of his plot, that his visit to Arnholz should not be known to any one in Dreiburg. How then was he, an unknown homeless wanderer, to find access to his Highness the Prince of Erwald, and to carry conviction to his mind? That was the problem which he had to face boldly, and upon which his thoughts were set steadily the whole of the following day. It was obvious that although to some degree circumstances must guide his conduct, he must enter Arnholz prepared with a plan of action.

When he took the train on the following afternoon for Arnholz it was with the intention of frankly making use of his money. He saw no way out of the difficulty save by boldness, and the hazard of a repulse was preferable to the tortuous and devious delays of certainty. In fine, he could not afford to lose time; he must try his fortune bravely, and stand by the success or failure of his venture. In this condition of resolution he entered on that very afternoon the capital town of Erwald. Forthwith he betook himself to the nether gates, and, seated at a café table, got into conversation with some townsfolk. The tavern was a mean one, and lay upon the road from Minden, where the innkeeper on his previous visit had pointed out the Schloss. The talk, as is natural in low company, ran very familiarly, and every one joined in the arguments. Christopher had gathered all the news he wanted in a brief span of time. The Prince was in Arnholz attending the Diet and would drive back to the Schloss surrounded by his suite about six in the evening. He dined meagrely and went

to bed early, as one of the company explained. "That's the sort of Prince we have," he added, with a sneer, and it was clear that he held no high opinion of such respectable habits.

Christopher rose and went forth. The sun stood now at nearly four of the afternoon. He began to walk sharply towards the heights of Minden, stepping in a great and confident stride. The Schloss lay some three miles away, and this he reached before five. It was by no means a large building, and wore an old and battered look, as though it had faced the assaults of many generations without succor or repair. Although its aspect spoke of straitened means, even of poverty, the park was well grown, and the drives were neat and trim. A sentinel in high colors parading before the gates reminded Christopher that Prince Karl had the reputation of a martinet. That he was also evidently a pedant seemed to Christopher to be shown by the questions which were fired at him from the gate. He was asked his name, his business, whom he desired to see, and whither he was returning. But although Christopher's answers in this particular case were mainly fictitious, he reflected that a martinet and a pedant may be useful, and he did not grudge them.

Before the doors of the Schloss also several sentinels were placed, and he began to reflect that if the rigor of their inquiries was correspondingly increased, it was improbable he should gain admittance into the Schloss that day. However, he marched jauntily to the door, and was stopped.

"Who are you?"

"I am Herr Stohlbehm of Kratz."

"What is your business?"

"I have an important message for the Chamberlain."

"You cannot enter."

"I have no desire to enter. I will wait here for the Chamberlain."

"The Chamberlain cannot be disturbed. Do you think he will be coming down to parley at the doors with you?"

* Begun in April number, 1899.

"I think nothing. I have a message for the Chamberlain."

"From whom does your message come?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"Ach! You cannot enter."

"I do not desire to enter. I desire only to send word by the keeper of the door."

There was a pause, the man hesitated, and finally lowered the bayonet he had held hospitably extended towards Christopher's breast.

"You may speak with the major-domo," he said.

Christopher passed on, thinking that these ceremonious defences might serve very well to keep the Prussians out of Erwald, but that they were extremely tiresome from any other point of view. He rang a peal upon the bell, and the great door moved back, disclosing an official clad in the most gorgeous uniform, somewhat frayed and shabby.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am an English traveller," Christopher explained with glib mendacity and insinuating friendliness, "and having heard in my country of the Schloss of Minden, I have taken the liberty of coming to beg the privilege of admission."

"It is impossible," said the man, civilly enough.

"But — but," protested Christopher, feigning to look crestfallen, "I have travelled two hundred and fifty miles this day for the purpose. I left Munich on a special mission to inspect the Schloss."

"It is regrettable," returned the major-domo, shaking his head. "But if you were to write to the Chamberlain, now — his Highness is very kind-hearted, and it's odds but he would give the permission. I don't say he would, mind you."

Christopher gazed at him with an expression of the utmost chagrin. "I have heard that there is a picture of the Virgin by Giotto —" he began.

"That's true," interposed the doorkeeper, complacently. "It is a wonderful picture, they say; and it hangs in the banquetting-hall."

"If I might only see it!" said Christopher, eagerly. "Giotto is my subject."

He appeared to hang upon the man's decision. The major-domo still looked very doubtful, and rubbed his chin. Christopher fetched out of his pocket five bright sovereigns, and at the sight of

these shining coins the fellow's mouth watered. Christopher thrust them forward tentatively, feigning a timidity with a huge appearance of awkwardness. The man took no notice, but frowned heavily under his load of thought.

"Well, it would be just for a minute, since you have come so far," he said, presently, and, nodding with an air of patronage, accepted the fee with a regal indifference.

The door closed upon the young man, who was now at last within the Schloss. The great clock in the hall showed its hands at a quarter to six. If he had been rightly informed, the Prince should get back within half an hour, and would then retire to dress for dinner. That must be his opportunity, and he must at once get rid of his guide and discover the Prince's rooms.

The banquetting-hall lay upon one side of the hall, and was reached through two huge doors. By these they entered, and the guide indicated the celebrated picture. Christopher acted up to his character in the admiration and respect with which he welcomed the spectacle, and finding his companion relax somewhat under the rain of compliments, ventured to put a question about the Prince. But he had clearly wandered from his proper path, and was curtly rebuffed. By this time, and as the man showed signs of impatience, it became obvious that if he intended to remain in the Palace he must make a bolt for it. On the farther side of the great room a small door was let into the wall, and upon this Christopher fixed his eyes. Whithersoever it led it opened away from the central hall where the constant traffic would make an alarm dangerous. He took a heroic course. Framing one fist into a telescope for his eye, he edged himself backward, as though to regard the masterpiece the better from a distance, until he had come almost by the door. The doorkeeper watched him restlessly, but held his place.

"Would you mind —" said Christopher, suddenly, in his most seductive voice. "Pray pardon me, but would you put your hand a little to the side of the picture? There is a gleam of light."

The man with visible reluctance obeyed, and in the act his face was turned from the stranger. A slight creak caught his ear, and quickly he dropped his arm

and faced about; but the enthusiastic Englishman had disappeared.

Christopher slipped through the door noiselessly and closed it gently behind him. Almost as he did so he heard a cry of alarm sounding from his friend, and with a jump he darted down a broad passage upon which the door gave. Swiftly turning a corner, he sped up a little staircase without meeting any one, and did not pause until he was in a long gallery on the next floor. He was not very much afraid of pursuit, for the house was like a rabbit-warren, and a criminal might have lived and died concealed among its tenements as safely as in the slums of a great city. Moreover, it would hardly be discreet in the door-keeper to expose his own corruption. Therefore he fell into a more leisurely gait, threading the passages with circumspection.

Presently he came upon a maid-servant issuing from a room, and hailed her.

"I have lost my way," he explained. "I was looking for his Highness's audience-room, and mistook my directions."

No suspicion was present in the girl's face. "Ah, it is a long way from here," she replied, impressed by the grand manners of this handsome gentleman. "You must cross the great landing," and she pointed ahead.

Christopher thanked her and walked on. One point at a time was sufficient for him. Pursuing his course, he came out into a great space of floor at the head of a wide oak balustrade. Below lay the entrance-hall, in which he could perceive his friend the doorkeeper standing sentinel. The tranquil peace of the Palace was unbroken, and Christopher recognized that no alarm had been raised; probably the doorkeeper had decided that no special harm could result from a mad islander suffering from the national mania for sight-seeing. Well content, he resumed his exploration deliberately, and presently, seeing that a man in uniform was eying him with some suspicion, boldly approached and addressed the fellow.

"I am Herr Schwessen, the notary, ordered by his Highness this day in Erwald to await his Highness's return," he said. "But I have been misdirected. I am looking for his Highness's audience-chamber."

"You are to await his Highness there?" inquired the man, formally. Christopher bowed.

"Come this way," he said; and rejoicing that his troubles were so soon at an end, Christopher followed him.

The room into which he was led was by no means large, and was barely furnished, after the manner of an office. Here the Prince was accustomed to transact his public business, grant audiences, and write his daily notes. It was untenanted, but the lackey passed through it and deposited Christopher in a smaller and barer chamber beyond.

"This is the waiting-room," he said, curtly. "You will please to wait here."

Left alone, Christopher amused himself by glancing on the few books which lay upon the table, but presently he was assailed by a sudden doubt. The Prince might not be informed of his presence, and he might remain there cooling his heels until midnight. Now that he had entered upon so impudent a design, he was resolved to spare no audacity in carrying it out, and so he opened the door which led into the audience-room and entered. Yet it was possible that the Prince might not even visit this chamber, and Christopher stood considering. Another door lay upon the farther side of the room, wrapped in green baize. He gently turned the handle and peeped through. The door gave upon a comfortable room, more pleasantly furnished, and surrounded with shelves loaded with books. Here was, no doubt, the Prince's private room; and beyond again a door probably conducted to his bedroom.

Christopher took a seat in this sacred chamber, and fell to rehearsing his part. He must have been there fully three-quarters of an hour when a noise of feet without struck on his ears. A moment later the handle of the door turned and Prince Karl of Erwald stood before the intruder. A tall figure rose before the Prince in the indifferent light, and he stopped short in his passage across the room. There was a deep silence for the space of some seconds, and Christopher's pulse beat quickly.

"What is this?" at last demanded the Prince, in sharp, imperious tones.

"I am the bearer of an important message to your Highness from Dreiburg," said Christopher, with a ceremonious genuflection.

"Ah!" said Karl, his voice insensibly relaxing, but as quickly stiffening again, not with alarm as previously, but with

anger. "What are you doing here? Who put you here?"

"I have ventured here, your Highness, by myself," said the Englishman. "My message was so urgent that I feared I might be forgotten, and I guessed that here I should not escape your Highness."

"This is my private room," said the Prince, coldly. "You have taken a grievous liberty, sir."

"That I am aware," returned Christopher, suavely, "but the instancy of my news shall be my excuse."

"There is no excuse for so gross a trespass," said Karl, severely. "But, come, your message;" and he rang the bell and called for lights.

When these were brought the two men enjoyed a clearer view of one another. What Christopher beheld was a vigorous, resolute man of middle height, with a disposition to fat restrained by persistent exercise, clear cold eyes, fair hair, and an eminently arrogant expression. The formation of his brow betokened considerable intellectual skill, and the whole set of his face signalled character. Yet the Englishman was experiencing private and angry emotions under this sharp and ruthless handling. Keeping his temper, nevertheless, he merely bowed, and spoke in obedience to the command of this vehement autocrat.

"I am here to ask your Highness if your Highness would consent to contract an alliance with the princely house of Geisenthurm?"

The Prince started, and glanced at the speaker with amazement.

"There is only one Geisenthurm to whom your remarks could apply," he said, quickly, and his eyes dwelt and burned upon Christopher.

"Her Highness the Princess Xenia of Weser-Dreiburg," assented Christopher without emotion.

The Prince lowered his brows upon him; for the first time he seemed to see something strange in this message by so cavalier a messenger.

"Who sends you to me?" he demanded, brusquely. "What are your credentials?"

"I am come from the Princess herself," replied Christopher, simply.

Again Prince Karl started, and despite the hard look he retained on his features, his face betrayed a certain agitation.

"Bah!" said he at length. "This is insolence, sir. I will have you well whipped." He moved to summon a servant, but stopped half-way. "You are no Dreiburger," he said, shortly.

"Your Highness has guessed aright," exclaimed Christopher, without moving a muscle or so much as showing that he had heard the previous ominous remark. "I am an Englishman."

Karl stood for a moment in the centre of the room, biting his lips irresolutely. He seemed a man torn in two ways by vehement fears. First his features grew black and sinister, and then they changed, and a milder expression dawned in his eyes.

"You say you are from her Highness," he said, presently. "What proofs have I of that? I suppose you know that this is not the manner in which alliances are wont to be made between princes."

"I forget nothing, your Highness; but you will let me say, ere you whip me off to your dungeons, that I am on no common errand, and that the exigencies are grave enough to break the sacred conventions which surround princes."

The Prince threw himself into a chair, erect, alert, and uncompromising. "Pray proceed," said he, coldly.

"Pardon me, your Highness," said Christopher. "I have already delivered my message, and it is I who now await your answer."

The Prince uttered an exclamation of impatience. "It is not our custom," he said, magniloquently, "to send our greetings by word of mouth, and by any common hand. But," he broke out, sharply, "do you think to fool me, sir, that you make a mock of me! Hein! Such a message should come from the Grand-Duke."

"The Grand-Duke is old," said Christopher, significantly, "and his Highness is subject to malevolent counsels." The Prince listened attentively. "It is not possible that every ruler in Europe should be as successful in resisting his Imperial Majesty the German Emperor as your Highness."

He paused. "Continue," murmured Karl.

"The Grand-Duke has given his assent to a marriage between her Highness and the Margrave of Salzhausen."

The Prince leaped to his feet with a flashing eye.

"Is this true?" said he. "I understood

that the Princess was firm. I have heard the gossip, but dare you say that this is true?"

"Not only is it true," said Christopher, "but it is equally true that her Highness also has given way."

"Then—" began the Prince.

"Your Highness would ask why I am here? It is natural. I bring a private message to you from her Highness, to bid you to her rescue. And that is why my mission is unconventional."

The Prince's countenance underwent a change. He turned his head partly into the shadow, and stood for a while in silent communion with himself. Even in that light Christopher noted the thick lines that were worn about his temples, and he guessed that this aspect of deep and painful thought was frequent with him. It was no easy task to wall out the insurgent legions of Germany, and upon no man could the burden of the struggle rest lightly. He felt a sudden sympathy for the Prince, and at the same time he was convinced that he had chosen well. Karl turned about in his military fashion.

"This is a grave tale you bring me," he said, slowly.

"It is very grave, your Highness; as grave as it is true. Consider. Her Highness sees but one road to the safety of the Grand-Duchy: and after the fall of the Grand-Duchy, how long would Erwald stand? Union now would preserve both."

"You are right, sir," said the Prince, in a friendlier voice. "We must fulfil our destiny. God has armed our hand against the hosts of our enemies. It is not we who will draw back. The Grand-Duke then will withdraw his assent, which is not yet made public?"

"Pressure must be put upon him," said Christopher.

Karl regarded him approvingly. "You speak confidently," he said. "But I think you are right."

"It is her Highness's desire that the matter should be proceeded with in secret," resumed Christopher. "Premature disclosure would forearm Germany and prepare her."

"True," assented Karl. "What proposition does her Highness make?"

"The Margrave of Salzhausen is to visit Dreiburg within the next ten days. On that occasion no doubt the contract is to be signed and the betrothal proclaimed. This must never happen."

"How can we prevent it?" demanded Karl, impatiently.

"Your Highness must take the Margrave's place at the last moment," declared Christopher. "When that is done the Grand-Duke's wavering courage may be strengthened; and when the contract is disclosed and the proclamation made, the agents of Germany shall find that they are trapped and beaten."

"But the Margrave—" said Karl.

"Must never reach Dreiburg that night," answered the young man, slowly, and with meaning.

The glances of the two men encountered, and something like a gleam of triumph flashed in Karl's cold eyes; but he said nothing.

"If I have your Highness's assent," said Christopher, insinuatingly, "I may then carry back word to her Highness?"

"You forget, sir," said Karl, sharply, "that I have as yet no evidence beyond your word. It is not the wont of princes to risk their negotiations in this random fashion. What proof have I that you are no impostor?"

"Your Highness speaks with reason," rejoined the Englishman, suavely. "You want a sign. A sign shall be given you, and it shall be the sign-manual of her Highness. Such a witness surely will speak eloquently to your Highness."

Christopher bowed and turned to the door, and the Prince watched him pass out with a little uncivil nod. He might be a very capable ruler, but Christopher was of opinion that he was a very arrogant one; and though he made his exit from the Palace well enough content with his progress, it was with no warm feelings towards Karl. Once without the Schloss, whence he made his escape without encountering his old friend the doorkeeper, he returned with all speed to Dreiburg, and dined alone at his hotel. He despatched a note to Katarina, asking her to meet him, if she found it practicable, on the following morning at sunrise in the Hofgarten. He had determined to put the further persuasion of the Princess into the hands of this quick-witted German. She had developed her courage with her resources, and these, with her natural feminine trickery, would prove more useful to Christopher at this juncture than his own plain-dealing.

Katarina met him in no very good humor. She professed her weariness of the

court. "It was as dull as a tragedy," she declared; and, moreover, she was annoyed that she was called forth at that early hour.

"I was up till all hours last night," said she. "I had just fallen-asleep. *Mon Dieu!* but I could yawn myself away. *Peste, monsieur!* These commissions are tedious."

She had already discovered how far she could go with Christopher, and she knew that he would take offence at nothing. He was so spacious and tolerant in his mind that she had no fears. Her airs were those of a fretting beauty, and she certainly looked uncommonly handsome. Christopher offered an apology.

"The matter presses," he said. "The Princess—"

"Oh, faith! but it is always the Princess," said Katarina, impatiently. "I would to God you had as much of the Princess as I, poor creature, suffer! But, in truth, I believe you would marry her yourself, that you take all this trouble to spoil the match," she ended, audaciously.

Christopher smiled. He recognized a certain pique in her tones.

"I aspire to no honor so great as that," he returned. "But I am anxious to see her Highness comfortably settled, all the same. And it is for that I ask your assistance."

"Well?" she said, eying him anxiously, and with a look he could not interpret.

He produced a paper from his pocket. "See. It is to this I want the Princess's signature. It is peremptory; it is pressing. She has agreed to the contract, but she must sign. I rely upon you. I must send it to her, of course; but you must push yourself into her confidence, and bring pressure to bear. My plans depend upon it. See." He unfolded the paper, and read:

"I am of opinion that it is only by the union of the reigning houses of Erwald and Weser-Dreiburg that these two states can be saved and preserve their independence. I give my consent to such a policy, and I am willing to ratify this promise publicly at a later period."

"Then," continued Christopher, "what I want underneath is 'Xenia Josepha Rosalie.' You must get it."

"Why are you doing this? What are you aiming at?" cried Katarina, her eyes sparkling.

"My dear lady," said Christopher, softly, "you may refuse me this request, which I admit that I put somewhat cavalierly in the urgency of my need. You are at perfect liberty. I shall regret the loss of so skilful and charming an associate. And I am sure that I shall find no one to fill her place adequately."

"Then I must play spy and detective for you," said Katarina, hotly. "I am conscious of what I owe you. But you are to compensate yourself this way. Well, it shall be done. *Voilà*, I will earn my wages."

Now no doubt this was exactly what she was doing, and she had put into terms the identical relations between them, and yet Christopher winced before her phrasing, and in his new flush of shame departed from the customary tone of polite and cynical superiority with which he treated her.

"Nay, madam," he said, earnestly. "Believe me, you do me wrong. I ask nothing. It is your sex's privilege. I remember a very grave service which was rendered to me once. I have tried to return for that some small thanks. That is what there is between you and me. As for the rest, will you do me the justice to believe that I have always imagined that you took a zest in this idle game we are playing? But if it be not so, why, madam, I ask your pardon for my foolish assumption, and I will at the same time bid you good-day."

But Katarina stepped forward quickly. "Oh, Mr. Lambert," she said, laughing lightly, but her bosom rising with emotion, "you take me too gravely! Faith, I could not be serious for long. And Heaven witness that I will not let you go. As for your Princess, send her the paper. I will see to it."

And so Christopher was forced to be content with this reconciliation, while all the time he continued to wonder if he had ever read this young woman aright. But whether his judgment was at fault or not, he had been right in supposing that Katarina would assist him. She carried the point after a struggle. The Princess had been with difficulty won from her reserve.

"I wrung it out of her," said Fräulein Reinart. "I literally squeezed the assent from her dry soul—a fact, Monsieur Lambert. She is very English—she might be your countrywoman. Oh, how delicately

she dissembled! I am bluff and brave over my lies; but the poor Princess she flies pink and scarlet over the briefest tarradiddle, and thinks to lose her embarrassment in sham dignity. She is a romantic owl, monsieur," and Katarina laughed hilariously.

Christopher was delighted. He cared not a tittle for Katarina's opinions upon the Princess. All he wanted was the scrap of paper which that young woman brought him. The signature was bold and resolute; it showed no marks of hesitation; yet, if he was to believe Katarina, she was at infinite pains to persuade the Princess.

"I suppose she conceived it too immodest. Ah, Heaven! Princesses are not embraced by the laws of society. I wept about the fate of Weser-Dreiburg, and then, 'Madam,' she says, 'you are yourself a German?' It was true, you know. But what could I tell her? I dared not discharge her what I thought, that I cared not two pins for any country whatever, and that I loved not sticks and stones, but warm human flesh. So said I, very gravely, 'I am a German, your Highness, but I am no Prussian; and my home is Dreiburg.' That touched her silly heart, I think. She said nothing, but she cast down her eyes upon her book, and then she smiled somewhat wearily. 'You are fortunate that you have been able to make a choice of a home,' says she. I did not tell her that I was sick to death of Dreiburg and its little sadnesses, that I wanted Paris. No, my friend, I keep my tongue."

"You shall have as much Paris as you will within a month," said Christopher, jubilantly. His eyes danced in his head; they devoured the writing of Xenia upon the paper.

"You will be finished then—in a month?" asked Katarina, breathlessly.

He nodded. "I shall then take a holiday," he said.

"And I—I—" stammered Fräulein Reinart.

"Oh, you shall take a holiday too," replied he, with a merry laugh.

The answer was innocently meant, but it was open to another construction. Katarina withdrew a hand which she had put forth to touch his arm. Her eyes blazed and gleamed, and her voice fell softly.

"But my position at the Schloss—I must, of course, throw it up."

"Ah," said he, appearing to reflect, "that's true. But I dare say you can get leave."

The girl's brow darkened. "Oh, I can get a day out," she said, harshly. She stared at him, and then turning away, bit her lips fiercely. "I have made the acquaintance of your paragon, Captain von Ritter," said she, in a hard voice.

Christopher started. "Ah!" he said, and watched her thoughtfully.

Something in his expression angered her anew. "I will not be patronized by those eyes!" she exclaimed. "You are not commander of my destiny. I shall order my life as I choose."

"I never required anything else from a young lady of your spirit," he observed, politely. "But I thought you had decided on the destiny for yourself long ago."

Katarina offered him her hand. "Good-by," she said, sweetly. "You must remember that I have done something to help you."

"Madam," said Christopher, kissing her fingers, "you are invaluable."

CHAPTER XIV.

As the days wore on, Christopher noticed an increase of gayety in the manner of Count von Straben. The encroachments upon that light and cynical reserve which characterized his usual temper were indefinable, yet certain. He had the air of a man who also was drawing close to his holiday, and who, while still keeping his wits sharp and brisk about him, considered that he was justified in anticipating his triumph. His reticence disappeared with the progress of events which no one could suppose would be interrupted.

"I hear that the Margrave of Salzhausem is to honor the court with a visit," said he, his teeth gleaming at Christopher. "You will like the Margrave when you see him, Mr. Lambert. He is a very unassuming fellow. All he wants is a wife to steady him. No unusual vices—never gambles, has only a craze for music—innocent enough. One never knows, but perhaps the Grand-Duke has a notion in his head."

He whiffed at his cigar with this impudently cynical remark, and smiled brightly at his companion.

"I am sure the Grand-Duke is a very discreet ruler," said Christopher, thoughtfully. "When is his Highness to arrive?"

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"He is dallying in Paris. I would not dally in Paris when I might be talking on art with so fine a conversationalist as the Princess Xenia."

"Perhaps the ballet?" suggested Christopher.

"No doubt, no doubt," assented the older man, airily. "But domesticity will cure all that. They tell me that the doctors will come to cure everything by inoculation. It is so with small-pox; and now they talk of consumption. Well, the mild form of marriage is inoculation against—" He shrugged his shoulders again. "Passion, Mr. Lambert, is the safest quality natural to man. It keeps him from thought. Now you and I think too much."

This news excited Christopher and made him think even more. He conveyed Xenia's letter to Prince Karl, and received an assurance that the ruler of Erwald was sympathetic. Yet he saw, and in truth the latter bluntly informed him, that neither the Princess nor the Prince could move without the ratification of the Grand-Duke and the Council of Weser-Dreiburg. He must, therefore, carry this chief redoubt ere he could stir a step; and the difficulty was the more formidable the longer he looked at it. In the midst of these considerations came like a clap the news that the Margrave had returned to Salzhausen, and was expected to visit Dreiburg at once. Katarina came flying to him with the information, which the Princess in great distress had imparted; and Christopher at once started his machinery. He hesitated no longer. He had only one weapon—boldness—but to support him in his audacity he owned several millions.

"I will buy them all up," he exclaimed to himself, grimly. "I will purchase their souls. They shall claim nothing for themselves. I will make them my serfs, puppets, strutting and bowing to my strings."

Forthwith he sought Kreiss. He had never lost touch with the faithful republican, who obeyed his instructions without question, in the firm belief that he had found a wealthy and philanthropic philosopher who was ready to carry his theories into practice.

"I want half a dozen sturdy patriots," said he to the president, in a matter-of-fact way. "They must be ready at any mo-

ment to take orders and start forth. Money is no object. They had better be armed, but there may be no necessity for violence."

The president made rapid notes in his book, and looked up. "They are to be stationed?" he inquired.

Christopher reflected. "There is an inn a little way beyond the north bridge across the Weser?" he asked.

"On the Salzhausen road? Yes," assented the president. "It is called 'The Boar Hound,' kept by a man named Sachs, who is one of us."

"That will do capitally," said Christopher, "and the better if no questions are asked."

"None shall be. But this expedition—I must give some explanation."

"Say what you will. It is directed against the visit of the Margrave of Salzhausen."

Kreiss started, but quickly controlled himself. "Ah," he observed, stroking his smooth face with his pencil, "we are hostile to Salzhausen."

"The Margrave," explained Christopher, "is the puppet of Prussia. He comes here, on the Emperor's suggestion, to marry the Princess. I need not point out to you what that means. It spells ruin for the Grand-Duchy, absorption into the sink of an abominable tyranny."

"You say well," replied Kreiss, buttoning his coat with decision. "You shall have the men." As he was leaving he turned back. "Bremner is about again," he said. "You must be careful. He has sworn to hunt you down. I suggested that you, being a foreigner, had probably left Weser-Dreiburg long ago. But it seems that you have been seen recently. The town is small. It is even known where you are staying; and Bremner's hostility is gaining ground. The society is leaning towards your removal."

"Ah," said Christopher, "I regret that I did not finish your friend Bremner. Anyhow," he remarked, with a smile, "don't bring *him*."

The Count took these public affairs with a very different countenance. His cigar and his coffee were constant friends; he never drank even the light wines of his father-land. Yet wise as was his reticence, he could not in the end refrain from a reference to his diplomatic victory. Christopher was seated in his rooms at the Hotel Kaiserin the day after these events

which have just been narrated, when in the midst of a conversation upon quite another topic the Count paused, looked at the clock, and proceeded to relight his cigar.

"I can give you a piece of news, my friend," he said, in his placid voice. "You are not a newspaper correspondent, and besides you have a title to know. The Grand-Duke signs the rescript for the marriage of his daughter to-night, and the contract will be signed to-morrow."

Christopher raised his eyebrows and whistled. "You don't say so!" he said. "Sigismund! Well, I should never have thought he would be to her Highness's fancy." The Count said nothing. "What a pity I am not a correspondent!"

"My dear Mr. Lambert, then I should not have the pleasure of your excellent company," said the Count, patly.

Christopher laughed and rose. "I drink her Highness's health and happiness," he said, tossing off the dregs of his glass.

"And I hope the Margrave's?" smiled von Straben.

"Why, yes, and Herr Gasten's, of course."

Von Straben laughed pleasantly, and Christopher took his departure. It was already late, but there was still time. Katarina had been remiss in not informing him; he shivered to think how near his plots had come to failure. Yet perhaps the Grand-Duke had kept this secret even from his daughter. He might wish to spare her to the last, until the very eve of that sacrifice predestined and inevitable. He hurried to the Schloss, and obtaining admittance, sent up word to Fräulein Reinart. Katarina danced down to him all alive with the news, which she had just heard; and she added, what was fresh to Christopher, that the Margrave of Salzhausen was already on his way to Dreiburg.

"He comes by road to-night," she cried.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said he, sharply. "Mademoiselle, I pin my faith on you. You have already my gratitude; obey me, and my very heart is yours. I must see the Grand-Duke. He signs the rescript to-night. At what time?"

"It is whispered that the hour is ten. There is an urgency meeting of the Council in progress now. They say that

his Highness gives notice then of his intentions, and that he will sign forthwith."

"Where is the Council Chamber?" asked Christopher.

"Beyond the great gallery. But you cannot attend."

"I can attend unseen," he explained, tersely. "There are some means of concealment, I imagine."

"Heavens!" said Katarina, sparkling with excitement. "But so you shall. See, I know the way. There is a little door that admits privately to the chamber. The Chamberlain once told me of it, and I found it out myself. It gives from the library beyond."

"My dear, my dear," cried Christopher in his delight, "you are an invaluable treasure!"

Katarina flushed, and stepped from the room. She beckoned him with the air of a conspirator, and together they stole into the corridor.

Katarina led the way into the library, a large room that smelled rankly of old books and fusty papers, and was rarely tenanted by any reader. The court of Weser-Dreiburg had better things to do than rummage in venerable and dusty volumes. Here they came to a pause, and the woman, feeling carefully along the wainscot, discovered what she wanted by the light of a match.

"Good luck go with you!" she whispered. "Hark! the Council is breaking up. You will be too late."

"Let the Princess know," whispered back Christopher. "Tell her I will carry the Grand-Duke. I vow that on my honor. Stay; when did the Margrave start for Dreiburg?"

"He was to be here at midnight."

"That just gives me time. Good! *À bientôt*, mademoiselle."

Katarina stepped into the darkness, and Christopher Lambert turned to the secret doorway and pushed the spring. A panel gave softly, and through the aperture streamed a body of light; the sound of voices saluted his ears. Peering cautiously through the opening, he found that the hole gave access to a small and shuttered alcove at the foot of the Council Chamber, raised somewhat above the level of the floor. A large chair spread with a brilliant piece of embroidery blocked his sight, and Christopher perceived that this must be the

throne, relegated to a dignified solitude. He stepped through and closed the door behind him with a click, thus cutting off his retreat. He felt now that he had burned his bridge of boats.

From his hiding-place at the back of the throne, he looked forth upon the room. The Grand-Duke sat in an easy-chair at the head of the table, supported by the Chancellor on his right, and his face, blanched with the rigors of age, was wrinkled and drawn with pain and worry. He was speaking in a low and quavering voice, and now and then he consulted a paper which he held before him.

"That this claim is excessive, gentlemen," he faltered, "is beyond dispute; we are even justified in refusing altogether to recognize our liability. If we are not to mince words, it is at once unjust and unscrupulous. But," he sighed, "we must consult the best interests of the Grand-Duchy, and we should refuse at the risk of war—a war, sirs, which would be at once bloody and hopeless. I cannot—I cannot, nor can Herr Cancellarius, advise you to undertake this hazard." He moistened his lips with a glass of water. "It seems, then, gentlemen," he proceeded, "that we must be prepared either to cede this strip of territory which has been in the undisputed possession of Weser-Dreiburg for three hundred years, or to pay the ruinous indemnity which Germany in her brutal strength demands from us. To pay that fine would place a tax of sixty marks a head upon my people, and at a time when trade is dwindling, after a disastrous harvest, and when my country is already stooping under the weight of the fresh taxation rendered necessary by the Military Bill of last year. But, gentlemen, it appears that there is yet another alternative, an alternative which touches ourself nearly, and which concerns the future and fortune of our child. Germany is pleased to acquaint us informally that she will surrender her supposititious claims upon our country provided that an alliance is contracted between the reigning houses of Weser-Dreiburg and Salzhausen." He paused and looked about him, as if scanning the faces at the table for some indications of the thoughts that actuated the members of the Council. Then, with a little gesture of weariness that was very pathetic, and not without dignity, he let his head

fall. "We have decided, gentlemen, to entertain the offer which his Highness the Margrave Sigismund of Salzhausen has made for the hand of our daughter, the Princess Xenia. The Herr Chancellor has prepared the documents for our signature."

For a moment there was silence at the table, but Christopher was conscious that a sigh of relief had escaped that assembly. The Grand-Duke, his speech concluded, turned and whispered with his Chancellor. Some one rustled a paper; but there was no voice raised in protest, not even in inquiry. The sacrifice had been accepted.

Christopher's heart thumped regularly, a trifle harder than usual, but very steadily. He had not come there merely to play eavesdropper to that august board. The stillness rested unruffled upon the room, and then some one murmured to his neighbor—there was a little outbreak of sound; the Grand-Duke put out his hand and seized a pen between his shaking fingers. Bending over him, the Chancellor pointed with respect a place for his signature, holding the portentous paper with one hand down upon the table.

At this moment Christopher shot to his feet, and stepping forward with a stride into the room, held up his arm.

"Your Highness, stay," he cried, peremptorily.

The faces of the Council were levelled at him in an instant. The pen dropped from the Grand-Duke's nerveless fingers, and rolling from the table, struck the floor; it was the only sound heard for a definite space of time within the chamber.

"Who are you?" demanded the Chancellor, his red good-natured face distorted with wonder and alarm.

"I beg your Highness's pardon," said Christopher, coming forward. "But I am here only in the interests of Weser-Dreiburg and your Highness."

"I do not understand," said the Grand-Duke, appealing in bewilderment to his Chancellor. He was like a child in his astonishment, and his feeble old hands trembled.

"Sir," said Christopher, earnestly, "you shall understand all that is essential very briefly. By the grace of Providence, I believe I am the instrument that shall deliver this stanch free prin-

ciality from the danger into which it has run. You are in peril from Germany. Is it not so? Have I your Highness's permission to speak?"

This unusual scene had so startled the wits of the Councillors that till now they had sat silent, endeavoring to regain their bearings. But at this, one—the Treasurer, as Christopher discovered him to be later—jumped to his feet.

"Your Highness," he said, indignantly, "let this man be removed. No doubt he is one of the society of which we have heard to-day—who knows?—an assassin."

But the Grand-Duke was upon the very margin of another world, and with his precarious feet thus faltering within the sound and sight of death, it may be that his mind responded to this strange citation of God. He passed his shrunken hands across his forehead and sighed; and then, speaking in his low and serious voice, said, with quiet dignity:

"You may speak, sir. We will hear you."

Christopher had his cue in that circle of startled faces; he was quick of mind, and in a second he had dashed into the breach.

"I will not plead to your Highness in excuse of my unnatural intrusion upon this honorable Council," he declared in his most stately manner, but speaking for all that with a spirited eagerness. "I can entreat only to be judged by my achievements. I am confident that I am here to save the Grand-Duchy; nay, and your Highness from himself. I have caught some echoes of your policy these last few minutes; but in truth it is not that I need to learn them from your lips. I am cognizant of Germany's abominable tactics."

"Sir, who are you?" broke forth the impatient Treasurer. "You are no Dreiburger."

"I have a country, sir," cried Christopher, with simple eloquence, "and its name is Freedom. But if you ask me of the narrower confines which claim my allegiance, I tell you that I am the citizen of no mean city, and that my fathers have fought and died that England might be free."

A faint murmur rose from the Councillors; Christopher understood it as a murmur of approbation. The Grand-Duke, his eyes fastened upon the young

man, his tremulous fingers shaking on the table, sighed wistfully.

"I pray you, sir, proceed," he said.

"I am not ignorant of the sacrifice which your Highness proposes," exclaimed Christopher, the color flying to his cheeks and his excitement sparkling in his eyes. "You are pressed into a corner. This beloved land of yours is threatened. You cast about, and out of your great heart and loving-kindness you would immolate the happiness and the innocence even of your only daughter. So have the heroes of old time offered up their children. But, your Highness, believe me, this sacrifice would be all in vain. Think you that Germany would rest content? Consider that gross and greedy belly—with what an appetite it swells, how arrogant and constant are its needs! Salzhausen is the half-way house to Weser-Dreiburg, and the Prince of that unfortunate realm owes it merely to a piece of policy that he has not been already swallowed by the hydra's heads. In short, your Highness, the Emperor would bite two cherries at once, provided they were dangling on the same stalk. You give him a *locus standi* when you send her Highness to Salzhausen. Pause, I pray you, ere you take a step which is irrevocable, which is urged upon you by your hereditary enemies, which spells the ruin of your daughter's life, and the destruction of your country."

"You say truly," murmured the Grand-Duke; "I have considered that. There is only one end to it," and his head sunk between his shoulders, while his face was partially buried in the long white beard.

"If this indeed be so, your Highness," pursued Christopher, "will not your Highness act with the assistance of this honorable Council?"

"You forget, sir," put in the Chancellor, "we have no alternative."

"I am here," exclaimed the young man, "to demonstrate the falsity of that cry. What! You have no choice but between two certainties of shipwreck! Weser-Dreiburg is old; but Weser-Dreiburg, if I have gained any notion of the patriotism of her inhabitants, can yet wield a sword, can yet show a brave front."

"Before Germany?" said one of the Councillors, shrugging his shoulders.

"In these crises," explained Christopher, "there is only one course, and

that is to be bold. Fling your weight into the scale with Erwald, which has just offered so signal and so successful a resistance to the unrighteous encroachments of Germany. Join with Prince Karl; let her Highness be given in marriage to him; and together the two countries, not throwing down the gage of defiance, but resolute merely to stand firm against disintegration and oppression, will confront the imperial bully."

Christopher paused, breathless. The Grand-Duke smiled in a melancholy way.

"You are sanguine, young sir," he said; "yet, even if this scheme of yours should avail a little to help my poor country, how would it avail my daughter? What would the Princess say?"

But at this point, and so suddenly that the party absorbed in the consideration of this policy wheeled as one man, startled and alarmed, the door was flung open, and Xenia herself sprang into the chamber, her eyes shining, her face burning, and every gesture exhibiting an unnatural animation.

"What would the Princess say?" she cried, a note of pride and resolution ringing in her voice. "She would say, my father, that her life, her very soul, belongs to Weser-Dreiburg, and that she would be happy if any renunciation on her part might avail to spare this people and to protect this land. Gentlemen," said Xenia, looking about her with lofty graciousness from her height, "I understand that you are debating a course which affects my person. I am in your hands. But I pray you to decide carefully; and God guide your deliberations!"

"My daughter," said Leopold, "we have decided."

She bowed her head; her features were set in an arrogant calm. Not otherwise would she receive the news which touched her so closely. Christopher in that moment was struck with wonder and with admiration for her heroic indifference. He had not thought her capable of so much courage. But yet he must not suffer this intervening drama to blunt the point of his success.

"Her Highness consents," he cried.

Xenia turned and looked at him, but he read nothing in her face. The Chancellor shifted on his feet and stirred his papers uneasily.

"This will bring us into war," he said. "Germany will never forgive this."

Christopher's voice rose in scorn. "War!" he called. "Herr Chancellor, there is not a court in Europe in which such a threat on the part of Prussia dare be known. The menace would cause the expulsion of the Empire from the comity of nations. No, you need fear no war because of this rebuff."

"That may be very true," interposed the Treasurer, with something resembling a sneer. "But since we are permitted to argue with an unknown stranger, I must invite the attention of his Highness with all respect and humility to the financial question. Germany has made a demand upon us for territory or money. I take it that if we reject her alternative, we must pay the one or the other."

A murmur was current among the Councillors. It was felt that here at least was the rock upon which these fine visions would break.

"It is impossible!" cried the Chancellor.

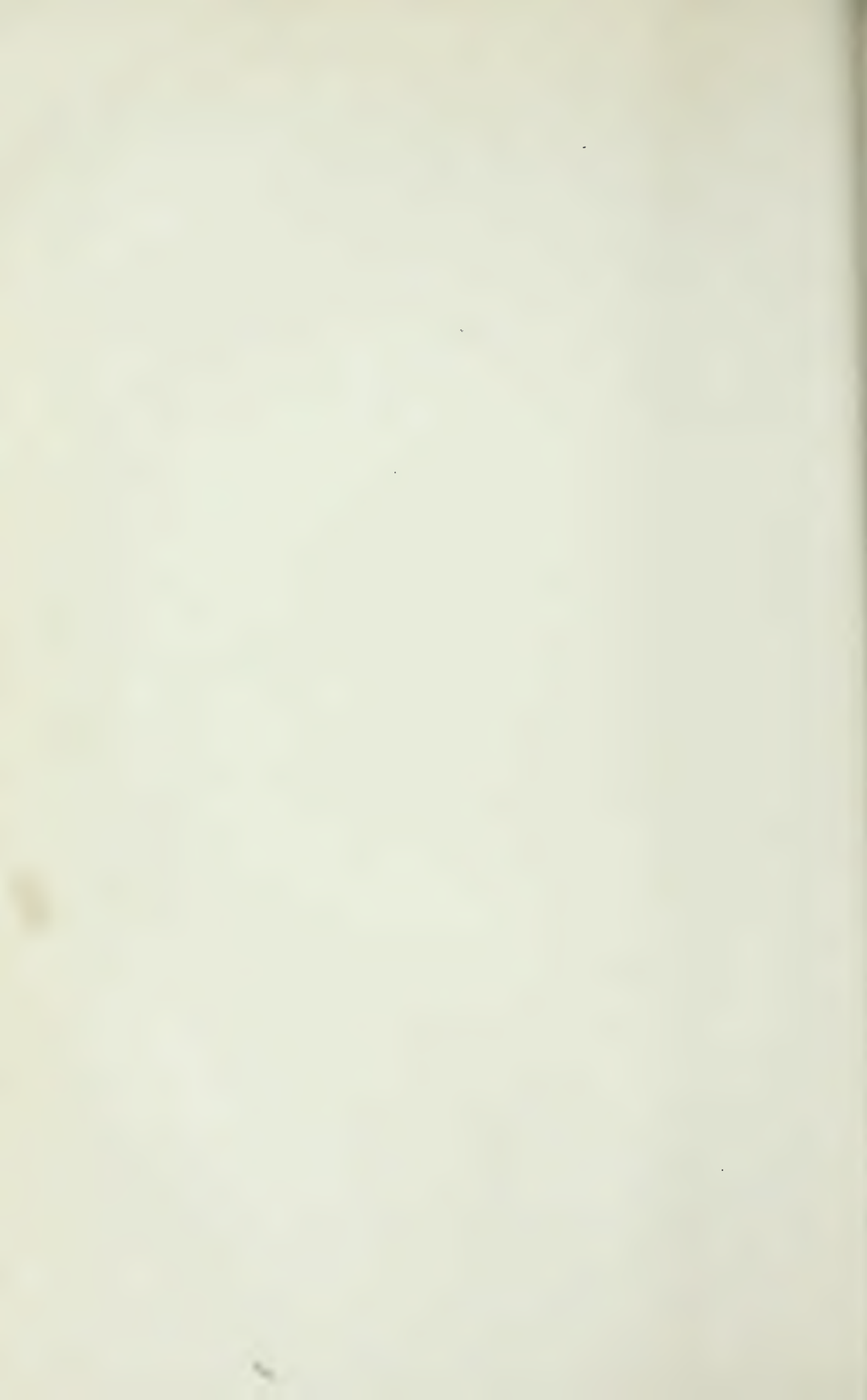
"We must yield the land," replied the Grand-Duke, wearily, and muttered to himself, "Coin or land or blood—we must pay in something."

Christopher felt suddenly that his great moment had arrived, and resolved to make the most of it. He saw Xenia's eyes directed on him in what was almost entreaty, and was certainly an appeal for light. The temper of the meeting fell.

"It is quite true," he answered. "If you reject these overtures, which are designed for nothing but the ruin of Weser-Dreiburg, you must still face the unjust demands of Germany. She will extort something from you. But consider that even so, even though at the cost of financial disaster, heavy taxes, and a complaining population, you have still saved the national integrity. But this is but part of the alternative I have put before you. I understand that the claim of Germany is for ten million marks. Your Highness, Herr Chancellor, gentlemen of the Council—" He felt swiftly in his pocket and produced a bundle of documents. "There," he cried, flinging them with theatrical effect upon the table—"there lies this miserable debt! In that packet you will find, Mr. Treasurer, securities for close upon twelve million marks. Your Highness, I think now that Germany can trouble you no further."



" 'WHAT WOULD THE PRINCESS SAY?' SHE CRIED."



Amazement ran round the room like an electric shock, starting the faces of the Councillors; and then a cry broke from the Treasurer, who loved a full purse and had a pedantic pride in his office, and who had seized upon the roll.

"Ah, God! your Highness," he shrieked, "they are English! It is good. English consols, English railways, English corporation bonds—there is no sight so beautiful!" He wiped his spectacles, which had grown moist from his emotion.

"It is an answer to our prayers," murmured the Grand-Duke in his tremulous voice, and as though he were watching the proceedings in a dream.

Christopher caught the gaze of the Princess fixed upon him. It stung him with a sudden thrill, so warm, so ardent was the zeal with which she regarded him.

"We have forgotten one thing," said the Chancellor, suddenly interrupting the buzz of excited talk. "His Highness the Margrave is to arrive to-night."

Christopher pulled out his watch. "Twelve o'clock, is it not?" he said. It was past ten by his watch. "Why, if your Highness will permit it, I think it will be Prince Karl who arrives instead." The Chancellor opened his mouth. "Do you not see?" continued Christopher, smiling. "Prince Karl arrives to-night; in the morning is announced the betrothal of her Highness. No one knows till then. His presence is not suspected; and that it is not the Margrave who is lodged in the Schloss must be a secret till the last moment—particularly from Count von Straben."

"But Prince Karl—" began the Grand-Duke.

"Holds himself in readiness, and is even now awaiting my message," said Christopher.

"And the Margrave—he will arrive also," exclaimed the Chancellor, in a flurry.

"I think your Highness may very well leave him to me," said Christopher, with an emphatic smile.

There was a space of silence, and then suddenly, and as if giving voice, in that instant to the thoughts of all, the Grand-Duke cried, in excited tones,

"But who—who are you, sir?"

Christopher glanced towards the Princess. "I am one who loves liberty," he said, gravely, "and I have a great pity for my fellow-men."

In the confusion he moved towards the door. The Treasurer gathered the securities in his greedy fingers. The Grand-Duke had sunk into his chair, and sat with his head resting upon his hand. The Chancellor whispered in his ears, and the remaining members of the Council talked in low voices together. Christopher passed the Princess.

"You have saved Weser-Dreiburg, Mr. Lambert," she murmured.

Some quick impulse, which he could neither control nor analyze, incited his reply—

"I have sacrificed a woman, Princess."

Nor did Christopher Lambert ever realize why he had made this answer, which seemed at the time and afterwards so utterly at variance with his temper and his schemes.

CHAPTER XV.

CHRISTOPHER got into the street and sought his hotel. If he was to carry out his plan in its fulness, there was no time to be lost. He sent a special messenger at once by the last train to Arnholz, carrying a letter to Prince Karl, and then he hastened to the president's quarters.

"Are your men ready?" he asked, and without a greeting.

Kreiss bowed and looked expectant, his dry and bony face resolutely divested of everything but intelligence.

"At the inn?" pursued the Englishman.

Kreiss assented again. "You have a great virtue, Kreiss," observed Christopher, with a smile. "You never waste words, and you come to the point. Probably you and I are the only two souls in Dreiburg this day who do so. We must start at once. The job is instant, and we must be prepared for any emergency." Kreiss followed him, as in silence he returned to the hotel. His two horses stood saddled in the hands of the hostler, according to his orders.

"Can you ride?" asked Christopher of the president.

"No," replied Kreiss, eying the horses dispassionately.

"Jump on," said Christopher.

The president jumped on without more ado, and the two men ambled down the sloping street and out by the northern gate of the city. A mile beyond the environs of Dreiburg, on the borders of the real country, lay the little hostelry of which Kreiss had spoken. Here Kreiss

picked up his men, and they all rode on together. There were half a dozen in the president's following—strong, likely-looking fellows—one or two students, as Christopher judged, and the unmistakable faces of honest countrymen.

"They will best serve your purpose," explained Kreiss, in a whisper. "There is no one here who has seen you before. You are merely supposed one of us. These are mainly country members."

"What do they know?" inquired Christopher.

"Nothing," replied the president, calmly. "They obey orders. I am endangering my reputation with the society for you, but I am willing to do so. They are merely a force levelled against some tyranny; they are to subserve an end in the great aim of the society, and are content to die for it, blindfold if necessary."

"Good!" ejaculated Christopher. "But there will be no dying. We shall carry it as a jest. The Margrave rides with an escort of the Palace guards—three in number. You see I am frank with you. We may have a brush, but there will be more danger when the affair is over."

"You mean of discovery?" asked Kreiss.

"I mean that the outrage will most likely be treated as of international importance. That is why I am anxious to push on to the border. We must attack in Salzhausen territory, or thereabouts."

He did not inform the president that there would be special reasons why the Margrave might take this arrest as a direct insult from Weser Dreiburg; but he had acquainted him sufficiently with the situation to obtain his intelligent assistance. Once more he proved how politic is a partial disclosure of the truth. They rode in silence for some time at a brisk trot, the president bumping awkwardly upon his saddle, and clutching occasionally at the pommel, the revolutionaries behind, a formidable party gleaming in the nocturnal lights with swords and pistols. Presently Christopher reined in, and the whole cavalcade came to a pause.

"We should be very near the border now," he said.

Kreiss called to one of his troopers. "Stamholz," he asked, "do you know where we are?"

"Yes, comrade," replied Stamholz, a burly fellow.

"Where, comrade?"

"We are half a league from the Stürz Inn, and about the same from old Gottfried's farm in the forest. I know it by this little grove."

"That would be on the Salzhausen border?" asked the president.

"On the border, comrade," said Stamholz, briefly.

"That's well," said Christopher, cheerfully. "The border's what I want. We will rest here. Let us get under cover. This same grove will hide us. We sha'n't have long to wait, as it is now after eleven."

Kreiss issued the necessary order, and the party wheeled off the road and picked its way into the wood. The president turned to the Englishman.

"And now, Herr Lambert," said he, "I await your instructions. What are we to do?"

"You know," said Christopher. "We must take the Margrave, without damage, of course, and, if it is possible, without force. We shall be at the enormous advantage of expecting them, while, taken by surprise, they will be helpless. Besides, we outnumber them. It is not a question of fighting, but of sleight of hand."

"You suggest a sudden attack?" replied Kreiss.

"They will scatter on the surprise, but they must be secured. I understand the Margrave rides in a closed carriage. He is not fond of exercise. I intrust myself with the custody of his Highness, if you will see to the guard. A blank volley should suffice to give me time. They will no more expect an assault than the dead. The escort is a mere form, but they must be secured."

"Ah," said the president, gleefully, "we shall teach them differently. A snake may look very like a twig."

No more was said between them, but Kreiss issued his orders and a spacious silence intervened. It was not long, however, ere this was broken by the sound of wheels in the distance, accompanied by the noise of hoofs beating upon the hard road. Christopher nodded significantly at the president, who turned partly about, and threw a glance at his men.

"The carriage horses must be seized," whispered Christopher.

"I will do it myself," murmured Kreiss.

The sounds approached rapidly, and

rumbling round a corner in the highway, the carriage and its escort suddenly thundered on the air. The little company came down the straight stretch at a steady pace, and with a great tumult of feet and a whirl of dust passed under the starlight by the grove.

"Now," said Christopher, and at the president's word the revolutionaries plunged out upon the road, and with a loud whoop of excitement discharged their pistols in a broadside. The escort wavered; one, the lieutenant in charge, made an effort to pull up; the others were carried forward by their horses; and confusion reigned upon the roadway. Meanwhile the president, who had clambered from his unnecessary horse, had flung himself upon the carriage, and was clinging to the terrified animals. The effect of the brief encounter was merely this—that the Palace guards had shot forward and were engaged in a conflict with the revolutionaries, while behind them, and cut off by this manœuvre from protection, the coach, its horses plunging and brought to a standstill, was exposed to the mercies of Christopher and the president. Swords were flashing, oaths were shrieked, and the sound of fire-arms came from the combatants. Christopher pulled open the carriage door with a jerk.

"I beg your Highness's pardon," he said, putting in his head and speaking hastily, "but you must come with me."

Sigismund hesitated. "What's this?" he asked, angrily. "This outrage is—is—"

Christopher offered him a helping hand, and in less than ten seconds the unfortunate Margrave stood in the road.

"Your Highness is overpowered," explained Christopher, "and I entreat of you to obey me. I have no wish to offer you the indignity of using force."

Sigismund shrugged his shoulders irritably, but he was recovering from his alarm. "I'm sure I trust you will be expeditious," said he, pettishly. "It is none too warm out here."

At this moment one of Kreiss's men rode up, his face covered with blood.

"We have got them, comrade," he said to the president. "We have them bound, but one devil is gone, as I guess."

"Ah," responded Kreiss. "You have done well."

"We must get away," whispered Chris-

topher. "Take that fool off the box, and lead the horses. Some one will be dropping upon us if we are not quick."

Kreiss spoke with his band, and the company of captors and prisoners turned off in a procession by a track which led into the forest. With Stambolz as guide, they reached a charcoal-burner's hut in the very centre of the pine wood, and here came at last to a halt.

"I should much like to know where I am and who are my captors," said the Margrave, pettishly, when Christopher came near enough to him.

"Your Highness may dismount here," was the reply. "As for where you are, I fear you must be left to guess; but I have no objection to telling you who I am."

As he spoke he came into the light which was shed faintly upon the circle from a lantern, and Sigismund started.

"The messenger?" he said, with a flash of recognition.

"Who regrets exceedingly that he is obliged so to derange Herr Gasten," responded Christopher, dryly.

The Margrave smiled and looked waggish. "Well, I have never before been captured by a messenger," said he, "and I should like to know the reason."

"I fear, Herr Gasten," said Christopher, gravely, "that we must hold you to ransom. I have no doubt that yours is a profitable business—coals, is it not?—and I am sure your friends would wish to redeem you."

The Margrave laughed with unfeigned amusement. "Oh, I have a tolerable business," he said, "but it bores me not a little. I trust, sir, that you will do your best to bear that in mind to-night."

"Never fear," said Christopher. "Herr Gasten shall have an unusual experience to-night, I promise him."

The president at this point hastened up to Christopher and whispered in a low voice. "One of the troopers is dead," he said.

Christopher moistened his lips. "How is that?" he asked, mechanically.

"Pistol," replied Kreiss, laconically.

But his voice had carried farther than he thought.

"I see, sir," interposed the Margrave, glancing from one to the other, "that this little accident interferes with your digestion of the adventure. But I assure you it is nothing. It is merely a ques-

tion of common murder, which, I feel sure, you will value at its proper price."

The gentle sarcasm, very neatly turned, and indorsed by a pleasantly ceremonious manner, vaguely discomfited Christopher. But in reality he was taken up too grossly with the bad news. He suddenly threw the whole topic from his mind with one of his tempestuous efforts.

"I regret that we must detain you till the morning, Margrave," said he, coldly.

Sigismund pulled out a cigarette from his case and lighted it. "I assume I shall get back in time for the funeral," said he, coolly.

Christopher gave his orders. He indicated the hut. "We can offer your Highness no better than that refuge," he said, in formal tones of apology.

"I think it must be Herr Gasten who is to occupy the hut," said the Margrave, dryly.

Christopher smiled grimly. "We will not quarrel with a name," he replied.

The Margrave turned to the door. "I generally travel with light literature, Mr. Messenger," said he, "and if you have no objection, you will find a volume of Verlaine in my carriage."

"It shall be fetched forthwith," answered Christopher, promptly. He searched the carriage himself, and finding the book, returned with it to Sigismund. The Margrave had already taken his seat upon the floor, and a tall sputtering candle shed a wavering light about him.

"You will never read by that," said Christopher, regarding him. "If I might suggest, the carriage lamps have reflectors, and will throw quite a strong glow upon the page."

"Excellent!" approved the Margrave. "You have ingenuity, Mr. Messenger. I am much obliged to you."

Christopher ordered the lamps to be brought, and himself lit and trimmed them. He studied the Margrave's convenience, picking out the proper position for the lights, and supporting them on empty boxes.

"You are too kind," murmured his Highness, watching his captor inquisitively. He fetched out of his pocket his case and offered Christopher a cigarette. The young man accepted one with grave courtesy, and striking a match, held the flame forward with a gesture of invitation. Ceremonious bows passed between

the two, and they puffed in silence; the glow of the lamp gleamed on the jewelled rings on Sigismund's long white hands.

"We may as well be comfortable, Mr. Messenger," said he, lazily. "I suppose I am taken for some good purpose. It is not deposition, is it? I cannot guess just now, unless it is one of that infernal old rascal von Straben's games. What the devil! One never knows where one stands with a man like that. I assure you he sets my head in a whirl. It perplexes a simple man, who is, as you know, not designed for a teetotum."

"I fear your Highness was not designed for politics," said Christopher, bluntly, but with perfect politeness.

The Margrave shrugged his shoulders. "My friend, not I," he declared. "I don't give a dump for them. I am no patriot, but a cosmopolitan. I tell you this, by-the-way, because I see you are not a subject of mine. It is a relief to be rid of them; they are so officious—damnable. I must prince it all the time; they lack every sympathy with my true tastes."

"Princes," said Christopher, sententiously, "are born, not made."

"A pretty *mot*, a pretty *mot*. You hit it, sir," sighed Sigismund. "I was born a poet, so far as I know my parentage; but then, you know, one is never certain of that. We can only take some one's word for it. You have been to Salzhausem. You must have noticed my opera-house. I had it built when I came to the throne. It was partly my own design; Rosario's plans were abominable. He loves the Gothic; I perfectly detest it. That opera-house is a wonderful example of the true florid—what it should be. But no one will look at it save myself. The artists vow it makes them sing discords. That is a lie, of course; but it is not appreciated." He paused and looked thoughtful. "How long did you say I was to be here?"

Christopher told him, and his face fell. "What an abominable nuisance!" he said, plaintively. "I begin to feel cold. I can detect a draught in this accursed hut. I am not used to huts. I must ask you, Mr. What's-your-name, to give orders that I be supplied with the carriage rugs—that is, if you do not want them yourself," he added, politely.

"You shall have them," said Christo-

pher. "Is there anything else before I go?"

"You are not going?" inquired the Margrave, in alarm. "For the love of Heaven, don't leave me to these unlettered roughs! I flattered myself that I was to have the enjoyment of your company all the night— But stay; Wohler is decent, if dull, and he may help me off to sleep. May I have Lieutenant Wohler?"

Christopher was about to assent, when a new thought struck the Margrave suddenly. "But perhaps he is dead," he said, querulously. "Is it Wohler you have killed?"

"I do not know I do not think so," answered Christopher, wincing against his will.

Sigismund looked at him curiously. "This will make a little difference to you," he said. "It is awkward, my friend. It gives the affair a serious turn. To kidnap a reigning prince is nothing—the interests of humanity no doubt demand it; but to murder a poor man who is simply doing his duty—" He stopped, but Christopher made no reply, merely returning him his investigating glance. "I fear that you have plunged yourself into trouble," repeated Sigismund, very gravely. "What do you propose to do?"

"I propose," replied Christopher, briefly, "to keep your Highness here till morning—with many apologies."

Sigismund burst out laughing, and lighted a new cigarette. "I wish to God that you lived in Salzhausen, my dear sir!" he exclaimed. "You look at things with an unusual eye. I enjoy your grim quiet; I admire you, and I believe you would appreciate my opera-house."

"I am assured of that already," returned Christopher, with a bow; and then offering a very businesslike air, he resumed, "But I must reluctantly bid your Highness good-night, as I have a journey before me."

"You are going to Dreiburg?" said Sigismund, inquiringly, and then nodded with a smile, as the other held silence. "I offer my apologies. I am rude, but I am naturally inquisitive." He leaned his back against the wall of the hut, with his rug over his knees between the gleaming lamps; the volume of Verlaine lay face downward on his lap. "It is *au revoir*, I hope, then?"

"That it shall be, if I can make it so," responded Christopher, politely.

"You are a strong man, Mr. Messenger," said the Margrave, airily. "I am sure it is *au revoir*." He took up his book as Christopher walked to the door.

Outside Christopher gave his final instructions to Kreiss, and was soon in the saddle and on the road to Dreiburg. The Margrave and his followers were to be released at eight o'clock in the morning, by which time it would be too late to warn von Straben of the trick, and so give him a chance of rehabilitating his plans. The surprise must be instant, signal, complete. He feared the resolution of the Grand-Duke and of the weak-kneed Council, else. As for the dead man—why, Christopher fortunately had too much to do to spare time to that lamentable corpse.

Meanwhile the Princess sat in her room at the Schloss in a state of private excitement. She was aware that this day—the 17th of May—marked a vital change in her destinies, and she waited between alarms and expectations. Lambert with his stout heart and easy manners had won her confidence; she trusted him, how entirely she was herself unconscious. His influence had impressed itself upon her, and she was thrilled with the thought that she was saving Weser-Dreiburg. She listened for the sound of wheels that should announce the arrival of Prince Karl, trembled also lest Katarina should rush in with the unwelcome news that Sigismund was come. But the time wore on and there was no news. It was now two hours since the Council had broken up, and the Prince might be expected at any moment. Xenia's agitation displayed itself in increased pallor; she was restless.

"Will not your Highness rest?" inquired Katarina.

The Princess shook her head. "I have work to do," said she, shortly. "I cannot afford to rest."

Katarina examined her slyly. "Ah," she murmured, "but if I were your Highness, surely I would not worry myself while the gallant Englishman was about. I would leave all to him."

"We have thrown a heavy burden upon him; it is others who must carry their share," exclaimed Xenia, proudly.

"I think his back is very broad, your Highness," suggested Katarina.

She watched the Princess with glittering eyes, and eager doubt shining in her face.

"You forget, mademoiselle," said Xenia. "We must not tire the willing horse. And besides, it is my pleasure."

Katarina stood considering; she was not affected by the rebuke; but the transactions in which they were all involved had started a new thought in her mind; it was not a pleasant thought, and like a stealthy, graceful animal she sprang swiftly into suspicion and into anger. The fires of a great passion smouldered and blew into little gusts of flame in her intemperate heart.

"He is a brave man, no doubt," she observed with a sigh. "Ah, he is a *preux chevalier*. I think all women must admire him, your Highness."

"It is possible," said the Princess, indulgently.

The woman who had grown to admire him with a certain tigerish and reckless affection, all the deeper for the distance at which she was held and for his manifest indifference to her, stood jealously scenting the air. It was certainly not as a *preux chevalier* she regarded him.

"Does your Highness consider him handsome?" she inquired.

"I believe he is what would be called a handsome man," returned Xenia, coldly. She observed Katarina with some distaste, which the girl, quick with her eyes, noticed.

"Ah, madam," she said, "but you will carry through this great idea. Yes, with that fine gentleman's help. You two together will do it. I trust him; I am sure of him."

The Princess colored with displeasure; her restlessness made her a little irritable.

"What I have done I have done," she said, imperiously. "I allow no one to dictate or guide my actions."

As she spoke she rose and moved magnificently towards the door. Katarina stood, wearing an air of deprecating apology, her head lowered; but underneath her black brows was an odd and gleaming look. At this moment a knock sounded at the door, and it was announced that the Grand-Duke begged to know if her Highness would see him. Presently he entered, leaning on the arm of his faithful attendant. He looked very old and very tired.

"My daughter," said he, "you are not in bed?"

"I am too restless," replied Xenia. "I cannot sleep. But your Highness should take better care of yourself."

Something in her tone struck him; he scanned her face; his head dropped. "It is not too late, child," he murmured. "The door is yet open."

"My father," said Xenia with emotion, "you will not believe me so poor-spirited a child of this house. Am I not a Geisenthurm? My word is gone forth. I will not—I have no wish to draw back."

"You are buying Weser-Dreiburg," and putting out his hand, he fondled her hair.

A noise in the court-yard, which the windows of the chamber commanded, interrupted them. Katarina pushed aside the curtains and looked out.

"It is the carriage, your Highness," she whispered, tensely.

"Which?" muttered Leopold, almost to himself.

The brougham drawn by two horses had been driven up before the door, and a man stepped out. Katarina recognized him in the faint light.

"Mr. Lambert!" she cried, from the embrasure, with exultation.

The Grand-Duke ceased stroking his daughter's head, and leaned again upon his attendant's arm. The Princess gave a little sigh; she stood motionless in the middle of the room.

Another figure, muffled and cloaked, issued from the carriage. Katarina, in the press of her curiosity, threw open the window softly. Sounds floated upward on the quiet air. An official in uniform stood upon the steps, bowing ceremoniously.

"Be seated, my child," said the Grand-Duke, moving laboriously to a chair. Xenia crossed the room with him.

Christopher's voice rang out loudly, piercing through the open window and carrying clearly to their ears.

"His Highness the Margrave of Salzhausem! Let his Highness be conducted to his apartments."

Xenia, arrested, came to a pause; a quiver crossed her features; and suddenly she dropped to her knees, and putting her head on her father's knees, burst into tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FILIPINO INSURRECTION OF 1896.

WRITTEN FROM A STUDY OF THE SPANISH ARCHIVES LEFT IN MANILA.

BY LIEUT. CARLOS GILMAN CALKINS, U. S. N.

THE morning's work of the squadron which Admiral Dewey led into Manila Bay on the 1st of May, 1898, owes much of its historic value to certain events of the two preceding years. While Spain had been fiercely accusing the United States of instigating and supporting the rebellion in Cuba, the Filipino insurrection had run its course without exciting either interest or sympathy among the American people. Even the press was contented to accept the Spanish official explanation that the Tagalo insurrection was a revival of savagery instigated by Masonry. Journals cannot afford much time for retrospective accuracy, and the events of Manila and Cavite in 1896 are still obscure to American readers, although they have a direct bearing upon questions of the hour.

The causes of the insurrection of 1896 are not far to seek; corruption and oppression in all their forms, which, endured in dumb despair for centuries, at last, under the spur of progressive ideas, became articulate. As a concession to Anglo-Saxon ideas the list of grievances may begin with crude and excessive taxation.

Nearly one-half of the revenue of the islands came from direct taxes on all persons over eighteen, soldiers and monks excepted. The *cédula personal*, which served as a passport as well as a tax receipt, cost not less than two dollars annually in advance. Add to this the forced labor imposed on each man, amounting to fifteen days, or a cash payment of three dollars in commutation, and the New-Year's claim on a man and his wife would amount to seven dollars, or more than an average laborer could gain by a month of steady toil. The rate had been raised within a few years, and the conditions had stiffened, so that the *cédula* was usually held by a landlord or money-lender, binding the peasantry to the soil, and shutting out competition.

The money raised by tariffs on imports and exports, and by lotteries, amounted to \$16,000,000 (silver) in years of peace.

Some forty per cent. of this sum went to sustain the army, and twenty per cent. to the navy. Both were largely employed in schemes of conquest in Mindanao and the Carolines. Public works and education got nothing from general taxation, and not much from local funds. The Church took about ten per cent. of the cash revenue, and had elastic privileges in the use of forced labor. Fees proportional to the resources of parishioners were exacted for all religious services of a personal nature. These ecclesiastical exactions seem to have aroused only a moderate degree of resentment. Had the parishes been held by a corps of secular priests, including a fair proportion of natives, and had their power in civil affairs been kept within bounds, the situation might have been endured.

The exceptional local organization of the Church in the Philippines had, however, created occult powers of obstruction and oppression in the religious orders. Though the Council of Trent, about the time these lands were discovered, prohibited monks and friars from becoming parish priests, the Philippine parishes are now in the hands of mendicant and monastic orders—Augustinians, Recoletans, Franciscans, and Dominicans. The Jesuits, after eighty-four years of banishment, returned in 1852 to serve only as teachers and missionaries, and they are exempt from most of the charges which make the friars hated throughout the islands. The Vatican grants this privilege to the orders on the plea that they are still engaged in missionary labors. The results seem to justify the Council of Trent. The friars have become far more worldly than the secular priests whom they exclude. They can hardly claim to observe the vow of poverty while they have liberal salaries from the state, the best houses and carriages in town, more servants and more table luxuries than the richest of their neighbors. Of the observance of the vow of chastity by the rural clergy, the less said the better. The vow of obedience relates only

to monastic superiors. The spirit of the laws and the authority of bishops are constantly set at naught. In civil affairs the parish priest, especially if a friar, is the chief local authority. He is charged with the revision of all election returns, tax rolls, and census reports.

Times are changing, but men still living remember and would recall the days when no order from any authority could be executed by a native magistrate without reference to the local friar, who would secure the modification of the order by the government at Manila through the intervention of his provincial superior—a method destroying responsibility and efficiency, and involving endless delays and intrigues. In 1896, and again in 1897, these influences were strong enough to expel from the highest post in the Philippines Spain's most distinguished generals.

The interference of the clergy with the common schools was incessant. Both as administrator and as inquisitor the friar held the poor schoolmaster at his mercy. The teachers were ill paid; they had to provide school-rooms at nominal rent; the classes were too large for any real instruction, even in the Spanish language. Worst of all, the teachers were cut off from books and from all means of culture. Naturally they were foremost in rebellion, and after it no schoolmaster in Cavite Province was restored to his classes up to 1898. The normal school and the high-school were conducted by the Jesuit fathers, and many educated natives are much attached to them. The university was in the hands of the Dominicans, who opposed state control and the appointment of lay professors, citing the example of the University of Havana, where most professors and students had been tainted with liberalism or involved in rebellion.

"Who but the friar," says a wavering liberal, "could make the natives reverence the name of Spain as they do the name of God?" The monks cite history to show that they have assisted by force and guile in suppressing all reform movements and in opposing all foreign enterprises among the Philippines. When the Americans were approaching, they were assailed by the Dominican monk who is now Archbishop of Manila as "a heterodox people inspired by all the base passions which heresy engenders." The

Governor-General took up the same tune, borrowing his coarsest epithets from religious tracts. The monks have violently resisted the invasion of industrial enterprise and foreign capital. While a dread of foreign ideas may be recognized as a strong motive, the chief grounds of hostility are associated with personal and financial interests. Parish priests might lose their absolute local supremacy, and the plantations of the religious orders might be less profitable, if rivals paying higher wages and using better machinery invaded their provinces. The fact that the friars alone succeed in making agriculture profitable on a large scale is held to sanction their monopoly of influence and opportunity. The native planter can get no water for his fields, and the foreigner is shut out altogether by these omnipotent influences. No accounts are published showing the extent of the estates held by the religious orders, but there were three vast haciendas within sight of Cavite, and the American troops landed and encamped on another great tract close to Manila. This sordid alliance of religion and property greatly affected the social conditions of the Philippines.

The military forces of the archipelago, which, before rebellion began, included an army of 13,000 and a navy of 2500 sailors, manning a fleet of ten cruisers and a score of gunboats, were recruited from the natives by lax but unpopular methods of conscription. A regiment of natives, with its establishment of Spanish officers and sergeants, cost only \$60 gold per man for annual maintenance. For the climate, no troops could be more generally efficient, especially against piratical or savage tribes in remote islands or inland forests. Insurrection sapped the discipline of most regiments, but much hard fighting was done by native soldiers during the rebellion, and many endured to the end, surrendering to the Americans in 1898. The Civil Guard, or constabulary, was generally loyal to the verge of desperation in opposing their countrymen.

The direct cause of the rebellion was not excessive taxation, priestcraft, industrial dissent, or military conscription, but all of these working through what Spanish writers call *politiquismo*, and describe as the root of all evil in the colonies. *Politiquismo* is political discussion with a view to reform, and demands for political and personal liberties. Before

Magellan reached the Pacific, the Tagalos had laws, letters, and foreign commerce; for three hundred years they have practised forms of religion established by Philip II., and have been as good Christians as can be produced by compulsion. The Tagalo language is spoken by some millions of the most active and progressive inhabitants, and is fit for modern uses, both in literature and business. Spanish is not understood by one-tenth of the civilized natives.* The slow progress of education, however, and the admission of natives to academic standing as advocates and doctors, or even as notaries, pharmacists, and schoolmasters, let in some light from the modern world. Many of the reforms demanded were covered by liberal laws enacted in Spain, but annulled in the colonies by legal exception or by clerical influence.

The first to speak out were Filipinos studying in Spanish universities. In Manila, the censorship excludes all life and character from the press, but in Spain there is occasional liberty. *La Solidaridad*, a journal printed in Barcelona, and afterwards removed to Madrid, was able to discuss colonial reform for some years before there was any response in the archipelago. *La Solidaridad* demanded only moderate and vague reforms, but its editors were never forgiven by those whose privileges they threatened. Death was the reward awaiting them on their return to their native land. They asked for liberty of the press, and liberty of

public meeting—"for all the liberties of perdition," says a clerical enemy.

Failing to secure these, they fell back on secret methods. Having become Masons in Spain, they eagerly formed Masonic lodges in Manila. Their history is preserved only by those writers who find in Masonry the key of all iniquities. There is even an awful tale of a female lodge in operation in Manila. Doubtless these lodges were more or less given to political intrigue, as in other countries where Masonry is under the ban of authority and religion, but they had no definite political programme. In 1892, rich and intellectual natives returning from Spain organized the Liga Filipina, to promote educational and industrial progress with a view to national regeneration and ultimate liberation. This association did not long survive repressive measures, and its influence was captured by a rival, the Katipunan, which was conducted by the ignorant and obscure for the same avowed purposes as the Liga Filipina. Its crude ritual enforced the drawing of blood from the arm for use in signing the rolls. This pledge of brotherhood is based on notions current throughout the primitive world. Magellan and Legaspi had mingled blood and wine to drink pledges of alliance with Filipino chiefs and tribes. The Japanese drop blood into the seal of sacred pledges. Between these rites lay the form of the Katipunan, which has been denounced as cannibalistic by every Spanish chronicler. Thousands have been imprisoned and hundreds shot because their arms bore the scar of initiation.

The growth of the Katipunan order was rapid. Tens of thousands were added to its rolls during the three years preceding the outbreak. The Filipinos derived from inheritance and from education a susceptibility to hypnotic suggestion. Enthusiasm for the unknown made these secret leagues formidable. Certain leaders were supposed to be invulnerable by reason of charms which they wore.

The Katipunan thrived chiefly among the Tagalos inhabiting the southwestern provinces of Luzon. A larger field might have been covered had time been granted by that branch of the "Department of Grace and Justice" devoted to suspicion and denunciation. Many tasks of charity and reconciliation invited the mediation of the religious orders and the

* It is much the fashion to abuse mestizos, or mixed races, especially certain families established in Manila for generations who are known to have traces of Spanish or Chinese blood in their genealogies. These strains often confer advantages in affairs and in education, and social recognition attends wealth and culture. Intermarriages have so confounded marks of race that many mestizos resemble other Filipinos. Some few are distinctly white, but most are yellow or brown, according to employment and exposure. The attempt to separate mestizos from other natives by political privilege, although resented by both classes, was characteristic of the anti-national colonial policy of Spain. Vanity, partly due to ill-defined social position, seems the prevailing vice of the mestizos. Wealth and professional ability admit many mestizos to Spanish official society, and even to titles and decorations, but they are generally excluded from public service. One of them has recently demanded a Spanish dukedom in reward for political services of very transient importance. For obvious reasons connected with social morality few half-breeds are ordained to the priesthood. The Church has always resisted a tendency which might turn the clergy into a hereditary caste.

hierarchy of the Philippines, but they preferred to use their ecclesiastical and political powers, as well as all the knowledge gained through domestic relations, for the detection or invention of plots. In 1895 the Archbishop had delivered violent allocutions against reform, and had sent in lists and documents denouncing some of the most prominent Filipino families. Fortunately most of his victims had escaped to Hong-kong or Yokohama. His example was followed by several parish priests working in connection with the detective force of the Civil Guard. In spite of the humane intentions of General Blanco, then Governor-General of the Philippines, he was forced to banish no less than four hundred men to outlying islands before the revolt began in Luzon. This action failed to satisfy either party, and plots and panics abounded throughout the summer of 1896.

In August the champion of denunciation, the chief of clerical detectives, came forward, Fray Mariano Gil, of the Augustinian order, parish priest of a huge domed church at Tondo, a northern suburb of Manila. A native was led to make avowals which enabled this friar to discover certain articles which might pass for "concrete proofs" in the curious legal system of the Latin races. One of them was a stamp used in receipting for monthly dues of members in a lodge of the Katipunan. Incriminating documents and lists were taken from the same locker in the office of the *Diario de Manila*, the oldest journal in the islands. Fortified with these, the police hurried to make arrests, and the period of panic began on August 20. This amateur detective was hailed as a savior to society, and his services were compared with those of Father Urdaneta, the Augustinian who piloted the expedition for the conquest and conversion of the archipelago in 1564.

The desperate activity of the police soon crammed every prison in Manila, and showed every member of the lodges that his life was in danger. A tumultuous meeting of the Katipunan was followed by an aimless outbreak in the suburbs. An unarmed throng hurried about at random, and they are said to have plundered and murdered several Chinese traders. The pumping-station of the city water-works was seized, but was soon evacuated without injury, the mob yielding to humanitarian arguments. The

garrison of Spanish and native troops and the crews of men-of-war were stationed to defend the city. The Spanish community was soon overwhelmed with abject panic, which manifested itself in noisy demonstrations of loyalty and desperate measures of repressive cruelty.

Neither life nor reputation was safe. General Blanco's removal from his country palace to the walled city was attributed to cowardice, but the veteran's chief offences were patience, humanity, and regard for law. A deputation of aggressive loyalists was turned away from the palace, but it was welcomed by the Archbishop, and then led out to glorify the priest of Tondo. The clergy could not be silenced, nor the women pacified, nor could the undisciplined zeal of the Spanish populace enrolled as volunteers be kept within the bounds of law.

Women were the agents in the next revelation. The provincial governor of Cavite, a colonel in the army, being absent from his capital, left his wife in command. After extorting a tale of horror from a native woman serving in her household, she sent for the chief of police and gave him a list of men to be arrested. On September 2 they were thrust into prison. The court martial lacked training, and the victims were not ready for ten days. There were thirteen in the selected group, that number being preferred, "in honor of Christ and his twelve apostles," so Las Casas explains this Spanish practice. Two companies of volunteers were allowed to cross from Manila to witness the spectacle. The helpless band kneeling before the firing-party contained two millionaires, the village doctor, lawyer, schoolmaster, and a few minor officials. When the volley tossed them into weltering heaps, the native community of Cavite town had been beheaded.

The American public is aware that Cavite and its arsenal occupy a maritime position which can be enveloped by men-of-war. Cruisers and gunboats surrounded it in 1896, as their wrecks did in 1898, and no place could be less fit for organized insurrection; but it was a convenient place for the slaughter of prisoners. Three months later reports of another plot were flashed to Madrid. A desperate band of unarmed prisoners broke jail and dashed through the streets. Every Spaniard in town took a hand in the

game, and in half an hour 112 corpses were counted. Twenty-three victims waited overnight for execution; twelve men escaped.

The first serious skirmish of the Insurrection near Manila took place on August 30, when ninety-five rebels perished, forty-two of them being shot after surrender, because critical observers thought them desperately eager to escape. There were three Spaniards killed, and about fifteen wounded. This is not an unusual proportion, since the Filipinos lacked firearms, and the Spaniards were furious for revenge.

In describing Spanish methods of repression, and detailing the effects of pious denunciation, our sources of information must be Spanish narratives written by official hands and fortified by documents. The Filipinos have not yet written their history, but there is little occasion to inquire further for horrors.

On August 30 Blanco had to proclaim martial law throughout the Tagalo provinces. He was also forced, much against his will, to accept the services of volunteers, including all able-bodied Spaniards. Magistrates hurried to join their companies. Courts were closed, and civil law was extinguished. The lives of some two million people lay at the mercy of courts martial—of summary courts martial, since *sumarísimo* is the watchword of Spanish military justice.

The principal document cited in justification of these extraordinary measures is a proclamation attributed to the chiefs of the Katipunan, of which the essential clause is as follows: "When the signal H. 2. Sep. is given, each brother will perform the duty imposed by this grand lodge, murdering all Spaniards, their women and children, without consideration for kindred, friendship, or gratitude." Other savage directions follow, but they were never carried into execution.

The document may be, in some degree, authentic. It may have been drawn by some native agitator, and even adopted by some lodge of the Katipunan, but we cannot accept the assertion that Rizal and other intellectual martyrs were responsible for this atrocious jargon. There is a recurrent legend that plots have been formed "to kill all Spaniards, each servant slaying his master." This was the charge against the native priests shot in 1872, and the rumor was revived on De-

cember 15, 1898, substituting Americans for Spaniards.

The Katipunan had chosen a "Council of Ministers." The president was Andres Bonifacio, a porter in the warehouse of a German firm of Manila—ignorant, restless, and addicted to rhetoric. His associates were equally obscure, and it seemed evident to the Spaniards that these men were mere *masques* behind which the natural leaders were screening themselves. Capitalists and members of the professions were hurried into the prisons.

None of these were immediate victims. In Blanco's time only two batches of unimportant rebels were shot in Manila. Other prisoners perished, however. Spanish chroniclers relate that "some fifty-odd" died overnight in the "asphyxiating dungeons" of Fort Santiago at this season. The details of this Black Hole of Manila may be mercifully omitted. The inquisitorial system of military justice requires strict *incomunicacion* for the "necessary diligences" in the manufacture of evidence. This was secured in the thronged prison of Bilibid by attaching five prisoners by the foot, starwise, around each pillar, with a sentry ready to shoot the first man attempting to speak. The jail-bird historian seems to rejoice in enumerating men of position and education confined in this fashion.

The leading men of every town in the province were warned that they were marked for arrest as members of the Katipunan. They promptly took the offensive and raised the province, killing the Spanish officers of the Civil Guard when they attempted to make arrests or to disturb public meetings. The first serious operation was the storming of the Casa Hacienda of the Recoletans* at Imus. A number of civil guards, friars, and lay brothers were slain, and the leases and title-deeds of the estate were burned by the invading mob. Other friars and the families of Spanish officers were held until the province was recaptured in April, 1897. The fact that they survived disposes of many charges of cruelty on the part of the insurgents—charges which

* Two immense estates belonging to the Dominican and Recoletan orders occupy choice positions in the province of Cavite, and are equipped with irrigation canals, enabling each to produce crops to the annual value of \$300,000. Rack-renting is charged against these corporations, and agrarian discontent and brigandage have always abounded near their estates.

are still granted circulation in American journals. About a score of Spaniards perished in the riots and skirmishes of Cavite Province at the beginning of September.

The native attack on San Isidro, capital of the central province of Nueva Ecija, shows how ruthless arrests drove the natives to a futile and desperate outbreak, and how Spain punishes a conquered community. On September 1 eleven leading Filipinos were arrested on "vehement suspicion." The next day a ragged regiment was gathered from outlying towns to attempt a rescue. With bands playing they awakened San Isidro at the sacred hour of the siesta. The police station, held by a dozen native civil guards, was the object of their attack and the refuge of the Spanish official colony during a siege of twenty-three hours. The rebels soon fell to plundering, and they maltreated a Filipino notary and his family. Captain Machorro was shot while attempting a sortie.

A telegram to General Blanco brought relief in the shape of a company of native regulars from Manila. Landing from steamers, they soon cleared the town of armed rebels. In the man-hunt which followed, a score of leading natives perished. The list names planters, proctors, magistrates, a schoolmaster, a millionaire, a dramatic poet—the "insolent" translator of *Renan* into Tagalo—a "ridiculous cyclist," and other notables. The unnamed victims make an aggregate sacrifice of three hundred lives. "Not all their lives nor all their goods would pay for one tear shed by the unhappy sister of Captain Machorro," writes a sentimental savage, who bore a part in these works of panic and revenge. This indiscriminate slaughter spared no witnesses to reveal the secrets of the local branch of the Katipunan. Some of the victims fell in the abortive assault on the jail, but the execution of well-guarded prisoners without trial discloses the revengeful passion of the Spaniards.

Llanera, the incapable plunderer who led the attack, has received hard treatment from Spanish writers. They bitterly describe him as "the reverse of the medal of which Emilio Aguinaldo is the face." Yet this reproach of rebellion in 1896 was honored as an instigator of revolt against Aguinaldo's government at the close of 1898.

General Blanco was reproached for untimely generosity as a "mixture of magnanimity and weakness." Yet he still tried to check panic and violence, and proclaimed the "policy of attraction" in the midst of alarms. He had hesitated to organize volunteers, but he was forced to accept their services and to grant them his favor. He tried in vain to limit their violence by directing that arrests should be made only by the civil guards or other troops detailed as police. The volunteers had enjoyed, and soon regained, the privilege of arresting enemies or rivals on charges unsupported by evidence, a practice which Blanco found "sterile and vexatious." A company of rich natives and mestizos offered its services, but it was soon broken up, and the members imprisoned by their Spanish comrades.

The estates of rebels and suspects were embargoed, and the rents seized by the government. Here Blanco again encountered the wrath of the ultra-Spanish element, who demanded complete confiscation, declaring that the Filipinos were not covered by the guarantees of the constitution of Spain. Suspicion was ready to pounce upon the richest estates, and legal scruples were out of date. All the work of a liberal generation was in vain. Spain had undertaken the assimilation of her colonies, but her criminal and civil codes were enacted only to be annulled by occult influences and military despotism. The Filipino was now openly warned that he had no rights exempt from the verdict of a summary court martial. The nullification of law was accompanied by insubordination in all departments. Blanco was abused and threatened and warned to resign in favor of General Polavieja, who was then on his way to the islands.

Re-enforcements had been started as soon as the revolt was reported, and 25,000 men left Spain for Manila between September 1 and the end of the year. This amazing effort on the part of Spain exalted the spirit of patriotism and aroused passions which Blanco could not withstand. The regiments, reaching Manila in October, were received with savage enthusiasm. On October 14 their officers were entertained at a banquet, and instructed by torrents of eloquence from men of legal, ecclesiastical, and literary eminence. Don Rafael Comenge, president of the Casino Es-

pañol, a high official of the Department of Justice, an eager volunteer in 1896, and an early refugee in April, 1898, exploded as follows: "You are just in time. The cannibals are still in the woods; the wild beasts are hiding in their lairs; the hour has come to exterminate the savages; ferocious animals must be killed; noxious herbs must be rooted out. . . . Show no mercy! Destroy! Kill! Grant no pardon, because that prerogative belongs to the King, and not to the army. . . . Admit no overtures of peace in the face of this treason." All this, punctuated by wild applause, and echoed by succeeding speakers, the reverend detective of Tondo among them, left small hope for the "policy of attraction."

The value of this enthusiasm in preparing troops for battle was soon brought to a test. Blanco was forced to fight in defence of his military honor, and to prevent open mutiny. Establishing his headquarters on the sandy isthmus connecting the peninsula of Cavite with the mainland, he planned to attack the rebel capital established at the untidy fishing village known as Cavite Viejo. Two columns were formed; one of them to advance by the causeway, attacking the intrenchments at Noveleta, near the landward end of the isthmus. The other was to land a few miles to the eastward, opposite the arsenal. Both columns were then to envelop Cavite Viejo and carry its intrenchments by storm after due bombardment by batteries near the arsenal and the guns of the naval squadron. Every step of the advance could be covered by the fire of gunboats and armed launches. But the navy seemed hopelessly inefficient. Thus the attempt to land on November 8 failed miserably because the tide was miscalculated, and the boats laden with troops lay aground in the mud within range of the rebel trenches. Lack of ammunition restrained the insurgents from firing, and the boats finally escaped. The next day they landed 1600 men, who attacked the tower of Binacayan, and carried it with heavy loss before nightfall. They burned 400 good houses, gathered much useless plunder, and waited during the darkness, listening to rebel bands of music and the clamor of hordes gathering for the fray. Setting out at dawn, the Spaniards soon encountered a heavy fire from "Mausers, Remingtons, shot-guns, and parlor rifles."

The air was full of "balls, explosive bullets, and arrows," and every officer in the column was soon killed or wounded. The troops fled to the redoubt taken overnight and awaited the assistance of the fleet.

The same scene had been enacted the day before at Noveleta. The column was checked by a trench across the causeway, and halted under heavy fire. The rebels swarmed through the mangrove thicket, and the bolos, or machetes, were soon slashing among the ranks. A hundred Spaniards fell there, and as many more during the retreat. In the rout of these two columns Blanco had lost about 500 men killed and wounded.

There were few rifles and no modern artillery in the insurgent trenches. They had water-pipe guns built up with wooden staves and bound with iron hoops. These were charged with scrap-iron and bits of telegraph wire. The masses of natives, armed only with lances and bolos, could not have faced the Spanish volleys and held their blood-stained villages had they not given months of labor to the task of fortification by driving stakes and plaiting bamboos to retain thick parapets of earth, which obstructed approach and arrested Spanish bullets. But without resolute leadership all these devices must have been useless. Had the insurgent rabble found a general? The stragglers told of a certain "Capitan Emilio," calling himself "Generalissimo," and Blanco knew that his rival was a young Filipino, an *Indio puro*, under thirty years of age. He was born in the town which he was defending, and there he had served the Spanish government as municipal captain, like his father before him. To be defeated by the young Aguinaldo in the last battle of a long career of military glory was a hard fate for Ramon Blanco, Marques de Peña Plata.

But foes of his own household rejoiced in the Governor-General's defeat, and plotted to complete his overthrow. It was an open secret that Blanco had written to Madrid urging compliance with the demands of the Filipinos and the expulsion of the friars from the parish churches. Against the fierce clamor of the clergy the old general was obstinate but helpless. He would not resign his command, even when his authority was defied in the capital. In December, General Polavieja landed in Manila, already designated by his rank and political opinions as the ris-

ing sun of repression and reaction. At last, on December 9, a direct cablegram from the Queen named Blanco as chief of her military household, and recalled him to Madrid. The veteran embarked for Spain, leaving behind him, for the shrine of the Virgin of Antipolo, the sword of honor presented him for victories in Mindanao in 1895. The English colony gave him a farewell banquet, but all Spanish loyalty was now prostrate at the feet of General Polavieja, the apostle of extermination and reconcentration. Blanco was too dull to inspire reform and too slack to direct progress, but it was not because Blanco was sluggish and unscrupulous that he fell. Had he been fit for these high tasks he must still have failed in the Philippines, as he failed afterward in Cuba. Spain's colonial policy could not be carried on by men who strove to be simple and loyal, hopeful and humane.

General Polavieja is a type of that irresponsible militarism which has kept Spain in confusion for the last century. Wielding a pen as keen and ready as his steel sword, and suffering neither principles nor illusions to obstruct the flow of his eloquence, he had long been warning Spanish ministries that Cuba was a hopeless problem. When holding high command in that unhappy island his repressive policy was, therefore, alike hopeless and inhuman. He had attributed the fatal decline of Spanish authority in Cuba to the crafty commercial policy of the United States. Since such influences were unfelt in the Far East, he may have sincerely hoped to hold the Philippines by violence.

His inaugural address to the Filipinos charged base ingratitude, threatened the "rigor of the law," and refused all programmes of government or promises of reform. The army was instructed that "offences must be washed out in blood." The next order enforced concentration after Weyler's fashion. No village could be inhabited if it lay more than a mile from the parish church, and all scattered dwellings had to be abandoned. This measure was to be executed by the municipal captains in concert with the reverend parish priests.

Though Blanco had released many prisoners, banished some hundreds, and shot a few, the prisons were still thronged. Polavieja was anxious to clear them. On

the 14th, 15th, and 17th of December public executions were ordered, and fifteen men were shot or garroted. But the process was too slow, and a new decree for the promotion of "moral peace" was published on Christmas day.

Extracts from the preamble must be cited: "While public feeling requires repose after months of disturbance, this cannot be restored while attention is drawn to the sad and horrible spectacle of constant executions of the death-penalty. . . . Hundreds of accused persons are now huddled in quarters defective in safety and in hygiene, and the public health is endangered thereby, as well as the efficacy of measures which demand rigid solitary confinement and close custody. . . . Officers on duty in Manila are overcharged with painful and incessant labor, and there is inevitable delay in trial and sentence in most important cases." This graphic description of a reign of terror serves to introduce simple and Spanish measures of relief. Local military chiefs are directed to appoint prosecutors, who may arrest all suspects and may require the aid of any agent of authority. Courts martial will then convene, and sentences will be duly executed wherever the prisoners may happen to be confined. It appears that numerous executions took place within the walls of the prisons during the whole of 1897, thus avoiding the disturbance of public opinion.

That such a conspiracy existed for beheading the Filipino people is demonstrated by the fate of Dr. Rizal—a man of science, who was a native of Laguna Province. The family history acknowledged a slight mixture of Chinese blood and some moderate degree of wealth. After passing through the college and university of Manila, José Rizal went to Europe to complete his medical education. He won the degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Philosophy from Spanish and German universities, acquiring a knowledge of several languages, and such proficiency as an oculist that he was made first assistant in the office of a world-famous specialist in Vienna.

His cosmopolitan culture and his restless ambition seemed to concentrate themselves in the effort to inaugurate national feeling and the modern spirit in the benighted land of his birth. In 1888 he published, in Germany, a novel called *Noli me Tangere*, dealing with Filipino

problems. The work is rare in Manila, as its possession was for years accounted a crime, but from extracts one recognizes the ideas of Rousseau and the voice of Châteaubriand. This was followed by another book, and by swarms of articles in the journals established in Spain for the discussion of Philippine politics. Education and industrial development were his immediate ends; national life his ideal for the remote future. To further these views he established the *Liga Filipina* when he came to Manila in 1892. For the formation of this secret society he was promptly banished to Dapitan, in Mindanao, where he remained under close military surveillance until 1896. To this remote region patients came from many Eastern countries, and he also occupied himself with agricultural experiments. It is charged that he corresponded with conspirators during his exile. It is admitted that he refused to countenance the crude plots of the Katipunan, and such prudence was regarded as an aggravation of his offence when he came to be tried for rebellion. Politically he was an opportunist, though the Spaniards have tried to brand him as an assassin.

At the first rumor of insurrection the Spanish community of Manila began to demand his head—the expression is textual. Rizal realized his danger, and begged to be sent to Cuba to serve in the military hospitals, and General Blanco brought him to Manila to be forwarded to that destination. While confined on board the cruiser *Castilla*, the September panic caused eager demands from the volunteers and the friars for his immediate execution. Although the government was able to start him on his voyage, he was arrested and sent back from the first Spanish port. Arriving in Manila November 3, he spent his last weeks in Fort Santiago listening to the cannon thundering from Cavite and the sinister crackle of volleys of execution. In December Blanco was dismissed, and Rizal knew that his fate was sealed.

A court martial convened on December 26 to try him on charges of rebellion, sedition, and unlawful association. The prosecution opened with a "brilliant accusation," charging Rizal with agitation for independence, with hostility to Spain since his nineteenth year. He had written "depreciative phrases" concerning authorities and the Church in his early

novels. All his journeys and studies abroad were said to have been devoted to propagating filibusterism through Masonry. The fact that he had opposed premature action was a capital charge against him. The final emotional appeal for blood recited actual or fictitious atrocities, and demanded vengeance on Rizal as their author, as the originator of the Philippine insurrection. Rizal's writings, all printed abroad between 1888 and 1892, were the main testimony produced. Affidavits procured from men in solitary confinement by threats or torture were also read in court. Brief speeches from an officer detailed to act as counsel for the defence and from the prisoner closed the trial, and Rizal was sentenced to die at dawn on December 30.

The victim's last night in prison revealed the versatility and vivacity of his temperament. He wrote a long and graceful poem; he was married to Miss Josephine Bracken, who had shared his exile in Mindanao; finally he was induced, by certain Jesuit fathers who had been his teachers and friends, to make confession and to abjure Masonry, in order to obtain the last sacraments of the Church. In the early morning he was led out to the fatal field of Bagumbayan, where the carriages wheel near the bandstand, and there, refusing to kneel, he was shot to death as a traitor.

Every statement made hitherto can be sustained by Spanish authority, but we are compelled to use Filipino reports in regard to the manufacture of evidence by torture. Casual admissions of the use of torture appear in Spanish narratives, but for detailed proofs we must examine a series of affidavits printed in Manila after the American occupation. Scores of victims recite ghastly stories giving the dates of their imprisonment and their present addresses. The tricing-up process, the use of tightened cords, and burning the soles of the feet are old methods found useful by the Inquisition. Scourging with rattans was locally convenient, and the application of electricity is a modern improvement. Some of the witnesses who survive to show their scars are men of education. The Filipino is not troubled with nerves, but there are limits to human endurance, and many gave way and wrote or signed the denunciations dictated by their persecutors, consigning innocent men to a shameful death. No atro-

city due to savage instinct compares in wickedness with these deliberate crimes.

Another court met on December 29 to try a group of prisoners from Albay and Camarines. These men had been chained in the same dungeon with leading natives of Vigan. Separated by the whole length of Luzon, born more than three hundred miles apart, and speaking different languages, they were united in purpose as well as in suffering. The southern group contained three native priests, a lawyer, a notary, and various clerks and minor officials. Twelve of them were promptly condemned to death.

The order of the day of December 30 convened another court of generals and colonels for the trial of seventeen prisoners of importance, including one or two millionaires and also some exhausted informers whose testimony had already done its deadly work. The records of this court are not accessible, but its victims were buried two years ago. Among them was Señor Francisco Roxas, who with his brother Pedro was carrying on many active industrial enterprises. Plantations, steamers, oil-mills, and breweries gave them fortune and social and official standing. Both were honorary counselors, knights of Spanish orders, and both had friends at court. The Conservative leader, Romero Robledo, testified to their loyalty in the Cortes at Madrid. But great possessions were involved, and they soon knew that their lives were in danger. "Perico" escaped to Paris, but "Quicoy"—nicknames prove social standing in Manila—was duly shot, and his property is still entangled in the meshes of Spanish law and official corruption. This man seems to have been a liberal, but hardly a politician, and in no sense a revolutionist.

The rebel camp meanwhile presents a striking contrast to the panic-stricken and blood-stained capital. A schoolgirl who has escaped from the normal school at Manila to her home at Cavite writes back urging a friend to send along all her clothes, and gossiping at length and at random about the insurgent stronghold. Nothing was changed in the village since vacation; only there was a battery at the corner. Religion is not relaxed; more fervor than ever; even the men go to mass by hundreds. Captives abound, Spanish soldiers and priests; one friar had to bless the Filipino banner. But they

are kindly treated, not abused like native prisoners in Manila. There are boy volunteers who drill at night—a pretty spectacle by moonlight. There is a court martial, like the Tribunal of the Inquisition, to put down everything evil. No foreigners are there to help; only natives bear arms, and the Lord teaches them how to fight. There is a regular government with ambassadors abroad. Cannon and powder are manufactured; other arms are captured, sabres of colonels and majors, as well as Mauser rifles. And please do have all her clothes sent out.

Her messenger was better supplied with information, and he was forced to tell all that he knew, if not more. He had twice passed through the lines, once to rescue a fighting-cock and again with the girl's letter. He told of trenches in every village, of home-made cannon, of troops armed with lances and bolos, with bows and arrows. But there were a few hundred rifles, and the province was ready for battle. This was the state of the revolution at the end of October.

Much is told of a certain Capitan Emilio, who somehow has come to be called *Generalísimo*. The messenger had seen and talked with him, finding him "sound of body, easy of approach, attentive, and affable." When a native priest was hurt by a stray rebel bullet, he came to ask pardon from the dying man. The new leader was indignant at the desertion of Andres Bonifacio, nominal President and chief promoter of the rebellion. The shallow pretender and the natural leader were already in opposition. A puerile affectation leads most Spanish writers to omit the names of all rebel chiefs, and to endeavor to mask the personality of Emilio Aguinaldo. But the facts of his brief and unromantic career are all accessible. He was born at Cavite Viejo in 1869, the son of a native captain who had long served as mayor and collector of taxes, and had once been arrested for political offences. The youth had been a backward student at a clerical college in Manila, and had failed to qualify for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He is said to speak Spanish fairly well, but it is evident from his letters that he still thinks in Tagalo. He studied English during his brief exile, but did not acquire fluency in that tough language. Probably he had read little, even in Spanish. He is a slight, erect figure of medium height, with a brown

complexion scarred by small-pox. Gravity and simplicity are the characteristics of his inexpressive Oriental countenance.

His career contains a reasonable number of contradictions. Thus his first act in connection with the revolution was to rebuke and threaten the rebel leaders in the next town for the cruel slaughter of the natives loyal to Spain. The next day he compelled the men of several sluggish villages to rally for the storming of the convent and hacienda at Imus. He levied taxes and paid his way as far as possible, so that current prices remained unchanged in the rebel provinces. He restrained plunderers and repressed cruelty with a strong hand. His popularity was largely due to the fact that he was simple in his manner and always accessible. He took his place in the foremost rank in the contests of 1896 and 1897, and saw his brother slain when Lachambre's division stormed Imus. Since his return in 1898 he has not been under fire, his staff restraining him from risking a life invaluable to the cause. While the brief record of his public life seems to show that he was moderate, simple, and humane in the midst of revolution, there is much in his career that puzzles the observer—more, perhaps, that puzzles Aguinaldo himself. Does he owe his great power to the fact that he is the representative of his race, or to his personal qualities? Up to May, 1898, his personality seemed the chief factor. Since then he has been swept along in the tide of revolution, owning himself astonished at the mighty impulse which rallied his countrymen.

The first authentic proclamation of the revolutionary government was issued by Aguinaldo from Cavite Viejo on October 31, 1896. After some pages of turgid rhetoric repelling the charge of ingratitude toward Spain and denouncing the "shallow and treacherous civilization" which she had introduced, he summons the people to support a republican government "like that of the United States of America," based on the "strictest principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity." Filipino writers long fancied that this formula was attached to the American Constitution. The revolutionary government was to include a President, a Congress, and an army of 30,000 men.

Another paper of the same date denounced the Spanish troops for the slaughter of women and children after

storming the village of Nagsubu, and while the non-combatant population were hearing mass. The parallel Spanish narrative claiming a glorious victory, with a loss of two killed, and reporting the enemy's loss at 124 slain, by actual count of corpses, seems to support Aguinaldo's story.

When Polavieja found that his executions failed to put an end to the panic in Manila, he issued a new proclamation of amnesty on January 11, 1897. The rank and file of Masonry and rebellion might secure pardon by surrendering within ten days. Leaders had to deliver the arms of their commands or become informers against their comrades, and they were still liable to all penalties except death. But the proclamation is virtually annulled by its exceptions. Five categories exclude promoters, deserters, rebels guilty of arson or pillage, and founders, "venerables," or principals of lodges affiliated with Masonry or the Katipunan.

During the winter months General Polavieja seems to have been engaged in negotiations with rebels and representations to the home government. Unpublished testimony shows that even Polavieja was not inaccessible to the logic of events. He placed two propositions before the Queen's government: the first, compromise and reforms, including the expulsion of the friars; the second, twenty more battalions, since no less than 45,000 men were required to carry out the policy of extermination. The influences which had ruined Blanco were also too much for Polavieja, and the Spanish cabinet found a third solution by forcing the general to resign in the midst of a victorious campaign.

The army recovered its activity during the month of February, and began the work of clearing the rebels out of Cavite Province. It was a plain question of fighting. The enemy's positions lay within a day's march of the headquarters at Parañaque. Their chief strongholds could be reached in an hour from the arsenal at Cavite, and were exposed to the fire of the rifled guns of every vessel in the fleet. The Filipinos claim that under these conditions 400 men armed with rifles and some thousands carrying bolos or pikes held Cavite Province for months against General Polavieja and his army corps and Admiral Montojo and his squadron. Doubtless they had more

rifles before the campaign was over. When Aguinaldo had been asked where he hoped to get arms for the insurrection, he replied that he would "take them from the Spaniards," nor did he fail to make good his solitary epigram.

After a sharp struggle the Spanish captured Silang on February 19 and Dasmarinas on the 24th, the church and convent having been shelled at sixty yards range. Next in command to Aguinaldo in these battles was the insurgent general Estrella, late a lieutenant in the Civil Guard. General Lachambre set out with a division for the assault of Imus. The cruiser *Reina Cristina* bombarded with excellent effect, considering that the target was invisible, that the range was 11,000 metres, and that shells can do little hurt to palm-leaf huts. After the bombardment the trenches had to be stormed, and the Spanish loss was heavy. By April 1 their flag had been advanced to Noveleta and to Cavite Viejo, which had been battered by heavy guns for months. The last stronghold to be stormed was San Francisco de Malabon. Here the resistance was obstinate, and the Spanish forces had 125 killed and wounded, the rebels leaving 400 dead on the field—the usual number reported. Their flight toward the hills was not closely or vigorously pursued. Here Aguinaldo was present, and also Bonifacio, the phantom President, with his cabinet. The brother of Rizal and his English widow were also within the lines. All these notables escaped.

The President, Bonifacio, is said to have been put to death by Aguinaldo as a rival; but the authentic testimony shows that, having been wounded in a skirmish, he was carried many miles in a hammock until the pursuit became pressing and dangerous. Aguinaldo was urged to hurry, but he refused to abandon his comrade, although capture would involve the slaughter of the whole party. An impatient and unscrupulous lieutenant relieved the strain by shooting Bonifacio.

Much brisk work went on in the province of Bulacan and in regions farther northward. Altogether it would seem that General Polavieja's star was setting under favorable auspices when he was recalled to Spain, on April 15, "for reasons of health."

General Polavieja had reigned 122 days; during that time he had lost 300

soldiers killed and 1300 wounded. He had carried fire and sword through Cavite Province, and the ministry may have fancied that his demand for twenty impossible battalions was meant only to enforce the granting of reforms as an easier alternative. Perhaps we should credit Polavieja with a sincere desire to be thorough in the policy of extermination.

The title of Pacificator of the Philippines was to fall to the lot of the new Governor-General, Primo de Rivera, Marques de Estella. (Blanco and Polavieja, and even Weyler, were also marquesses.) Primo de Rivera had borne a profitable but unsoldierly part in upsetting the republic in Spain, and he had previously so administered the Philippines as to gild his title by unlawful gains. He was almost effusive in his offers of amnesty, summoning all rebels to place themselves at his disposition to receive pardon, partial or complete, according to their categories. Then the rebellion would be over; "only the memory of its aberrations and infamies would abide." This proclamation of May 17, 1897, declared that nothing was left of the rebel hosts except a few bands wandering "without shelter and without repose," soon to be converted into ordinary brigands, or *tulisanes*. This phrase has a sinister suggestion, inviting officials to treat all rebels as outlaws, offers of amnesty notwithstanding. We are assured that hundreds perished thereafter under the rule of this prevaricating pacification.

This proclamation was at fault in its history as well as in its prophecy. The rebellion still had an organized force and an inflexible leader already safe in a stronghold of the mountains. While the Spanish troops were reluctantly preparing for the task of searching the jungle-clad depths of Sungay, on the borders of Cavite Province, Aguinaldo led a remnant of his beaten army to the north, crossing the Pasig River close to Manila, and installing himself in the famous valley of Biaknabató, more than 150 miles from the field of his last defeat. He tried to carry his riflemen with him, and he may have had some 600 fighting-men in his camp. Along with this desperate band came many women and children, as well as political exiles not equipped for fighting. The total number sheltered by the palm-leaf huts erected in that val-

ley was not far from 2000—too many for the quarters and for the supplies available.

Through a cleft between precipitous mountain walls a road had been opened for the working of an iron-mine. Huge bowlders were at hand for obstructing the road, and both ends of the gorge were fortified and guarded. Midway of the cleft lay a bowl-shaped pocket, entered by a branch from the road. At first it was possible to send out foraging parties, and the natives of Nueva Ecija and the adjacent provinces were zealous in bringing in provisions; but some 6000 soldiers were distributed to isolate the camp, and great privations had to be endured. The water-supply was defective, and the situation was unwholesome. Small-pox had been brought in; there were lepers in the camp; bad food and stagnant air brought on many cases of beriberi, the scurvy or *pellagra* which threatens the hungry Oriental. Yet the dreary fastness held out for seven months, and the Spaniards seemed afraid to force an entrance.

Since Aguinaldo could not be driven from his den, negotiations became the order of the day. Passes and safe-conducts were issued. Don Pedro A. Paterno, a Filipino advocate and scholar, whose sympathies and aspirations were associated with Spanish domination, assumed the title of arbitrator. He is still employing his unwearied eloquence as President of the Revolutionary Congress. He has been called a "revolutionary leader," but up to August 13, 1898, his activities were bounded by loyalty to Spain. He was a mild political reformer and cobbler of constitutions, but never radical enough for autonomy. His personal ideal was representation of the Philippines in the Cortes upon terms which might restore him to the society of Madrid, of which he had been an ornament for nine years.

The fact that he and other notables of his type, lawyers and doctors especially, have been admitted to the councils of the revolution since the American invasion is a testimony to the national character of the new institutions as well as to the moderation of Aguinaldo, to whom these men were so recently a danger, since many of them were engaged in cultivating Spanish sympathies among his troops in order to detach them from the revolutionary cause

or from relations with the American invaders. Even the trimmers themselves may be regarded with a certain toleration. Their seasonable readiness to accept any form of government which may secure them professional opportunity and personal advantage might be made as useful in establishing American authority as it was in maintaining Spanish domination.

The negotiations with Aguinaldo were now and again broken off, and a new crop of proclamations withdrawing safe-conducts and cancelling amnesty issued. One of the most atrocious of these decrees came only a few weeks before the end. Rebels were to be shot on sight, and their families, including parents and cousins, kept in close arrest. But a treaty was signed on December 4, 1897, and it was then proclaimed that any violence or insult to the rebel leaders who might visit Manila or other towns would be punished as high treason.

This treaty of Biaknabató was a secret compact, and no attested copy thereof is available for discussion. But its general provisions are well known: Aguinaldo was to disband his forces and to give up his arms; he and the other leaders were to go into exile, pledged to refrain from rebellion against Spain. But the capitulation was not altogether one-sided; the Governor-General promised complete amnesty and a programme of reforms, including most of those demanded by the rebels, the expulsion of the friars among them. Three successive Governors-General were thus committed to this measure, but the religious orders were still unconquered. Other stipulations provided for representative councils and for the payment of a sum of money—\$1,600,000 seems the figure promised—for distribution among the troops and officers of the insurrection.

Under the provisions of this treaty Aguinaldo and thirty-six other leaders were transported to Hong-kong, and there an instalment of the promised fund was placed to their account. The insurgent troops were scattered, though rebel bands were under arms in several provinces, and peace was proclaimed with rhetorical effusion. The prisons of Manila were still thronged with suspects, however, and the rebels deported to remote or savage islands in the Pacific, or to the pestiferous West-African colony of Fernando Po,

were not restored to their homes. More than half of them were dead when the order of release came late in 1898. Wherever Spain holds authority, men charged with rebellion forfeit all protection from civil law, and are denied the narrow rights of prisoners of war—a frightful rule, recorded in the blackest pages of the history of the nineteenth century.

Finding Spain's amnesty a cheat, let us see what became of the promised reforms. The treaty was signed in December, 1897; four months later, in April, 1898, General Primo de Rivera turned over the command to General Augustin, whose inaugural address announced that the royal government meant to carry out a system of reform which it was fondly "studying with the deliberation requisite in affairs of such importance." This obvious trickery was not the lowest expedient which Augustin was forced to employ; three weeks later, while Manila lay helpless under the guns of the American squadron, a consultative assembly was formed, composed largely of recent rebels. Even Baldanero Aguinaldo, the brutal cousin of the humane Don Emilio, was invited to join this absurd council. Naturally, Don Pedro A. Paterno was made president of the assembly which he had planned and promised in his famous treaty. Only two meetings were held before the majority resumed their revolutionary allegiance. Henceforth Paterno was reduced to drafting loyal addresses and projects of constitutional compromise. Among all his still-born petitions the most curious relates to his reward for his services as a negotiator. He asked the bounty given to Columbus—a Castilian dukedom and a perpetual pension—besides \$1,000,000 in hand; all this* for the futile treaty of Biaknabató.

The sordid side of this compact cannot be ignored. It is charged that Aguinaldo took a bribe, and that he did not "stay bought"—a charge of deeper import to the trading politician than to the historian, after all. It can be shown by the records of the English courts at Hong-kong that his share of the fund was one thirty-seventh part of \$400,000 (silver), and that an injunction restrained him from grasping more. One of his former cabinet brought suit in April, 1898, and his claim was thus recognized. Aguinaldo may be blamed for delaying the

distribution of this trust fund, but it is to be remembered that he had reason to doubt the intentions of Spain toward the Philippines, and that every week of delay in carrying out the contract for reform was bound to deepen his distrust. Moreover, after the destruction of the *Maine*, he must have counted on advantage to his cause from the relations between Spain and the United States. That America had any direct intentions concerning the Philippines he had no reason to anticipate. Therefore he kept his revolutionary council and their fund well in hand, counting on getting their signatures to make that fund available for renewing the war when fortune favored the cause. The money seems to have been made to assist in the purchase of arms for the conquest of Cavite Province in May, 1898, that campaign having been fought with weapons purchased abroad or captured from the Spanish troops, and not with the remnants which the Filipinos were allowed to take from the arsenal after its capture by Admiral Dewey.

There is another aspect of the treaty far more sordid than the revolutionary wrangle in Hong-kong. Besides the \$400,000 there paid over, some \$60,000 seems to have been distributed among the soldiers and widows of the revolutionary camp before disbandment. Whatever the Spanish government may have been induced to appropriate, the Filipinos never got any more. Specific testimony indicates \$400,000 as the personal share pocketed by Primo de Rivera.

General Primo de Rivera sought other testimonials from the conquered community in return for the "national pardon" which he had obtained. Having been granted the star of the order of San Fernando, he had a subscription started to purchase that decoration in diamonds. Day by day for months the tale of dollars from Chinese traders and pesetas from native washer-women was printed in the journals under the heading, "Gratitude of the Philippines." At last he resigned, either because he had enough, or because he had a vision of the shame and wrath to come. He left Manila April 11, 1898, and has since been occupied with defending himself in the Spanish Senate. In the course of debate he was denounced for incompetency, and convicted of falsehood in repudiating his

promises of reform in the Philippines in the face of documents bearing his seal and signature. But he is in no danger of punishment, shameless corruption being a recognized element of Spanish colonial administration.

Of the state of these pacified provinces we find plain testimony in the Official Guide of the Philippines for 1898. On January 1, eight months after the last town had been stormed, Cavite Province held only 97,000 people. In 1887 the population had been 134,569. Thus the struggle seems to have cost that district the increase of ten prosperous years and some 37,000 men among the missing. Of course many had emigrated to other provinces, and many outlaws were still hiding in the jungle—*remontados*, in fact. But thousands had been mowed down in the trenches, men who stood in unarmed masses within the range of heavy artillery. How many rebels suffered death after fighting was over we may never know. Primo de Rivera called himself the "defender of good Filipinos," perhaps with a sinister reference to that ugly proverb which Spaniards quote as summarizing the American plan of colonization, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian."

Of the moral state of this ruined province where the policy of repression and retribution, of devastation and bombardment, had done its perfect work, we were promptly informed in May, 1898. We heard vaguely of insurgent bands, and we saw the scrambling pillage of Cavite town going on until the middle of that month. Then Aguinaldo landed, and disorder ceased. Robust peasants flocked in, and they were armed and set to drill. Soon they began to bring in prisoners by hundreds—fifty commissioned officers in a bunch, and so on. Many of these had been captured with the arsenal by the American squadron on May 1, and had been allowed to march out with their arms to join adjacent garrisons. Before the month was over these detachments were all gathered in, to the number of some 4000, and the bulk of the Spanish regiments of natives had been drawn over to the insurrection. Columns sallying out from Manila were forced back, marking their retreat by burning the huts along the roads. Before the middle

of June Manila was beleaguered, and the water-works were in the hands of the rebels. In none of these operations had the Americans borne a part.

If the moral results of the policy of extermination are baffling, it is no less evident that the military situation was equally unstable.

The military qualities of the Tagalos inspired the Spaniards with wholesome respect. Making due allowance for the difficulties of fighting in a jungle, and allowing something for the remnants of Spanish discipline retained by the rebels, it must be admitted that the race has some aptitude for war. Tagalo regiments helped the French to conquer Cochin China, and they formed the nucleus of the "ever victorious army" led by Ward and Gordon. Nor were their brown faces unknown in the American navy of the last generation, where at least one of them was a good captain of the maintop. They are industrious in intrenching themselves, good marchers, largely independent of quartermasters and commissaries for shelter and supplies. Most of the fighting of 1896 was done by natives against natives, and many companies were tragically "true to their salt" at later periods. Their natural instincts for pillage and revenge have often yielded to discipline and sometimes to argument. General Primo de Rivera has declared that foreign domination can only be maintained by a native army, and certainly no modern conquest is on record as extending itself many miles beyond the range of naval artillery.

The capacity of the Filipinos for self-government remains unproved, although so many have died to maintain their claim to that high estate. Many Americans must regard as sheer impertinence the reply of a Filipino journalist to an American writer who assured the world that the natives were quite incapable of successful self-government: "It is good to have definite information and to know where we stand. We are told that we cannot govern ourselves successfully. That seems a hard saying, but at least it leaves us one certainty: we shall have to govern ourselves unsuccessfully; that's all." Probably the flippant editor knows little of history, but he seems not altogether ignorant of human nature.



A COMPOUNDED FELONY.

BY JAMES BARNES.

STILL flushed from his struggle with the custom-house inspectors, Mr. Saddington Hughes, of Rothby, Leatherhead-near-Goring, Kent, drove up town from the Cunard pier.

Now Mr. Hughes knew no more of the city of New York than he did of Constantinople, but Mrs. Hughes, whose opinions were unshakable, always thought of the great metropolis as a place full of reckless inventions, where property was precarious, and the value of human life not worth the mention. Moreover, she had conceived the idea that all the hotels in town were twenty stories in height, and liable to blaze up suddenly like sooty chimneys; hence a sacred promise exacted of Mr. Hughes as he drove away from the Rothby threshold. It was to take lodgings immediately upon his arrival on the other side of the water. From a New York paper, that the good lady had picked up at the Rothby reading-rooms, she had extracted several advertisements of select furnished apartments, and pasted them all neatly on a card, which she handed him as she bade him a tearful farewell. Mr. Hughes kept consulting this little directory while he bumped along over the cobble-stones.

At last the shambling white horse was headed eastward, and was pulled up in front of one of a long row of brick houses with high front stoops.

It was a neat-looking house, and as it was the first on Mr. Hughes's list, and its location apparently central, Mr. Hughes ascended the steps and rang the bell. When the landlady appeared, she was to all appearances a very decent if rather careworn person, nervously polite, and anxious to please. Upon inspection, the "second floor front" proved to be "a nice sunny apartment," with a back entrance to the hall bath-room; so Mr. Hughes had his trunk and travelling-gear brought up by the cabman, and entered into immediate possession.

When he had emptied his trunk, and laid out an array of brushes, razors, and sundry little flasks, he did a rather funny thing—he fished up from an inside compartment of his great pig-skin bag a shiny heavy pistol; he looked over his shoulder uneasily as he did so, and then examined it closely. Somehow the revolver resembled Mr. Hughes—it was short, thick-set, of large calibre, and evidently English at a glance. Mr. Hughes reddened as with some trouble he tucked it away in his hip pocket. This accomplished, he turned around to look at himself in the glass, to see if it

showed on the surface, for it felt most emphatically visible. After a comprehensive survey he put on his hat and walked down stairs.

As he started to leave the house the landlady again appeared, presented him with a large flat key that she assured him "unlocked both doors," and following him to the sidewalk, told him, with many gesticulations, which was "up town" and which was "down," and how to reach Broadway.

When Mr. Hughes reached Broadway, he was surprised at the crowds. The side streets were deserted, but the curbs were thronged with a dense mass of people. Some were standing on boxes, and there was an air of patient expectancy everywhere, even in their backs—and then Mr. Hughes found that it was a legal holiday.

It did seem rather hard luck; the people that he wanted to see would probably be away from their offices, and one man in particular, for whom he had some important communications, might be hard to find. So he put it all off till the morrow, and determined to enjoy himself.

To make a long story short, he saw part of the usual procession, listened to a great confusion of martial music, drifted up to Central Park, got lost several times, lunched at an uptown German restaurant, and upon arriving downtown, by luck stumbled across a chop-house, where for the first time he felt at home, and threw off an attitude of weariness. Dinner finished, he inquired his way to a music-hall, and sat out a long list of performances to the very end. Appetite, whetted by the sea-voyage, brought him back to the chop-house immediately afterwards, where he did justice to an excellent Welsh rarebit, washed down with a bottle of "Dog's Head," and it was quite late when he started for his lodgings. He felt tired and dreadfully sleepy, and he needed all his wits for the morrow.

Again he lost his way, this time by mistaking "up" for "down," and when at last he reached his own corner, did not recognize it on sight, and hesitated. But there was the church (he remembered marking that), so he started along, looking up the row of brick houses for the number. He was a bit uncertain whether it ended in six or eight, but that made no difference, as the houses were all dark, and he could not see the numbers anyhow. "Confound Maria's whims!" he cried aloud. "Such nonsense!" At last he thought

he recognized the door, and upon a close inspection he was sure of it—from the key-hole. He remembered having noticed that it was dented and worn, as if a mouse had been trying to get at the works of the lock through the wood-work. He gave a half-yawning sigh of relief as the broad key turned easily; it opened the door with a homelike familiarity; it opened the glass door also, and Mr. Hughes stepped into the hall. Then he stopped.

Something struck him as strange. There should be a hat-rack—an iron contraption with a looking-glass—on the right. There was no hat-rack there!

A sickening conviction swept over Mr. Hughes's mind. Perhaps he had entered the wrong house! It was just like a man to blame all this on some one else, and Mr. Hughes, thinking of the comforts of a hotel, muttered, "Confound Maria and her whims!" beneath his breath, for the twentieth time, while he stood there wondering what to do. But this was soon decided for him. From out of the semi-darkness a human form appeared with a disconcerting suddenness.

"Throw up your hands!" commanded a voice in an intense whisper. Mr. Hughes was looking straight into the barrel of a shiny revolver almost as big as the one in his pocket. A cold chill shook him.

"M-m-my dear f-friend," he began, "it's a mistake, don't you know. I—er—"

"Not a word; not a sound," said the voice, menacingly; "not a squeak."

Mr. Hughes was now positively cross-eyed. Why had Maria allowed him to leave home? The end of the pistol barrel was pushed threateningly against the tip of his nose. Both of his arms were stretched high above his head. In one hand he held his hat in an attitude of self-coronation, and before he knew it, from sheer terror, his fingers relaxed their grip, and the hat fell bounding to the floor! It was only a silk topper, but it sounded to Mr. Hughes as if he had dropped a bass-drum. The other man started also.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, in a whisper.

"Pardon me!" said Mr. Hughes, faintly.

Just then there was a sound of stirring on the hallway above, and in an instant a harsh feminine interrogation came over the banisters. "Is that you, Peter?"

"Yes'm; it's all right," returned the man with the pistol, in a smothered voice.

Mr. Hughes felt the muzzle of the weapon under his left eye now. Maria was right; it was a dangerous country!

"Nice time for you to be coming home!" the invisible speaker went on; "a nice time! and you're in a fine condition! yes, you are! Oh, don't speak to me! I know, and I'm not going to stand it! Do you hear that? You know what I said—you—you—" She seemed nervously to be feeling for a proper word.

Mr. Hughes glanced at his captor. He was under middle age, tall, well dressed, and

apparently sober. It was evident he was listening anxiously.

Powers of mind slowly returned to Mr. Hughes. "Afraid to alarm her," he reasoned. "Rather nice of him. A man like that would surely listen to explanation." Without thinking, he dropped his arms. The man opposite him still had his head turned over his shoulder, and the revolver now pointed straight up at the dim gas-light.

"You needn't try to come up here!" said the voice upstairs. "You can spend the night in the kitchen, you brute, you—you—" A door slammed viciously, and there was the sound of the snap of a bolt.

But the man did not move; he was still in the strained attitude of attention. Now why Mr. Hughes did what he then did he never could imagine. It may have been the impulse of self-preservation, but certainly "Deadwood Dick" or a stage detective could not have performed the trick in neater fashion. When the cool gentleman with the black mustache turned, it was his time to start, for Mr. Hughes's pocket-cannon was pointing straight for the centre of his forehead.

"Beg pardon, I assure you," said Mr. Hughes, softly but tremulously. "Self-cocker. I—er—will have to trouble you—er. Thanks."

The man's expression was perplexed, but he gave up without a murmur, and surrendered his own weapon gracefully.

"Damned well done," he said, in a whisper. "I drop."

"Now," went on Mr. Hughes, breathing hard, "you must, I say you must, let me explain! I'm here by mistake, don't you understand—wrong house, don't you know. Er—thought I belonged here, but I don't, I see; no harm done, and no offence, I'm sure. I'm going out as quickly as possible, and I'll leave this for you on the door-step" (slipping the extra pistol into his pocket). "Very sorry for mistake, I'm sure; most awkward, but unintentional. I—er— Oh, confound it!"

This was a long speech to be muttered in a hoarse undertone, but all the time Mr. Hughes had been backing towards the door, and during the last few words he had been fumbling with the knob. It refused to turn. The strange man was standing close by.

"How did you get in?" he asked.

"Key. Confound this door!" croaked Mr. Hughes. "How do you get out?"

"Sh!" continued the tall man. "Don't make such a noise; you'll have her down here in a minute. Don't be a clump. The door's caught; can't you see? Anyhow, I wouldn't go out that way; she might be suspicious and look out the window."

"I don't care. I'm going to get out." Mr. Hughes was desperate; he felt that in another minute he would shout out loud.

"Well, if you must, don't make such a racket. Say, come back here to the dining-room where we can talk it over." The strange man

led the way down the hall, and Mr. Hughes followed, feeling sick all through him.

Once in the dining-room, the tall man struck a match on his trousers leg, lit a candle, and closed the door. Then he turned.

"Got in with a key, did you? Gad, that's rich! That's just lovely! I got in through the basement window. Ho, ho! he, he!" With that the mysterious one bent double in a fit of silent laughter. "You're a Jim Dandy!" he spluttered: "a regular James D."

"I say, now, stop all this nonsense and let me out of this," exclaimed Mr. Hughes.

"Let you out? I'm going to let you in first, old chappie! Oh, but it's rich!"

"What do you mean? Beg pardon. Take care; stand off a bit!" The stranger had made as if to lay a hand upon Mr. Hughes's shoulder. Then he spoke soberly:

"Don't put on airs, old cock. Now come, let's play on the level"—this in a slightly injured tone. "Here's proof I'm on the square. I sometimes carry two of them." With that the man pulled another small revolver from his pocket and placed it on the table at Mr. Hughes's elbow. "Pick it up, if you doubt me," he added.

It was said so sincerely that Mr. Hughes looked him straight in the eyes and dropped the arm that held his own ready weapon.

"We're on the same lay," continued the man, confidentially. "But you came a little too late. I've got all the swag worth lifting in the house. 'Tisn't much, but I'll go whacks."

"You'll what?" questioned Mr. Hughes.

"Divvy up fair and square."

All doubts as to the situation now vanished. Quietly Mr. Hughes put his pistol back into his pocket, and handed both of the others over.

"Come, my friend, I say, let's get out of this," he suggested, weakly.

"Sounds reasonable," returned the burglar. "Scott! but it was funny, though! I was scared out of a year's growth. The idea of the old woman taking us for the old man, and the way you dropped that old dicer!" Again he doubled up, and snickered audibly. "But come on, let's fly the coop," he added. "He may be home in a minute. Hold on, though. Don't you think we've been rather quiet down here for an old rooster just home from a spree? Sad how some men will drink." Without a word of warning, Mr. Hughes's new-found friend deliberately kicked over a chair with a crash. Mr. Hughes half groaned. "That was just to allay suspicion," the burglar said. "Here, pick up that bag," pointing to a large flat leather case; "I'll carry the other and follow you. Take care of the back stairs; they're steep—no, better, I'll go first."

"How are we going to get out?" Mr. Hughes asked as he picked up the heavy bag.

"The way I got in; it's safer. Don't you think so—eh?"

"Yes. Oh yes, by all means!" returned Mr.

Hughes, mentally adding, "Any way, any way, as long as it's quick."

Once in the kitchen, the tall man struck another match and lit the gas.

"I've noticed a queer thing," he remarked, "come to think of it. When an old codger stays out as late as this, he generally waits till daylight before he comes home at all. I don't think there's any hurry. Are you hungry?"

"No, not a bit—thanks awfully. But don't you think—"

"Say, but that's a great make-up of yours," interrupted the cool one. "Out of sight; nobody 'd ever suspect you."

"No; I've never been suspected yet. Don't you think there's an element of danger in waiting—eh?"

"No; but we won't stop long. I'm going to scatter some food about—generally do. Doesn't fool the police much, though. No hoboes ever break into city houses."

The burglar, with that, picked a loaf of bread out of a big tin box on the table, and breaking off five or six small pieces, threw them on the floor. Then he poured a glass of milk from a pitcher.

"Hark!" interposed Mr. Hughes, suddenly. "Don't you hear somebody moving upstairs?"

The burglar put out the gas so quickly that it seemed to Mr. Hughes as if he had just winked and could not open his eyes again. It was pitch-dark, but soon he felt a hand on his shoulder, and there was a whisper in his ear.

"Come over here to the left. Get that bag."

Mr. Hughes had it, for it never left his hands. It was a comfort to hold on to something.

"Here we are!" said the burglar.

It was rather a small window, and it looked out across a space to the street in the rear.

Mr. Hughes could see the gas-lamps, and now he perceived that there was a wide excavation just back of the house, where some buildings had lately been demolished.

"Hadm't I better get out first?" he questioned, believing, in his anxiety, that if once outside he could make a jump of it clear over the yawning pit.

"No," was the answer. "I'll get out first. See? It's considerable of a distance. I'll ease you down."

The burglar pushed him gently to one side, and swung himself through the window.

Mr. Hughes was left alone in the house. It seemed to him that he could hear footsteps everywhere. He even thought that he heard a whisper. His blood tingled in his veins, and he had creepy sensations all around his ears and the back of his head. Yes, there surely was whispering; but now, with a heart-bounded relief, he perceived that it came from outside.

"Psst! psst! Get a move on you and hand out those bags!"

Mechanically he obeyed. It was some seven or eight feet down to the ground, and he had to lean well out of the window to do it.

"That's the ticket!" said the burglar. "Now you had better drop. What under the sun are you trying to do?"

How Mr. Hughes ever got out of the window and reached the ground he never knew. Perhaps he expected the tall man to catch him as easily as he had the bags. At all events, he started out of the window head-first. The strong cloth of his coat, however, became fastened to the window-latch; his hands somehow retained hold of the sill; he half turned in the air, and made an acrobatic landing with the agility of a trapeze performer.

"Bully for you!" said the burglar. "Now pick up your bag and let's skedaddle."

Keeping close to the shadow of the wall, they plunged down the bank of the excavation, stumbling through a multitude of heavy stones and timbers, ascended the other side, and reached the sidewalk. It was a fine situation for a prosperous London tradesman but twenty-four hours in the country—and after all of his promises to Maria to avoid trouble!

A hundred ideas and suggestions came to his muddled brain. First and foremost was that of rushing into the arms of the first policeman he saw, telling his story breathlessly, and ask-

ing for protection. And there on the corner he saw the very man! The gas-light was reflected from his shield to his double row of brass buttons. But as they came nearer Mr. Hughes weakened. It would certainly be a hard thing to explain. Perhaps it was best not to say anything at all, and to make his escape, if possible, without a scene. He was sure of it before he had gone ten steps farther.

But what was the tall man doing? The policeman had evidently noticed their approach, for he had turned, and was watching them. The burglar broke out into a laugh, and went on as if he was continuing some conversation begun some moments since about the Philippines.

"Keep the whole lot. Yes, sirree." Then he broke in, interrupting himself, "Hullo! here's the man that can tell us." He walked straight up to the policeman. "Beg pardon, Mr. Officer," he said, with a half-military salute. "What's the best way to get to Madison Avenue?" The policeman told him politely.

Mr. Hughes was trembling during most of this conversation, and was only too delighted when he found he was being addressed with the following excuse to move:



HE Poured A GLASS OF MILK FROM A PITCHER.

"Come along, Doctor, it's only a little bit farther. Officer, have a cigar?"

"Now if I hadn't spoken to that cop he might have been inquisitive," observed the burglar, as they went along. "Always head off a question: it side-tracks curiosity."

"Mighty good plan, I must say. But where are we bound, might I ask?"

"To find a hack. I don't want to carry this young trunk much farther. Hullo! here's a night-hawk. Jump in, Doctor. Here's luck for you!"

"No; I think I'll leave you," faltered Mr. Hughes. "You understand, of course, don't you know; you've been mighty clever to me, I'm sure, but—"

"Oh, pshaw!" the tall man interrupted. "I'm not going to let you go without doing the proper. Jump in." He took Mr. Hughes by both elbows and almost threw him into the back seat.

If Mr. Hughes had been younger, or had he possessed a keener sense of adventure, he might have enjoyed the situation. As it was, he did not do so in the least. He felt unhappy and supremely foolish. Wild suggestions came to him. Perhaps his captor—for he felt as if he had been kidnapped—would be open to a bribe. He had a large sum of money in his pocket, and if he could have ransomed himself quietly, he would have done so. But he did not know how to begin. All the time they were driving up town, and the burglar was keeping up a running fire of comment.

"Got into that house once," he said, pointing out of the window. "Rich haul." He paused. "Ever done time?"

"Nothing worth talking of," Mr. Hughes faltered.

"Oh! I beg pardon," responded his companion. "There's one thing that I'm afraid of—that's having my picture took. Did that ever happen to you?"

"Oh yes! I mean that—er—it was different, don't you know."

"Well, I don't want to get pinched," said the tall man, taking a flask out of his pocket. "Never have; always work alone. I know all of *them*, but they don't know *me*. Have a nipple?"

"Thanks. I always work alone too," returned Mr. Hughes, boldly, after a pause.

"Ever done a big job?" asked the burglar as the cab turned a corner.

"Yes; that is, fairish—er—perhaps."

"What's the biggest?"

Mr. Hughes hesitated. Then he took a mendacious plunge. "The Bank of Liverpool," he said, boldly.

"Skivins! I knew you were English; but I never had the sand to try a bank; too risky alone. You haven't been over here long?"

"No; a very short time."

A pause followed.

"Here's where we get out," said the burglar, suddenly. "I live right around the corner, but

it doesn't pay to attract too much attention. Never drive to the door."

Out they got. The burglar paid the driver, and he left them standing on the sidewalk.

"Now I'll bid you good-night," said Mr. Hughes, affably.

"And leave me to carry both the bags? That's rather hard on a pal. I told you I'd go whacks. Here's some one coming! Pick up that and follow me. Don't throw me down. Come on now."

A figure came around the corner, and Mr. Hughes meekly picked up his burden. The tall man walked on ahead. He turned to the right, and stopping before a tall yellow apartment-house, drew out a key.

"Say," he whispered, "I live in a nice place. Wait till you see it." He pushed Mr. Hughes ahead of him into a dark narrow hall; at the end he opened a door. "This is the elevator," he said; "you've got to run it yourself after ten o'clock. All on board?" The door closed, and Mr. Hughes felt he was slowly ascending. "Top floor; here we are," said the tall man. "All out. Wait till I strike a match."

Another door was opened with a key, and when the gas was lit, Mr. Hughes gaped about him astonished.

"Nice place, eh?" asked the host. "All a bit of luck. Some of these things are mine, but some of them belong to some one else—an artist chap. Met him on Fall River boat; got quite chummy; told me he was going abroad for a year; wanted to rent his rooms. I took 'em, paid in advance, and here I am. Nice, eh? He thinks I'm a rich paper sport from California; folks here think I'm a literary feller. Life's funny, eh?"

All the while he was talking he was reaching into a deep cupboard, and as he finished he turned and placed two tall glasses and a handsome decanter on the centre table.

"Fill up," he chuckled, "and we'll drink to crime. But pardon me, we haven't met formally. My name is Speydon—real name, Purroy. I've several others. What's yours?"

Now Mr. Hughes was nonplussed, but out of the recesses of his memory a name came to him. "Charles Champion," he said.

"Charlie Champion!" repeated the burglar. "Let me make a bow! Why, Charlie Champ, I should think that every fly cop in New York would have known that you had started for this side! *Done time!* Well, I should think you had!"

Mr. Hughes reddened, and shuffled his feet.

"No one knows I'm over here at all," he said; "but I can't stay long; in fact—er—tell me something: do most people over here carry revolvers? I was told so."

"Naw!" said the burglar, contemptuously; "no more than they do in London! I never take one with me in daytime. Better not be caught with one, anyhow. Lord, but you were quick with that old ten-inch of yours, though! Pretty nearly stopped my clock, I was so

scared. Now let me show you what I've got to show. Some of it's yours: you know what I said. What's eating you?"

Mr. Hughes was gazing fixedly at one of the bags—the one the burglar had carried. It was made of heavy pig-skin.

"Nothing—oh, nothing at all! But say, Mr.—beg pardon—Mr. Spedroy—"

"That's good," ejaculated the burglar. "I'll remember it."

"What was the number of the house we—er—were in, don't you know?"

"One-thirty-six or one-thirty-eight, I guess." He opened the bag. "I've got some nice things here. I always dispose of stuff like this in Boston. I'll put you on. But part of this is yours, right, eh?"

"Right indeed, if—er—I mean just as you say, you know."

"You see, I went through the house before you came in. These came from the second-story front. Let's see. Belong to some one—they're marked—too bad!—named— Hard to make it out. Here it is. Take first choice now; pick out anything you like."

"I'll take this," said Mr. Hughes, quickly. He picked out a little soap-dish; it had been given to him by his youngest daughter.

"Oh, don't be modest! Take something handsome—these silver brushes."

"No; thanks awfully."

"All right, then! Next."

"See here!" said Mr. Hughes, in a half-embarrassed, half-eager manner. "How much would you get for all this—er—"

"Swag? About one hundred and fifty."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars right on the nail."

"Well, you're a queer fish," said the burglar. "Is it just an idea of yours?"

"Yes—er—no. I'd like to have them—er—to commemorate the occasion, don't you know."

"You mean you hate to divide?"

"Yes, that's it. I'll give you—"

"Oh, don't talk like that! Take 'em, if you want 'em so bad."

Mr. Hughes fumbled in his pocket.

"Not a red cent," interposed the tall man, getting up from the floor and lighting a cigar. "They're yours for the asking. I wouldn't take a cent from Charlie Champion. Say," he added, with a wave of the hand, "you might let me in on a big job some time, you know."

"But I must insist," muttered Mr. Hughes. "Really I can't take them. Let me settle with you, please."

Mr. Purroy bent down and put everything back in the bag. "Won't hear of it," he said, pleasantly. Then he paused. "You can give me that big revolver for a keepsake, if you like. I won't take anything else."

"Why, my dear sir, certainly! it's yours; but I should like, if you will allow me."

"Rats!" returned the burglar. "Come you'd better get out of this before daylight,

Mr. Champion." The tall man was almost embarrassed himself now. "We can get a cab on the corner. Oh, thanks for the gun! Now remember, if you are going to do a job and want help, here I am."

"I will come in and see you if I am here next Monday," said Mr. Hughes, shamefacedly, knowing his passage was booked for Saturday; "and if I ever—er—'do a job,' you will know of it! Of that I assure you upon my honor."

"You're all right, if you are a crank," observed Mr. Purroy.

Then they went down stairs in the elevator.

As he got into the cab, that they found almost at the door, Mr. Hughes noticed that his host had put both bags in on the seat.

"There's an imitation seal-skin and twelve silver spoons in that. Found them in the dining-room. Where shall we drive to?"

Mr. Hughes mentioned the address of the chop-house by a lucky inspiration.

"Good-night, Charlie; see you later," said the tall man, suddenly, as he closed the door.

"Good - night," returned Mr. Hughes. "I won't forget."

A few blocks away he hailed the driver and told him to stop at the corner, and there he paid and dismissed him.

It was getting gray in the east, milkmen were abroad, and a few carts were on the pavements as Mr. Hughes climbed the steps of 138. Now upon gaining entrance to the house Mr. Hughes saw that the hat-rack had merely been moved down the hall. Going into the dining-room, he unpacked the seal-skin sack, and put the spoons on the sideboard. The bag he left on the stairs, the sack on the back of a chair. Then he went up to his room, unpacked and counted his own things, undressed, and fell asleep. He was awakened by loud talking in the hall. The landlady was exchanging a few remarks with her erring spouse, who only wished to be let alone, from the silence in which he received the torrent of accusations. Mr. Hughes turned over and went to sleep again. When he awoke the second time it was with the consciousness that this should be a busy day for him, and he dressed hurriedly and left the house. Before noon he had packed up all his things once more, and despite the fact that he had paid for the second-story front a week in advance, his name was registered at one of the large hotels on the avenue.

Now when Mr. Hughes told all this story to his wife, some weeks later, she made one remark.

"Saddington," she said, "all this is a good excuse, or a dream."

"Well," he replied, "I think, Maria, it was a compounded felony! But, at any rate, I was more comfortable at a hotel. You really, my dear, must break yourself of these whims of yours. No one needs a pistol over there."

"So it appears," replied Mrs. Hughes, "from your own story."



A STATEMENT.

"We do not have electric lights nor telephones about.
But, see, we have mosquito-bars to keep the 'skeeters' out."

HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF HIM.

Mr. D. of Boston, a constant devotee of the wheel, was recently visiting in one of the small towns of western Massachusetts. He was taking a spin about its streets shortly after his arrival, when he was run down (as he claimed) by a negro, and knocked off his bicycle. The fall not only ruffled his dignity and his clothes, but broke his skin and his wheel. These combined injuries made a breach in his placidity, and he picked up a stone and threw it with accurate aim at the colored man and brother. This infraction of the peace resulted in his arrest, and in his conviction in the local court of justice.

"I will fine you five dollars," said the judge.
"Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," replied D., unmollified, "except that I wish I had killed the fellow."

"That remark will cost you five dollars more," rejoined his honor.

D.'s temper was not improved by this fresh dispensation of justice, wherefore the bitterness of his rejoinder was plainly apparent. "Conversation seems to come high in this court," he observed.

"Five dollars for contempt," promptly re-

sponded the bench. "Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not," answered the defendant; "you have the advantage of me in repartee."

Payment of the fines closed the case.

A REMINISCENCE OF LAFAYETTE.

AN old lady, a resident of Baltimore, one of the school-children who sang odes to Lafayette upon his arrival in Norfolk in 1824, tells the following story, illustrative of the complacency which was so salient a characteristic of his conduct during his progress through the States.

Locks of hair instead of autographs were then fashionable as souvenirs; and as the pupils of a certain female seminary passed in review before him, a little girl ventured timidly to say: "General Lafayette, will you please give me a piece of your hair?"

In an instant the auburn wig was in his hand, but the terrified suppliant to whom he would have presented it, alarmed for the safety of her own scalp, had escaped in the crowd.

GILBERTA S. WHITTLE.

HE, SHE, AND THEY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

X.

As June fades away, and the Fourth cracks and sputters itself noisily into the past, and the warm days come thicker and faster and hotter, the ever-recurring summer question begins to worry the Bentons, just as it worries almost everybody else who has no fixture out of town. The Bentons have put off wrestling with the problem as long as they can, hoping perhaps that something might happen to solve it for them; but as nothing has happened, and as the thermometer keeps rising, the day has finally come when the question has to be faced and settled.

"Of course," begins Benton, "there are any number of things we might do, if we could; there are some things we could do, if we would; there are many things we would not do if we could, and some that no power on the face of the earth could compel us to do."

"That sounds like a paragraph from the President's message," remarks Ethel. "If you will only follow it up with a few statistics and a recommendation, your effort would be perfect. But I don't believe you have a single thing to suggest."

"I should suggest New York," promptly replies Benton.

"You would suggest New York for what, my dear?"

"New York as the ideal summer resort."

"Men seem to think so," says Ethel, dryly.

"Men are very astute," returns Benton, solemnly; "and, besides, most of them spend enough of the summer in town to be good judges of the city's advantages."

"Well, after all," concedes Ethel, "I don't know but that I agree with you. I enjoy the roof-gardens myself."

"So do I, of course, to a certain extent," admits Benton. "But what I enjoy most is the liberty and freedom of my own house, which is a hot-weather luxury one cannot get in a summer hotel or on a visit."

"Very true, my dear; but there are some luxuries you must forego. The question to decide is, what particular luxury you most desire."

"I should greatly appreciate the luxury of a complete and extended rest."

"A month of Sundays?" suggests Ethel.

"A month of summer Sundays?" exclaims Benton, inquiringly. "I should say not! Those are the hardest days of the year. This business of going out of town 'for over Sunday' is a delusion, so far as rest is concerned. Your host

meets you at the station on Saturday, and hustles you to his house and up to your room—usually a hot room; he shouts at you up the stairway to jump into your golf clothes—which is a pleasant way of cooling off; he takes you over to the club and makes you walk a thousand miles around a torrid eighteen-hole course; he gets you back barely in time to dress for dinner; he chases you off to some kind of a racket after dinner; he gets you to bed late; he bounces you up early Sunday morning; he does stunts with you all day Sunday—according to his convictions; and on Monday morning you are routed out some two hours earlier than it is your custom to rise; you gulp down a cup of coffee, watch in hand, and sitting on your satchel, wondering how many personal things you have left upstairs unpacked. And meanwhile your heavy-eyed hostess says to her nervous spouse: 'George dear, don't hurry; you might just as well wait for the next train. The 8.03 will get you to town almost as soon as the 7.48.' Oh yes, summer Sundays are restful!" And Benton leans back in his chair and fans himself resignedly with a napkin.

"But just think of doing that every day, Arthur!" comments Ethel.

"Of doing what?"

"Catching the 7.48."

"Not for a million dollars," cries Benton. "Until I can arrange matters so that I shall not be compelled to sleep on an alarm-clock, I will forego the luxury of a summer home."

"Well, I agree with you, because I know you would be dreadfully cross and disagreeable if you had to be catching trains or boats every day."

"But when I do have my little coop in the country," continues Benton, reflectively, "I am going to have a lot of people over Sundays and work them to death. I'll put them on bicycles, and chase them around golf-links, and make them dance all night; and on Monday mornings I'll have them bounced up at daylight and carted to the train and shunted



SUBURBAN JOYS.



LIKES ROOF-GARDENS TOO.



THE PARTING GUEST.

into New York, while I lie easily in bed thanking the calendar that it is Monday."

"You seem to have an exquisite conception of the character of host," says Ethel.

"I've been guest, or victim, often enough to know," returns Benton. "I've had the 'Monday ache' too many times."

"But I should think you would go

in for reforming the 'over-Sunday' evil, rather than for developing it and increasing that dreadful summer ailment which you characterize as the 'Monday ache.'"

"Well, perhaps when I get my chateau I will turn philanthropist and establish a rest cure, and settle in a district where no train leaves for the city earlier than 10 A.M., where no one talks golf, where people don't want to do things all the time, and where time is only a conventional term for the guidance of the butler and the cook."

As Ethel opens her lips to reply, the door-bell rings vigorously, and Benton, looking up in mild surprise, exclaims:

"What do you suppose *that* is? Somebody in a hurry, evidently. It can't be any one to call—it is not yet eight o'clock. Do you suppose it's a bill?"

A man's voice is heard when the door is opened, and presently, without further ceremony or delay, Leroy stalks into the dining-room on the heels of the maid.

"Heavens!" exclaims Benton, rising. "Have you lost your cook, Leroy? Come in to beg a square meal? Or did you miss the last train down? Dorothy's probably having a fit. The joys of country life—"

"That will do, old chap," interrupts Leroy, who has been shaking hands with Ethel regardless of Benton's flow of chaff. "Just sit down and finish your dinner—no, thanks, I won't take any salad—and listen to what I have to say, for I have not much time."

Benton nods, and Leroy draws his chair to the table and leans forward eagerly.

"Have you made your plans for the summer?" he asks.

"No."

"Good. I want you to take my house."

"What?" exclaims Benton. "Take your house? Why, you've only just moved in!"

"I know," begins Leroy, "but—"

"Is it as bad as that?" asks Benton. "And you want me to monkey with the suburban buzz-saw—"

"You idiot," breaks in Leroy, "wait till I

tell you! This is *easy* for you. There are twenty-eight trains a day each way. You can come in and out at any time. You know the place—Lobster Point; fine air, golf-grounds only half a mile from the house—"

"Oh, cut it short, Leroy," shouts Benton, impatiently. "You know my sentiments—"

"But I'm going abroad, and somebody's got to take care of the house!" cries Leroy.

"You are going abroad?" asks Ethel.

"Yes," continues Leroy, more calmly. "It's this way: My firm has a bond deal to put through in London; they have suddenly developed a deep confidence in me, and are sending me over to assist one of the partners. They told me of it yesterday, and we have to sail a week from to-morrow. I'm going to take Dorothy along, and she suggested that it would be much better, instead of closing the house, to have you and Benton come down to look after it for the month or six weeks that we shall be away."

"You mean," says Benton, slowly, "that you present me with your manorial domain for the period of your absence?"

"I do; I even implore you to save me the worry of having to think of some other arrangement. I'll even give you my commutation ticket—"

"Stop!" shouts Benton. "That's the one objection to the plan."

"Well, pay your own fare, then," laughs Leroy; "but tell me if you will look after the place. What is your answer?"

"What is it, Ethel?" asks Benton.

"It is *yes*, of course," cries Ethel. "Mr. Leroy, you are the angel that has solved the deadly summer question for the Benton family."

"All right," he replies, rising. "I'll tell Dorothy, and she'll be in town to see you to-morrow morning. Good-by!" and before Benton can get around the table Leroy has rushed out, and in a second the front door slams behind him.

"That's the commuter habit," says Benton, dropping into a chair, and the two stare at each other in silence for some minutes.

"Is not it glorious?" whispers Leroy at length.

"I don't know," returns Benton, softly. "Where is that time-table Leroy gave me the other day?" and he walks slowly into the front room to look into his future.

THE END.



LEROY FOLLOWED THE MAID.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.

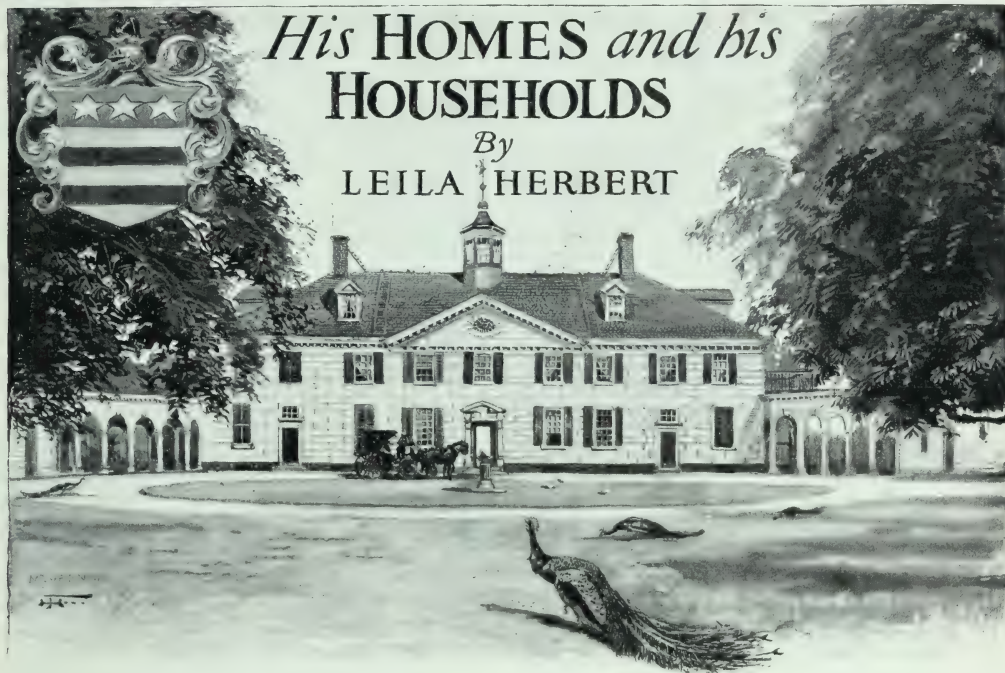


COLONEL WASHINGTON'S WEDDING RECEPTION.

THE FIRST AMERICAN

His HOMES and his HOUSEHOLDS

By
LEILA HERBERT



PART I.—CHILDHOOD AND LIFE AT MOUNT VERNON.

WASHINGTON had little private life from his nineteenth year to his death-hour. Even in his "retirement" at Mount Vernon he was busily engaged in moulding public opinion, writing much on the questions of the day. Perhaps no historical character of the first magnitude ever left more voluminous records of himself. These photograph his mind and heart; from them any man may know him that will.

An inner life he had—strong and deep—too deep to let down the flood-gates in the style of John Evelyn in his diary, or of Maria Bashkirtseff in her journal. He was a man of action, and his actions are our chief index to his thought, the spring of action. A Frederick the Great, a Napo-

leon, a Bismarck, a Gladstone, an Emerson, and a chorus of the world's great trace the thought and call him great. Now and then an American scribe thinks to detect that he was no greater than he should have been; and sells books on the strength of the attention-attracting idea.

There is nothing of importance concerning Washington's public life that is true that has not been told over and over again, till the words are half meaningless. Tales of the household are less dwelt upon. Of his military headquarters many are reverently preserved, and many houses are standing in which he visited or lodged.

Viewing his life, not in its military aspect, but in the distinctively civil, with a

no means a large one, and that to indulge in the lavish hospitality of the period required sleeping-rooms in detached buildings"; and he also says that this was the custom at other households within his own memory.

Lossing also says the birth-house was destroyed by fire in 1735, but this is disputed by Conway and others.

If there was a fire then, there was also another about 1779. The house was in 1779 the property of William A., the son of Austin Washington, and Mr. Wilson had the story of this fire from persons who themselves remembered it, and also from William A. Washington's daughter, Mrs. Sarah Tayloe Washington, whose father told it to her. Mr. Wilson also had it from Henry Weldon, "an uneducated man of good reputation," that he remembered the house destroyed by fire in 1779

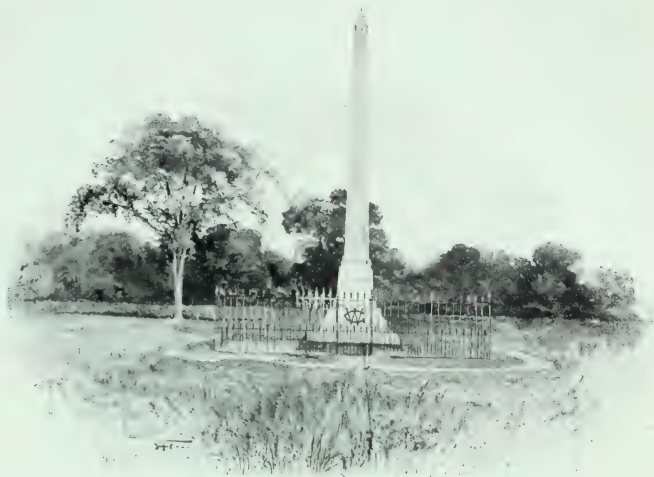
"as a main building with a hipped roof and dormer-windows, and a one-story wing which would not tally with Lossing's picture, but would easily fit the foundations" presented in this article.

Much of the fine furniture left by Austin at his death had doubtless been purchased by him. He was the wealthiest of the Washingtons, and had married a woman who had also wealth, and was "a dashing figure at the races."

It may be reasonably assumed that in the house to which the bride had come the furnishings were plain. There was no luxury, but servants a plenty and solid comfort. An elderly woman relative had charge of the two boys, Lawrence and Augustine, nine and seven years old. She no doubt thought the elder Augustine might have been satisfied with things as they were. Upon a table in one room lay Sir Matthew Hale's sweet, tonic *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*. On the fly-leaf the first wife had written her name, "Jane Washington." Instead of regarding the signature with horror, hiding the book from her sight, perhaps tearing out the leaf, the new wife wrote beneath, "and

Mary Washington." She faced facts boldly, studied the book, and taught its precepts to her children when they came. Her first-born was George Washington.

After the death of George Washington his adopted son placed where the Wakefield house had stood a slab of stone commemorating the fact that hallowed the



THE MONUMENT MARKING WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

spot that was the birthplace of Washington. He commended the care of the modest memorial to the patriotism of his fellow-countrymen. The stone long ago fell to pieces, but the government has erected a monument.

Lossing says that in 1735 Augustine moved with his family to his estate on the Rappahannock, within sight of Fredericksburg, in Stafford County, and that the house at this place was almost an exact reproduction of what he had described as the "Wakefield" cottage—four rooms with attic. But Conway proves from certain old records of Truro Parish (in which lies Mount Vernon) that the residence of Augustine Washington immediately after removal from "Wakefield" was at Mount Vernon, where he probably remained five years, going, when the Mount Vernon house was burned, to the home on the Rappahannock—"a plain wooden structure of moderate size, of a dark red color" (Conway)—a description not disagreeing in substance with Lossing, though Conway asserts, without offering evidence, that the picture given in Lossing's *Mary and Martha Washington*

is not correct. Our illustration is after Lossing's drawing, in collecting the material for which he spent thirty years.

By the time the family moved to the Rappahannock, "Sweet Molly," from "a sensible, modest" girl, had grown into a fine manager, a firm woman; judging from what is written of her—no great amount—she was not given to much talk; when she spoke, speaking her mind; an entity. She must have been a just step-mother; much money was spent in the education of her step-sons, Lawrence and Austin, who were sent to England, while

off again, a doughty captain in the King's navy, to whip the Spanish—English enough, no doubt, to be glad there was somebody that needed whipping. The envious George, left behind, consoled his military fancies by marshalling half the school, "the English," in battle array against the other half, "the Spanish," led by Señor Don William Bustle.

Augustine Washington held in memory the wife of his youth. He died in 1743, leaving his handsomest estate, Mount Vernon—regarding Conway's assertion concerning "Wakefield" as unproved—

to Lawrence, his first wife's eldest born. Americans had then, however, a propensity to observe the English law of primogeniture, and so it may be that Mary Washington had no cause for jealousy.

The home on the Rappahannock, bequeathed to George, has long since paid its debt to nature, and is no more.

George Washington came into possession of Mount Vernon in 1755, at twenty-three. Before it became his, it was on all days open to him, from the time of the marriage of his loved half-brother Lawrence, in 1743, when George was eleven years old, to the death of Lawrence, in 1752, and the final fulfilment of his will.

The estate was left by Lawrence to his only surviving child, a daughter, with reversion, in case of her death without issue, to George. The daughter, a delicate child, died soon after. There is said to have been a slight disagreement with the widow in regard to the will.

The name of the estate, Epsewasson, or Hunting Creek, had been changed by Lawrence—a consequence of his enthusiastic admiration of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies during the war with Spain.

Mount Vernon is in Fairfax County, Virginia, on the Potomac, sixteen miles below Washington. There is no beauty of heart that would not be fostered by the beautiful natural surroundings. The house, simpler then than later, stands two hundred feet above the water, on a broadly rolling eminence green with grass, and



THE HOUSE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

After the drawing by Lossing.

her own children received but the meagre education to be had in Virginia country schools. As a boy, Lawrence Washington of Chotank (a relative, not the half-brother) often played with George at the house on the Rappahannock. "Of the mother," wrote Lawrence of Chotank, "I was more afraid than of my own parents; she awed me in the midst of her kindness; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandfather of a second generation, I could not behold that majestic woman without feelings it is impossible to describe."

Lawrence Washington, George's half-brother, returned from England a fine young gentleman when George was still going to "Mr. Hobby's" "old field" school, diligently learning to misspell. There was a pretty affection between George and his brother. Lawrence went



"THE WOODS ECHOED."

with trees shading where they need to shade. The river sweeps lovingly, caressingly around and about, loath to leave, and spreads beneath the glistening sun or the quiet moon or the dull gray clouds of threatening storm into a breadth of two miles of reflecting water. There is something that seems limitless in the view, promiseful.

The house, generally said to have been built by Lawrence (Conway says it was built by Lawrence's father), had, when Washington inherited it, but two floors and an attic, four rooms on each floor. There were twenty-five hundred acres in the estate; this, with the inheritance from his father of the farm on the Rappahannock, where his mother still lived, made Washington in his youth comparatively land-wealthy, which means poor to Virginians. There was little more ready money then in farming than to-day.

With their neighbors the Fairfaxes, across the river at Belvoir, the estate of

Lord Thomas Fairfax, the Mount Vernon household had much and pleasant intercourse. Old Lord Thomas, a kindly eccentric, a disappointed refugee from the worldly world of London, had in the years past, when George visited his brother Lawrence, conceived an active liking for the masculine, handsome young fellow, who, though shy in the presence of ladies, had a sane man's fancy for a pretty face, and the ready ability to adorn his place, afield or in drawing-room, that native dignity confers. The old lord's respect for fitness of dress no doubt had its effect upon the youthful Washington, though there was no lack of regard in Virginia for Polonius' advice concerning purse and habit.

It was a crystalline day, the 6th of January—old style—1759. Up to a colonial mansion, the "White House," in New Kent County, Virginia, a spanking team of horses clattered and stopped, puffing clouds of breath on the frosty air. From

the great coach a brisk-faced, slow, important gentleman in scarlet dress stepped out, British from forehead to foot—his Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Fauquier, come with his wife to grace the wedding party of young Colonel George Washington, a new Burgess in the Virginia Assembly. The Lieutenant-Governor assisted the lady to alight. His sword clanking as he followed her, removing his belaced cocked hat, he entered, to add to festive brilliance within. The dark eyes of the comely little bride, "the widow Custis that was," were bright. She greeted them with dignity, softened by a desire to please into the graciousness that is Southern. In white satin threaded with silver, and quilted petticoat, she wore pearls entwined in her soft brown hair. Her little feet in high-heeled slippers, "the smallest fives,"* twinkled with buckles of brilliants. Point-lace ruffles fell about plump tapering arms and bosom, and adorned with bracelets and necklace of pearls she looked tiny beside the tall bridegroom, in his costume of blue lined with red silk, embroidered white satin waistcoat, gold knee and shoe buckles, and sword. Happiness beamed in his glance and movement. He was the handsomest man of the handsome assemblage, it is said, and he had the quality that most quickly makes a woman love—masterfulness unmixed with tyranny. He was twenty-seven, she but three months younger. Her charms were such that on the day they met he knew that he wished to marry her. He had seen her but four times before marriage; each time, however, was a day or more, or little less; and a correspondence during eight months had furthered acquaintance and ripened confidence. It was a hopeful wedding, a suitable match. All made merry, and every servant on the plantation had a holiday and a gift.

To be near Williamsburg, the seat of the Virginia Assembly, the honey-moon was spent at the White House,† the home

* For some reason shoes are numbered differently now—woman's vanity, perhaps.

† It is said in Williamsburg and New Kent County that the wedding ceremony took place at the parish church—St. Peter's. Custis and others state that it was performed at the residence of the bride. There is no contention concerning the fact of the wedding party at the White House and the honey-moon.

The "White House" in the city of Washington is said to have been so called in compliment to Mrs. Washington.

of the bride, once the property of Daniel Parke Custis, her first husband. The ground on which the old White House stood, and the changed buildings, are now the property of Mr. Robert E. Lee, Jr.

When the Assembly adjourned, young Washington brought his bride to Mount Vernon. For forty-six years Mount Vernon was Washington's home. He died and was buried there. It was to him the reality and ideality of home. To tell of what he did from Mount Vernon as a base would be to tell his entire history, leaving out the little that is positively known of his mother's mighty preliminary work, to which he said he owed all.

It was from Mount Vernon, in 1753, at the age of twenty-one, that he was sent by the English Governor Dinwiddie on his delicate mission of warning to the French, concerning disputed possessions on the Ohio; from Mount Vernon that, in 1755, after having resolved to devote his life, as Bancroft says, to "agricultural and philosophick pursuits," he went, a colonel at twenty-three, to join the English Braddock as aide-de-camp in the war against the French; from Mount Vernon that he went for fifteen years to Williamsburg, a Burgess to the Virginia Assembly; from Mount Vernon that he wrote, at the right time, a volley of letters to friends prominent in Virginia statesmanship, to express grave opinions against the right of England to tax the colonies; that he went to preside over the Fairfax County meeting, which his opinions largely had called together, to agree upon non-importation of taxed articles; that he journeyed to the two Congresses in Philadelphia—at the first to proclaim and protest against American wrongs, at the second to be chosen commander-in-chief of the revolted United Colonies, to be absent eight years (less three days), fighting a desperate fight, to end in the triumph that gave liberty the sweetest chance to grow that it has ever had; it was at Mount Vernon that he gave up again his loved occupation of farming to be a clear-eyed pilot to the beauteous new ship of state, till he carried it out to sea.

Washington's life at Mount Vernon, after settlement there as owner, naturally divides into three periods. The first (1755-75) includes his young married life, and ends with the outbreak of the Revolution; the second (1783-9) begins with his return after the Revolution, and closes

with his election to the Presidency; the third (1797-9) embraces the close of his life. The final days we shall consider after recounting household arrangements and family happenings in the four houses—two in New York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Germantown—occupied while President.

In the first period (1755-75) Washington was farmer, vestryman, sportsman, member of the House of Burgesses, colonel of the Virginia militia, and delegate, finally, to the two Continental Congresses at Philadelphia. Prominent by reason of extraordinarily early military success, hospitable, provident, inventive, he grew steadily in reputation and in wealth. In all his days a great user of the pen in diaries, in letters, in contracts, he slowly eradicated much of the result of miseducation at self-satisfied Mr. Hobby's "old field" school.*

The early household consisted of Washington and his wife, and her two Custis children, four and six years old at the time of Washington's marriage, John and Martha—"Jacky" and "Patsy": Jacky, mischief-making, active; Patsy, a sweet, tender, little thing, unusually brunette, colorless, and frail. Washington paid much attention to the claims of relationship. Visiting for days, weeks, months, or with no apparent intention of departure, guests continually filled his house—his and his wife's relatives; the aristocracy of the neighborhood and their guests; chance gentlemen, with and without letters of introduction, from England and elsewhere; the clergy; Virginia politicians; the portrait-painter, good and bad, chiefly bad, who had his field throughout the country.

When the Fairfaxes came over to stay the day, and perhaps the night, for a good run to the hounds, most of the guests joined in. The men wore gay, true sportsman costumes. Colonel Washington's superfine red waistcoat was trimmed in gold lace, and contrasted well with his handsome blue broadcloth coat, fitting loose across broad shoulders. His neat silver-capped switch had small need to touch fiery Blueskin, his favorite horse, who curveted beneath him while waiting for the start, and when the signal came was off at a bound.

The Colonel was fearless of any but a

* Hobby said that it was he that laid the foundation of Washington's greatness.

stumbling horse, sat with ease and power, had a wonderful grip with his knees.

"I require but one good quality in a horse—to go along," said he, though Blueskin was graceful and well proportioned.

The ladies on hunting days, in dainty last-century dress, some of them in crimson riding-habits, made a mighty pretty picture following within cry of the hounds. They kept to the roads on horseback, or in Mrs. Washington's chariot and four, the coachman and the black postilion astride a forward horse, wearing the Washington livery of scarlet, white, and gold, the right colors in the leafy roads.

The uninitiated might think Washington the chief figure in the fetching Virginia pageant. He was not, if Billy, the negro huntsman, was a judge. It was Billy himself, gayly dressed and tickled into a sensation of delight possible only to a bedizened dandy. Billy's horse, Chinkling, built something like his rider, low and sturdy—a wonderful leaper—was ambitious. It was, "Come, Music! Come, Sweetlips! Ho! Truelove!" The dogs pricked up their ears. Billy, his French-horn slung round his neck, black velvet cap pulled over his eyes, long whip gathered back in hand, mounted with sudden vim, threw himself nearly at length along Chinkling; the dust flew, the woodsechoed with sounds of horse and blatant, excited negro voice, chuckling, warning, urging on to pursuit above the mellow yelping of the long-tongued, hastening hounds.

When there was a death, Washington was in at it, but seven or eight times they chased in vain one old fox—a black. Billy expressed the belief that he was kin to the devil. Saucy Reynard flourished his vanishing brush, went "ten or twenty miles on end," and returned at night to the starting-point, fresh and ready for another chase. They never killed him.

On return, the sporting party found a good dinner amply spread in the old-fashioned American—for that matter, old European—way, everything except desert on the table at once; beer or cider for Washington; for the others, wine, of which Washington also took a little. The dinner hour was three; the getting-ready bell rang at a quarter of three. The Colonel was a punctualist. As the hunt began at daybreak, breakfast by candle-light, it was probably no hardship to the ladies to be ready on time for dinner on hunting days. There were no



"MRS. WASHINGTON CAME IN OFTEN TO SEE THE SPINNING NEGRO WOMEN."

belated dinner guests among them such as we moderns have sometimes known.

In the cool damp kennel, about a hundred yards from the old family burying-vault, the hounds had a noisy feeding, lapping and snapping and snarling, a cheery sound with a rippling undertone accompaniment from the spring of running water in the midst of the rude paled-in enclosure. They were high-bred animals. Colonel Washington visited them twice a day. Lucky dogs!

Billy's rival in importance was Bishop, an "Englishman," a "biggety" light mulatto from England, Colonel Washington's body-servant and chief of stables. To Billy's taste, Bishop was overfond of talking of his "sarvice in two wars," of America, and of "those outlandish countries," Europe; too fond of cackling his ideas of the superiority of native

English to colonials. Bishop was a fine old creature spoiled. It was a rare treat to hear his account of the last words of General Braddock, in whose service as valet he had come over from England. At Braddock's defeat, the brave, foolhardy General, mortally wounded, regretful not to have taken young Washington's advice, which might possibly have saved him defeat, tender-hearted, be thought him of his faithful valet.

"Bishop," said he, "you are getting too old for war. I advise you to remain in America and go into the service of Colonel Washington. Be as faithful to him as you have been to me, and you may rely upon it that the remainder of your days will be well cared for and happy."

Bishop was faithful. Washington had a grateful heart, as witnessed by the make-

up of his households and many things not "writ in water." Bishop became a power among the servants at Mount Vernon. His service in two wars gave him moral right to authority. He was a good deal of a martinet. He visited the stables before sunrise, and applied a piece of white muslin to the horses' coats; if a bit of stain showed upon it, he was rude to the stable-boys.

In Southern homes it was never the fashion to speak of slaves as slaves; they were negroes or servants. Washington called his slaves "my people." There were forty-nine of his people in 1760; eighty-nine in 1770; one hundred and thirty-five in 1774. He hired white servants also, and a number of European stewards and laborers, who came over under contract.

The housekeeping was conducted with the delicious ease, pleasant to think of, that makes a house seem to keep itself. Each of the army of servants had a specified work. Mrs. Washington came in often to see the spinning negro women—sixteen wheels going at once. Very pretty stuffs they made, heavy and light, for Mrs. Washington as well as for the servants. Two of her attractive homespun dresses were of cotton striped with silk ravelled from old brown silk stockings and crimson damask chair-covers. The lady knew the proper price of household articles; carried a bunch of jingling keys at her pretty waist, slender in those days. Clad in daintinesses that make beauty even where it is not, she embroidered much. She was prayerful. She was gay. Well educated, as education for women went. In her letters her sentences are easily and well turned, the irrelevant capitals delightful. Her life had a sky that was not only round, but limitless. Religion gave to her all the vista that any woman needs, allowing her the use of her talents, those of an industrious housewife and graceful grande dame.

The house remained during these twenty years very much as Lawrence Washington left it—plain, square, with not more than eight rooms and attic. To its substantial, comfortable furniture Washington added, soon after marriage, busts of his favorite heroes—Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charles XII. of Sweden, the King of Prussia, Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough—military, you observe.

Frail Patsy died, just budding into womanhood, in 1773. Washington, self-contained in public, was affectionate; he tenderly loved Patsy. He knelt by the bed praying for her recovery, not perceiving that the breath already had left her body. She had been devoted to her step-father, and left him her entire fortune, consisting solely of money. To comfort his wife he staid away from an important political engagement—a journey with Lord Dunmore.

The next year wayward, half-spoiled Jacky married a strip of a girl when he himself was but a boy. On account of Jack's youth, the Colonel objected beforehand, but gave in gracefully to the inevitable. Mrs. Washington, in mourning for Patsy, could not attend the wedding, but sent by the Colonel a dainty note of welcome to the bride, and gave to the newly married couple the next day, at Mount Vernon, an infair.

Bishop was growing old. Billy had the satisfaction of replacing him as body-servant.

Old Mr. Mason, Washington's neighbor of Gunston Hall, was a vestryman of Pohick church. So was Washington. The church grew too ancient for use. A new one was to be built. At the vestry meeting there was a disagreement; Mr. Mason was firm in advocating one site, Colonel Washington firm in advocating another. The meeting adjourned to a later day for time to consider. The second meeting took place. With eloquence Mr. Mason pleaded the tender associations connected with the old site, endeared, he was sure, to every member of Truro Parish by memories most hallowed and sweet. There was sympathy. Mr. Mason perorated perhaps with faltering voice. Everybody was touched; minds were about made up.

Colonel Washington unfolded a paper. It contained exact measurements he had personally made of the distance from Mr. Mason's hallowed spot to everybody's house in the parish, and distances from everybody's house in the parish to Colonel Washington's site, and ended with a sum in arithmetic showing which caused the most people the least trouble.

Colonel Washington's site carried.

A laughable exhibition this of the quality that, as much as any other, brought about Washington's public and private success—his unresting ability to

give himself pains. Steps from the sublime to the ridiculous are easily taken, but of the rare step upward from ridiculous to sublime there is no better illustration than in Washington's exactness. His faults were his virtues turned wrong side out.

Weightier questions submitted themselves to Washington's genius; but we turn to the house and household at Mount Vernon as we find them after the Revolution.

When Washington left Mount Vernon in 1775, a delegate to the second Congress in Philadelphia, he was an eminent Virginian, widely spoken of in America, known by reputation to the authorities in England. After an absence of eight years less three days he returned, a famed conqueror, praised of the world; Kings whose power his success threatened proclaiming, too, his greatness—Louis XVI. of France, Carlos IV. of Spain, Frederick the Great, and the rulers of far China and Siam, their applause not drowning that of the great of England, his foe.

It was on Christmas eve that Washington drew near to the gates of Mount Vernon, his true, dear wife beside him in the chaise. The sun was setting; the air, unusual, kind and sweet, half like a May day. On horseback, three aides—Colonel Humphreys, Colonel Smith, and Colonel Walker—accompanied him. Ahead of them Billy rode to announce the arrival to Bishop, now a white-haired pensioner of eighty, living at ease in the cottage built for him especially. The excited, trembling old man got at once into full regimentals, the musty, moth-eaten uniform he had worn as a British soldier "in two wars." Beside the road he "stood attention" as the horsemen and the chaise advanced, his time-tinted uniform a grateful bit of scarlet in the leafless landscape. He made the salute with his old cocked hat. His slender, light mulatto daughter, a beauty, stood beside him and dropped a curtsy, the color mounting to her cheek. The General and Lady Washington stopped graciously to "ask how they did."

Mrs. Washington's conduct, kind and patrician, as well as plucky, had won her the title of "Lady" from the army. She had more to do than was easily done to welcome and provide for the humble and the eminent that flocked to Mount Vernon to greet the risen neighbor.

It was a gleeful Yule-tide, when many

a glass of palate-tickling "methigler"* found its easy way to the shining negroes; and no doubt, among the guests, many a glass of "peach-and-honey"† testified the good quality of Lady Washington's receipts.

Nature was thoughtful of Washington in many ways. She had purposely tried him at Valley Forge to show how great it was possible for an American to be. Now, the happy Christmas over, and guests arriving too plentifully, she put a sudden stop to balminess, and piled snows around Mount Vernon deep and constant enough to keep off inquiring friends for as much as six weeks. This gave Colonel Humphreys and Colonel Smith a better chance to do the work for which they had accompanied the General to Mount Vernon—the arrangement of his Revolutionary documents.

Colonel Humphreys was a poet. Colonel Smith was no poet, and had no special fondness for live poets. When the desk-work was over and they needed to stretch their limbs, they usually did so in different directions. If he liked, Colonel Humphreys was permitted to address the "verdant hills" covered with snow, undisturbed by an audience.

Colonel Smith's constitutional brought him one day to petted old Bishop's domain, where, not far from the cottage, Sarah, his daughter, was milking. Her figure looked frail as she stooped to pick up the pail, which, foaming to the top with warm-smelling milk, was too heavy for her. "Do, miss, permit my strong arms to assist you," said the gallant New York Colonel, striding quickly up to her.

Of handsome young British officers old Bishop had told awful tales to Sarah, and why should not these warning tales apply to handsome young American officers as well? She shrieked, threw down the milk, spattering the Colonel from cocked hat to boot toe, and ran to the house, screaming all the way. The sputtering Colonel followed, talking anxiously.

Old Bishop appeared in the doorway. In a dramatic manner he held out his arms to his daughter, and roared to the expostulating Colonel: "I'm a-goin' to tell the General! I'm a-goin' right straight an' tell the General!"

* The popular pronunciation of *metheglin*, a drink made of fermented honey, spices, and water.

† Peach brandy sweetened with honey, without other ingredient—an "old Virginia" beverage.

The Colonel explained his harmless kindness.

"I'm a-goin' to tell the madam, too—the madam, the same as raised my child!" continued the old fellow, wagging his head, too deaf or too angry to hear. Fussing and fuming, he pushed his daughter before him, stepped inside, and slammed the door in the Colonel's face.

Colonel Smith said a word or two to the empty air.

He sought Billy. Billy was growing old; his head, we are told, was like a bunch of old sheep's wool, and he had been crippled by an accident, but his tongue had not lost its African honey.

"It's bad enough, Billy," said the Colonel, "for this story to get to the General's ears, but for the lady to hear it will never do. Then there's Humphreys; he'll be out upon me in a damned long poem that will spread my misfortunes from Dan to Beersheba."

Billy was sent ambassador to the "Englishman." He met Bishop, gorgeously equipped in the red uniform of "two wars," going in state to lay his affair before the General and Lady Washington. Powerful arguments prevailed. Mollified by whatever Billy had said, Bishop returned to his cottage. Colonel Smith made a point of remembering its locality, to keep away, and gave Billy a guinea.

When the snows melted, visitors came again in flocks. Hospitality before the Revolution, though constant, had left Mrs. Washington time to be hostess as well as housewife. Now she would have been but a tavern-keeper had she continued unassisted to manage domestic details. George Washington made it his office to obtain for her a housekeeper or steward.

There were now four grandchildren. Their father, Jack Custis, was dead, but not before he had had the ineffable pleasure of seeing the British march out, colors cased in surrender, between the ranks of our victorious arms at Yorktown. Jack's widow was married again. Washington adopted two of Jack's children, George and Nelly. Usually the other two were also at Mount Vernon.

The house grew too small. Washington minutely planned, in the spring of 1784, and superintended, the additions and alterations that changed it into its present appearance. He made it nearly a story higher, and added on one side a library, with so many secret cupboards for storage

that it is "a room within a room." Bed-rooms and closets were built on the floors above. On the other side of the house was added a spacious drawing-room, its ceiling the height of two floors—a room used on occasion as banqueting-hall. The family dining-room and the two smaller parlors within the old, the middle part of the house were exquisitely frescoed in faint shades and gold. There is uncertain tradition that the walls of the large drawing-room were papered. During Lafayette's visit invitations were out, it is said, for a ball in his honor. A handsome imported paper was to hang. The paperers failed to appear. Lafayette himself, assisted by the household, put it up in time for the ball. The authority for the story is unknown to the writer. It is in keeping with the character of the generous, helpful, broad-minded man, who knew why we are given two hands—that we may do our own tasks of sword or needle or pen, and, immediately when opportunity asks, the undone task of anybody.

The enlarged house was now a "mansion," a far cry from the four-room cottage in which Washington was born, if many historians are right; and one likes to think they are right—it shows better the stuff of which the first American was made. From each side of the house, on the west front, graceful semicircular arcades led to the kitchen on the left and an out-house on the right, leaving a court in the centre, surrounded by carriage drives. The house was entirely of wood, cut in imitation of stone, painted white, the blinds a very dark green.

It was after the Revolution, in August, 1784, that Lafayette returned from Europe and gave Washington the first opportunity to welcome him at Mount Vernon. Lafayette was as lovable a young hero as any whose heart has been touched with fire celestial. Grave for his years, there had been an instant bond between Washington and himself, equals in nobility of soul, though Lafayette was less prescient, less wise, and, alas, in his country's affairs, less successful. Americans wished him every happiness. His name is a happiness to the American that reads of him.

The French minister, the Comte de Moustier, and his very French sister, the Marquise de Brienne, visited later. In a letter Washington says he does not appreciate Madame la Marquise's penchant for fondling negro babies.

The clergy did not forget their ancient welcome. Among them was the now discredited Mr. Weems, the more-than-half-good, volatile person, apt at dropping into sentimental heroics, who in his history applied the cherry-tree story to Washington. The incident is said to have been copied bodily from an old biography of some other man. (See Lodge's *Life of Washington*.)

When a man becomes great, his government ought to build him a private museum. Washington needed one in which to bestow the handsome and odd presents that arrived—an engraving of Louis XVI., sent by that King; a Masonic apron embroidered by the Marquise Lafayette; a pair of asses from the King of Spain; two very full sets of Sèvres china; a miniature ship, fifteen feet long; a punch-eon of Jamaica rum; portraits of himself; Chinese pagodas. The overgrown cab-

ages and freak water-melons that came were no doubt numberless.

The house, which before had probably lacked bric-à-brac and pictures more than anything else, soon filled up luxuriously.

Lafayette, returning to France, sent a pack of troublesome blooded hounds, huge and savage enough to attack a wild-boar. Independent big Vulcan went into the kitchen, and ran away with a smoking fat ham cooked to a turn for a dinner party that was serving. General Washington, like a man, laughed at the mishap. Lady Washington did not.

But the hunting days, as well as the dancing, were over for Washington. The last hunt was in 1785. The dogs were sold; the kennel abolished. A deer-park was established on the water-front. The Presidential days arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISTHER KILGAR OF ATHLONE.

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS ("MAC").

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH THE TURF SMOKE," ETC.

TUMASH and I were lying on the brow of Crogh-na-gart-free after punishing a substantial lunch of well-buttered oat bread, and were gazing on the valley of the Ainey-beg away far below, and following with our eye its pleasant sauntering till it went out and lost itself in Donegal Bay. The day was one of the pleasantest that dawned over Donegal that season. The soft breath that came up from the ocean tempered to us the rays of the high-riding sun. A restful feeling possessed us, and a meditative mood. We had been more than moderately successful that morning; three hares and several braces of birds stretched their dead lengths by our side. We had lit our pipes, and up through the clear thin air Tumash and I were sending such smoke wreaths as might well rivet the attention of any still-hunting peelers within two leagues' distance, suggesting to them a still-house in full swing.

I was ruminating over a wonderfully entertaining tale that Tumash told me after we had got home and had had supper the previous night—the tale of how, when he was gamekeeper in Meenavalla, the great rascal known generally over

the north of Ireland as the Red Poocher had come representing himself to Tumash as Mr. Bullock of London, who had rented the shooting for that year, and, with Tumash's able assistance, poached the land over which Tumash was care-taker and gamekeeper alike—with the unpleasant result that when the real Mr. Bullock arrived there wasn't a bird to be winged upon the land; and with the final consequence that the owner, Mr. McCran of Belfast, dismissed poor Tumash almost by telegram.

"Tumash," I now said, suddenly, "ye niver heerd anything whatsomivir of the Red Poocher again?"

Tumash slowly turned his red eyes on me, and fixed me for a minute with quiet disdain. Then he lifted his gaze off me, and contemplated the Glen Ainey again. I knew well there was much at the back of that look. Except at rare times Tumash was an uncommunicative animal, and to some people always uncommunicative. I, however, from careful study of his moods, had got the knack of temporarily unlocking his mental stores, the which could only be effected, too, by seizing the psychological moment.

"Tumash," I said again, with a ring of determined persistence, "ye niver heerd nothin' more of the Red Poocher?"

"That's the second time ye've give me that slice of information. Sure I'm not deaf."

"Well, I say, *did* ye iver hear anything of him afther he pooched Meenavalla and got you walked out iv yer situation?"

"Oh! Then it's only lookin' for news ye are? I thought it was givin' news."

"Ye're as short, Tumash, as a hare's scut."

"Thanky, thanky. Fair exchange is no robbery—you give me abuse, an' I give you a story. If a man wants to ax a thing, I like him to ax it sthaight out. Come! shouldher yer gun," said Tumash, rising, "an' take houl' of them hares. It's time we wirr thrampin'."

I had, after all, trifled with the golden moment, and it was gone. There was nothing for it now but to do as I was directed.

Although Tumash and I weren't so successful in starting game during the remainder of the day as we had been in the morning, the whole day's sport would have averaged well, even if we had not (as fortunately was the case) drawn a *broc* ere we left the hills. Tumash had with him his terrier Grip, and from a huddled heap of rocks lying on the narrow passage of land between Loch Na-mbreac-buidhe and Loch Na-carriga Grip drew a *broc*. When both of them came tumbling out of the hole they were locked in each other's hold. They fought fiercely and furiously, howled and tore, tumbled and rolled—Grip uppermost now, the *broc* again; and anon both gained purchase with their hind legs on the ground, to be in another moment swirling and whirling over and over each other. The *broc* showed gallant fight, and when, after twenty minutes' wicked work, he succumbed, poor Grip limped from him with as bloody, tattered, battered, and disreputable a look as ever well-mauled corner boy bore out of a street row. Tumash's heart was proud for Grip's pluck, and he smiled benignantly as he patted her on the back, and tried to smooth down her much-tossed long locks. And when he reached home he would not sit down to supper till he had washed and dressed Grip's wounds—for she had as many as if she had been through Napoleon's wars—and carefully combed her, fed her, and bedded her

by the hearth. When we had finished supper Grip was stretched asleep, and, as any old soldier might, was evidently in dreams fighting her battle over again, for she occasionally emitted vicious little snarls and yelps that probably marked crucial moments in the fight.

Tumash smiled a smile of inward satisfaction, turning a satisfied look upon her at each of these manifestations of the indomitable little spirit within her. But not so Ellen. Ellen gave vent to her dissatisfaction, abusing Tumash in good set terms as an "onnatural Christian."

"How dar' ye, Tumash," she said, "go for to stan' by an' see the poor dog that knew no betther ill-usin' itself an' gettin' ill-used in that shape! How dar' ye, Tumash!"

Tumash was now smoking and calmly contemplating the fire. Tumash had a maxim which he frequently repeated to me, and on which he now (as always) acted—"When a woman starts in to aise her mind on ye, don't spaik back."

"How dar' ye, I say, Tumash!"

"Yis," said Tumash, addressing the fire, apparently, "I did hear tell of him again—an' again."

I was a bit mystified; Ellen quite lost the thread of her abuse for the moment.

"What is the *amadan* bletherin' about?" she queried.

"Ah!" said I; "is it the Red Poocher, Tumash?"

"Yis, it's the Red Poocher, Tumash," he said, querulously mimicking my tone. "Wasn't it him ye axed me about?"

"Oh yis, oh yis!" I said, with anticipative pleasure, and hitched forward my stool.

Ellen looked disdainfully from one to the other of us.

"Och, to the dickens with the pair o' yez an' the Red Poocher—all in a bunch!"

Said Tumash:

"When Misther McCran sent me packin' from Meenavalla he engaged a new gamekeeper, wan Pether Magroarty, from the head of the Aineymore—Peadhar Kittagh he was known be, bekase iv bein' left-handed. Misther McCran he wrote down Peadhar Kittagh a letther as big as a bed-sheet full of instruuctions an' diractions, warnin's an' thraits, an' the beginnin', endin', an' middle iv the letther was Red Poocher, Red Poocher, Red Poocher. An' Peadhar Kittagh he wrote McCran back that he'd be a gray Poocher

when he'd take *him* in. He toul' him he might sleep with an aisy conscience when he'd engaged Peadhar Kittagh for his gamekeeper; an' for the time to come Meenavalla would be less trouble to him than his own kail-garden.

"Too sure, too loose. For ten months afther a corbie couldn't fly over Meenavalla that Peadhar Kittagh wouldn't come to his door an' curse it; an' there wasn't as much as the tail of a yallayorlin' lost off the lan'.

"Well an' good. A gentleman from Oxfoord, in England, wan Misther Hedger, took the shootin' this year; an' the evenin' he come on the groun' me boul' Peadhar wouldn't let him say God bliss ye! till he started puttin' him through his catechism to prove that he was himself an' no other. Misther Hedger was inclined to be purty mad with his gamekeeper showin' so much cheek; but when Peadhar explained matthers till him he seen through it, an' proved to Peadhar's satisfaction that he was himself, an' thanked Peadhar, too, right heartily for bein' so cah'tious.

"Has there been any poochin' on the lan' for so far? Tell the truth, Magroarty,' siz he.

"Not the limb of a lark lost, yer honor,' siz Peadhar.

"Then, plaise Providence,' siz he, 'it'll be so till I clane the lan' meself. Has there been any word at all, at all, of the Red Poocher showin' up in the neighborhood?' siz he.

"The Red Poocher,' says Peadhar, 'is takin' good care to keep the brea'th iv the County Donegal atween him an' us. I have heerd tell, no later ago than We'n's-day, that he's at work up the Innishowen way, forty mile from here.'

"An', says Hedger, 'I judge the same lad's wisdom be the number iv miles he keeps off me. I'm a man, Magroarty,' siz he, 'that stan's no nonsense.'

"An', not intendin' no disrespect,' siz Peadhar, 'you an' I ir frien's, so.'

"But, behoul' ye, Hedger he hadn't got right saited himself when in to them steps Tuathal McHugh, the Binbane gamekeeper, an' he as noisy as a whole duck-house, cryin' out that the Red Poocher was on his hill afore br'ak o' day that very mornin'!

"He was an Irishman from Athlone, a Misther Kilgar, who had taken the Binbane shootin'. He had arrived just the

night afore, Tuathal explained, an' takin' a sthroll up the hill afore brekwist with only himself an' his gun, he was speedily back with the word to Tuathal that there wirr two scoundhrils roun' the elbow iv the hill pepperin' away. They run lake the Roe wather the first gleeck of him they caught, but though he was purty far off he could make out that the biggest rascal iv the two had hair an' whiskers as red as blazes. They could scarcely fetch themselves to credit Tuathal, only Misther Kilgar himself come steppin' in at this with his gun upon his shoulder; an',

"Upon my word,' siz he, when he'd inthroduced himself to Misther Hedger—'upon my word,' siz he, 'I'm sorry to say Tuathal only tells ye God's thruth. An' be all marks an' tokens, too, as far as I can gather,' siz he, 'I'm more than sartint it's no other nor the Red Poocher an' his collaigue. But, forewarned is forearmed. I'm prepared for him now; an' I'm blest if he comes on my shootin' again, an' I can get within range iv 'im, I'll give him as much lead as 'ill go good ways on makin' a coffin for 'im. May the divil take 'im, body an' bones!'

"Amen!' siz Tuathal McHugh.

"I didn't know, Misther Hedger,' siz Kilgar, 'that you'd arrived yerself; but McHugh here, an' meself, an' me own man, wirr on the hill all day, an' as we wirr over in the neighborhood iv your shootin', I thought it best,' siz he, 'to dhrop in here an' give Magroarty warnin' that the bla'guard's about, so as to put him on his keepin'.'

"Mighty good iv ye, an' I'm iver so much obligated to ye, I'm sure,' siz Hedger, 'for yer thought. We wirr just dis-coorsin' on the very same subject iv the Red Poocher, an' Magroarty was makin' my min' aisy regardin' 'im—informin' me that he was playin' himself in the exthreme end iv the county, when your gamekeeper here come in with the news that he was nearer us nor we bargained for. Well, all I say,' siz Hedger, siz he, 'is, he'd betther thraavel round my moor any time the divil puts it in his head to thraavel across it, or I'm grievously afeerd I'll be apt to forget, on sight iv 'im, that there's no special allowance for shootin' poochers in me game license—a short-comin' that should be rimedied.'

"By my faith,' siz Kilgar, 'an' if he comes on me, he'll be apt to go off me

again in betther style nor he's used to—with four men carryin' 'im, and the doore supplied at me own expense, gratis.'

"'Anyhow,' siz Kilgar, 'we'll prove ourselves purty big *amadans*, an' laughin'-stocks for the counthry, if we let him do us. So far as I hear, he would do the divil himself to his teeth, an' pooch hell with his tongue in his cheek; so we'll have to keep a watch night an' day. For the comin' week he'll have moonlight, an' it 'll be ojus the destruction he'll make among the birds. We'll have to work into aich other's han's, Misther Hedger,' siz he, 'an' put a watch on the moors both be night an' day. The wan watch 'ill do for both our grounds.'

"Very well. Kilgar arranged—as he had himself, his man, an' his gamekeeper, an' Misther Hedger himself, his own man, an' his gamekeeper—he arranged that it would be mighty pleasant for them to work together in means; Misther Hedger to come over for the nixt day, an' both iv them shoot Kilgar's hills; an' then Kilgar go over with Hedger the day afther an' shoot Hedger's moor. It was agreed to that Hedger's own man was to do sen-thry-go on the hills every night, while Kilgar, as a set-off again' that, give his man an' his pony an' thrap to carry the hampers aich day to the railway station at Sthranorlar, a matther iv twinty mile.

"This Kilgar he was a long-headed chap, an' no manner iv doubt, an' he so arranged that a cat couldn't wash her whiskers on the two lan's. from the wan en' iv them to the other, without the whole party knowin' it afore her mouth was closed again; an' Hedger himself give in that if the Red Poocher could outwit Kilgar he'd desarne the heighth iv credit for it, an' he himself would be the first to give him it, he didn't care if it was his own lan' was done, an' not so much as a tail left on it.

"This chat,' siz Kilgar, siz he, 'about poochers an' poochin', an' the cliverness iv poochers, is, the wan half iv it, blamed humbug, an' the t'other half lies. Iv coorse I'll admit that if a man's inclined to pooch, an' he finds he has to dail with an ediot or an ass who'll let 'im pooch, he *will* pooch, an' small blame to 'im; he'd show himself as big an ass as the man he had to dail with if he didn't pooch. This county iv Donegal, too, has 'arned itself the dickens' own name as a poochin' county. But—an' it's with

all due respect I say it, Misther Hedger—it's the know-nothin' *amadans* of Englishmen who take the shootin's here that is the cause iv all the poochin'.'

"'I agree with ye there,' siz Hedger. 'I heartily agree with ye there. That same has ever been me own opinion. Every cock can crow on its own du'ghill. When my counthrymen's at home they think themselves fit to make fools iv the wurrl' an' its wife; but I've seen few iv them put their fut on an Irish moor that a chile couldn't bewildher them at wanst, an' laugh in its sleeve at them. I've seen them time an' again pay out gowpenfuls iv money for a moor, an' then poochers that was branded as blockheads by all that knew them step in, an' undher their very noses wipe the moor as clane as an emp' male-kist; the men that paid for it congratulatin' themselves that the knaves hadn't thricked them into carryin' the bags for them. Such men, Misther Kilgar, disarve to be humbugged an' chaited—an' may they long be so, say I, till they l'arn to fetch a grain or two more common-sense an' a poun' or two less self-consait with them, when they label their portmantieys "Irelan'." That's what I say,' siz Hedger.

"'An' there ye say right,' siz Kilgar. 'Now I've been rentin' moors an' shootin' moors as long as I have—an' I'm sartint I've done so for a good score iv seasons—an' I can say with cool confidence that till yistherday mornin' a poocher niver scatthered a feather on a shootin' belongin' to me yet. Bekase why, they knew their man; they knew, in the first place, it wasn't an Englishman they had to dail with; an' they knew, in the nixt place, that it was ME—ME; there isn't a poocher from en' to win' iv Irelan' but knows Kilgar.'

"'Ha! ha!' siz Hedger, siz he, 'I think the divil himself when he was a hayro wouldn't venture to pooch on your preserves.'

"'Well, at laist,' siz Kilgar, 'he didn't; that's why there 's a divil still.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' siz Hedger, siz he, 'I'm thinkin' the Red Poocher is prospectin' for a new huntin'-groun', now he finds you in these parts.'

"'I'm thinkin',' siz Kilgar, 'he is. An' throth an' if he had waited another five minutes on me yistherday mornin', I'd 'a' sent him to a new huntin'-groun' be a mortal fast express, with his fare paid.'

"An' right enough, the Red Poocher did seem purty slow about showin' up either on Meenavalla or on Binbane—Kilgar's place. Kilgar an' Hedger, with Peadhar Kittagh an' Tuathal McHugh, was out on the two places day about. It was lovely weather—just much like the sort me an' you had the day—an' the gentlemen did enjoy themselves, without no manner i' doubt. For the game was purty plenty, an' they tumbled them at the rate of a shower i' hail, an' packed an' sent off well-filled hampers be the dozen to their frien's in all corners i' the kingdom, Kilgar's man, Thady, as he was called, bein' kept as busy as a nailer thrinnlin' [trundling] them off away to Sthranorlar, day an' daily. Hedger, he was in the very best i' good-humor, an' Kilgar was noways behind. They shot both i' them lake sodgers all day, an' dhrunk lake beggars half i' the night; for Peadhar Kittagh was as fine a han' at makin' a still as e'er another in the parish; an' he'd as soon think iv laivin' his house without a dhrap i' *dew* as without holy wather. Then when the two gentlemen would get hearty at the potteen it was as good as a play, I'm toul', to hear them cursin' the Red Poocher, an' makin' their brags what *they'd* do if he'd dar' wipe his boots on *their* heather, an' laughin' at the numskulls that let him play his pranks on them, aich i' them thryin' to outdo the other in their defiance iv the Red Poocher, the wurrl', an' the devil. Then when Kilgar, somewhere afore mornin', would take it in his head to go home with Tuathal an' get an hour's sleep, Hedger he'd laive him up the moor; an' when the two would part they'd continue firin' salutes afther wan another till they'd get out iv hearin'. They had the whole counthry-side in a tarrible state iv alarm for the week these doin's lasted; people wirr afeerd to go to bed at night, for they couldn't tell what the norra damage these fellas with their fire-arms would take it into their cracked noddles to do some night they'd have a worse fit on than usual; an' no daicent man knew, goin' to bed in the heighth iv health, but he'd fin' himself risin' a corp in the mornin'.

"A week, I sayed, these doin's lasted, an' then, like a capsized car, come to a middlin' sudden stop. An' it was this way: On Sunday night Peadhar put the potteen on the boord for them as usual,

an' afther sayin' the litany on the Red Poocher they sung song an' song about, till a couple iv hours afore sunrise, when they had the usual noisy partin' on the hill, an' Hedger he returned to have a wee wink iv sleep, an' be over to Binbane brave an' early for another big day's shootin': on Sathurday they had been shootin' Meenavalla, so Monday was due to the other. In the mornin', then, Peadhar Kittagh managed, by manes iv plenty i' good diggin' in the ribs, to get the Englishman up betimes an' feed him, when the both i' them shouldhered their guns an' made thracks for their neighbor, laivin' Hedger's man, who'd been, iv coorse, doin' senthry-go all night on the moor an' the hill, in bed an' snorin' lake five carters.

"They expected to meet Kilgar an' Tuathal on the hill; but there wasn't any sign iv them; so Hedger an' Peadhar Kittagh headed on down to'rst Tuathal's.

"'Be mae faith,' siz Hedger, 'if, as you say, I slep' as heavy as a hog this mornin', Kilgar must 'a' slep' lake an elephant. Ay, there's the pair i' them now,' siz he, 'without the house. Whistle on them an' see what the devil's keepin' them.' So Peadhar whistled.

"'That's Tuathal,' siz Peadhar; 'but Kilgar hasn't shown out yet. That other's some sthranger or other.'

"Hedger an' Peadhar started a couple i' birds here, had a bang at them, an' fetched down wan. Then they thripped it down to the house.

"'Mae frien',' siz the sthrange man was along with Tuathal, steppin' forrid, 'pardon mae inquiren' yer name.'

"'My name,' siz he, 'is Hedger—Misther Hedger iv Oxfoord, England. You're a frien' to Kilgar, I suppose? What the devil's the raison he isn't out afore this?'

"'Yis, I'm a frien' iv Kilgar's—a very particular frien', in fact. Misther Kilgar 'ill appear to ye in another minnit. You're a very pretty shot, Misther Hedger, an' that's a fine bird neatly tumbled. Might I ax if ye have knocked over many on this hill, Misther Hedger?'

"'Why, yis,' siz Hedger. 'I'm not a man noways given to braggin', but I'll say that if any other man in Englan', Irelan', Scotlan', or Donegal would engage to dhrup as many birds on this hill as I've done in the four days I've been on it with Kilgar, I'd—I'd just have an itch to see that man—Kilgar himself only ex-



" 'AIST, AIST, 'SIZ THE FELLA, DHRAWIN' BACK."

cepted. I do admit that Kilgar bates me—but then Kilgar bates the divil himself; the divil himself when he was a dhragoon couldn't shoot with Misther Kilgar iv Athlone. That's admitted, an' can't be denied.'

"'Indeed? Misther Kilgar invited ye help him shoot the hill, I suppose?"

"'Ay. Ye see it's this way: There's a scoundhril iv a fella goin' about here—an' unhung too, I'm sorry to say—that they call the Red Poocher. He was startin' in with his thricks upon sthrangers when I come here, an' I put about the size iv a naggin iv shot into him wan evenin' an' passed him on from me moor—Meenavalla. He come this way, an' Kilgar, noways loth to help the lame dog over the stile, give him another fistful or two iv the same medicine, an' sent him further. On the sthren'th iv this we sthruck up an acquaintance, an' shot our lan's day about, formin' an alliance that has sthruck terror to the hearts of all poochers, an' kep' them as mute mice in a male-bag.'

"'Raill'y?' siz the sthranger, in a very sleekit, quiet way. 'Then I'm mortal glad to l'arn it. I am mighty intherested meself in the suppression iv poochers an' poochin'.'

"'Right ye are, oul' chap. Give us yer han' on it,' siz Hedger, reachin' for the fella's fist.

"'Aisy, aisy,' siz the fella, dhrawin' back. 'Mortal much intherested, I say,

in the suppression iv poochers and poochin', an' that's why it'll give me shupreme pleasure to—with all the expedition I can—present you, Misther Hedger iv Oxfoord, England, with a writ for a very han'some figure i' damages, be raison iv yerself an' yer sarvint, in conjunction with another pair iv notorious poochers—wan iv them popularly known as the Red Poocher—shootin' my Biubane *take* for four days, an' killin', slayin', and otherwise desthroyin' the grouse, snipe, an' hares thereon, an' othier game. *My* name is Misther Kilgar—Misther Augustus Kilgar, iv Athlone, solicitor. An', furthermore, Misther Hedger iv Oxfoord, Englan', siz he, still in the politest manner imaginable, 'I may mention for yer gratification that if yer English frien's don't die till they taste some iv the many hampers iv game you've been thrinnlin' off to them from Meenavalla, they're likely to live to a very ripe oul' age. It's a sort of consolation to me to know that if the Red Poocher got yer help to pooch me, he likeways took the loan iv ye to help pooch yerself.

"'As to the criminal action ye've left yerself open to, Misther Hedger iv Oxfoord, England, I'll lay that entirely atween yerself an' the police.'

"'Faith, poor Grip's wakened again, an' as fresh as a May flower. Ellen, a *theagair*, Grip would die in the dumps if I didn't let him toss a *broc* now an' again for sport."

THE CENTURY'S PROGRESS IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D.

I.

A LITTLE over a hundred years ago a reform movement was afoot in the world in the interests of the insane. As was fitting, the movement showed itself first in America, where these unfortunates were humanely cared for at a time when their treatment elsewhere was worse than brutal, but England and France quickly fell into line. The leader on this side the water was the famous Philadelphian Dr. Benjamin Rush, "the Sydenham of America"; in England, Dr. William Take inaugurated the

movement; and in France, Dr. Philippe Pinel, single-handed, led the way. Moved by a common spirit, though acting quite independently, these men raised a revolt against the traditional custom which, spurning the insane as demon-haunted outcasts, had condemned these unfortunates to dungeons, chains, and the lash. Hitherto few people had thought it other than the natural course of events that the "maniac" should be thrust into a dungeon, and perhaps chained to the wall with the aid of an iron band riveted permanently about his neck or waist. Many



PINEL AT LA SALPÊTRIÈRE. IN 1795, RELEASING THE INSANE FROM THEIR MANACLES.

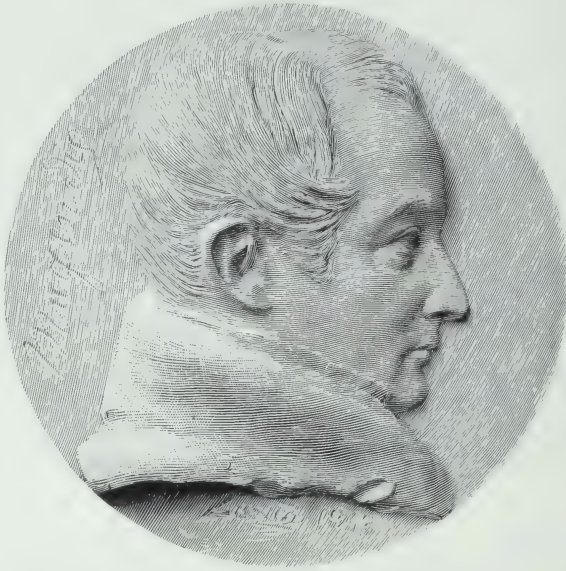
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an unfortunate, thus manacled, was held to the narrow limits of his chain for years together in a cell to which full daylight never penetrated; sometimes—iron being expensive—the chain was so short that the wretched victim could not rise to the upright posture, or even shift his position upon his squalid pallet of straw.

In America, indeed, there being no Middle Age precedents to crystallize into established customs, the treatment accorded the insane had seldom or never sunk to this level. Partly for this reason, perhaps, the work of Doctor Rush, at the Philadelphia Hospital, in 1784, by means of which the insane came to be humanely treated, even to the extent of banishing the lash, has been but little noted, while the work of the European leaders, though belonging to later decades, has been made famous. And perhaps this is not as unjust as it seems, for the step which Rush took, from relatively bad to good, was a far easier one to take than the leap from atrocities to good treatment which the European reformers were obliged to compass. In Paris, for example, Pinel was obliged to ask permission of the authorities even to make the attempt at liberating the insane from their chains, and notwithstanding his recognized position as a leader of science, he gained but grudging assent, and was regarded as being himself little better than a lunatic for making so manifestly unwise and hopeless an attempt. Once the attempt had been made, however, and carried to a successful issue, the amelioration wrought in the condition of the insane was so patent that the fame of Pinel's work at the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière went abroad

apace. It required, indeed, many years to complete it in Paris, and a lifetime of effort on the part of Pinel's pupil Esquirol and others to extend the reform to the provinces; but the epochal turning-point had been reached with Pinel's labors of the closing years of the eighteenth century.

The significance of this wise and humane reform, in the present connection, is the fact that these studies of the insane gave emphasis to the novel idea, which by-and-by became accepted as beyond question, that "demoniacal possession" is in reality no more than the outward expression of a



FRANÇOIS MAGENDIE.

Engraved by E. Schladitz after the medallion by David d'Angers.

diseased condition of the brain. This realization made it clear, as never before, how intimately the mind and the body are linked one to the other. And so it chanced that in striking the shackles from the insane, Pinel and his confrères struck a blow also, unwittingly, at time-honored philosophical traditions. The liberation of the insane from their dungeons was an augury of the liberation of psychology from the musty recesses of metaphysics. Hitherto psychology, in so far as it existed at all, was but the subjective study of individual minds; in future it must become objective as well, taking into account also the relations which the mind bears to the body, and in particular to the brain and nervous system.

The necessity for this collocation was advocated quite as earnestly, and even more directly, by another worker of this period, whose studies were allied to those of alienists, and who, even more actively than they, focalized his attention upon the brain and its functions. This earliest

of specialists in brain studies was a German by birth, but Parisian by adoption, Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, originator of the since notorious system of phrenology. The merited disrepute into which this system has fallen through the expositions of peripatetic charlatans should not make us forget that Dr. Gall himself was apparently a highly educated physician, a careful student of the brain and mind, according to the best light of his time, and, withal, an earnest and honest believer in the validity of the system he had originated. The system itself, taken as a whole, was hopelessly faulty, yet it was not without its latent germ of truth, as later studies were to show. How firmly its author himself believed in it is evidenced by the paper which he contributed to the French Academy of Science in 1808. The paper itself was referred to a committee of which Pinel and Cuvier were members. The verdict of this committee was adverse, and justly so; yet the system condemned had at least one merit which its detractors failed to realize. It popularized the conception that the brain is the organ of mind. Moreover, by its insistence it rallied about it a band of scientific supporters, chief of whom was Dr. Kaspar Spurzheim, a man of no mean abilities, who became the propagandist of phrenology in England and in America. Of course such advocacy and popularity stimulated opposition as well, and out of the disputations thus arising there grew presently a general interest in the brain as the organ of mind, quite aside from any preconceptions whatever as to the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim.

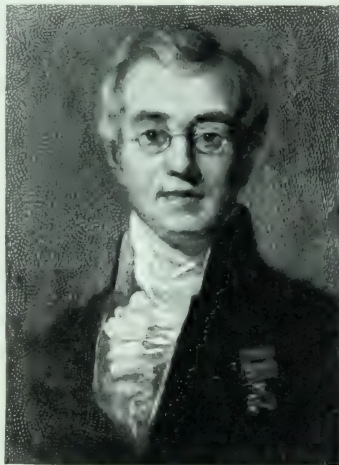
Prominent among the unprejudiced class of workers who now appeared was the brilliant young Frenchman Louis Antoine Desmoulins, who studied first under the tutorage of the famous Magendie, and published jointly with him a classical work on the nervous system of vertebrates in 1825. Desmoulins made at least one discovery of epochal importance.

He observed that the brains of persons dying in old age were lighter than the average, and gave visible evidence of atrophy, and he reasoned that such decay is a normal accompaniment of senility. No one nowadays would question the accuracy of this observation, but the scientific world was not quite ready for it in 1825; for when Desmoulins announced his discovery to the French Academy, that august and somewhat patriarchal body was moved to quite unscientific wrath, and forbade the young iconoclast the privilege of further hearings. From which it is evident that the partially liberated spirit of the new psychology had by no means freed itself altogether, at the close of the first quarter of our century, from the metaphysical cobwebs of its long incarceration.

II.

While studies of the brain were thus being inaugurated, the nervous system, which is the channel of communication between the brain and the outside world, was being interrogated with even more tangible results. The inaugural discovery was made in 1811 by Dr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Bell, the famous English surgeon and experimental physiologist. It consisted of the observation that the anterior roots of the spinal nerves are given over to the function of conveying motor impulses from the brain outward, whereas the posterior roots convey solely sensory impulses to the brain from without. Hitherto it had been supposed that all nerves have a similar function, and the peculiar distribution of the spinal nerves had been an unsolved puzzle.

Bell's discovery was epochal; but its full significance was not appreciated for a decade, nor, indeed, was its validity at first admitted. In Paris, in particular, then the court of final appeal in all matters scientific, the alleged discovery was looked at askance, or quite ignored. But in 1823 the subject was taken up by the recognized leader of French physiology—



SIR CHARLES BELL.

By permission of G. Bell and Sons, London.



EMIL DU BOIS REYMOND.

After a photograph by Loescher and Petsch, Berlin.



JEAN MARTIN CHARCOT.

After a photograph by Eug. Pirou, Paris.

François Magendie—in the course of his comprehensive experimental studies of the nervous system, and Bell's conclusions were subjected to the most rigid experimental tests, and found altogether valid. Bell himself, meanwhile, had turned his attention to the cranial nerves, and had proved that these also are divisible into two sets—sensory and motor. Sometimes, indeed, the two sets of filaments are combined into one nerve cord, but, if traced to their origin, these are found to arise from different brain centres. Thus it was clear that a hitherto unrecognized duality of function pertains to the entire extra-cranial nervous system. Any impulse sent from the periphery to the brain must be conveyed along a perfectly definite channel; the response from the brain, sent out to the peripheral muscles, must traverse an equally definite and altogether different course. If either channel is interrupted—as by the section of its particular nerve tract—the corresponding message is denied transmission as effectually as an electric current is stopped by the section of the transmitting wire.

Experimenters everywhere soon confirmed the observations of Bell and Magendie; and, as always happens after a great discovery, a fresh impulse was given to investigations in allied fields. Nevertheless, a full decade elapsed before another discovery of comparable importance was made. Then Marshall Hall, the most famous of English physicians of his day, made his classical observations on the phenomena that henceforth were to be known as reflex action. In 1832, while experimenting one day with a decapitated newt, he observed that the headless creature's limbs would contract in direct response to certain stimuli. Such a response could no longer be secured if the spinal nerves supplying a part were severed. Hence it was clear that responsive centres exist in the spinal cord capable of receiving a sensory message, and of transmitting a motor impulse in reply—a function hitherto supposed to be reserved for the brain. Further studies went to show that such phenomena of reflex action on the part of centres lying outside the range of consciousness, both in the spinal cord and in

the brain itself, are extremely common; that, in short, they enter constantly into the activities of every living organism, and have a most important share in the sum total of vital movements. Hence, Hall's discovery must always stand as one of the great mile-stones of the advance of neurological science.

All these considerations as to nerve currents and nerve tracts becoming stock knowledge of science, it was natural that interest should become stimulated as to the exact character of these nerve tracts in themselves; and all the more natural in that the perfected microscope was just now claiming all fields for its own. A troop of observers soon entered upon the study of the nerves; and the leader here, as in so many other lines of microscopical research, was no other than Theodor Schwann. Through his efforts, and with

the invaluable aid of such other workers as Remak, Purkinje, Henle, Müller, and the rest, all the mystery as to the general characteristics of nerve tracts was cleared away. It came to be known that in its essentials a nerve tract is a tenuous fibre or thread of protoplasm, stretching between two terminal points in the organism—one of such termini being usually a cell of the brain or spinal cord; the other, a distribution point at or near the periphery—for example, in a muscle or in the skin. Such a fibril may have about it a protective covering, which is known as the sheath of Schwann; but the fibril itself is the

essential nerve tract; and in many cases, as Remak presently discovered, the sheath is dispensed with, particularly in case of the nerves of the so-called sympathetic system.

This sympathetic system of ganglia and nerves, by-the-bye, had long been a puzzle to the physiologists. Its ganglia, the seeming centres of the system, usual-

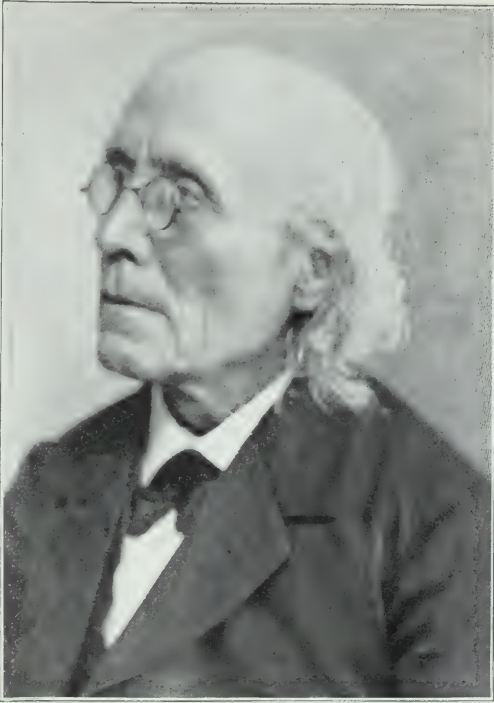
ly minute in size, and never very large, are found everywhere through the organism, but in particular are gathered into a long double chain which lies within the body cavity, outside the spinal column, and represents the sole nervous system of the non-vertebrate organisms. Fibrils from these ganglia were seen to join the cranial and spinal nerve fibrils, and to accompany them everywhere, but what special function they subserved was long a mere matter of conjecture, and led



PAUL BROCA.

After a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris.

to many absurd speculations. Fact was not substituted for conjecture until about the year 1851, when the great Frenchman Claude Bernard conclusively proved that at least one chief function of the sympathetic fibrils is to cause contraction of the walls of the arterioles of the system, thus regulating the blood-supply of any given part. Ten years earlier Henle had demonstrated the existence of annular bands of muscle fibres in the arterioles, hitherto a much mooted question, and several tentative explanations of the action of these fibres had been made, particularly by the brothers Weber, by Stilling, who, as early as 1840, had ventured



GUSTAV THEODOR FECHNER.
After a photograph by Georg Brokesh, Leipzig.

to speak of "vaso-motor" nerves, and by Schiff, who was hard upon the same track at the time of Bernard's discovery. But a clear light was not thrown on the subject until Bernard's experiments were made in 1851. The experiments were soon after confirmed and extended by Brown-Séquard, Waller, Budge, and numerous others, and henceforth physiologists felt that they understood how the blood-supply of any given part is regulated by the nervous system.

In reality, however, they had learned only half the story, as Bernard himself proved only a few years later by opening up a new and quite unsuspected chapter. While experimenting in 1858 he discovered that there are certain nerves supplying the heart which, if stimulated, cause that organ to relax and cease beating. As the heart is essentially nothing more than an aggregation of muscles, this phenomenon was utterly puzzling and without precedent in the experience of physiologists. An impulse travelling along a motor nerve had been supposed to be able to cause a muscular contraction and to do nothing else; yet here such an impulse had exactly the opposite effect. The only

tenable explanation seemed to be that this particular impulse must arrest or inhibit the action of the impulses that ordinarily cause the heart muscles to contract. But the idea of such inhibition of one impulse by another was utterly novel, and at first difficult to comprehend. Gradually, however, the idea took its place in the current knowledge of nerve physiology, and in time it came to be understood that what happens in the case of the heart nerve-supply is only a particular case under a very general, indeed universal, form of nervous action. Growing out of Bernard's initial discovery came the final understanding that the entire nervous system is a mechanism of centres subordinate and centres superior, the action of the one of which may be counteracted and annulled in effect by the action of the other. This applies not merely to such physical processes as heart-beats and arterial contraction and relaxing, but to the most intricate functionings which have their counterpart in psychical processes as well. Thus the observation of the inhibition of the heart's action by a nervous impulse furnished

the point of departure for studies that led to a better understanding of the *modus operandi* of the mind's activities than had ever previously been attained by the most subtle of psychologists.

III.

The work of the nerve physiologists had thus an important bearing on questions of the mind. But there was another company of workers of this period who made an even more direct assault upon the "citadel of thought." A remarkable school of workers had developed in Germany, the leaders being men who, having more or less of innate metaphysical bias as a national birthright, had also the instincts of the empirical scientist, and whose educational equipment included a profound knowledge not alone of physiology and psychology, but of physics and mathematics as well. These men undertook the novel task of interrogating the relations of body and mind from the stand-point of physics. They sought to apply the vernier and the balance, as far as might be, to the intangible processes of mind.

The movement had its precursory

stages in the early part of the century, notably in the mathematical psychology of Herbart, but its first definitive output to attract general attention came from the master-hand of Hermann Helmholtz in 1851. It consisted of the accurate measurement of the speed of transit of a nervous impulse along a nerve tract. To make such measurement had been regarded as impossible, it being supposed that the flight of the nervous impulse was practically instantaneous. But Helmholtz readily demonstrated the contrary, showing that the nerve cord is a relatively sluggish message-bearer. According to his experiments, first performed upon the frog, the nervous "current" travels less than one hundred feet per second. Other experiments performed soon afterward by Helmholtz himself, and by various followers, chief among whom was Du Bois-Reymond, modified somewhat the exact figures at first obtained, but did not change the general bearings of the early results. Thus the nervous impulse was shown to be something far different, as regards speed of transit, at any rate, from the electric current to which it had been so often likened. An electric current would flash half-way round the globe while a nervous impulse could travel the length of the human body—from a man's foot to his brain.

The tendency to bridge the gulf that hitherto had separated the physical from the psychical world was further evidenced in the following decade by Helmholtz's remarkable but highly technical study of the sensations of sound and of color in connection with their physical causes, in the course of which he revived the doctrine of color vision which that other great physiologist and physicist, Thomas Young, had advanced half a century before. The same tendency was further evidenced by the appearance, in 1852, of Dr. Hermann Lotze's famous *Medizinische Psychologie, oder Physiologie der Seele*, with its challenge of the old myth of a "vital force." But the most definitive expression of the new movement was signalized in 1860, when Gustav Fechner published his classical work called *Psychophysik*. That title introduced a new word into the vocabulary of science. Fechner explained it by saying, "I mean by psycho-physics an exact theory of the relation between spirit and body, and, in a general way, between the

physical and the psychic worlds." The title became famous, and the brunt of many a controversy. So also did another phrase which Fechner introduced in the course of his book—the phrase "physiological psychology." In making that happy collocation of words Fechner virtually christened a new science.

The chief purport of this classical book of the German psycho-physiologist was the elaboration and explication of experiments based on a method introduced more than twenty years earlier by his countryman E. H. Weber, but which hitherto had failed to attract the attention it deserved. The method consisted of the measurement and analysis of the definite relation existing between external stimuli of varying degrees of intensity (various sounds, for example) and the mental states they induce. Weber's experiments grew out of the familiar observation that the nicety of our discriminations of various sounds, weights, or visual images depends upon the magnitude of each particular cause of a sensation in its relation with other similar causes. Thus, for example, we cannot see the stars in the daytime, though they shine as brightly then as at night. Again, we seldom notice the ticking of a clock in the daytime, though it may become almost painfully audible in the silence of the night. Yet again, the difference between an ounce weight and a two-ounce weight is clearly enough appreciable when we lift the two, but one cannot discriminate in the same way between a five-pound weight and a weight of one ounce over five pounds.

This last example, and similar ones for the other senses, gave Weber the clew to his novel experiments. Reflection upon every-day experiences made it clear to him that whenever we consider two visual sensations, or two auditory sensations, or two sensations of weight, in comparison one with another, there is always a limit to the keenness of our discrimination, and that this degree of keenness varies, as in the case of the weights just cited, with the magnitude of the exciting cause.

Weber determined to see whether these common experiences could be brought within the pale of a general law. His method consisted of making long series of experiments aimed at the determination, in each case, of what came to be spoken of as the least observable difference be-

tween the stimuli. Thus if one holds an ounce weight in each hand, and has tiny weights added to one of them, grain by grain, one does not at first perceive a difference; but presently, on the addition of a certain grain, he does become aware of the difference. Noting now how many grains have been added to produce this effect, we have the weight which represents the least appreciable difference when the standard is one ounce.

Now repeat the experiment, but let the weights be each of five pounds. Clearly in this case we shall be obliged to add not grains, but drachms, before a difference between the two heavy weights is perceived. But whatever the exact amount added, that amount represents the stimulus producing a just perceivable sensation of difference when the standard is five pounds. And so on for indefinite series of weights of varying magnitudes. Now came Weber's curious discovery. Not only did he find that in repeated experiments with the same pair of weights the measure of "just perceivable difference" remained approximately fixed, but he found, further, that a remarkable fixed relation exists between the stimuli of different magnitude. If, for example, he had found it necessary, in the case of the ounce weights, to add one-fiftieth of an ounce to the one before a difference was detected, he found also, in the case of the five-pound weights, that one-fiftieth of five pounds must be added before producing the same result. And so of all other weights; the amount added to produce the stimulus of "least appreciable difference" always bore the same mathematical relation to the magnitude of the weight used, be that magnitude great or small.

Weber found that the same thing holds good for the stimuli of the sensations of sight and of hearing, the differential stimulus bearing always a fixed ratio to the total magnitude of the stimuli. Here, then, was the law he had sought.

Weber's results were definite enough, and striking enough, yet they failed to attract any considerable measure of attention until they were revived and extended by Fechner, and brought before the world in the famous work on psychophysics. Then they precipitated a veritable *mêlée*. Fechner had not alone verified the earlier results (with certain limitations not essential to the present consideration), but had invented new meth-

ods of making similar tests, and had reduced the whole question to mathematical treatment. He pronounced Weber's discovery the fundamental law of psychophysics. In honor of the discoverer, he christened it Weber's Law. He clothed the law in words and in mathematical formulæ, and, so to say, launched it full tilt at the heads of the psychological world. It made a fine commotion, be assured, for it was the first widely heralded bulletin of the new psychology in its march upon the strongholds of the time-honored metaphysics. The accomplishments of the microscopists and the nerve physiologists had been but preliminary—mere border skirmishes of uncertain import. But here was proof that the iconoclastic movement meant to invade the very heart of the sacred territory of mind—a territory from which tangible objective fact had been supposed to be forever barred.

Hardly had the alarm been sounded, however, before a new movement was made. While Fechner's book was fresh from the press, steps were being taken to extend the methods of the physicist in yet another way to the intimate processes of the mind. As Helmholtz had shown the rate of nervous impulsion along the nerve tract to be measurable, it was now sought to measure also the time required for the central nervous mechanism to perform its work of receiving a message and sending out a response. This was coming down to the very threshold of mind. The attempt was first made by Professor Donders, in 1861, but definitive results were only obtained after many years of experiment on the part of a host of observers. The chief of these, and the man who has stood in the forefront of the new movement, and has been its recognized leader throughout the remainder of the century, is Dr. Wilhelm Wundt, of Leipzig.

The task was not easy, but, in the long-run, it was accomplished. Not alone was it shown that the nerve centre requires a measurable time for its operations, but much was learned as to conditions that modify this time. Thus it was found that different persons vary in the rate of their central nervous activity—which explained the "personal equation" that the astronomer Bessel had noted a half-century before. It was found, too, that the rate of activity varies also for the same

person under different conditions, becoming retarded, for example, under influence of fatigue, or in case of certain diseases of the brain. All details aside, the essential fact emerges, as an experimental demonstration, that the intellectual processes—sensation, apperception, volition—are linked irrevocably with the activities of the central nervous tissues, and that these activities, like all other physical processes, have a time element. To that old school of psychologists, who scarcely cared more for the human head than for the heels—being interested only in the mind—such a linking of mind and body as was thus demonstrated was naturally disquieting. But whatever the inferences, there was no escaping the facts.

Of course this new movement has not been confined to Germany. Indeed, it had long had exponents elsewhere. Thus in England, a full century earlier, Dr. Hartley had championed the theory of the close and indissoluble dependence of mind upon the brain, and formulated a famous vibration theory of association that still merits careful consideration. Then, too, in France, at the beginning of the century, there was Dr. Cabanis with his tangible, if crudely phrased, doctrine that the brain digests impressions and secretes thought as the stomach digests food and the liver secretes bile. Moreover, Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, with its avowed co-ordination of mind and body and its vitalizing theory of evolution, appeared in 1855, half a decade before the work of Fechner. But these influences, though of vast educational value, were theoretical rather than demonstrative, and the fact remains that the experimental work which first attempted to gauge mental operations by physical principles was mainly done in Germany. Wundt's *Physiological Psychology*, with its full preliminary descriptions of the anatomy of the nervous system, gave tangible expression to the growth of the new movement in 1874; and four years later, with the opening of his laboratory of Physiological Psychology at the University of Leipzig, the new psychology may be said to have gained a permanent foothold, and to have forced itself into official recognition. From then on its conquest of the world was but a matter of time.

It should be noted, however, that there is one other method of strictly experi-

mental examination of the mental field, latterly much in vogue, which had a different origin. This is the scientific investigation of the phenomena of hypnotism. This subject was rescued from the hands of charlatans, rechristened, and subjected to accurate investigation by Dr. James Braid, of Manchester, as early as 1841. But his results, after attracting momentary attention, fell from view, and, despite desultory efforts, the subject was not again accorded a general hearing from the scientific world until 1878, when Dr. Charcot took it up at the Salpêtrière in Paris, followed soon afterward by Dr. Rudolf Heidenhain, of Breslau, and a host of other experimenters. The value of the method in the study of mental states was soon apparent. Most of Braid's experiments were repeated, and in the main his results were confirmed. His explanation of hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism, as a self-induced state, independent of any occult or supersensible influence, soon gained general credence. His belief that the initial stages are due to fatigue of nervous centres, usually from excessive stimulation, has not been supplanted, though supplemented by notions growing out of the new knowledge as to subconscious mentality in general, and the inhibitory influence of one centre over another in the central nervous mechanism.

These studies of the psychologists and pathologists bring the relations of mind and body into sharp relief. But even more definite in this regard was the work of the brain physiologists. Chief of these, during the middle period of the century, was the man who is sometimes spoken of as the "father of brain physiology," Marie Jean Pierre Flourens, of the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, the pupil and worthy successor of Magendie. His experiments in nerve physiology were begun in the first quarter of the century, but his local experiments upon the brain itself were not culminated until about 1842. At this time the old dispute over phrenology had broken out afresh, and the studies of Flourens were aimed, in part at least, at the strictly scientific investigation of this troublesome topic.

In the course of these studies Flourens discovered that in the medulla oblongata, the part of the brain which connects that organ with the spinal cord, there is a centre of minute size which cannot be

injured in the least without causing the instant death of the animal operated upon. It may be added that it is this spot which is reached by the needle of the garroter in Spanish executions, and that the same centre also is destroyed when a criminal is "successfully" hanged, this time by the forced intrusion of a process of the second cervical vertebra. Flourens named this spot the "vital knot." Its extreme importance, as is now understood, is due to the fact that it is the centre of nerves that supply the heart; but this simple explanation, annulling the conception of a specific "life centre," was not at once apparent.

Other experiments of Flourens seemed to show that the cerebellum is the seat of the centres that co-ordinate muscular activities, and that the higher intellectual faculties are relegated to the cerebrum. But beyond this, as regards localization, experiment faltered. Negative results, as regards specific faculties, were obtained from all localized irritations of the cerebrum, and Flourens was forced to conclude that the cerebral lobe, while being undoubtedly the seat of higher intellection, performs its functions with its entire structure. This conclusion, which incidentally gave a quietus to phrenology, was accepted generally, and became the stock doctrine of cerebral physiology for a generation.

It will be seen, however, that these studies of Flourens had a double bearing. They denied localization of cerebral functions, but they demonstrated the localization of certain nervous processes in other portions of the brain. On the whole, then, they spoke positively for the principle of localization of function in the brain, for which a certain number of students contended: while their evidence against cerebral localization was only negative. There was here and there an observer who felt that this negative testimony was not conclusive. In particular, the German anatomist Meynert, who had studied the disposition of nerve tracts in the cerebrum, was led to believe that the anterior portions of the cerebrum must have motor functions in preponderance; the posterior portions, sensory functions. Somewhat similar conclusions were reached also by Dr. Hughlings-Jackson, in England, from his studies of epilepsy. But no positive evidence was forthcoming until 1861, when Dr. Paul Broca

brought before the Academy of Medicine in Paris a case of brain lesion which he regarded as having most important bearings on the question of cerebral localization.

The case was that of a patient at the Bicêtre, who for twenty years had been deprived of the power of speech, seemingly through loss of memory of words. In 1861 this patient died, and an autopsy revealed that a certain convolution of the left frontal lobe of his cerebrum had been totally destroyed by disease, the remainder of his brain being intact. Broca felt that this observation pointed strongly to a localization of the memory of words in a definite area of the brain. Moreover, it transpired that the case was not without precedent. As long ago as 1825 Dr. Boillard had been led, through pathological studies, to locate definitely a centre for the articulation of words in the frontal lobe, and here and there other observers had made tentatives in the same direction. Boillard had even followed the matter up with pertinacity, but the world was not ready to listen to him. Now, however, in the half-decade that followed Broca's announcements, interest rose to fever-heat, and through the efforts of Broca, Boillard, and numerous others it was proved that a veritable centre having a strange domination over the memory of articulate words has its seat in the third convolution of the frontal lobe of the cerebrum, usually in the left hemisphere. That part of the brain has since been known to the English-speaking world as the convolution of Broca, a name which, strangely enough, the discoverer's compatriots have been slow to accept.

This discovery very naturally reopened the entire subject of brain localization. It was but a short step to the inference that there must be other definite centres worth the seeking, and various observers set about searching for them. In 1867 a clew was gained by Eckhard, who, repeating a forgotten experiment of Haller and Zinn of the previous century, removed portions of the brain cortex of animals, with the result of producing convulsions. But the really vital departure was made in 1870 by the German investigators Fritsch and Hitzig, who, by stimulating definite areas of the cortex of animals with a galvanic current, produced contraction of definite sets of muscles of the opposite side of the body. These

most important experiments, received at first with incredulity, were repeated and extended in 1873 by Dr. David Ferrier, of London, and soon afterward by a small army of independent workers everywhere, prominent among whom were Franck and Pitres in France, Munck and Goltz in Germany, and Horsley and Schafer in England. The detailed results, naturally enough, were not at first all in harmony. Some observers, as Goltz, even denied the validity of the conclusions *in toto*. But a consensus of opinion, based on multitudes of experiments, soon placed the broad general facts for which Fritsch and Hitzig contended beyond controversy. It was found, indeed, that the cerebral centres of motor activities have not quite the finality at first ascribed to them by some observers, since it may often happen that after the destruction of a centre, with attending loss of function, there may be a gradual restoration of the lost function, proving that other centres have acquired the capacity to take the place of the one destroyed. There are limits to this capacity for substitution, however, and with this qualification the definiteness of the localization of motor functions in the cerebral cortex has become an accepted part of brain physiology.

Nor is such localization confined to motor centres. Later experiments, particularly of Ferrier and of Munck, proved that the centres of vision are equally restricted in their location, this time in the posterior lobes of the brain, and that hearing has likewise its local habitation. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that each form of primary sensation is based on impressions which mainly come to a definitely localized goal in the brain. But all this, be it understood, has no reference to the higher forms of intellection. All experiment has proved futile to localize these functions, except indeed to the extent of corroborating the familiar fact of their dependence upon the brain, and, somewhat problematically, upon the anterior lobes of the cerebrum in particular. But this is precisely what should be expected, for the clearer insight into the nature of mental processes makes it plain that in the main these alleged "faculties" are not in themselves localized. Thus, for example, the "faculty" of language is associated irrevocably with centres of vision, of hearing, and of mus-

cular activity, to go no further, and only becomes possible through the association of these widely separated centres. The destruction of Broca's centre, as was early discovered, does not altogether deprive a patient of his knowledge of language. He may be totally unable to speak (though as to this there are all degrees of variation), and yet may comprehend what is said to him, and be able to read, think, and even write correctly. Thus it appears that Broca's centre is peculiarly bound up with the capacity for articulate speech, but is far enough from being the seat of the faculty of language in its entirety.

In a similar way, most of the supposed isolated "faculties" of higher intellection appear, upon clearer analysis, as complex aggregations of primary sensations, and hence necessarily dependent upon numerous and scattered centres. Some "faculties," as memory and volition, may be said in a sense to be primordial endowments of every nerve cell—even of every body cell. Indeed, an ultimate analysis relegates all intellection, in its primordial adumbrations, to every particle of living matter. But such refinements of analysis, after all, cannot hide the fact that certain forms of higher intellection involve a pretty definite collocation and elaboration of special sensations. Such specialization, indeed, seems a necessary accompaniment of mental evolution. That every such specialized function has its localized centres of co-ordination, of some such significance as the demonstrated centres of articulate speech, can hardly be in doubt—though this, be it understood, is an induction, not as yet a demonstration. In other words, there is every reason to believe that numerous "centres," in this restricted sense, exist in the brain that have as yet eluded the investigator. Indeed, the current conception regards the entire cerebral cortex as chiefly composed of centres of ultimate co-ordination of impressions, which in their cruder form are received by more primitive nervous tissues—the basal ganglia, the cerebellum, and medulla, and the spinal cord. This of course is equivalent to postulating the cerebral cortex as the exclusive seat of higher intellection. This proposition, however, to which a safe induction seems to lead, is far afield from the substantiation of the old conception of brain localization, which was

based on faulty psychology, and equally faulty inductions from few premises. The details of Gall's system, as propounded by generations of his mostly unworthy followers, lie quite beyond the pale of scientific discussion. Yet, as I have said, a germ of truth was there—the idea of specialization of cerebral functions—and modern investigators have rescued that central conception from the phrenological rubbish heap in which its discoverer unfortunately left it buried.

IV.

The common ground of all these various lines of investigations of pathologist, anatomist, physiologist, physicist, and psychologist is, clearly, the central nervous system—the spinal cord and the brain. The importance of these structures as the foci of nervous and mental activities has been recognized more and more with each new accretion of knowledge, and the effort to fathom the secrets of their intimate structure has been unceasing. For the earlier students, only the crude methods of gross dissections and microscopical inspection were available. These could reveal something, but of course the inner secrets were for the keener insight of the microscopist alone. And even for him the task of investigation was far from facile, for the central nervous tissues are the most delicate and fragile, and on many accounts the most difficult of manipulation of any in the body.

Special methods, therefore, were needed for this essay, and brain histology has progressed by fitful impulses, each forward jet marking the introduction of some ingenious improvement of mechanical technique, which placed a new weapon in the hands of the investigators.

The very beginning was made in 1824 by Rolando, who first thought of cutting chemically hardened pieces of brain tissues into thin sections for microscopical examination—the basal structure upon which almost all the later advances have been conducted. Müller presently discovered that bichromate of potassium in solution makes the best of fluids for the preliminary preservation and hardening of the tissues. Stilling, in 1842, perfected the method by introducing the custom of cutting a series of consecutive sections of the same tissue, in order to trace nerve tracts and establish spacial relations.

Then from time to time mechanical ingenuity added fresh details of improvement. It was found that pieces of hardened tissue of extreme delicacy can be made better subject to manipulation by being impregnated with collodion or celloidine, and embedded in paraffine. Later it has become usual to cut sections also from fresh tissues, unchanged by chemicals, by freezing them suddenly with vaporized ether, or, better, carbonic acid. By these methods, and with the aid of perfected microtomes, the worker of recent periods avails himself of sections of brain tissues of a tenuousness which the early investigators could not approach.

But more important even than the cutting of thin sections is the process of making the different parts of the section visible, one differentiated from another. The thin section, as the early workers examined it, was practically colorless, and even the crudest details of its structure were made out with extreme difficulty. Remak did, indeed, manage to discover that the brain tissue is cellular, as early as 1833, and Ehrenberg in the same year saw that it is also fibrillar, but beyond this no great advance was made until 1858, when a sudden impulse was received from a new process introduced by Gerlach. The process itself was most simple, consisting essentially of nothing more than the treatment of a microscopical section with a solution of carmine. But the result was wonderful, for when such a section was placed under the lens, it no longer appeared homogeneous. Sprinkled through its substance were seen irregular bodies that had taken on a beautiful color, while the matrix in which they were embedded remained unstained. In a word, the central nerve cell had sprung suddenly into clear view.

A most interesting body it proved, this nerve cell, or ganglion cell, as it came to be called. It was seen to be exceedingly minute in size, requiring high powers of the microscope to make it visible. It exists in almost infinite numbers, not, however, scattered at random through the brain and spinal cord. On the contrary, it is confined to those portions of the central nervous masses which to the naked eye appear gray in color, being altogether wanting in the white substance which makes up the chief mass of the brain. Even in the gray matter, though

sometimes thickly distributed, the ganglion cells are never in actual contact one with another; they always lie embedded in intercellular tissues, which came to be known, following Virchow, as the neuroglia.

Each ganglion cell was seen to be irregular in contour, and to have jutting out from it two sets of minute fibres, one set relatively short, indefinitely numerous, and branching in every direction; the other set limited in number, sometimes even single, and starting out directly from the cell as if bent on a longer journey. The numerous filaments came to be known as protoplasmic processes; the other fibre was named, after its discoverer, the axis cylinder of Deiters. It was a natural inference, though not clearly demonstrable in the sections, that these filamentous processes are the connecting links between the different nerve cells, and also the channels of communication between nerve cells and the periphery of the body. The white substance of brain and cord, apparently, is made up of such connecting fibres, thus bringing the different ganglion cells everywhere into communication one with another.

In the attempt to trace the connecting nerve tracts through this white substance by either macroscopical or microscopical methods, most important aid is given by a method originated by Waller in 1852. Earlier than that, in 1839, Nasse had discovered that a severed nerve cord degenerates in its peripheral portions. Waller discovered that every nerve fibre, sensory or motor, has a nerve cell to or from which it leads, which dominates its nutrition, so that it can only retain its vitality while its connection with that cell is intact. Such cells he named trophic centres. Certain cells of the anterior part of the spinal cord, for example, are the trophic centres of the spinal motor nerves. Other trophic centres, governing nerve tracts in the spinal cord itself, are in the various regions of the brain. It occurred to Waller that by destroying such centres, or by severing the connection at various regions between a nervous tract and its trophic centre, sharply defined tracts could be made to degenerate, and their location could subsequently be accurately defined, as the degenerated tissues take on a changed aspect, both to macroscopical and microscopical observation. Recognition of this principle thus gave the

experimenter a new weapon of great efficiency in tracing nervous connections. Moreover, the same principle has wide application in case of the human subject in disease, such as the lesion of nerve tracts or the destruction of centres by localized tumors, by embolisms, or by traumatism.

All these various methods of anatomical examination combine to make the conclusion almost unavoidable that the central ganglion cells are the veritable "centres" of nervous activity to which so many other lines of research have pointed. The conclusion was strengthened by experiments of the students of motor localization, which showed that the veritable centres of their discovery lie, demonstrably, in the gray cortex of the brain, not in the white matter. But the full proof came from pathology. At the hands of a multitude of observers it was shown that in certain well-known diseases of the spinal cord, with resulting paralysis, it is the ganglion cells themselves that are found to be destroyed. Similarly, in the case of sufferers from chronic insanities, with marked dementia, the ganglion cells of the cortex of the brain are found to have undergone degeneration. The brains of paretics in particular show such degeneration, in striking correspondence with their mental decadence. The position of the ganglion cell as the ultimate centre of nervous activities was thus placed beyond dispute.

Meantime, general acceptance being given the histological scheme of Gerlach, according to which the mass of the white substance of the brain is a mesh-work of intercellular fibrils, a proximal idea seemed attainable of the way in which the ganglionic activities are correlated, and, through association, built up, so to speak, into the higher mental processes. Such a conception accorded beautifully with the ideas of the associationists, who had now become dominant in psychology. But one standing puzzle attended this otherwise satisfactory correlation of anatomical observations and psychic analyses. It was this: Since, according to the histologist, the intercellular fibres, along which impulses are conveyed, connect each brain cell, directly or indirectly, with every other brain cell in an endless mesh-work, how is it possible that various sets of cells may at times be shut off from one another? Such

isolation must take place, for all normal ideation depends for its integrity quite as much upon the shutting out of the great mass of associations as upon the inclusion of certain other associations. For example, a student in solving a mathematical problem must for the moment become quite oblivious to the special associations that have to do with geography, natural history, and the like. But does histology give any clew to the way in which such isolation may be effected?

Attempts were made to find an answer through consideration of the very peculiar character of the blood-supply in the brain. Here, as nowhere else, the terminal twigs of the arteries are arranged in closed systems, not anastomosing freely with neighboring systems. Clearly, then, a restricted area of the brain may, through the controlling influence of the vaso-motor nerves, be flushed with arterial blood, while neighboring parts remain relatively anæmic. And since vital activities unquestionably depend in part upon the supply of arterial blood, this peculiar arrangement of the vascular mechanism may very properly be supposed to aid in the localized activities of the central nervous ganglia. But this explanation left much to be desired—in particular when it is recalled that all higher intellection must in all probability involve multitudes of widely scattered centres.

No better explanation was forth-coming, however, until the year 1889, when of a sudden the mystery was cleared away by a fresh discovery. Not long before this the Italian histologist, Dr. Camille Golgi, had discovered a method of impregnating hardened brain tissues with a solution of nitrate of silver, with the result of staining the nerve cells and their processes almost infinitely better than was possible by the method of Gerlach, or by any of the multiform methods that other workers had introduced. Now for the first time it became possible to trace the cellular prolongations definitely to their termini, for the finer fibrils had not been rendered visible by any previous method of treatment. Golgi himself proved that the set of fibrils known as protoplasmic prolongations terminate by free extremities, and have no direct connection with any cell save the one from which they spring. He showed also that the axis cylinders give off multitudes of lateral branches not hitherto suspected.

But here he paused, missing the real import of the discovery of which he was hard on the track. It remained for the Spanish histologist, Dr. S. Ramon y Cajal, to follow up the investigation by means of an improved application of Golgi's method of staining, and to demonstrate that the axis cylinders, together with all their collateral branches, though sometimes extending to a great distance, yet finally terminate, like the other cell prolongations, in arborescent fibrils having free extremities. In a word, it was shown that each central nerve cell, with its fibrillar offshoots, is an isolated entity. Instead of being in physical connection with a multitude of other nerve cells, it has no direct physical connection with any other nerve cell whatever.

When Dr. Cajal announced his discovery, in 1889, his revolutionary claims not unnaturally amazed the mass of histologists. There were some few of them, however, who were not quite unprepared for the revelation; in particular His, who had half suspected the independence of the cells, because they seemed to develop from dissociated centres; and Forel, who based a similar suspicion on the fact that he had never been able actually to trace a fibre from one cell to another. These observers then came readily to repeat Cajal's experiments. So also did the veteran histologist Kölliker, and soon afterward all the leaders everywhere. The result was a practically unanimous confirmation of the Spanish histologist's claims, and within a few months after his announcements the old theory of union of nerve cells into an endless meshwork was completely discarded, and the theory of isolated nerve elements—the theory of neurons, as it came to be called—was fully established in its place.

As to how these isolated nerve cells functionate, Dr. Cajal gave the clew from the very first, and his explanation has met with universal approval.

In the modified view, the nerve cell retains its old position as the storehouse of nervous energy. Each of the filaments jutting out from the cell is held, as before, to be indeed a transmitter of impulses, but a transmitter that operates intermittently, like a telephone wire that is not always "connected," and, like that wire, the nerve fibril operates by contact and not by continuity. Under proper stimulation the ends of the fibrils reach out,

come in contact with other end fibrils of other cells, and conduct their destined impulse. Again they retract, and communication ceases for the time between those particular cells. Meantime, by a different arrangement of the various conductors, different sets of cells are placed in communication, different associations of nervous impulses induced, different trains of thought engendered. Each fibril when retracted becomes a non-conductor, but when extended and in contact with another fibril, or with the body of another cell, it conducts its message as readily as a continuous filament could do—precisely as in the case of an electric wire.

This conception, founded on a most tangible anatomical basis, enables us to answer the question as to how ideas are isolated, and also, as Dr. Cajal points out, throws new light on many other mental processes. One can imagine, for example, by keeping in mind the flexible nerve prolongations, how new trains of thought may be engendered through novel associations of cells; how facility of thought or of action in certain directions is acquired through the habitual making of certain nerve-cell connections; how certain bits of knowledge may escape our

memory, and refuse to be found for a time, because of a temporary incapacity of the nerve cells to make the proper connections; and so on indefinitely. If one likens each nerve cell to a central telephone-office, each of its filamentous prolongations to a telephone wire, he can imagine a striking analogy between the *modus operandi* of nervous processes and of the telephone system. The utility of new connections at the central office, the uselessness of the mechanism when the connections cannot be made, the "wires in use" that retard your message, perhaps even the crossing of wires, bringing you a jangle of sounds far different from what you desire—all these and a multiplicity of other things that will suggest themselves to every user of the telephone may be imagined as being almost ludicrously paralleled in the operations of the nervous mechanism. And that parallel, startling as it may seem, is not a mere futile imagining. It is sustained and rendered plausible by a sound substratum of knowledge of the anatomical conditions under which the central nervous mechanism exists, and in default of which, as pathology demonstrates with no less certitude, its functionings are futile to produce the normal manifestations of higher intellection.

CONCERNING THE JEWS.

BY MARK TWAIN.

SOME months ago I published a magazine article* descriptive of a remarkable scene in the Imperial Parliament in Vienna. Since then I have received from Jews in America several letters of inquiry. They were difficult letters to answer, for they were not very definite. But at last I have received a definite one. It is from a lawyer, and he really asks the questions which the other writers probably believed they were asking. By help of this text I will do the best I can to publicly answer this correspondent, and also the others—at the same time apologizing for having failed to reply privately. The lawyer's letter reads as follows:

I have read "Stirring Times in Austria." One point in particular is of vital import to not a few thousand people, including myself,

* See *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1898.

being a point about which I have often wanted to address a question to some disinterested person. The show of military force in the Austrian Parliament, which precipitated the riots, was not introduced by any Jew. No Jew was a member of that body. No Jewish question was involved in the Ausgleich or in the language proposition. No Jew was insulting anybody. In short, no Jew was doing any mischief toward anybody whatsoever. In fact, the Jews were the only ones of the nineteen different races in Austria which did not have a party—they are absolutely non-participants. Yet in your article you say that in the rioting which followed, all classes of people were unanimous only on one thing, viz., in being against the Jews. Now will you kindly tell me why, in your judgment, the Jews have thus ever been, and are even now, in these days of supposed intelligence, the butt of baseless, vicious animosities? I dare say that for centuries there has been no more quiet, undisturbing, and well-behaving citizens, as a class, than

that same Jew. It seems to me that ignorance and fanaticism cannot alone account for these horrible and unjust persecutions.

Tell me, therefore, from your vantage-point of cold view, what in your mind is the cause. Can American Jews do anything to correct it either in America or abroad? Will it ever come to an end? Will a Jew be permitted to live honestly, decently, and peaceably like the rest of mankind? What has become of the golden rule?

I will begin by saying that if I thought myself prejudiced against the Jew, I should hold it fairest to leave this subject to a person not crippled in that way. But I think I have no such prejudice. A few years ago a Jew observed to me that there was no uncourteous reference to his people in my books, and asked how it happened. It happened because the disposition was lacking. I am quite sure that (bar one) I have no race prejudices, and I think I have no color prejudices nor caste prejudices nor creed prejudices. Indeed, I know it. I can stand any society. All that I care to know is that a man is a human being—that is enough for me; he can't be any worse. I have no special regard for Satan; but I can at least claim that I have no prejudice against him. It may even be that I lean a little his way, on account of his not having a fair show. All religions issue bibles against him, and say the most injurious things about him, but we never hear *his* side. We have none but the evidence for the prosecution, and yet we have rendered the verdict. To my mind, this is irregular. It is un-English; it is un-American; it is French. Without this precedent Dreyfus could not have been condemned. Of course Satan has some kind of a case, it goes without saying. It may be a poor one, but that is nothing; that can be said about any of us. As soon as I can get at the facts I will undertake his rehabilitation myself, if I can find an unpolitic publisher. It is a thing which we ought to be willing to do for any one who is under a cloud. We may not pay him reverence, for that would be indiscreet, but we can at least respect his talents. A person who has for untold centuries maintained the imposing position of spiritual head of four-fifths of the human race, and political head of the whole of it, must be granted the possession of executive abilities of the loftiest order. In his large presence the other popes and

politicians shrink to midges for the microscope. I would like to see him. I would rather see him and shake him by the tail than any other member of the European Concert. In the present paper I shall allow myself to use the word Jew as if it stood for both religion and race. It is handy; and besides, that is what the term means to the general world.

In the above letter one notes these points:

1. The Jew is a well-behaved citizen.
2. Can ignorance and fanaticism *alone* account for his unjust treatment?
3. Can Jews do anything to improve the situation?
4. The Jews have no party; they are non-participants.
5. Will the persecution ever come to an end?
6. What has become of the golden rule?

Point No. 1.—We must grant proposition No. 1, for several sufficient reasons. The Jew is not a disturber of the peace of any country. Even his enemies will concede that. He is not a loafer, he is not a sot, he is not noisy, he is not a brawler nor a rioter, he is not quarrelsome. In the statistics of crime his presence is conspicuously rare—in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has but little to do: he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of "assaults" and "drunk and disorderlies" his name seldom appears. That the Jewish home is a home in the truest sense is a fact which no one will dispute. The family is knitted together by the strongest affections; its members show each other every due respect; and reverence for the elders is an inviolate law of the house. The Jew is not a burden on the charities of the state nor of the city; these could cease from their functions without affecting him. When he is well enough, he works; when he is incapacitated, his own people take care of him. And not in a poor and stingy way, but with a fine and large benevolence. His race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all the races of men. A Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps; such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen that spectacle. The Jew has been staged in many uncomplimentary forms, but, so far as I know, no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a beggar. When-

ever a Jew has real need to beg, his people save him from the necessity of doing it. The charitable institutions of the Jews are supported by Jewish money, and amply. The Jews make no noise about it; it is done quietly; they do not nag and pester and harass us for contributions; they give us peace, and set us an example—an example which we have not found ourselves able to follow; for by nature we are not free givers, and have to be patiently and persistently hunted down in the interest of the unfortunate.

These facts are all on the credit side of the proposition that the Jew is a good and orderly citizen. Summed up, they certify that he is quiet, peaceable, industrious, unaddicted to high crimes and brutal dispositions; that his family life is commendable; that he is not a burden upon public charities; that he is not a beggar; that in benevolence he is above the reach of competition. These are the very quint-essentials of good citizenship. If you can add that he is as honest as the average of his neighbors— But I think that question is affirmatively answered by the fact that he is a successful business man. The basis of successful business is honesty; a business cannot thrive where the parties to it cannot trust each other. In the matter of numbers the Jew counts for little in the overwhelming population of New York; but that his honesty counts for much is guaranteed by the fact that the immense wholesale business of Broadway, from the Battery to Union Square, is substantially in his hands.

I suppose that the most picturesque example in history of a trader's trust in his fellow-trader was one where it was not Christian trusting Christian, but Christian trusting Jew. That Hessian Duke who used to sell his subjects to George III. to fight George Washington with got rich at it; and by-and-by, when the wars engendered by the French Revolution made his throne too warm for him, he was obliged to fly the country. He was in a hurry, and had to leave his earnings behind—\$9,000,000. He had to risk the money with some one without security. He did not select a Christian, but a Jew—a Jew of only modest means, but of high character; a character so high that it left him lonesome—Rothschild of Frankfort. Thirty years later, when Europe had become quiet and safe again, the Duke came back from overseas, and

the Jew returned the loan, with interest added.*

The Jew has his other side. He has some discreditable ways, though he has not a monopoly of them, because he cannot get entirely rid of vexatious Christian competition. We have seen that he seldom transgresses the laws against crimes of violence. Indeed, his dealings with courts are almost restricted to matters connected with commerce. He has a reputation for various small forms of cheating, and for practising oppressive usury, and for burning himself out to get the insurance, and for arranging cun-

* Here is another piece of picturesque history; and it reminds us that shabbiness and dishonesty are not the monopoly of any race or creed, but are merely human:

"Congress has passed a bill to pay \$379 56 to Moses Pendergrass, of Libertyville, Missouri. The story of the reason of this liberality is pathetically interesting, and shows the sort of pickle that an honest man may get into who undertakes to do an honest job of work for Uncle Sam. In 1886 Moses Pendergrass put in a bid for the contract to carry the mail on the route from Knob Lick to Libertyville and Coffman, thirty miles a day, from July 1, 1887, for one year. He got the postmaster at Knob Lick to write the letter for him, and while Moses intended that his bid should be \$400, his scribe carelessly made it \$4. Moses got the contract, and did not find out about the mistake until the end of the first quarter, when he got his first pay. When he found at what rate he was working he was sorely cast down, and opened communication with the Post Office Department. The department informed him that he must either carry out his contract or throw it up, and that if he threw it up his bondsmen would have to pay the government \$1459 85 damages. So Moses carried out his contract, walked thirty miles every week-day for a year, and carried the mail, and received for his labor \$4—or, to be accurate, \$6 84; for, the route being extended after his bid was accepted, the pay was proportionately increased. Now, after ten years, a bill was finally passed to pay to Moses the difference between what he earned in that unlucky year and what he received."

The *Sun*, which tells the above story, says that bills were introduced in three or four Congresses for Moses's relief, and that committees repeatedly investigated his claim.

It took six Congresses, containing in their persons the compressed virtues of 70,000,000 of people, and cautiously and carefully giving expression to those virtues in the fear of God and the next election, eleven years to find out some way to cheat a fellow-Christian out of about \$13 on his honestly executed contract, and out of nearly \$300 due him on its enlarged terms. And they succeeded. During the same time they paid out \$1,000,000,000 in pensions—a third of it unearned and undeserved. This indicates a splendid all-around competency in theft, for it starts with farthings, and works its industries all the way up to ship-loads. It may be possible that the Jews can beat this, but the man that bets on it is taking chances.

ning contracts which leave him an exit but lock the other man in, and for smart evasions which find him safe and comfortable just within the strict letter of the law, when court and jury know very well that he has violated the spirit of it. He is a frequent and faithful and capable officer in the civil service, but he is charged with an unpatriotic disinclination to stand by the flag as a soldier—like the Christian Quaker.

Now if you offset these discreditable features by the creditable ones summarized in a preceding paragraph beginning with the words, "These facts are all on the credit side," and strike a balance, what must the verdict be? This, I think: that, the merits and demerits being fairly weighed and measured on both sides, the Christian can claim no superiority over the Jew in the matter of good citizenship.

Yet in all countries, from the dawn of history, the Jew has been persistently and implacably hated, and with frequency persecuted.

Point No. 2.—"Can fanaticism alone account for this?"

Years ago I used to think that it was responsible for nearly all of it, but latterly I have come to think that this was an error. Indeed, it is now my conviction that it is responsible for hardly any of it.

In this connection I call to mind Genesis, chapter xlvii.

We have all thoughtfully—or unthoughtfully—read the pathetic story of the years of plenty and the years of famine in Egypt, and how Joseph, with that opportunity, made a corner in broken hearts, and the crusts of the poor, and human liberty—a corner whereby he took a nation's money all away, to the last penny; took a nation's live-stock all away, to the last hoof; took a nation's land away, to the last acre; then took the nation itself, buying it for bread, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, till all were slaves; a corner which took everything, left nothing; a corner so stupendous that, by comparison with it, the most gigantic corners in subsequent history are but baby things, for it dealt in hundreds of millions of bushels, and its profits were reckonable by hundreds of millions of dollars, and it was a disaster so crushing that its effects have not wholly disappeared from Egypt to-day, more than three thousand years after the event.

Is it presumable that the eye of Egypt

was upon Joseph the foreign Jew all this time? I think it likely. Was it friendly? We must doubt it. Was Joseph establishing a character for his race which would survive long in Egypt? and in time would his name come to be familiarly used to express that character—like Shylock's? It is hardly to be doubted. Let us remember that this was *centuries before the crucifixion*.

I wish to come down eighteen hundred years later and refer to a remark made by one of the Latin historians. I read it in a translation many years ago, and it comes back to me now with force. It was alluding to a time when people were still living who could have seen the Saviour in the flesh. Christianity was so new that the people of Rome had hardly heard of it, and had but confused notions of what it was. The substance of the remark was this: Some Christians were persecuted in Rome through error, they being "*mistaken for Jews*."

The meaning seems plain. These pagans had nothing against Christians, but they were quite ready to persecute Jews. For some reason or other they hated a Jew before they even knew what a Christian was. May I not assume, then, that the persecution of Jews is a thing which *antedates* Christianity and was not born of Christianity? I think so. What was the origin of the feeling?

When I was a boy, in the back settlements of the Mississippi Valley, where a gracious and beautiful Sunday-school simplicity and unpracticality prevailed, the "Yankee" (citizen of the New England States) was hated with a splendid energy. But religion had nothing to do with it. In a trade, the Yankee was held to be about five times the match of the Westerner. His shrewdness, his insight, his judgment, his knowledge, his enterprise, and his formidable cleverness in applying these forces were frankly confessed, and most competently cursed.

In the cotton States, after the war, the simple and ignorant negroes made the crops for the white planter on shares. The Jew came down in force, set up shop on the plantation, supplied all the negro's wants on credit, and at the end of the season was proprietor of the negro's share of the present crop and of part of his share of the next one. Before long, the whites detested the Jew, and it is doubtful if the negro loved him.

The Jew is being legislated out of Russia. The reason is not concealed. The movement was instituted because the Christian peasant and villager stood no chance against his commercial abilities. He was always ready to lend money on a crop, and sell vodka and other necessities of life on credit while the crop was growing. When settlement day came he owned the crop; and next year or year after he owned the farm, like Joseph.

In the dull and ignorant England of John's time everybody got into debt to the Jew. He gathered all lucrative enterprises into his hands; he was the king of commerce; he was ready to be helpful in all profitable ways; he even financed crusades for the rescue of the Sepulchre. To wipe out his account with the nation and restore business to its natural and incompetent channels he had to be banished the realm.

For the like reasons Spain had to banish him four hundred years ago, and Austria about a couple of centuries later.

In all the ages Christian Europe has been obliged to curtail his activities. If he entered upon a mechanical trade, the Christian had to retire from it. If he set up as a doctor, he was the best one, and he took the business. If he exploited agriculture, the other farmers had to get at something else. Since there was no way to successfully compete with him in any vocation, the law had to step in and save the Christian from the poorhouse. Trade after trade was taken away from the Jew by statute till practically none was left. He was forbidden to engage in agriculture; he was forbidden to practise law; he was forbidden to practise medicine, except among Jews; he was forbidden the handicrafts. Even the seats of learning and the schools of science had to be closed against this tremendous antagonist. Still, almost bereft of employments, he found ways to make money, even ways to get rich. Also ways to invest his takings well, for usury was not denied him. In the hard conditions suggested, the Jew without brains could not survive, and the Jew with brains had to keep them in good training and well sharpened up, or starve. Ages of restriction to the one tool which the law was not able to take from him—his brain—have made that tool singularly competent; ages of compulsory disuse of his hands have atrophied them, and he never

uses them now. This history has a very, very commercial look, a most sordid and practical commercial look, the business aspect of a Chinese cheap-labor crusade. Religious prejudices may account for one part of it, but not for the other nine.

Protestants have persecuted Catholics, but they did not take their livelihoods away from them. The Catholics have persecuted the Protestants with bloody and awful bitterness, but they never closed agriculture and the handicrafts against them. Why was that? That has the candid look of genuine religious persecution, not a trade-union boycott in a religious disguise.

The Jews are harried and obstructed in Austria and Germany, and lately in France; but England and America give them an open field and yet survive. Scotland offers them an unembarrassed field too, but there are not many takers. There are a few Jews in Glasgow, and one in Aberdeen; but that is because they can't earn enough to get away. The Scotch pay themselves that compliment, but it is authentic.

I feel convinced that the Crucifixion has not much to do with the world's attitude toward the Jew; that the reasons for it are older than that event, as suggested by Egypt's experience and by Rome's regret for having persecuted an unknown quantity called a Christian, under the mistaken impression that she was merely persecuting a Jew. *Merely* a Jew—a skinned eel who was used to it, presumably. I am persuaded that in Russia, Austria, and Germany nine-tenths of the hostility to the Jew comes from the average Christian's inability to compete successfully with the average Jew in business—in either straight business or the questionable sort.

In Berlin, a few years ago, I read a speech which frankly urged the expulsion of the Jews from Germany; and the agitator's *reason* was as frank as his proposition. It was this: *that eighty-five per cent.* of the successful lawyers of Berlin were Jews, and that about the same percentage of the great and lucrative businesses of all sorts in Germany were in the hands of the Jewish race! Isn't it an amazing confession? It was but another way of saying that in a population of 48,000,000, of whom only 500,000 were registered as Jews, eighty-five per cent. of the brains and honesty

of the whole was lodged in the Jews. I must insist upon the honesty—it is an essential of successful business, taken by and large. Of course it does not rule out rascals entirely, even among Christians, but it is a good working rule, nevertheless. The speaker's figures may have been inexact, but *the motive of persecution* stands out as clear as day.

The man claimed that in Berlin the banks, the newspapers, the theatres, the great mercantile, shipping, mining, and manufacturing interests, the big army and city contracts, the tramways, and pretty much all other properties of high value, and *also* the small businesses—were in the hands of the Jews. He said the Jew was pushing the Christian to the wall all along the line; that it was all a Christian could do to scrape together a living; and that the Jew *must* be banished, and soon—there was no other way of saving the Christian. Here in Vienna, last autumn, an agitator said that all these disastrous details were true of Austria-Hungary also; and in fierce language he demanded the expulsion of the Jews. When politicians come out without a blush and read the baby act in this frank way, *unrebuked*, it is a very good indication that they have a market back of them, and know where to fish for votes.

You note the crucial point of the mentioned agitation; the argument is that the Christian cannot *compete* with the Jew, and that hence his very bread is in peril. To human beings this is a much more hate-inspiring thing than is any detail connected with religion. With most people, of a necessity, bread and meat take first rank, religion second. I am convinced that the persecution of the Jew is not due in any large degree to religious prejudice.

No, the Jew is a money-getter; and in getting his money he is a very serious obstruction to less capable neighbors who are on the same quest. I think that that is the trouble. In estimating worldly values the Jew is not shallow, but deep. With precocious wisdom he found out in the morning of time that some men worship rank, some worship heroes, some worship power, some worship God, and that over these ideals they dispute and cannot unite—but that they all worship money; so he made it the end and aim of his life to get it. He was at it in

Egypt thirty-six centuries ago; he was at it in Rome when that Christian got persecuted by mistake for him; he has been at it ever since. The cost to him has been heavy; his success has made the whole human race his enemy—but it has paid, for it has brought him envy, and that is the only thing which men will sell both soul and body to get. He long ago observed that a millionaire commands respect, a two-millionaire homage, a multi-millionaire the deepest depths of adoration. We all know that feeling; we have seen it express itself. We have noticed that when the average man mentions the name of a multi-millionaire he does it with that mixture in his voice of awe and reverence and lust which burns in a Frenchman's eye when it falls on another man's centime.

Point No. 4. — "The Jews have no party; they are non-participants."

Perhaps you have let the secret out and given yourself away. It seems hardly a credit to the race that it is able to say that; or to you, sir, that you can say it without remorse; more, that you should offer it as a plea against maltreatment, injustice, and oppression. Who gives the Jew the right, who gives any race the right, to sit still, in a free country, and let somebody else look after its safety? The oppressed Jew was entitled to all pity in the former times under brutal autocracies, for he was weak and friendless, and had no way to help his case. But he has ways now, and he has had them for a century, but I do not see that he has tried to make serious use of them. When the Revolution set him free in France it was an act of grace—the grace of other people; he does not appear in it as a helper. I do not know that he helped when England set him free. Among the Twelve Sane Men of France who have stepped forward with great Zola at their head to fight (and win, I hope and believe*) the battle for the most infamously misused Jew of modern times, do you find a great or rich or illustrious Jew helping? In the United States he was created free in the beginning—he did not need to help, of course. In Austria and Germany and France he has a vote, but of what considerable use is it to him? He doesn't seem to know how to apply it to the best effect. With all his

* The article was written in the summer of 1898.
—Ed.

splendid capacities and all his fat wealth he is to-day not politically important in any country. In America, as early as 1854, the ignorant Irish hod-carrier, who had a spirit of his own and a way of exposing it to the weather, made it apparent to all that he must be politically reckoned with; yet fifteen years before that we hardly knew what an Irishman looked like. As an intelligent force, and numerically, he has always been away down, but he has governed the country just the same. It was because he was *organized*. It made his vote valuable—in fact, essential.

You will say the Jew is everywhere numerically feeble. That is nothing to the point—with the Irishman's history for an object-lesson. But I am coming to your numerical feebleness presently. In all parliamentary countries you could no doubt elect Jews to the legislatures—and even *one* member in such a body is sometimes a force which counts. How deeply have you concerned yourselves about this in Austria, France, and Germany? Or even in America, for that matter? You remark that the Jews were not to blame for the riots in this Reichsrath here, and you add with satisfaction that there wasn't one in that body. That is not strictly correct; if it were, would it not be in order for you to explain it and apologize for it, not try to make a merit of it? But I think that the Jew was by no means in as large force there as he ought to have been, with his chances. Austria opens the suffrage to him on fairly liberal terms, and it must surely be his own fault that he is so much in the background politically.

As to your numerical weakness. I mentioned some figures awhile ago—500,000—as the Jewish population of Germany. I will add some more—6,000,000 in Russia. 5,000,000 in Austria, 250,000 in the United States. I take them from memory; I read them in the Cyclopædia Britannica ten or twelve years ago. Still, I am entirely sure of them. If those statistics are correct, my argument is not as strong as it ought to be as concerns America, but it still has strength. It is plenty strong enough as concerns Austria, for ten years ago 5,000,000 was nine per cent. of the empire's population. The Irish would govern the Kingdom of Heaven if they had a strength there like that.

I have some suspicions; I got them at

second hand, but they have remained with me these ten or twelve years. When I read in the C. B. that the Jewish population of the United States was 250,000, I wrote the editor, and explained to him that I was personally acquainted with more Jews than that in my country, and that his figures were without a doubt a misprint for 25,000,000. I also added that I was personally acquainted with *that* many there; but that was only to raise his confidence in me, for it was not true. His answer miscarried, and I never got it; but I went around talking about the matter, and people told me they had reason to suspect that for business reasons many Jews whose dealings were mainly with the Christians did not report themselves as Jews in the census. It looked plausible; it looks plausible yet. Look at the city of New York; and look at Boston, and Philadelphia, and New Orleans, and Chicago, and Cincinnati, and San Francisco—how your race swarms in those places!—and everywhere else in America, down to the least little village. Read the signs on the marts of commerce and on the shops: Goldstein (gold stone), Edelstein (precious stone), Blumenthal (flower-vale), Rosenthal (rose-vale), Veilchenduft (violet odor), Singvogel (song-bird), Rosenzweig (rose branch), and all the amazing list of beautiful and enviable names which Prussia and Austria glorified you with so long ago. It is another instance of Europe's coarse and cruel persecution of your race; not that it was coarse and cruel to outfit it with pretty and poetical names like those, but that it was coarse and cruel to make it *pay* for them or else take such hideous and often indecent names that to-day their owners never use them; or, if they do, only on official papers. And it was the many, not the few, who got the odious names, they being too poor to bribe the officials to grant them better ones.

Now why was the race renamed? I have been told that in Prussia it was given to using fictitious names, and often changing them, so as to beat the tax-gatherer, escape military service, and so on; and that finally the idea was hit upon of furnishing all the inmates of a house with *one and the same surname*, and then holding the house responsible right along for those inmates, and accountable for any disappearances that might occur; it made the Jews keep track of *each other*,

for self-interest's sake, and saved the government the trouble.*

If that explanation of how the Jews of Prussia came to be renamed is correct, if it is true that they fictitiously registered themselves to gain certain advantages, it may possibly be true that in America they refrain from registering themselves as Jews to fend off the damaging prejudices of the Christian customer. I have no way of knowing whether this notion is well founded or not. There may be other and better ways of explaining why only that poor little 250,000 of our Jews got into the Cyclopædia. I may, of course, be mistaken, but I am strongly of the opinion that we have an immense Jewish population in America.

Point No. 3.—"Can Jews do anything to improve the situation?"

I think so. If I may make a suggestion without seeming to be trying to teach my grandmother how to suck eggs, I will offer it. In our days we have learned the value of combination. We apply it everywhere—in railway systems, in trusts, in trade unions, in Salvation Armies, in minor politics, in major politics, in European Concerts. Whatever our strength may be, big or little, we *organize* it. We have found out that that is the only way to get the most out of it that is in it. We know the weakness of individual sticks, and the strength of the concentrated fagot. Suppose you try a scheme like this, for instance. In England and America put every Jew on the census-book *as a Jew* (in case you have not been doing that). Get up volunteer regiments composed of Jews solely, and, when the drum beats, fall in and go to the front, so as to remove the reproach that you have few Massénas among you, and that you feed on a country but don't like to fight for it. Next, in politics, organize your strength, band together, and deliver the casting vote where you can, and where you can't, compel as good

* In Austria the renaming was merely done because the Jews in some newly acquired regions had no surnames, but were mostly named Abraham and Moses, and therefore the tax-gatherer could not tell t'other from which, and was likely to lose his reason over the matter. The renaming was put into the hands of the War Department, and a charming mess the graceless young lieutenants made of it. To them a Jew was of no sort of consequence, and they labelled the race in a way to make the angels weep. As an example, take these two: *Abraham Bellyache* and *Schmil Goobedammed*.—Culled from "*Namens Studien*," by Karl Emil Franzos.

terms as possible. You huddle to yourselves already in all countries, but you huddle to no sufficient purpose, politically speaking. You do not seem to be organized, except for your charities. There you are omnipotent; there you compel your due of recognition—you do not have to beg for it. It shows what you can do when you band together for a definite purpose.

And then from America and England you can encourage your race in Austria, France, and Germany, and materially help it. It was a pathetic tale that was told by a poor Jew in Galicia a fortnight ago during the riots, after he had been raided by the Christian peasantry and despoiled of everything he had. He said his vote was of no value to him, and he wished he could be excused from casting it, for indeed casting it was a sure *damage* to him, since no matter which party he voted for, the other party would come straight and take its revenge out of him. Nine per cent. of the population of the empire, these Jews, and apparently they cannot put a plank into any candidate's platform! If you will send our Irish lads over here I think they will organize your race and change the aspect of the Reichsrath.

You seem to think that the Jews take no hand in politics here, that they are "absolutely non-participants." I am assured by men competent to speak that this is a very large error, that the Jews are exceedingly active in politics all over the empire, but that they scatter their work and their votes among the numerous parties, and thus lose the advantages to be had by concentration. I think that in America they scatter too, but you know more about that than I do.

Speaking of concentration, Dr. Herzl has a clear insight into the value of that. Have you heard of his plan? He wishes to gather the Jews of the world together in Palestine, with a government of their own—under the suzerainty of the Sultan, I suppose. At the convention of Berne, last year, there were delegates from everywhere, and the proposal was received with decided favor. I am not the Sultan, and I am not objecting; but if that concentration of the cunningest brains in the world was going to be made in a free country (bar Scotland), I think it would be politic to stop it. It will not be well to let that race find out its strength. If the

horses knew theirs, we should not ride any more.

Point No. 5.—"Will the persecution of the Jews ever come to an end?"

On the score of religion, I think it has already come to an end. On the score of race prejudice and trade, I have the idea that it will continue. That is, here and there in spots about the world, where a barbarous ignorance and a sort of mere animal civilization prevail; but I do not think that elsewhere the Jew need now stand in any fear of being robbed and raided. Among the high civilizations he seems to be very comfortably situated indeed, and to have more than his proportionate share of the prosperities going. It has that look in Vienna. I suppose the race prejudice cannot be removed; but he can stand that; it is no particular matter. By his make and ways he is substantially a foreigner wherever he may be, and even the angels dislike a foreigner. I am using this word foreigner in the German sense—*stranger*. Nearly all of us have an antipathy to a stranger, even of our own nationality. We pile gripsacks in a vacant seat to keep him from getting it; and a dog goes further, and does as a savage would—challenges him on the spot. The German dictionary seems to make no distinction between a stranger and a foreigner; in its view a stranger *is* a foreigner—a sound position, I think. You will always be by ways and habits and predilections substantially strangers—foreigners—wherever you are, and that will probably keep the race prejudice against you alive.

But you were the favorites of Heaven originally, and your manifold and unfair prosperities convince me that you have crowded back into that snug place again. Here is an incident that is significant. Last week in Vienna a hail-storm struck the prodigious Central Cemetery and made wasteful destruction there. In the Christian part of it, according to the official figures, 621 window-panes were broken; more than 900 singing-birds were killed; five great trees and many small ones were torn to shreds and the shreds scattered far and wide by the wind; the ornamental plants and other decorations of the graves were ruined, and more than a hundred tomb-lanterns shattered; and it took the cemetery's whole force of 300 laborers more than three days to clear away the storm's wreckage. In

the report occurs this remark—and in its italics you can hear it grit its Christian teeth: "... lediglich die *israelitische* Abtheilung des Friedhofes vom Hagelwetter *gänzlich verschont* worden war." Not a hailstone hit the Jewish reservation! Such nepotism makes me tired.

Point No. 6.—"What has become of the golden rule?"

It exists, it continues to sparkle, and is well taken care of. It is Exhibit A in the Church's assets, and we pull it out every Sunday and give it an airing. But you are not permitted to try to smuggle it into this discussion, where it is irrelevant and would not feel at home. It is strictly religious furniture, like an acolyte, or a contribution-plate, or any of those things. It has never been intruded into business; and Jewish persecution is not a religious passion, it is a business passion.

To conclude.—If the statistics are right, the Jews constitute but *one per cent.* of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is as prominent on the planet as any other people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine, and abstruse learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvellous fight in this world, in all the ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose, filled the planet with sound and splendor, then faded to dream-stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and they are gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dulling of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?

THE PRINCESS XENIA.*

A ROMANCE.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE arrival of Prince Karl was kept private even from the officials of the court. Only the Chamberlain was let into the secret, and his Highness was conducted, under that dignitary's auspices, into the suite of rooms prepared for the Margrave Sigismund. It was not until the morrow, and at the very latest moment, that the news was made known, and it fell upon Count von Straben like a thunder-bolt. The course of events that morning was as follows:

According to a previous understanding between the Count and the Grand-Duke, his Highness was to hold a private audience at nine o'clock, at which the contract for the betrothal of the Princess Xenia to the Margrave should be formally signed. Von Straben had gone to bed in high spirits, his elation showing more than was usual above his habitual placid friendliness. He had taken the precaution to keep a messenger at the entrance to the Schloss, furtively watching the gates for the Margrave's arrival. He calculated the hour for twelve, but he had no wish himself to appear in the affair. Indeed, he was almost devoid of vanity, and, moreover, being a cautious gentleman of very kindly feelings outside his business, had a disinclination to intrude himself and his triumph upon the Palace. Instead, he kept his hotel, smoked peacefully, and awaited his messenger. At something like half an hour past midnight the spy returned with the news that a carriage had driven through the gates, that the guard had saluted, and that the name of his Highness the Margrave had been whispered among the few bystanders who were witnesses of the arrival. It was upon this news that von Straben slept so comfortably.

At nine o'clock to a second he was in the Schloss and begging an audience of the Grand-Duke, who received him promptly and with his formal graciousness. If von Straben had been at all suspicious on this morning he might have noticed that his Highness wore a more abstracted air than

usual, that the Chancellor was restless, and that the Count Scholz, who was in attendance on the Grand-Duke, was ceremonious and expectant. But he took no warning from these signals of private embarrassment, and, according to his custom, chatted pleasantly with the Chancellor upon subjects of no importance and little interest. Presently he became aware that there was some hitch in the proceedings, for a quarter of an hour had elapsed and there was no appearance of the Margrave nor of the Princess. He continued his affable conversation, in which the Chancellor took but a minor part, but his eyes were now directed constantly upon the door. A tiny sigh of relief escaped him as this was thrown open and Xenia entered, announced by the usher with the rod. Von Straben had striven very hard and for a long time; he stood to lose or gain a great deal, and he was now upon the verge of his triumph. Some trepidation, then, was natural in him until that triumph had been placed beyond question. He ventured an interrogation.

"We are waiting for his Highness the Margrave?"

The Chancellor pursed his lips and looked away. "We are waiting for his Highness," he remarked.

"Ah," murmured von Straben, a dim suspicion that there might be something behind this delay quickly looming in his mind. He cast a searching glance on the Princess, and read in her face only quiet self-possession. "I did not know she could keep herself in such control," he thought. "I could have sworn she detested the alliance." Xenia's glance met his, and a faint flush stirred in her cheeks; in her eyes sparkled a gleam of satisfaction. Suspicion precipitated suddenly into certainty in the Count's mind. He turned about sharply, and as he did so the door opened again and the usher appeared again.

"His Highness the Prince Karl of Erwald, Count of Butzana," he said, in a sonorous voice, and upon the echoes of his voice Karl entered. He looked about the

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room with his cold and formal air, gravely exchanging his salutations. He kissed the Princess's hand with ceremony.

"Madam," he said, "I have the honor to salute you." And his gaze, ignoring von Straben in the passage of his eyes, rested upon the Grand-Duke, as if inviting him to begin.

Von Straben had fallen back. Swiftly he caught at the position, so far as these surprises revealed it. He had known Prince Karl of old; they had played a little game together in which the older man had worsted his antagonist. But that was some years back, when the young ruler was raw and fresh to his throne. Karl, however, did not easily forget, and he had neither forgotten nor forgiven von Straben; which was why he had chosen to ignore his presence. But the Count was not to be so discountenanced. Pulling himself quickly together, he stepped forward and bowed to the Prince.

"I hope your Highness has slept well after your journey," he said, suavely. "You arrived very late. It is a long drive from Erwald."

Karl bowed coldly, but made no reply. Xenia cast a fearful glance at the Chancellor, as if she were alarmed at this cool effrontery. But no one spoke; it seemed as though an awkwardness had fallen upon the assembly. Only Karl seemed indifferent, and he looked with impatience at the Grand-Duke.

"I suppose your Highness is here to witness this pleasant ceremony, like myself," pursued von Straben, smiling—"an agreeable duty. We are still waiting, I see, for his Highness the Margrave. He is very late," and with an expression on his face of wonder, he referred to his watch. The might of Germany stood represented in this meagre man, yet seeing that he could have no idea as to what had happened, and was plying his weapon in the dark, his coolness and his readiness were remarkable, as remarkable as his guess at the truth and his assumption of astonishment.

But here at last the Grand-Duke spoke.

"The appointment which I made with you yesterday, Count," said he, tremulously, but sustained by the dignity of his venerable years, "was in some degree designed to explain why we are not to wait for his Highness the Margrave."

"Indeed, your Highness?" exclaimed von Straben, starting back as if in amaze-

ment; though he must have known the truth by this time. His bearing was thoroughly courageous, and his wits went round and round the situation like hungry bees.

"Our Council and ourself had come to the decision to entertain the request of his Highness the Margrave of Salzhausen with respect to an alliance, by which it was desired that the reigning houses of these two neighboring states might be drawn into closer union and affection." He hesitated, and his gaze wandered to his daughter. "On further and deeper consideration, however, we had occasion to revise this judgment; and it is with the object of acquainting you with the change in our counsels that we have invited you to this meeting to-day."

Up to this moment it is doubtful whether von Straben had realized the exact meaning of Prince Karl's presence in that room. He probably attributed to the untimely visit of the Prince this sudden and unexpected change of attitude. But the next words of the Grand-Duke struck him a blow.

"We have taken counsel with ourself and our advisers, to whom the welfare of Weser-Dreiburg is dear, and we have consulted with our daughter herself, and finally have come to the resolution to bestow her hand in marriage upon his Highness, Prince Karl of Erwald, at whose solicitation we considered the question, and who is himself here with us to receive our answer and to approve the contracts. Herr Chancellor, the contracts."

The Count, after his first start, listened with an impassive face, which yet showed a greater pallor than usual. Now he stepped forward.

"I am sure your Highness honors me," he said, suavely, "by this public display of confidence in one who has merely essayed to put before your Highness the advantages of an alliance which is dear to the heart of a neighboring and friendly prince. But of that enough. Your Highness has said well that your Highness has, with the aid of the Council of Weser-Dreiburg, decided upon another connection. When with these eyes I see for the first time the parties of this high contract conjoined and juxtaposed, your Highness's statement, of the honor of which I am duly sensible, appears to me but natural—I might say inevitable.

As a humble well-wisher of Weser-Dreiburg, Erwald, and the reigning houses in which the fortunes of these states are so inextricably woven, may I beg leave to congratulate from my heart the Prince and Princess of this fortunate alliance." He concluded with a sweeping bow towards the Princess, who, still a little flushed, stood gazing at him with a leaping heart. "And now," resumed the Count, easily, "I trust I have your Highness's pardon for the trespass of a little trivial business upon this pleasant ceremony. I am sure that her Highness must be clamoring to see my back, and I will therefore hasten through these tiresome formulæ and leave you to weightier matters. I speak to your Highness, and to the Herr Chancellor, Baron von Puyll, but so immaterial a point may be mentioned in the presence of others without indiscretion. His Imperial Majesty, my master, urges upon you the consideration of his last communication, and begs that of your grace an answer may be delivered by Monday."

Prince Karl turned to the Grand-Duke; it was manifest to him that something lay behind this polite and ceremonious request, that the innocent intrusion, as it might seem, masked a diplomatic move. His eyes inquired of Leopold.

"His Imperial Majesty desires an immediate answer," said the old Duke, slowly. The counter-move was what had been anticipated by them all, but it had been made even more quickly. He had his reply ready, and the knowledge quickened his blood and added dignity to his utterance. "His Imperial Majesty may take the answer now," he said, quietly. "I should have preferred that this message from my cousin should come through the usual channels; but as you have assumed the functions of his Excellency the Legate, it is to you, Count, that our answer shall be delivered. No doubt by Monday we shall have received and discharged the answer in the proper forms."

Von Straben bowed. His excuse, of course, was that his action had been designed to stay the signing of the contracts, but, being unable to plead this, he offered no defence for his irregularity.

"We protest against the construction which his Imperial Majesty has put upon the action of the troops of Weser-Dreiburg in the matter of the Bavarian cam-

paign; we emphatically repudiate the version of Field-Marshal von Grätzfinger; and we take this occasion to reaffirm our friendly and neighborly goodwill towards his Imperial Majesty. But at the same time, under this protest, out of consideration for the peace and prosperity of our realm, and submissive to the will of Almighty God, we agree to pay the indemnity of fifteen million marks."

The Count started perceptibly at the conclusion of this speech, but recovering at once, made his bow. He knew when he was defeated, and he could hold his face.

"I am honored by your Highness's reply," he said, "and I now ask your Highness's permission to retire and to delay your ceremony no longer." With which equitable deliverance he got from the chamber, bearing in his gait none at all of the signs of his defeat, and followed by the silent gaze of the conspirators.

Von Straben left the Palace, and at the turning into the Leopoldstrasse encountered Prage walking with Christopher. He hailed them cheerily, giving them good-morning with his customary grace. It seemed always a pleasure to the Count to meet a friend; you would fancy that you must be the very person he had desired to see.

"It is always a fresh delight to me to see you about so early in the morning, Major," he said, lightly. "It safeguards your complexion. As for Mr. Lambert, I know he is an early bird."

He glanced at Christopher as he spoke, and the latter noticed that his face was grave, for all his smiling eyes. He guessed where the Count had been, and he observed the marks of discomposure with satisfaction; they acquainted him with the success of his plans. Perhaps von Straben, knowing that his reverse must become public presently, was determined to forestall hostile gossip, or it may have been that he had some suspicions of Christopher. Whatever was his motive, he went on:

"I am sure Mr. Lambert will join me in congratulating the good people of the Grand-Duchy. It is not so often that we see virtue allied to beauty."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Major, who was at a loss to connect this sentiment with his own early rising.

The Count laughed. "My friend, must I be the first to offer you the good

news? I have it only in gossip, but if all be true that is rumored, you are likely to have a wedding soon in Dreiburg."

"You mean—" interrogated Christopher.

"I mean—yes—what was in your thoughts, Mr. Lambert? Now I would give much to know what you are wondering. Well, I suppose you won't tell me. But I understand, poor simple man that I am, that his Highness Prince Karl is a guest at the Schloss, and that the Grand-Duke signs the marriage contract to-day."

Christopher feigned amazement, and Prage received the news with hearty satisfaction. He was no politician, but he had no fancy for the Margrave, whom he considered effeminate, and the rumor of that alliance had been current in the city. He uttered his thoughts.

"Thank Heaven!" he said; "then that puppy is whipped."

"Ah," said the Count, "you may whip a puppy, but better a full-grown dog. It is the puppy that bites. What say you, Mr. Lambert?"

"I say it all depends on the whipper," remarked Christopher.

"Perhaps, perhaps," assented von Straben.

He turned with them, and they walked together down the Leopoldstrasse, the Count talking amiably and idly. In front of the Hotel Kaiserin a noise in the street attracted Christopher's attention, and he turned to see a carriage drive at a great speed down the slope. It pulled up close by them, and the inmate, a brisk-looking fellow in plain clothes, leaped to the pavement. The eyes of the three men watched him with the curiosity which an exhibition of haste and excitement is wont to draw upon it. Half-way to the entrance of the hotel his glance fell on them, and he started, stared, and then quickly approached von Straben.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said the Count, and stepped aside with the new-comer.

Christopher saw a letter pass between them. The Count broke the seal, and standing on the pavement, read the contents with an appearance of interest. Then folding the note, he nodded, placed it in his pocket, and whispered a word to the messenger, who got into his carriage and drove off.

"That *fiacre* comes from the station,"

observed Prage, without any interest. "Our friend the Count has some business news."

Christopher could guess what that news was, but he said nothing, and von Straben rejoined them. He took Christopher's arm, and picking up his last sentence, went on with his conversation. A little farther the Major made his farewells and left them, and the two walked on alone.

"I have found," remarked the Count, as they came to a pause before separation—"I have usually found that, given a fine day and an entertaining amusement, God is very good to us. Some people enjoy more the pleasures of anticipation, others again those of retrospect. But with all due deference, Mr. Lambert, they seem to me foolish. Now I should not look upon you as guilty of either error. If I am right, you lack sentiment, though Heaven forbid I should judge you."

"I think," said Christopher, thoughtfully, "that I have about as much of it as yourself."

"Come, that is fairly said," agreed the Count, with a smile, "and it is not for me to deny the company. Yet as we are upon the personal question, which I offer a thousand apologies for introducing, and if I may say so without offence, you have too much enthusiasm."

"Surely," argued Christopher, "you are drawing a distinction which hardly exists. The enthusiast must have sentiment."

"Pardon me, no," replied von Straben. "But the man of sentiment may be an enthusiast. It is a good thing to go through the world with neither—it is understood to be far safer. Some little time ago, Mr. Lambert, I ventured in the interests of others, partly perhaps in my own, to ask you to leave us alone. You did not see your way to oblige me. Naturally, why should you? Now I venture to offer you the same advice in your own interests."

He looked up as he spoke, still with that pleasant smile, but with a face drawn very grave and quiet.

"Your advice, Count," said Christopher, meeting his eyes with equal calmness, and with what might have seemed an echo of the same smile—"your advice is excellent only if it is supported by reason. In any case, I am grateful to you."

"The reason is, my friend, that it is

too risky," observed the Count, more bluntly.

"You will remember you have accused me of being a sportsman," retorted Christopher. "Sportsmen like risks."

"Ah, yes," smiled the Count, "no doubt; and I cordially recommend to you your own fox-hunting."

"It is May, Count," said Christopher, sententiously. "I fear you do not remember our national customs."

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I fear I can never remember your national—resolution, should I say?" He held out his hand. "That is a national custom, by-the-way, is it not? I must revisit England." As he turned to go he said, as if imparting a piece of casual information, "You will be glad, Mr. Lambert, I am sure, to hear that his Highness the Margrave arrived safely in Salzhausen this morning."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE betrothal of the Princess Xenia was proclaimed next day in Dreiburg, and by that time Count von Straben had already left the capital. It was supposed that he had gone to Berlin, there to hide his head, as some of the jubilant national party declared, or, more likely, as wiser folks conceived, to take further counsel. Christopher, least of all, could fancy the Count retiring under defeat without an attempt to re-engage on better terms. He expected fresh designs, and he had an inkling as to the aim they would have. With the exception of the president, who, however, was not privy to Christopher's secret intentions, no one guessed the perilous condition in which the Grand-Duchy stood. As it had been a court secret that the Margrave was to visit Dreiburg, his absence was not publicly remarked. But the newspapers of Salzhausen—and, indeed, of Europe—were now full of an impudent and rascally nocturnal attack upon the Margrave. His Highness had been driving with his usual escort of three, the grizzled Lieutenant Wohler at their head, when, upon the borders of the two states, a cowardly assault had been delivered by a parcel of ruffians outnumbering the guard by two to one; an unfortunate trooper had been shot during the stubborn resistance which was offered; and the rest of the party, including the coachman, had been carried off into the forest, and there detained all night in cold, hunger, and discomfort. As there was no robbery of

personal effects, it was evident, according to the official statement of the Salzhausen *Freie Presse*, that the outrage was political.

The news created a little stir in several centres of diplomacy throughout the Continent. The recent transactions in that remote part of central Europe had drawn the attention of several governments. Germany was observed with interest, and the kings and chancellors, who are always busy rearranging the maps of the world, unrolled that upon which these particular states were colored, and began to forecast the possible changes. The Vienna correspondent of a great London paper assured the readers of that important journal that in diplomatic circles in the Austrian capital the news from Salzhausen was considered serious. "It is well known," he proceeded, "that the policy of Germany has recently received a rebuff in the betrothal, which I was able to announce yesterday, of the only daughter of the Grand-Duke Leopold XII. of Weser-Dreiburg to Prince Karl of Erwald. The outrage upon the Margrave of Salzhausen, following so close upon that announcement, assumes a graver aspect. Nevertheless, I am in a position to say that Germany will continue to play her part as natural protector of the smaller German states, and that it is not likely that either power will abandon the attitude of strict neutrality which has characterized both for the last ten years."

The confidence of this gentleman was not shared by Christopher, who perhaps understood better the real significance of these private transactions. Nor was it shared by the Grand-Duke and his Council for long, particularly when it became known that an official investigation conducted in Salzhausen had resulted in the discovery that the Margrave had been in Weser-Dreiburg territory when he was attacked. Christopher, as we have observed, had chosen his spot very exactly, and it would have been hard for any unprejudiced person to say upon which side of the border the outrage had been committed. But the Margrave's escort could not be expected to be free from bias, and the official report reluctantly came to the conclusion that the marauders had harbored in the Grand-Duchy. When this conclusion was followed, a week later, by an official communication to the government of Weser-Dreiburg, conveying the

information and politely calling for an investigation, neither the Grand-Duke nor his Chancellor was surprised. It was only what they had anticipated when the news of the unfortunate affair first reached them. Weser-Dreiburg's reply was equally ceremonious and equally cautious, expressed deep regret at the occurrence, took leave to doubt that it fell within the confines of the Grand-Duchy, and promised that every inquiry should be made. There was certainly nothing alarming in this. The Chancellor was certain that whoever it was that had thus uncivilly used the Margrave he had not dared to base his operations from Weser-Dreiburg soil. There had been no questions asked of Christopher. The Margrave had been "left" to that young man, as he had requested; but now it became necessary to make inquiry, and that inquiry must be conducted cautiously, without seeming to know anything.

Now if the course of Christopher Lambert's mind has been made clear to the reader, and if his designs have been plainly demonstrated, it will be manifest that he had no special reason for desiring Salzhausen and Weser-Dreiburg to come to an understanding. The former was indisputably under the influence of Germany, and could only be won over to a triple alliance by main force. It was no concern of Christopher's, therefore, what any one proved about the outrage. He had a very certain notion that *his* name would not appear, that his identity was of no use to the high parties to this quarrel. He met the Chancellor, accordingly, with ingenuous casuistry. In the first place, he had no idea as to the identity of the man employed on the job, nor, in the circumstances, dared he inquire. Moreover, the government would only run the risk of betraying its complicity by fishing deeper. As for the assault, it had been delivered undoubtedly in Salzhausen, and the demand of the Margrave's government was impudent. Courteous refusal was the only answer possible. The matter would soon die naturally as the wounded feelings of the Margrave mended.

This was the view that the Chancellor himself, poor soul! was disposed to take, and in the end the representations of Salzhausen were civilly derided. The immediate result was a stronger remonstrance on the part of the Margraviate, but no one paid very much attention to

the complaints of so puny an antagonist. People talked of war with a smile, and for three whole days it was a popular greeting in the streets of Dreiburg, "Well, have you seen the Margrave's army?"—a clumsy jest enough, yet one that voiced the public sentiment of indifference. Christopher, however, did not join in the common amusement, for he knew who was behind the demand, and he was not at all sure that peace would be preserved. Yet he did nothing to insure that it might be kept. A struggle between the two small armies of Weser-Dreiburg and Salzhausen might hang in doubt, despite the confident air with which the Grand-Duchy swaggered about its daily business. But there could be no question as to what would happen in the event of Erwald's co-operation. Christopher watched the progress of the diplomatic conflict with interest, resolved to turn the issue, if it were war, to his own advantage. And that, if anything at all was intended by the attitude of Salzhausen, a declaration of war was designed became increasingly clear to him—as clear as that the Margrave had nothing in the world to do with it. On the Tuesday the good folk of the Grand-Duchy were saluting each other in the streets with the sally referred to; on the Wednesday it was reported that a definite answer had been returned to the Margrave's government; and that same evening, while in the Café Chantant a popular singer was being greeted with shouts of uproarious merriment for a comic song in which the *Landwehr* of Salzhausen played an ignominious part, the Council of the Margraviate held an extraordinary urgency meeting on half an hour's notice. On Thursday morning it was known that war had been declared.

The news fell on Dreiburg like a thunder-clap, but caused no consternation. On the contrary, though no one had expected it, the war proved very popular. Those ardent spirits who had gone about with their jests during the past week felt now that they had an opportunity of proving the substance of their witticisms. Preparations were actively set on foot; the National Defence Force was called out, and the army was mobilized with all speed. Meanwhile Christopher had his own schemes to further, and to do that necessitated a visit to Erwald. He found the Prince girdled as before with his sentries

and his red-tape, but he experienced less difficulty in obtaining an audience. Evidently he had become a person of some importance. Yet he was apparently of insufficient importance to win a courteous greeting. Karl was as arrogant as ever, and received his propositions coldly.

"You ask me," said he, "to enter upon an undertaking of which I cannot foresee the end. Before I do this I would inquire who and what you are."

The question was pertinent, but it was hardly phrased in a manner to encourage Christopher, who had some difficulty in hiding his irritation. Notwithstanding, he answered calmly enough:

"You may look upon me as a go-between, Prince. The question is, rather, whether you will or whether you won't. It is for you to consider how this new turn in the affairs will touch you, and whether you will take any part in them."

"Erwald does not mix itself up in external feuds," replied Karl, coldly. "We keep our isolation."

"I hope I may have the boldness," said Christopher, "to repeat your Highness's boast when some day the waves are washing about your legs."

The Prince stared at him, and apparently followed a train of his own thought, for after a silence he remarked, with less acerbity, "It is by husbanding her resources that a nation grows."

"Your Highness speaks truly," returned Christopher, more mildly. "But if by too careful husbandry the nation ceases to exist?"

"I am assuming, sir, that you speak on behalf of the Grand-Duchy," said Karl, "though I have no evidence to that effect. But I assure you this—the Principality cannot commit itself to so costly an adventure."

"What if the cost were provided?" suggested Christopher.

The Prince started. "That would be another matter," he replied.

"Up to ten million marks," added Christopher, significantly.

The Prince's eye took fire. "That, sir, would settle it," he said.

Christopher took out his pocket-book. "There is here a memorandum of certain moneys, which can be verified, by communication with London, in an hour's time."

He offered the book to Karl, who examined it with astonishment.

"Who gives this?" he asked, presently, scrutinizing the Englishman with his hard eyes.

"A friend of liberty," was the answer.

The Prince's face was lit with enthusiasm, and military ardor burned on it. Christopher felt very kindly to him just then.

"I accept," said Karl, formally. "On these terms I agree."

"Your Highness will put it in writing," suggested Christopher.

"It will of course take the form of a secret treaty," was the Prince's answer. "I will instruct the president of the Council."

Christopher bowed, and made his way to the door. "I am content, your Highness," he said. "I will carry the good news to Dreiburg."

These secret negotiations inspirited the weak-kneed advisers of the Grand-Duke. If they could be assured of Karl's help, they had no longer any fears as to the issue of the struggle. The treaty was kept very private, was, indeed, known to none outside the immediate circle of the Grand-Duke. The Diet lost itself in enthusiasm over the war; the vulgar opinion was against the possibility of defeat; and even to Baron von Puyll, the Chancellor, hugging this private knowledge to himself, the prospects of Weser-Dreiburg seemed very bright. The arming of the nation went forward amid scenes of gayety and excitement. Volunteers poured into the military depots, and those who were exempt from service claimed to be enrolled. Suddenly, and upon a peaceful nation, very quietly disposed towards its neighbors and traditionally boasting benignant manners, fell the truculent and ferocious spirit of war. It was a curious sight, but one not uncommonly witnessed in the history of states and peoples. Christopher Lambert looked on from his small corner with indefatigable interest and untiring circumspection. To none outside the Council was his part in this crisis known, and even to the Council his designs and his performances were but imperfectly revealed. While the rest of the world hurried about in a great passion of excitement, and bent upon action, Christopher sat at home wrapped in reflection, and speculating with what coolness he might upon the end of the campaign. The Count had vanished; von Ritter and Prage were involved in the whirl of the

noisy preparations. Of his acquaintances none was left to him save Katarina and the president. He abstained from the Palace, fearing to obtrude himself upon the anxious Court; and indeed he had no place there, seeing that he was a stranger, and only indifferently known to the Grand-Duke and his Chancellor. But there was also another reason for his abstinence: the Grand-Duke was fallen very ill, and was under the care of the physicians. The alarms of the present crisis had unduly taxed the remnants of his strength, and he had taken to his bed in a state of collapse. The Princess hung about his chamber, divided between her fears for him and her wonder at her new position. And Katarina found opportunities to keep Christopher posted in the news. She had grown very reckless, presumed on her immunity, and had given herself so much rein that she threatened to be riotous. Her spirits mounted insanely with the progress of the political events. She had lost her head (so Christopher told himself), and, like all women, was willing to sell eternity for the sensations of an hour. She flung herself upon his solitude in her abandonment, flushed and witty, audacious, gay, libertine, and arrayed with an adventurous impertinence. The note of her dress arrested Christopher and curled his nostrils. He had the distaste for high colors which characterizes his countrymen, and which refuses to admit the possibility of harmony among them. He liked low and drab tints; and here was Katarina flaunting like a peacock. Yet by degrees the compatibility of her choice with the rules of taste, liberally considered, dawned upon him faintly. He was then only amused at the extravagance, and he even admired.

Katarina detested sickness, and her small impassioned heart contained no pity for the dying Duke.

"It is like a graveyard, that Schloss," she murmured, speaking her foreign French. "My friend, yours is the first bright face I've seen to-day. Pray give me some dinner, monsieur. I should like a little bottle of Burgundy."

Christopher gave her the dinner willingly enough, for she brought him information he was glad to have. But Katarina's vivacity suddenly disappeared, and she grew grave. He gently rallied her on her change.

"I seem to be gazing," he said, "upon

some one soaked in statecraft who has permitted herself to forget; but the mask *will* fall."

"I care nothing for politics," she retorted. "But unhappily I have a friend who does, who might be amusing himself."

"In Paris?" suggested Christopher, with a smile.

She looked at him angrily. "There is one thing you don't know," she remarked, "with all your omniscience."

"I am sure, my dear lady," assented Christopher, politely, "that you could tell me many things I don't know."

"That's very pat, but it's false," said Katarina, coldly. "You have a high opinion of your powers."

"Of my judgment, please," answered he, "which is the cause of my pleasant little meal to-night."

Katarina took no heed of this. "If you lived to be a hundred," she said, irritably, "you would not know women."

"I can quite believe that at that age I should be no match for them," observed Christopher.

Katarina shrugged her shoulders. "Your Princess," she said, "will never marry the lubberly Karl. You fool yourself. I know that sort of virtuous high-mindedness. Pah! It means nothing. She shrinks like a chicken. I cannot endure a woman of that nature, who has no emotions and yet is all feelings. They tell me you English are like that, but"—she gazed at him—"it means the women, I suppose. To be sensitive and lack passions is an impertinence; it is putting other people to scruples which are of no account and mean nothing. *Mon Dieu!* why am I compelled to respect her Highness's sacred skin when it is of no consequence to whom she belongs? She will scream at a scratch, but you may half murder her and she will merely walk about with a meek face and a bruised heart. No, I am wrong. She would draw herself up, discharge her haughty rebuke, and suffer in silence. But she will rebel; my dear Monsieur Lambert, she will rebel."

She had talked herself into a better temper, from which Christopher, very unwisely but unwittingly, dislodged her. He had no desire to discuss Xenia with her lady-in-waiting, though he had no objection to listening to Katarina's chatter. She was shrewd, and he sometimes made discoveries from her conversation.

"It is a wonder to me," he remarked, "to find so stout a revolutionary in the tenant of courts."

Perhaps he meant nothing by this sally, but it had a sardonic sound, and Katarina flared up.

"Yes, what am I?" she cried, a patch of color jumping in her cheeks. "What am I, if you please, save a spy at court? I am tale-bearer-in-chief to your mightiness. How I hate it all! Oh, how you humiliate me!" and she burst suddenly and most unexpectedly into tears.

"Hush!" said Christopher, uneasily glancing about him, as though he feared that this candid exhibition of emotion would be witnessed.

"Pooh!" said Katarina, drying her eyes. "This room is private; we are not overlooked. I can surely cry if I like."

"You shall certainly cry if you like," said he; "but I would sooner hear you laugh, mademoiselle—it becomes you so. You are a type of Puck, of Ariel; you should be preternaturally gay, and, I assure you, not so scrupulous."

She stared at him calmly. "Very well," she said; "I will follow your advice. I will not be so scrupulous. It is all I am fit for."

Christopher laughed; he was confident he knew how to treat her. She was the undeveloped *cocotte* who would spring into divers emotions if she were humored; but to use her with this easy banter would be to rob her of her opportunity, and reduce her perforce to common-sense and a proper appreciation of their relations.

"That is well," he replied. "You and I have no confusion of thought, and have broken out of old conventions. Besides, we have a game to play."

"No doubt," assented Katarina, quietly. She looked at him. "We must secure this Karl, *n'est ce pas?*"

Christopher started uneasily, for he had not supposed that this secret had reached Fräulein Reinart.

"No," she resumed, "I have not been listening at doors, but I have my sources of information, like yourself."

"If I were vain," said Christopher, formally, "I should say, madam, if you can steal from me, you can steal from any one."

Katarina smiled prettily. "You may certainly say that," she said, very well pleased.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UPON the Friday morning the ten regiments that composed the territorial army of the Margraviate were in march upon Dreiburg. The news excited Christopher, precipitating as it did the events for which he had plotted. He congratulated himself gleefully on his trick about the frontier, and would have sat down comfortably to await the issue of the struggle if he had not been so materially interested. He was undoubtedly confident, but he was very young to await the determination of the conflict at home. On the contrary, he mounted his horse and rode off on the earliest intimation in the rear of the Dreiburg battalions.

General Schisser thrust out an advance-guard beyond the well-known Castle of Grätz, and it was in the vicinity of that village that he resolved to give battle to the invaders. A flanking movement was effected by the forest of Schwarzfeld, and here a small detachment of Dreiburgers was to be joined by the forces under Prince Karl. The distance from the capital of Erwald was scarce five leagues, and the conjunction might be accomplished within a few hours and without any difficulty. The wires to Salzhausen were cut.

Christopher decided to accompany the flanking party, which was commanded by none other than his old acquaintance von Ritter. This man was now in his most scrupulous temper—slow-witted, precise, sharp-eyed, ardent, and obstinately and ridiculously pugnacious. He had the tenacity of a bull-dog or a fighting-cock, and (Christopher decided) about as much brains. But he had been strictly educated in the military schools, had taken lessons in Berlin, and was probably equal to the demands on him. His air bespoke his absorption in his errand; he offered no encouragement to idle discourse, and so Christopher gave up the attempt in chagrin, and retired to his own thoughts and fancies. Shortly afterwards, to his astonishment, he recognized the face of Kreiss among the troops. When an opportunity offered he approached the president and sought an explanation. Kreiss was cool and matter-of-fact.

"We have many of us joined the ranks," he said. "There were two reasons. In the first place, the public have grown suspicious. Our quarters are watched, and we have reason to believe

that even our names are known. That, I may say in passing, is put down to you. Secondly, this is a truly heroic war. We are fighting to prevent our passing under the German tyranny; it is a great aim; the struggle is life and death for us. You were quite right in what you did. I see eye to eye with you in those matters. Salzhausen is a mere appanage of Prussia. What better course, then, to pursue than at once to indulge our principles in a holy war, and throw off the suspicions of the police? The last place a revolutionary is to be found is in the army. You understand?"

Christopher nodded; he was evidently amused, and not a little interested. He had always admired the president.

"We join as volunteers for the campaign," said Kreiss. "It will also give us some useful military experience in case of emergency," he added, without a touch of cynicism.

"You have a very cool head," commented Christopher. "But if you defeat the Margrave, as I have no doubt you will, how will you stand? Will the success not go to establish the popularity of the Grand-Duke?"

Kreiss scrutinized his face. The unspoken question in his glance seemed to inquire what change had come over Christopher.

"You speak as if you had no interest," he remarked, presently, in his quick calm voice. "Yes, what you say is true. It is regrettable, but victory would popularize the monarchy. Still—Leopold is ailing."

"Your chance comes in the event of his death—I understand that," returned Christopher, reflectively. He was revolving in his mind the uses to which this capable fanatic might be put. Could he be employed to bring about a fusion of Erwald and Weser-Dreiburg under one rule?

"There is no one to take up the sceptre," he went on, "and yet I suppose some one will."

Kreiss flushed over his sallow face. "No one shall," he said. "Do you think we are going to lose that chance? It is made for us. No; the Grand-Duke's hand is the last in Weser-Dreiburg. We are ready."

He spoke with emotion, as rare as it was strong.

"And yet," Christopher said, with an

air of philosophy, "you admire the institutions of England, where a constitutional monarchy is in force."

"That is why. You speak the reason of our admiration when you say 'constitutional,'" interrupted Kreiss. "Even so, a republic were better. But here on the Continent, what chance is there of limiting a monarchy? No; you have evolved in England a particular and peculiar government; it is individual to you; and the rest of the world, while admiring the spirit of it, must of necessity ignore the form. There cannot be two constitutional monarchies."

Christopher made no reply beyond an indifferent assent. He saw that it was hopeless to argue on this point. The man, calm and cool as he presented himself always, was at best a fanatic. It appeared that the president and he had come very close to the parting of their ways.

Shortly after this conversation Christopher undertook a very whimsical expedition. He saw no chance of entertainment in his present position. Von Ritter was even less interesting than in his every-day habit of life, and he was weary of the president. Moreover, the force had now reached its station in the forest of Schwarzfeld, and had nothing before it but a long period of waiting. It suddenly entered his head then to gallop off and pay a visit to the Margrave's army, which must be by this time somewhere upon the frontier, if the spies of General Schisser were correct. He was spurred to this adventure not merely by his impatience of the delay, but also by his curiosity to discover how the preparations of the Grand-Duke were being met, and to which side the victory would naturally fall. It was not possible, of course, that he should bring any information he might obtain to General Schisser, but he could at least gratify his own wonder. Accordingly, seizing his opportunity when the detachment was resting in the forest, he slipped off with his horse, and making his way by the outposts, escaped in the direction of Erwald.

Once beyond detection, he turned his horse towards Salzhausen, and rode for an hour at a brisk rate. The country here was open, being broken irregularly into hill and valley, and clothed only in the petty ravines with pine woods. The aspect with which the country people

faced the war caused him some astonishment. A few of the villages were partially deserted, the shops were closed, and the small cottages were barricaded. But he noticed that this was in the farther valleys, which lay towards Erwald. Nearer Salzhausen and the theatre of the struggle, it seemed that a bolder spirit pervaded; or, rather, one might call it a duller. The imagination of these villagers had not yet been touched by the hostilities. The peasant drove his harrow, and the charcoal-burner stooped over his fire without hope or fear; the children, scattered about the roads, played and scrambled in the gutters; and two red-faced lovers chased each other among the hedges. Here was no terror of death, no dreadful expectation of evil. Perhaps the news had not reached the placid inhabitants; or, more likely, in the course of generations of peace they had grown to realize nothing save what was at their doors. Farther afield, in the back parts of the Grand-Duchy, the fear had leaped and swollen like a running fire, feeding in its passage across those dispirited souls. They were so much stubble to the flame. Rumor mouthed the war with antic grimaces, for the very reason that it stood so remote. Yet within a league of the dusty trampling army the yeoman sang his song and the peasant drained his glass, happily unconscious. And in the mean while in the capitals of Europe special editions were being issued from the press, and prophets were proclaiming to excited ears the approach of a general conflagration.

It was within a mile of Markhallen that Christopher came across the van of the Salzhausen army. He rode like an indifferent stranger, and would seem to the sergeant who picked him up to have plunged into the formidable machine wholly unconsciously. His surprise, his broken German, and his brusque carelessness alike confirmed the suspicion that he had nothing in the world to do with Dreiburg or Salzhausen, save as a blundering and bad-mannered Englishman. Yet the regulations demanded that he should be taken before the sergeant's superiors, and to the Colonel of the regiment he was forthwith hurried. As luck would have it, the Margrave rode in the van, and was at that moment in conversation with the officer.

Christopher had certainly not expect-

ed to happen upon him in this way, and had even been prepared to hear that his Highness was pleasantly installed in Paris, or absorbed in the rehearsal of some new opera in his favorite house. The recognition which passed almost at once disconcerted him, though he made no sign.

"And you take the prisoner to be an Englishman, sergeant?" asked the Margrave, surveying Christopher with solemn interest.

The man saluted. "So please your Highness," said he.

"In that case," said Sigismund, "he can do no harm. It is well known that Englishmen are not given to interfering in other people's affairs. I am sure this gentleman does not meddle in political matters."

"Your Highness, one never knows," interposed the Colonel. "It is well to be careful."

"Oh, of course," assented the Margrave, looking at Christopher; "and if so, being a foreigner, and having no concern to put a finger in the business, he should be shot."

He met Christopher's questioning gaze demurely, and stroked his neat pointed beard, feeling in his pocket for his cigarettes.

"I am willing to admit that I come from the Grand-Duke's army," said Christopher, plainly, "and I confess also that it was to inspect the hosts of Salzhausen that I am here."

The contempt in his cavalier statement sent the blood flushing to the officer's forehead, but Sigismund replied, and not he.

"You admit, sir, that you are a spy, then?"

"By no means," said Christopher, suavely, "unless to spy is to have an anxious and unselfish curiosity. Let me explain. I am travelling in search of amusement. I see a war suddenly threatening in the sky; the omens entertain me, and I tarry at Dreiburg—a town, I assure you, of very bad cooks. But that war is irresistible. I keep a note-book in which I jot down my impressions, and I have made several caustic remarks about the preparations and the army of the Grand-Duke. I find it natural to give both parties a turn, but I am in hopes of being the more complimentary to Salzhausen."

Christopher was correct in his assumption that the Margrave had no intention of acting upon his own knowledge of the famous raid. His Highness listened with courtesy, put his head on one side as though he would gravely weigh this plea, and slowly nodded in assent.

"That is true," he said, solemnly. "There is no doubt but this is a highly interesting war. It is seldom a man gets such a chance as this contest of two great nations. I have no doubt you will be more complimentary to Salzhausen. At least we will do our best to make you so. Colonel, oblige me by giving instructions to this sergeant that Mr.—"

"Lambert," said Christopher.

"I thank you—that Mr. Lambert be released at once." The officer seemed about to offer some protest; but, silenced by an impatient signal of the hand, gave the order, and Christopher was free. "I hope, sir," went on the Margrave, politely, "that you will be good enough to consider yourself our guest in the mean time. I am determined that Salzhausen shall have a favorable notice in that book you spoke of."

"Monsieur," said Christopher, bowing, "for I may be pardoned for perceiving that, like myself, you are a foreigner, I have great pleasure in accepting your hospitality. And if you could see my notes—well, I am sure they would make you blush."

The Margrave moved on, inviting Christopher with a gesture to follow him. A little distance away he came to a pause, and opening his inevitable cigarette-case, proffered it to his companion; smilingly he snapped the lock.

"Mr. Lambert, you may lay this to my credit," he said, pleasantly; "I guessed it. There is a turn of the body that marks your countrymen which I never can mistake. You won't mind my saying that I don't much care about you as a rule. You are too solid, too—too—*je ne sais quoi*—but I keep the sensation in my head; it jars on my nerves. But you yourself are another story. And for the matter of that, I abominate my subjects."

"Your Highness honors me with the confidence," remarked Christopher.

Sigismund gazed at him as if in doubt whether to find a note of irony in his statement, but continued, cheerfully:

"And now, conceive me to be very cu-

rious. I should much like to know what you are doing in all this."

"The very question," said Christopher, "that I would have put to your Highness."

The impertinence tickled the Margrave. "Oh, *mon ami*," he said, with an expressive gesture, and making a comic display of horror, "I have positively not the remotest idea. I obey the orders of my Council. But you—you cannot be subject to any such commands."

"I am interested in your Highness," observed Christopher.

"You are good to say so," returned Sigismund, "which is no doubt why you seized me and knocked a poor man on the head some days ago."

"For that," said Christopher, shortly, "I stand to answer at the bar of some earthly court. But your Highness knows very well that this war is a subterfuge, for we both are aware that the outrage took place in Salzhausen, and that it was organized by an Englishman. What, then, if I were to proclaim that fact even now?"

"By a surrender?" inquired the Margrave.

"By sacrificing myself upon the altar of peace."

"You would never do anything so foolish," said Sigismund, shaking his head. "And if you have any idea of doing so, as you love me, don't. Consider; this is the only diversion I have had in this dull country for years—ever since that spy Gallowski was arrested. No, I pray you, Mr. Lambert, button up your confidences, square your conscience, and ride along with me. If it be any relief to you, I will take the responsibility myself."

"I will not spoil your Highness's sport," murmured Christopher.

To say the truth, he was by no means delighted with the turn events had taken, for it became evident that although the Margrave might choose to wear a gay face and to conduct himself irresponsibly, he was by no means playing out a jest. Christopher found himself practically a prisoner, with no opportunity of escaping; and he was obliged to settle down to his lot with the best equanimity he could muster, and await the chances of war. Certainly these were imminent, and threatened very suddenly.

The advance-guards of the two armies encountered early in the afternoon in the little valley beyond the Castle of Grätz, and shortly afterwards the skirmish which ensued passed into a general engagement. The collision of these petty hosts appealed in some way to Christopher's sense of humor. It appeared to be ridiculous that two nations of this size and calibre should go to war, parade their insignificant forces, and proceed with all the business of a grand campaign. The spectacle of two great powers locked in a deadly struggle for existence owned and claimed some dignity. The issues of that conflict were at least material to the history of Europe. But could this be said of a war between two such trivial states as Weser-Dreiburg and Salzhausen? And yet the smile of Providence may hide a frown. One cannot regard with laughter the progress of one's designs, and even a pin-point is of consequence in the history of our own lives. Christopher was not disposed to jeer like the gods of fable at this procession of human frailty. It was part and parcel of his performance; he viewed it very gravely; and these emmets that crawled and fought and scrambled in the woods by Grätz were each essential figures in the scheme he was developing. Nothing could be neglected in the course of evolution.

Christopher stood in his refuge within the wood, on a little eminence behind the church tower of the village, concealed by a screen of young summer foliage, and patiently watchful. The scene was not exhilarating, nor was it very intelligible. The Margrave had disappeared; but a knot of men surrounded him, leaning upon their rifles, straining their eyes through the trees, and eagerly debating together. Beyond and across the valley the rip and burr of guns carried to their ears; the noise drummed on Christopher's senses and dazed him. His head was full of abominable and vacant sounds. The figures of the soldiers circled before him; his eyes were choked with smoke. Bullets came pattering through the trees above, tearing the leaves, and sounding like a flail that falls in waves and ripples. Oaths were shouted by unseen and distant fighters. They floated to him amid the other sounds like the cries from a football-field. The whole passage was dull, interminably long, and irretrievably tedious. Heaven knew what the armies were doing. Christopher was perfectly

certain that neither general could have any idea. He recognized after a time the situation in which he was posted, and he endeavored to make out the direction which should mark the advance of Prince Karl.

He decided at last to make his way towards the west. Emerging from the corner of the wood, he crossed the line of fire, and stumbled over a string of dead that tragically marked the road into the village. The hail of lead alarmed him, and he took to his heels, plunging into the fields upon the farther side. Here was stationed a company of sharpshooters, who continued firing without regarding him, now shouting and screaming like children, and then mechanically and silently firing.

He picked his way through the field, and, scrambling up a little hill farther on, was finally brought to a pause by the bayonet of a trooper.

"You can go no farther this way," said the man.

Christopher protested. He was feeling very stupid, and for the moment it seemed to him outrageous that he should be stopped, with that hideous noise sounding perpetually in his ears. The man looked as worn and miserable as himself.

"The staff," he explained, throwing his thumb over his shoulder to the brow of the hill.

Christopher thought he might as well join these officers, and this he did. No one paid the faintest attention to him. Only once some one, without looking round, ordered him to fetch some water. He obeyed without a murmur. At least human nature was capable of fighting, if it could neither think nor be moral. That was some consolation. The spectacle of these absorbed officers did him good, renewing in him his zeal. One, a Colonel Agenural, as he discovered afterwards, raised his arm to give emphasis to some argument in tactics he was discussing with his superior. A flying bullet struck and shattered a knuckle in splinters; Agenural fetched out his handkerchief, and tying up the horrid wound, went on with his plan. It was of importance. The noise swelled and grew nearer. What the staff saw through field-glasses Christopher could only wonder. He could make out nothing but smoke, green leaves, and spurts of red. He felt inclined to be angry with them

for their superior knowledge. Presently a young lieutenant with a blackened face galloped up, bringing some information. The commanding officer started and stamped his foot, disappearing for his pains through the empty boxes on which he had been standing. A general sunk his head in his hands. A commotion prevailed in the group of officers. One of them passed Christopher, who inquired of him,

"What has happened?"

"It is all over," said the subaltern, savagely. "The Sixth are retiring."

Why it should be all over because the Sixth were retiring Christopher could not tell. The absurdity of the answer madened him. He ran down the hill, resolved to push his way through towards General Schisser's position. Had Karl arrived?

The guns were still booming as hard as ever, and to the ordinary observer nothing was changed in that ridiculous and ineffectual *mêlée*. Christopher wandered in a blind and helpless fashion through the woods. He came upon groups of men firing steadily and, as it appeared to him, stupidly. No one paid the faintest attention to him, and the thought struck him that he was the witness of some preposterous tale of Wonderland. The comic figures still engaged in their senseless occupation, and he struggled on. In an open space between the oaks he suddenly met the Margrave.

His Highness was very hot and very dirty. A heavy streak of greasy blackness striped his face, and he took a light for his cigarette at Christopher's fingers with ill-concealed irritation.

"Here is an abominable affair," he broke out, peevishly. "What do you suppose, Mr. Lambert? Stauff tells me that we must fall back. It is inconceivable, ridiculous! I will never consent to such a thing."

"The Sixth are retiring," said Christopher, quickly, in some anxiety to impart the only information he had.

"Damn the Sixth!" said Sigismund, testily. "Who are the Sixth? It is disgraceful! I thought we were making for Dreiburg. I have never seen a city sacked. I had set my heart on it."

"Your Highness must make up your mind to a disappointment," observed Christopher, dryly.

"They say that there have been re-en-

forcements," pursued the Margrave, willing to pour out his grievances.

But this was the news that Christopher was waiting for, and it cheered him. "What, then Prince Karl has arrived, after all!" he exclaimed.

The Margrave examined his face impartially, suddenly losing his petulance. "I forgot you were in this," he observed, with a smile. "I congratulate you, my friend. But you have robbed me of a sensation."

"I can promise your Highness one this moment," said Christopher, whose sharp eyes had discovered the approach of a body of cavalry up the little ravine below them. "Come, I'll swear that your Highness has never been taken prisoner."

"Oh, once; yes, come, once," protested Sigismund, gayly.

Christopher laid his hand upon the Margrave's arm, indicating the horsemen. The cannonade was retreating into the distance; the battle was over.

"Those are the forces of Erwald," he whispered. "It will not do for your Highness to be seen. You should have been with your staff."

"Oh, they left me," complained Sigismund, shrugging his shoulders. "Stauff would tell me nothing."

"You must come this way," exclaimed Christopher, and pulling the Margrave after him, he crept deeper into the wood. In this shelter they remained while Christopher considered the situation. It was plain that the Salzhausen army had retired, and they were as evidently in the midst of the allied forces. To Christopher this mattered nothing, but to the Margrave—

"Stay a moment," he whispered. "I will pull you through," and slipping through the bushes, he was gone. When he returned he was carrying portions of a uniform.

"They belonged, I have reason to believe, to a sergeant in the Dreiburg army," he remarked. "But he will have no further use for them. If your Highness will deign to wear them."

"My Highness will be delighted," exclaimed Sigismund, gayly, his spirits now recovered at the prospect of an adventure, and seizing the clothes with alacrity.

Transformed, he presented a grotesque appearance, of which he was jocularly conscious.

"They are too generous about my stomach, *mon ami*," he said, "but never mind; I make up by denying to the trousers the hospitality of my legs. And so we are squared," and locking his arm in Christopher's, he sauntered easily forward.

Not a hundred paces farther they encountered a body of men with crimson facings in the dark blue uniform; and this latter troop opening, Christopher came face to face with Prince Karl.

It was an unfortunate meeting for the purpose he had in view, and he would have slipped away without attracting attention had that been possible. But recognition passed between them, Karl's features stiffened, and he beckoned to him. Leaving the Margrave, Christopher advanced, cursing his luck. He was astounded by his reception.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Lambert?" asked the Prince. The tone was hostile, even insolent, but Christopher deemed it wiser to reply without incurring a further delay. He could afford to postpone his resentment. He therefore explained the circumstances.

"We find you with the Salzhausen army," said Karl, sternly. "Are you not aware that that is a delicate situation for a non-combatant?" Christopher kept his teeth together and returned no answer, merely bowing. Fortunately his bow hid his eyes from the Prince. "Go," continued the latter; "think yourself fortunate if this is not made a matter for inquiry later."

He spurred his horse and rode on, looking admirably a soldier, and his staff followed him. Christopher stood silently watching them until the Margrave joined him. Sigismund, his képi strings pinching his neck, his shabby and grotesque clothes heightening his incongruous air, unconsciously struck an attitude.

"And so she prefers him, does she?" he murmured. "I had forgotten what he looked like. But now, friend Lambert, I have suddenly recalled. It is a military monkey on a stick. Heavens! what taste women have!"

Christopher turned to him grimly. "I fear your Highness has not the privilege of being serious enough."

"Serious!" echoed Sigismund, staring at his clothes. "I can never be serious again. I am evidently cut out for a mountebank. For God's sake, my dear friend, get me out of this!"

As it chanced, the opportunity offered almost immediately in the apparition of a frightened horse which came thundering down the gorge, its startled eyes fastened upon the two, and its four legs trembling and shaking. Christopher captured the poor creature, and helped the Margrave to the saddle. No doubt the animal's terror was soothed by this human repossession.

When he was gone, Christopher started to walk with the best speed possible in that bewildering place. He was anxious to reach Dreiburg at once. All of a sudden he realized that he had prevailed, that the end had been achieved, that he had pitted his millions and his strength against the course of history, and not in vain.

As he walked out of the covert he caught sight of a soldier, wearing the arms of the Geisenthurms upon his peaked cap, running towards the west. The man crossed his path. Somewhere in the distance roared the guns. As he ran the Dreiburger threw up his cap and shouted in glee; his red face was aglow with gaiety. And as he ran there came a sharp crack from out of the wood; the man turned his face sideways; he twisted; a look of wonder dawned in his jolly countenance; he put up his hand to his neck, coughed and heaved, and pitched sharply upon his head, the sunburn of his neck shining red in the afternoon light.

Christopher came to a sudden pause. There was something horrid in the spectacle. He resumed his walk slowly, and stopped by the dead man. His glance shifted with a dreadful bewilderment from the body to the copse from which the shot issued. It was almost as if he were trying to discover why.

He stooped and touched the man; it seemed odd that he would never run again. Suddenly Christopher turned and began to hurry in the direction of Dreiburg. His millions and his strength had certainly prevailed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



" 'WE FIND YOU WITH THE SALZHAUSEN ARMY,' SAID KARL. STERNLY. "

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.



WHILOMVILLE STORIES.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

II.—LYNX-HUNTING.

JIMMIE lounged about the dining-room and watched his mother with large, serious eyes. Suddenly he said, "Ma—now—can I borrow pa's gun?"

She was overcome with the feminine horror which is able to mistake preliminary words for the full accomplishment of the dread thing. "Why, Jimmie!" she cried. "Of al-l wonders! Your father's gun! No indeed you can't!"

He was fairly well crushed, but he managed to mutter, sullenly, "Well, Willie Dalzel, he's got a gun." In reality his heart had previously been beating with such tumult—he had himself been so impressed with the daring and sin of his request—that he was glad that all was over now, and his mother could do very little further harm to his sensibilities. He had been influenced into the venture by the larger boys.

"Huh!" the Dalzel urchin had said; "your father's got a gun, hasn't he? Well, why don't you bring that?"

Puffing himself, Jimmie had replied, "Well, I can, if I want to." It was a black lie, but really the Dalzel boy was too outrageous with his eternal bill-post-

ing about the gun which a beaming uncle had intrusted to him. Its possession made him superior in manfulness to most boys in the neighborhood—or at least they enviously conceded him such position—but he was so overbearing, and stuffed the fact of his treasure so relentlessly down their throats, that on this occasion the miserable Jimmie had lied as naturally as most animals swim.

Willie Dalzel had not been checkmated, for he had instantly retorted, "Why don't you get it, then?"

"Well, I can, if I want to."

"Well, get it, then?"

"Well, I can, if I want to."

Thereupon Jimmie had paced away with great airs of surety as far as the door of his home, where his manner changed to one of tremulous misgiving as it came upon him to address his mother in the dining-room. There had happened that which had happened.

When Jimmie returned to his two distinguished companions he was blown out with a singular pomposity. He spoke these noble words: "Oh, well, I guess I don't want to take the gun out to-day."

They had been watching him with gleaming ferret eyes, and they detected his falsity at once. They challenged him with shouted gibes, but it was not in the rules for the conduct of boys that one should admit anything whatsoever, and so Jimmie, backed into an ethical corner, lied as stupidly, as desperately, as hopelessly as ever lone savage fights when surrounded at last in his jungle.

Such accusations were never known to come to any point, for the reason that the number and kind of denials always equalled or exceeded the number of accusations, and no boy was ever brought really to book for these misdeeds.

In the end they went off together, Willie Dalzel with his gun being a trifle in advance and discoursing upon his various works. They passed along a maple-lined avenue, a highway common to boys bound for that free land of hills and woods in which they lived in some part their romance of the moment, whether it was of Indians, miners, smugglers, soldiers, or outlaws. The paths were their paths, and much was known to them of the secrets of the dark green hemlock thickets, the wastes of sweet-fern and huckleberry, the cliffs of gaunt bluestone with the sumach burning red at their feet. Each boy had, I am sure, a conviction that some day the wilderness was to give forth to him a marvellous secret. They felt that the hills and the forest knew much, and they heard a voice of it in the silence. It was vague, thrilling, fearful, and altogether fabulous. The grown folk seemed to regard these wastes merely as so much distance between one place and another place, or as a rabbit-cover, or as a district to be judged according to the value of the timber; but to the boys it spoke some great inspiring word, which they knew even as those who pace the shore know the enigmatic speech of the surf. In the mean time they lived there, in season, lives of ringing adventure—by dint of imagination.

The boys left the avenue, skirted hastily through some private grounds, climbed a fence, and entered the thickets. It happened that at school the previous day Willie Dalzel had been forced to read and acquire in some part a solemn description of a lynx. The meagre information thrust upon him had caused him grimaces of suffering, but now he said, suddenly, "I'm goin' to shoot a lynx."

The other boys admired this statement, but they were silent for a time. Finally Jimmie said, meekly, "What's a lynx?" He had endured his ignorance as long as he was able.

The Dalzel boy mocked him. "Why, don't you know what a lynx is? A lynx? Why, a lynx is a animal somethin' like a cat, an' it's got great big green eyes, and it sits on the limb of a tree an' jus' glares at you. It's a pretty bad animal, I tell you. Why, when I—"

"Huh!" said the third boy. "Where'd you ever see a lynx?"

"Oh, I've seen 'em—plenty of 'em. I bet you'd be scared if you seen one once."

Jimmie and the other boy each demanded, "How do you know I would?"

They penetrated deeper into the wood. They climbed a rocky zigzag path which led them at times where with their hands they could almost touch the tops of giant pines. The gray cliffs sprang sheer toward the sky. Willie Dalzel babbled about his impossible lynx, and they stalked the mountain-side like chamois-hunters, although no noise of bird or beast broke the stillness of the hills. Below them Whilomville was spread out somewhat like the cheap green and black lithograph of the time—"A Bird's-eye View of Whilomville, N. Y."

In the end the boys reached the top of the mountain and scouted off among wild and desolate ridges. They were burning with the desire to slay large animals. They thought continually of elephants, lions, tigers, crocodiles. They discoursed upon their immaculate conduct in case such monsters confronted them, and they all lied carefully about their courage.

The breeze was heavy with the smell of sweet-fern. The pines and hemlocks sighed as they waved their branches. In the hollows the leaves of the laurels were lacquered where the sunlight found them. No matter the weather, it would be impossible to long continue an expedition of this kind without a fire, and presently they built one, snapping down for fuel the brittle under-branches of the pines. About this fire they were willed to conduct a sort of play, the Dalzel boy taking the part of a bandit chief, and the other boys being his trusty lieutenants. They stalked to and fro, long-strided, stern yet devil-may-care, three terrible little figures.

Jimmie had an uncle who made game of him whenever he caught him in this



"THE DALZEL BOY TAKING THE PART OF A BANDIT CHIEF."

kind of play, and often this uncle quoted derisively the following classic: "Once aboard the lugger, Bill, and the girl is mine. Now to burn the château and destroy all evidence of our crime. But, hark'e, Bill, no violence." Wheeling abruptly, he addressed these dramatic words to his comrades. They were impressed; they decided at once to be smugglers, and in the most ribald fashion they talked about carrying off young women.

At last they continued their march through the woods. The smuggling *motif* was now grafted fantastically upon the original lynx idea, which Willie Dalzel refused to abandon at any price.

Once they came upon an innocent bird who happened to be looking another way at the time. After a great deal of manoeuvring and big words, Willie Dalzel reared his fowling-piece and blew this poor thing into a mere rag of wet feathers, of which he was proud.

Afterward the other big boy had a turn at another bird. Then it was plainly Jimmie's chance. The two others had,

of course, some thought of cheating him out of this chance, but of a truth he was timid to explode such a thunderous weapon, and as soon as they detected this fear they simply overbore him, and made it clearly understood that if he refused to shoot he would lose his caste, his scalplock, his girdle, his honor.

They had reached the old death-colored snake-fence which marked the limits of the upper pasture of the Fleming farm. Under some hickory-trees the path ran parallel to the fence. Behold! a small priestly chipmonk came to a rail, and folding his hands on his abdomen, addressed them in his own tongue. It was Jimmie's shot. Adjured by the others, he took the gun. His face was stiff with apprehension. The Dalzel boy was giving forth fine words. "Go ahead. Aw, don't be afraid. It's nothin' to do. Why, I've done it a million times. Don't shut both your eyes, now. Jus' keep one open and shut the other one. He'll get away if you don't watch out. Now you're all right. Why don't you let 'er go? Go ahead."

Jimmie, with his legs braced apart, was in the centre of the path. His back was greatly bent, owing to the mechanics of supporting the heavy gun. His companions were screeching in the rear. There was a wait.

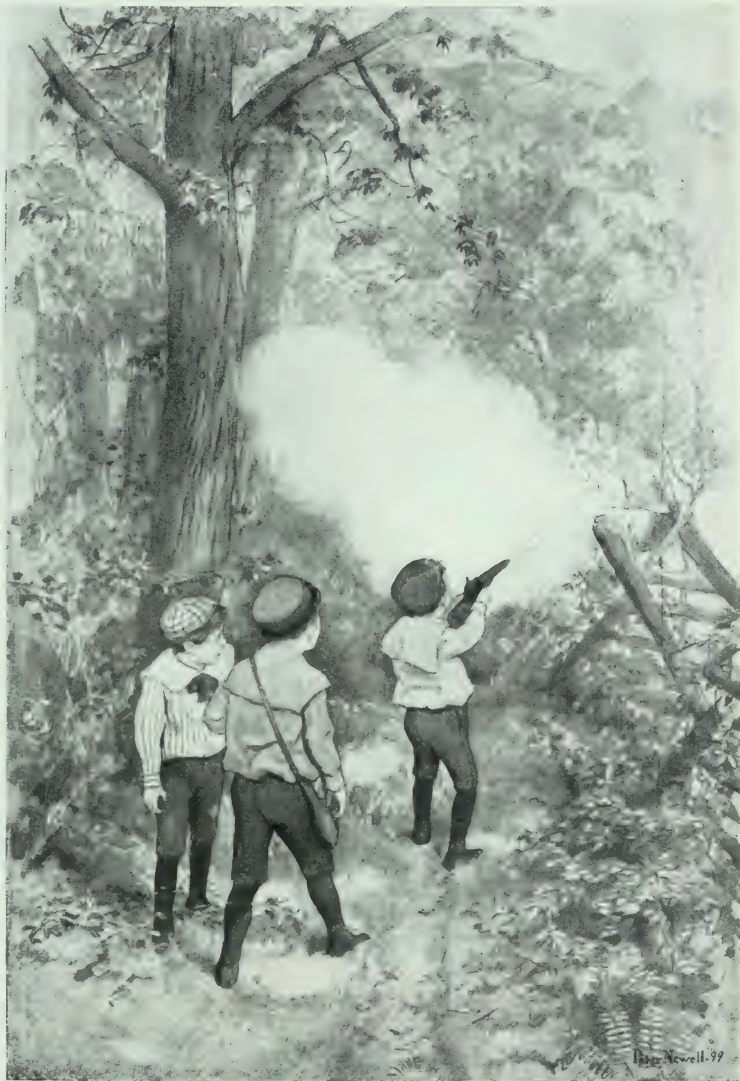
Then he pulled trigger. To him there was a frightful roar, his cheek and his shoulder took a stunning blow, his face felt a hot flush of fire, and opening his two eyes, he found that he was still alive. He was not too dazed to instantly adopt a becoming egotism. It had been the first shot of his life.

But directly after the well-mannered celebration of this victory a certain cow, which had been grazing in the line of fire, was seen to break wildly across the pasture, bellowing and bucking. The three smugglers and lynx-hunters looked at each other out of blanched faces. Jimmie had hit the cow. The first evidence of his comprehension of this fact was in the celerity with which he returned the discharged gun to Willie Dalzel.

They turned to flee. The land was black, as if it had been overshadowed suddenly with thick storm-clouds, and even as they fled in their horror a gigantic Swedish farm-hand came from the heavens and fell upon them, shrieking in eerie triumph. In a twinkling they were clouted prostrate. The Swede was elate and ferocious in a foreign and fulsome way. He continued to beat them and yell.

From the ground they raised their dismal appeal. "Oh, please, mister, we didn't do it! He did it! I didn't do it! We didn't do it! We didn't mean to do it! Oh, please, mister!"

In these moments of childish terror little lads go half-blind, and it is possible



"THERE WAS A FRIGHTFUL ROAR."

that few moments of their after-life made them suffer as they did when the Swede flung them over the fence and marched them toward the farm-house. They begged like cowards on the scaffold, and each one was for himself. "Oh, please let



"I THOUGHT SHE WAS A LYNX."

me go, mister! I didn't do it, mister! He did it! Oh, p-l-ease let me go, mister!"

The boyish view belongs to boys alone, and if this tall and knotted laborer was needlessly without charity, none of the three lads questioned it. Usually when they were punished they decided that they deserved it, and the more they were punished the more they were convinced that they were criminals of a most subterranean type. As to the hitting of the cow being a pure accident, and therefore not of necessity a criminal matter, such reading never entered their heads. When things happened and they were caught, they commonly paid dire consequences, and they were accustomed to measure the probabilities of woe utterly by the damage done, and not in any way by the culpability. The shooting of the cow was plainly heinous, and undoubtedly their dungeons would be knee-deep in water.

"He did it, mister!" This was a general outcry. Jimmie used it as often as did the others. As for them, it is certain that they had no direct thought of betraying their comrade for their own salvation. They thought themselves guilty because they were caught; when boys were not caught they might possibly be innocent. But captured boys were guilty. When they cried out that Jimmie was the culprit, it was principally a simple expression of terror.

Old Henry Fleming, the owner of the farm, strode across the pasture toward them. He had in his hand a most cruel whip. This whip he flourished. At his approach the boys suffered the agonies of the fire regions. And yet anybody with half an eye could see that the whip in his hand was a mere accident, and that he was a kind old man — when he cared.

When he had come near he spoke

crisply. "What you boys ben doin' to my cow?" The tone had deep threat in it. They all answered by saying that none of them had shot the cow. Their denials were tearful and clamorous, and they crawled knee by knee. The vision of it was like three martyrs being dragged toward the stake. Old Fleming stood there, grim, tight-lipped. After a time he said, "Which boy done it?"

There was some confusion, and then Jimmie spake. "I done it, mister."

Fleming looked at him. Then he asked, "Well, what did you shoot 'er fer?"

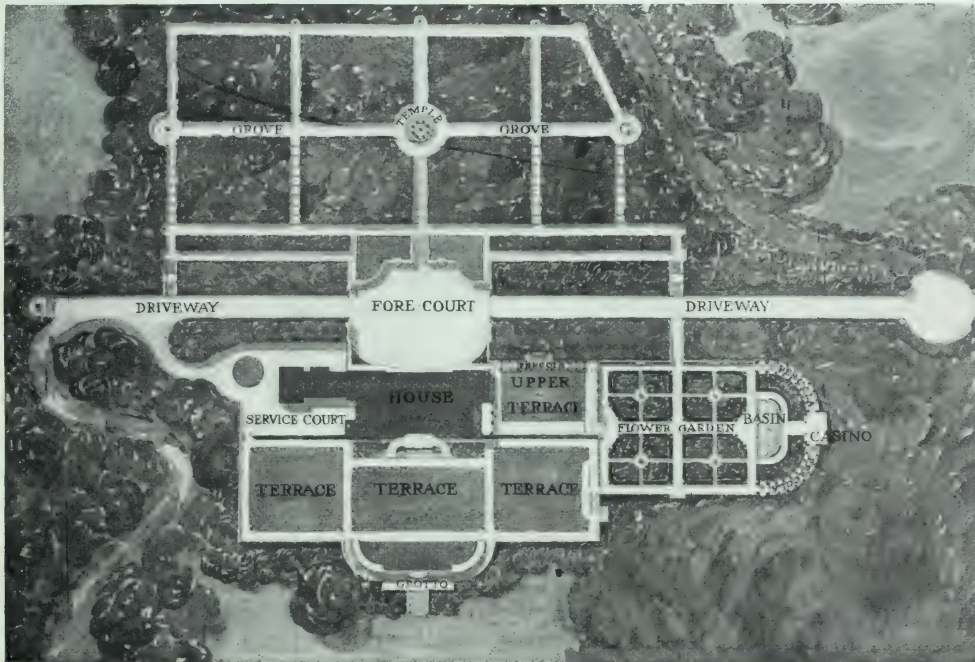
Jimmie thought, hesitated, decided, faltered, and then formulated this: "I thought she was a lynx."

Old Fleming and his Swede at once lay down in the grass and laughed themselves helpless.

FORMAL GARDENS,

AND A NEW ENGLAND EXAMPLE.*

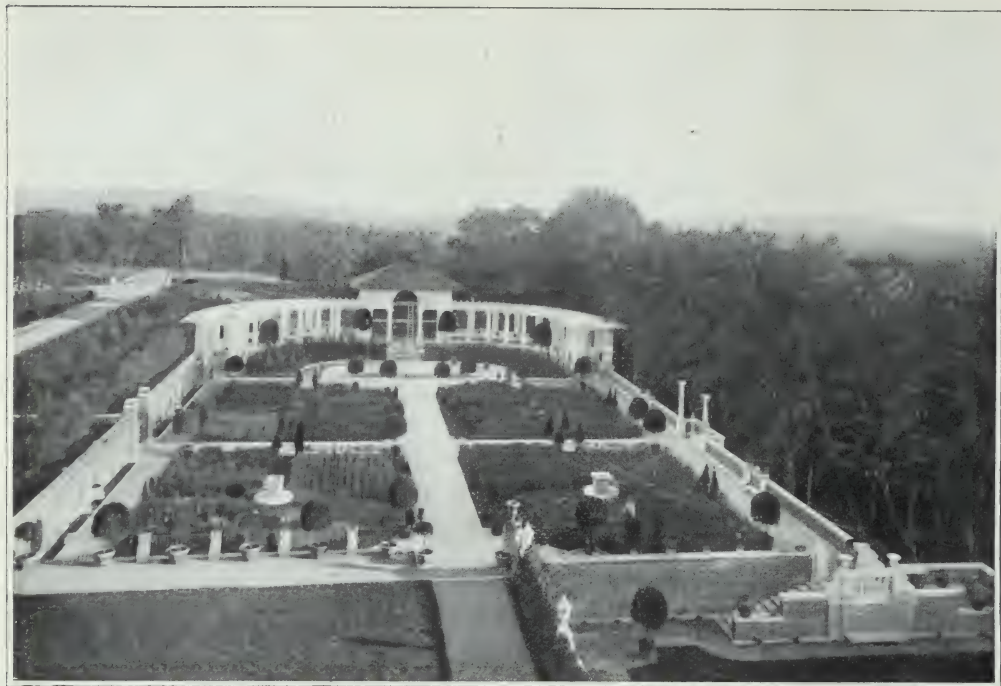
BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



WE are apt to have a confused notion regarding our love of nature. To the average man and woman it is not so much nature in its most frankly natural guise that appeals, as nature humanized and made intimate to our lives. "Que belle la solitude," said the Frenchman,

* The illustrations accompanying this article are of a garden which has just been completed for the Hon. Charles F. Sprague at Brookline, Massachusetts, by Mr. Charles A. Platt, the leading exponent of the formal garden in this country.

"quand il y a quelqu'un à qui on peut dire que la solitude est belle!" It is just the same with the instinct that impels the city man to make for himself a home in the country, or which leads the man whose lot is cast continually in the country to delight therein. In neither case is there a desire to lose one's self in nature, but rather to impress on it one's personality, and to establish an intimacy with it that will allow one's own individuality to flourish more unrestrictedly.



THE GARDEN AND CASINO FROM THE TOP OF THE HOUSE.

In his country home, if anywhere, a man should be able to be himself. That "an Englishman's house is his castle" may be a survival of days when the hand of every man was against his fellow, but the enduring fact is that in the home the human unit has its fullest possibility of individual expression, and, above all, in the country home.

The feverish complexity of American city life, in which men are necessarily restricted by so many conventions, has led to a reaction in favor of country residences to which at least a temporary escape may be made. They are being built in all parts of the country, and more and more with the intention that they shall be veritably homes. As a result, the laying out of grounds and gardens is a subject of very present interest.

There are two distinct methods—the formal and the landscape—differing both in principle and in outward manifestations. The adherents of the formal method would make the garden an integral part of the house, the two forming a unified scheme—a "villa," as the Romans called it. (How that poor word has been abused in modern England! Signifying

originally a country retreat upon which the owner impressed his individuality, it is now applied to the "suburban residence," that smug contrivance for shaping to one general pattern the home life of so many thousands, and swamping individuality in a colorless mediocrity.) The unity of feeling is obtained by prolonging the architectural character into the immediate surroundings of the house; by preserving in them something of the orderliness, the lines, masses, and balance of the structure itself, and by imparting to them a sense of human occupancy through the repetition of some of the human artifices which are concentrated in the house; in one word, by adopting an arrangement that is architectonic. The supporters of the landscape theory, on the other hand, profess to take their cue from nature. Nature, they say, is the ultimate inspiration, and the highest art is in conforming to its methods. Nature "abhors straight lines," therefore the aim of the landscape gardener should be to eliminate straight lines, to reproduce an ordered disorder, and, in fact, make the demarcation between the house and its surroundings as complete as possible. It

is just on this point that it may fairly be said the two schools join clear issues. The object of the landscapist is to suggest that the garden is a part of the landscape; that of the formalist to separate the two and make the garden belong to the house. The former is called the English method, because it has been practised in England since the beginning of the eighteenth century. It might also be called the American method, for, until recently, the same ideas have prevailed here. In both countries, however, there is a reaction towards the formal garden. This not only has the sanction of universal practice before the eighteenth century, as we shall show presently, but is more in accordance with the purposes and possibilities of a garden.

Let us frankly admit that the latter is largely a sentimental reason. Why not? Surely sentiment should cling to a man's home; a simple and unaffected one, growing out of the conditions, and colored by the individual's idiosyncrasies and means of gratifying them. Now a country house is not complete without some appurtenances. These will ordinarily be the stables and offices, flower and kitchen gardens, approaches to the house, and walks from which the flowers may be enjoyed and the practical needs of the kitchen-garden attended to. One may seek to make these accessories as free as possible from sign of man's handiwork, but it is impossible to separate them in theory or practice from the house. They are all integral parts of one scheme, of which the house is the nucleus and emphatic feature. Then should there not be a uniformity of feeling preserved throughout?

Architecture and nature represent antagonistic principles. Nature is to a great

extent imitated in painting and sculpture, but architecture is an independent creation of man's. In certain details he has taken a hint from natural objects, but still in its main characteristics a building is an excrescence upon nature, in sharp contrast to its surroundings. Perhaps a



DETAIL OF THE STAIRWAY FROM THE HOUSE TO THE GARDEN.

turf-covered hut can be said to grow out of nature; and to a certain extent a woodman's timbered cottage may seem to accord with the surrounding forest, but more by association of ideas than in actual fact. What makes the latter interesting, however, is the evidence of human habitation in the clearing of the trees, the accompanying out-houses, and the scattering around of implements and various paraphernalia which lessen the abrupt contrast between the natural forest and



THE CASINO AND THE PERGOLA.

the artificial structure. But, substitute for the timbered cottage a residence of larger dimensions and greater degree of formality, deliberately refrain from surrounding it with any signs of method and orderliness, leave it in complete contrast with the picturesque disorder of the forest, and it would look strangely incongruous, even uncanny, in its solitariness. It would be equally so if placed in a more open site—upon the side of a hill, for example. Group near it, however, a stable and barn, a gardener's and coachman's cottage, laundry, cow-house, and the other offices of a country residence, add only a fence to enclose the kitchen-

garden and keep out the rabbits, and the place begins to take on a human, living interest, and has put forth formal roots, as it were, which enable it to hold its own in the contrast with nature.

If this be granted, two conclusions seem to follow: firstly, that the chief artificial feature, the house, does need some subsidiary ones; and, secondly, that they and it are mutually related. Then surely it results that the relationships should be frankly admitted and logically expressed. Logic in this case requires that, as the house is entirely formal, as different as possible from nature, some degree of formality should embrace the arrangement of the subsidiary features. The formality of the

house is the consequence of architecture, and it is by a prolongation of architectural devices into the immediate surroundings that they will be made in a measure formal. In a measure only, because the flowers, trees, and vegetables will soften the rigidity. Need one add that the architectural features do not necessarily include all the appurtenances which were mentioned above by way of illustration? They will vary according to the size and character of the house. The first characteristic of a house is that it forms a mass, so the garden should be compact rather than amorphous. The second characteristic is straight lines

vertical and horizontal; therefore the principal paths, terraces, and bounding lines should be straight rather than rambling. The third characteristic is balance, so that the several parts into which the immediate surroundings are divided should preserve a due relation to one another and to the central mass. Lastly, that which completes the charm of any residence is the evidence of human habitation, of its being a home. In the same way, the most delightful thing about a garden is the fact that it is artificial, that it has been contrived by man, and in some *one* way more than another, because the men and women who used it and loved it delighted to have it so. M. Brunetière, in his recent lecture on "Art and Morality," said, "We have become men, and can become more so each day only by detaching ourselves from nature, and by trying to institute in the midst of it 'an empire within an empire.'" The context of his argument was different, but this thought contains the germ-principle of the formal garden. We fly from the restrictions of the city not that we may lose ourselves in the impersonality of nature, but for detachment; that in the soothing and unexacting companionship of nature we may find ourselves. This is our end, and the means we employ are human artifices rather than imitations of nature.

We shall feel this individual human influence pervading the home as soon as

we turn aside from the country road. And, by-the-way, what a beautiful feature of the landscape a road is! For example, that white serpentine road which creeps from the head of Lake Lucerne up into the fastnesses of the St. Gothard Pass—appearing, disappearing, and reappearing, gliding over stone arches above the torrent, making a turn at times to avoid some obstacle, but gaining vantage farther



THE CASINO.

on, steadily mounting—a testimony to the patient, indomitable effort of man. We may admire the unrestrained grandeur of the Alpine scenery none the less for loving that road; and as long as we were neither cynics nor hermits, and had to make a home in those mountains, we should choose it to be within sight of that road. And why? Simply because it sets a human impress upon nature, and pre-



THE GARDEN WALK, FROM THE PERGOLA TO THE TERRACE STAIRWAY.

al welcome to the mansion. We have no concern here with the house itself, but, imagining ourselves guests, we find the gardens open to us and contributing to the hospitality. Step out on to the broad terrace, which invites promenade and offers a view of the garden, very likely of the landscape beyond. Its sides may be bevelled slopes of grass, or formed of masonry with balustrades; in either case it will testify to human contrivance and care. It is an open-air continuation of the social possibilities of the house. Below it and approached by steps is the flower-garden, symmetrically

vents one's own individuality from being absolutely swallowed up.

But to resume our approach to the country house. The formal entrance to the grounds, be it only a gate within two well-defined posts, marks the transition from outside. The drive with its carefully kept surface, trim borders and shrubs on either hand, most dignified if it runs beneath an avenue of trees, leads up to a fore-court—an open space in front of the hall door. Ranged around this used to be, and often still are, the stables and offices. Anyhow, its characteristics are spacious and orderly, suggesting a form-

shaped and bounded by walls, balustrades, or clipped hedges. The side which gets the sun will probably have its wall brilliant with climbing roses. All round the garden is a border filled with annuals and perennials, whose variety and free growth pleasantly assuage the stiffness of the lines and boundaries. The interior space is geometrically divided up into beds, edged with trim box borders and separated by smooth gravel paths. The flatness of the effect is relieved by trees in pots, trimmed to shape, or "pleached," to use the old English word for a practice derived at

least from Pliny's time. The beds in their summer bravery of color are contrasted with their green borders, and with the light hue of the gravel walks; and the geometrical pattern which all three combine to make exhibits the planning of a human mind and the infinite care and detailed skill of human husbandry. Special objects of interest are disposed about the garden, varying, according to the fancy and means of the owner, from a simple seat commanding some choice view or inviting to quiet and shade, up to fountains, statuary, and a formal summer-house. The old English word for the last was "gazebo"; "casino" the Italians called it, adding often a "pergola," or colonnade, topped with transverse beams at intervals for the support of vines. Should your eye tire for a moment of these human artifices, it can roam across the low boundary on the shady side to the rolling uplands beyond, sprinkled with trees or plumaged in straggling patches with the thick foliage of the woods. You can still enjoy the spontaneity of nature and the freedom of wide expanse of earth and sky, and then come back with a renewed sense of intimacy to the ordered details of the garden, which, whether modest or sumptuous, are such as man has made them, because he loved to have them so, and wished to make this little spot of earth, called home, an individual personal possession.

This, too, was the traditional idea of a garden. Pliny the younger, as mentioned above, wrote of his Tuscan villa, describing the architectural features in which the garden abounded. Here was the text which the architects of the Italian Renaissance expanded in their treatment of

country houses. Le Nôtre followed them in laying out the gardens of Versailles. In old England the formal garden flourished, independent at first alike of Italian and French influence; a tradition of Pliny filtered down through mediævalism. No example of the mediæval gardens survives in England, but an idea of them may be formed from illuminated manuscripts. "The Romance of the Rose," for example,



THE STAIRWAY FROM THE GARDEN TO THE TERRACE.

in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 4425), contains an illumination showing a formal garden walled in and entered by a gateway, with fountain, rectangular grass-plots separated by walks, a fence of flowers on a wooden trellis, and amongst other trees a "pleached" orange-tree. From the chapter-house accounts given in the *History of Hampton Court Pal-*



ON THE TERRACE, LOOKING TOWARD THE STAIRWAY AND THE CASINO.

ace it is clear that Wolsey laid out the gardens with enclosing walls, "knottes" or figured flower-beds, arbors, and alleys. When, after Wolsey's death, the palace came into the hands of Henry VIII., he introduced statues and various devices, probably borrowed from Italy. At any rate it is certain that in building his palace of Nonsuch, near Cheam in Surrey, he employed Italian workmen, and there is little doubt that Italian examples were freely copied in the gardens. Hentzner, a German who travelled through England in the sixteenth century, published an account in Latin of many gardens, amongst others Lord Burleigh's, which were clearly inspired by those of Italy. From this time on it is easy to trace the history of the formal garden in England, for numerous treatises were written on the subject. The point to notice is that the advisability of adhering to the tradition of the formal garden is never questioned by these writers, who only concern themselves with its development. By degrees these refinements resulted in extravagant conceits, spontaneity was lost in a pedantic system, and a revolt ensued.

Addison began the attack in *The Spec-*

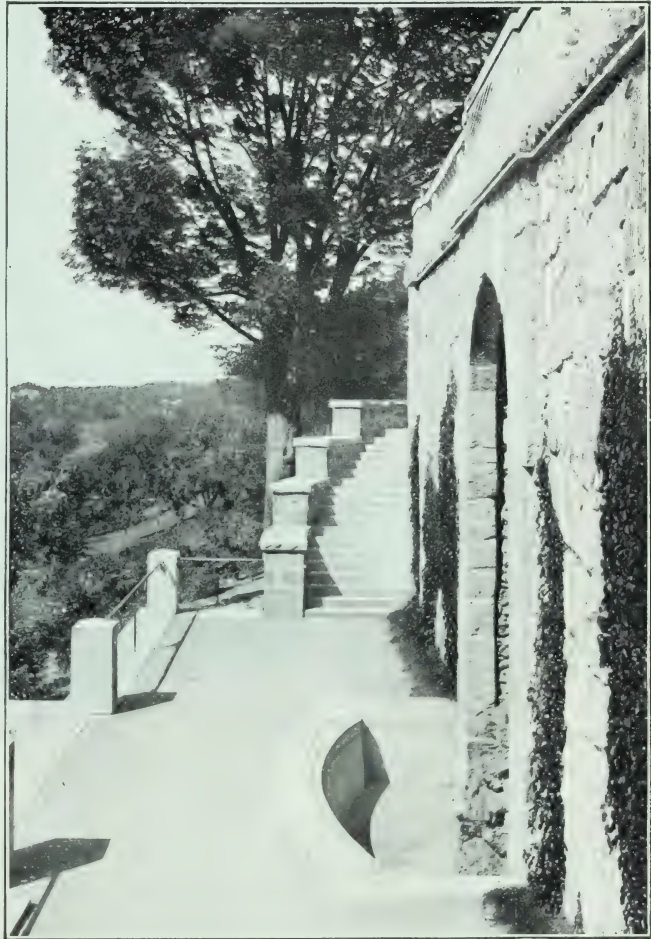
tator; Pope followed it up in *The Guardian*, and made much fun of the ridiculous lengths to which the practice of "pleaching" had been carried. He gives a catalogue of some of the objects represented, including "a St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stab the Dragon by next April"; and "a quickset bog shot up into a porcupine through being forgot a week in rainy weather." He laid out his own grounds at Twickenham, down by Thames' side, in what was now called the "natural" manner, and the vogue spread all over England. Kent, the architect, devoted himself to laying out grounds in imitation of Claude and Poussin. Walpole, the master of Strawberry Hill Gothic, goes into nicely modulated raptures over Kent's achievements. "Selecting favorite objects, and veiling deformities by screens of plantations, he realized the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. The living landscape was chastened and polished, not transformed." Then, as now, it should be noticed, the "natural" method consisted in playing pranks with nature, disguising or improving it at will. The formal garden still had its champions.

One of them, Sir William Chambers, writes: "Our virtuosi have scarcely left an acre of shade, or three trees growing in a line, from the Land's End to the Tweed." Under the wave of naturalism, however, nearly all the old gardens of England were obliterated.

The landscape gardener, as Mr. Reginald Blomfield says in his book *The Formal Garden in England*, "turns his back upon architecture at the earliest opportunity, and devotes his energies to making the garden suggest natural scenery, to giving a false impression as to its size by sedulously concealing all boundary lines, and to modifying the scenery by planting or cutting down trees, as may be necessary to what he calls a picture." Again, "Deception is a primary object of the landscape gardener, and thus to get variety and to deceive the eye into supposing that the garden is larger than it is, the paths are made to wind about in all directions, and the lawns are not to be left in broad expanse, but dotted about with pampas grasses, foreign shrubs, or anything else that will break up the surface." As was said by a witty Frenchman, "Rien n'est plus facile que de dessiner un parc anglais; on n'a qu'à enivrer son jardinier et à suivre sa trace."

For nearly two centuries the incoherent affectation of the "natural" garden has been perpetuated, but a reaction has at last set in. Both in America and in England we are discovering that the house and garden are logically, sentimentally, and practically one. Instead of employing an architect to design the one and a gardener to fumble over the other, we are intrusting both to the architect. In seeking inspiration, it is only reasonable that

he should turn to Italy, where the tradition of the formal garden has been maintained and treated with such refinement. The problem is to adapt these methods to the different climatic and social conditions



THE GROTTO AND THE TERRACE.

of America. The subject is an important one, even to those who cannot have country homes, for it includes also the laying out of parks and public squares in a city—of any grounds, in fact, which are associated with architecture. It is beginning to be realized that the rambling haphazard of our New York squares, for instance, will not compare in dignity and reposefulness with the formal arrangements adopted on the continent of Europe. The subject will therefore take its place in the movement that is astir for municipal embellishment.



BY W. B. VAN INGEN.

THE rustle of silk skirts added keenness to my expectancy as I walked about an attractive little garden. The delicate sound carried me back years, to the time I went to the Friends' School. There was something so demure in the rustle that the gowns of the Quakeresses made. I could detect a difference, though, as delicate as that which the wind makes when it swishes through willows or sighs through pines.

There was a difference, too, in the expectancy, for it was my own skirts that made the rustle, and I was not waiting for a pair of blue eyes. I was waiting for Kesa, my 'rikisha man, who was to take me to drink a cup of tea.

I was dressed in these lovely silks

because I was to drink no ordinary cup of tea, and in no ordinary fashion; and as the tea was to be served by a master of the art, in a most polite and punctilious manner, with ceremonious incidents that made it one of the most interesting social customs of old Japan, I was dressed in the manner of the country. My garden, too, was a native garden, and I was living as the Japanese do—not those who have become Europeanized, but those who still adhere to the native customs. I had heard a good deal about this function, which they called *cha-no-yu*, and was curious to know what it really was, for it is difficult for me to make real to myself things I only read about.

In response to my desire to know some-

thing of the life of the people where it had not been altered by contact with foreigners, an invitation had been extended to me through the courtesy of a gentleman, a native of Tōkyō. He had said this was a ceremony with an ancestry of perhaps six or seven hundred years, and while the *point d'appui* of the whole thing was the taking of a sip of tea, all the details of the attending incidents were full of meaning to those who knew the life and traditions of the Japanese. The host and his guests would with every part exchange civilities, for whatever had been its origin, it had become with time an elaborate social function. The gradual and spontaneous development of the ceremony, while it had multiplied restrictions of form, had at every step permitted greater freedom in the play of social activities. Of course I saw but the form, and while it was often difficult to comprehend, it was easy to imagine how much it all might mean to the participants.

I understood the custom had originated with Buddhist priests, that there were some seventy different schools with correspondingly different methods of drinking this cup of tea, and that the ceremony would perhaps occupy several hours; there would be five guests, the orthodox number, and indeed so precise had the details become with time that the very size of the room in which we would partake had been prescribed—it would be just nine feet square.

The impatience I felt while walking in my garden was soon allayed, for Kesa announced that Dr. T——, an American who also had been invited, was at the door and my *rikisha* was ready. It was a little after noon, then, that the doctor and I met the other guests in the garden of our host's house. I say *house*, but a Japanese house is such a charming mixture of arbor and enclosure that the word does not seem appropriate. Our host did not come forward to meet us, as we might expect in America, and we entered a very small room, a sort of vestibule; perhaps it was six feet square. It was absolutely bare of furniture save for a tray with pipes and tobacco—those little pipes that we think are opium-pipes—and we seated ourselves on the floor. We had taken off our sandals before entering (that being the custom of the country); not a word was spoken, no sound was heard save the rustle of our skirts; it was as though we were in Quaker meeting waiting for the spirit to move.

We were seated but a moment when the door was pushed gently aside and the kindly face of our venerable host appeared. In his hand he carried a feather, and as he pushed aside the door he passed the feather over the sill; he meant to say by this, that though he had done all in his power to make prepared the house for our coming, he might have left some dust unawares on the sill. In the manner of the country he prostrated himself until his forehead touched the floor, and I could hear him speak words that I knew were those of welcome; but they came to my ears as the words of a priest at the altar; the sounds were strange, but the meaning was clearly conveyed. We all prostrated ourselves likewise, and I tried to make sounds like those I had heard. In another moment our host gently closed the door, leaving it ajar perhaps an inch; this was his manner of asking us to follow him, and we arose in perhaps a minute or two, and followed to the garden. There we stopped at a water-bowl not unlike a holy-water stoup, that we might cleanse our hands; and we touched the water very much as one might a finger-bowl at table in America.

It was my part to take the initiative, I being the guest to whom primarily the courtesy of the tea was shown, and I entered the little tea-room on hands and knees. It was necessary to enter in this way, because over the entrance hung a curtain made of split bamboo, and it was partly unrolled, leaving but about four feet to the door-sill. I had been coached in the etiquette of the occasion, and went, still on hands and knees, across the room to look at the *kakemono*, or hanging picture, in the *toconoma*, a niche always seen in Japanese rooms; politeness required me to express in a word my admiration for the picture, but had politeness given me time to see, it could have dispensed with necessity. But I must not linger; I must notice the charcoal; for in the centre of the room was a sunk-square of about fifteen inches in which was arranged the charcoal that was to heat the water for our tea, and etiquette required that I recognize the care with which the sticks had been arranged, while another guest had an opportunity of looking at the *kakemono*. I knew, too, that the ashes surrounding the fire were the ashes of charcoal our host had

used these many years, and he had arranged the little thin sticks of charcoal, not carelessly, but as though he would build a little edifice for the fire to consume. In turn each of us saw both picture and charcoal, and we were seated about two sides of the room, each of us having just three feet square of space in which to sit.

Perhaps all this sounds very stiff, very queer, very formal, but words are unwieldy things. If a foreigner should put a Caucasian dinner party in words it would sound equally odd, and yet we think a modern dinner the acme of civilization.

The usual compliments of the occasion were extended to the host, and he returned the civilities. Then in a most kindly manner he begged us be at ease, assuring us that though it was often thought this function was full of ceremony, in reality it was not so, and he asked that we rid ourselves of every vestige of formality. Especially did he assure those of us that were foreigners. I had been told that this was an act of courtesy on the part of the host, it would be equally an act of graciousness on the part of the guests to comply with the habits of the occasion punctiliously. I thanked him for his gracious condescension, and begged his indulgence for my lack of knowledge of Japanese manners, when he in turn assured me that I seemed to the "manner born." Through all the function this made me feel quite at ease, and I became an interesting object to myself, to see just what I would really do; and often my *alter ego* gave cause for laughter, he did such curious things.

After a few moments thus spent with words and elegancies our host arose, for it was he that would serve us with dinner, and the dinner was a preliminary to the drinking of the tea. There was something very gracious in all the host did; my knees hurt me a good deal sitting on the floor to receive these courtesies, but that was the fault of the knees. My Japanese friends seemed to suffer no inconvenience. One of them had told me only a few days before that when he first went to Europe it had made him so tired to sit on chairs all day, he had to sit on the floor on going to his bedroom, to rest himself. I knew, too, a little Jap boy who, when he first slept on a bed

with springs under the mattress, found it made him seasick every time he turned over. He liked the floor best, he said.

Before beginning our dinner we were served with sweets, not unlike our candies. Then followed soup, served in dainty lacquer bowls; I do not know what the soup was made from, but it was palatable. Then followed fish, and omelet, and chestnuts, boiled and served with a purée of something or other that was very delicious; and if I remember aright we had some lotus bulbs, that tasted not unlike artichokes. Fish we had, cooked in various ways, besides the much-talked-of raw fish. This fish that the Japanese eat raw is known as *tai*, or, when prepared for eating, they call it *sashimi*. They do not devour voraciously an enormous fish; *sashimi* is a relish. It is served on dainty platters made of thin strips of glass, perhaps three inches long, which are fastened together with cord, like a bamboo curtain. The fish is cut in thin slices of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch, and about the length and breadth of one's finger; it is eaten with a little horseradish, or a sauce (which they call *soy*, and which is very like our Worcestershire), or with a mixture of both. Each sliver is lifted daintily with the chopsticks.

I have heard how travellers have seen the fish brought in alive and slices cut from its quivering sides, but I suppose there are gilded youths and satiated gourmets in Japan as there are elsewhere. The Japanese are a highly civilized people.

Though I have eaten *sashimi* a great many times, I have never seen it served in other than this way; and possibly if we remember that we are fond of raw oysters, and the nearer the oyster is to being alive when eaten the better pleased is the gourmet, we will not find it so strange that others are fond of another kind of fish raw. It is an acquired taste, though, and the first time a foreigner eats it his prejudice will probably conquer his palate; but the Japanese, when they first come to our country, find butter and cheese very objectionable to their tastes. A liking for these very delicious eatables has to be cultivated, but it is no fault of the butter and cheese.

He who does not like the way the Japanese cook fish must be hard to please. They are better fish cooks than the French. The Japanese waters are very

with a sort of troubled tenderness in his strong dull face.

"Oh, yes. I understood they were at school here," said March, and he heard one of them saying, in a sweet, high pipe to his wife:

"Ain't it just splendid? I ha'n't seen anything equal to it since the Worrl'd's Fairr." She spoke with a strong contortion of the Western *r*, and her sister hastened to put in:

"I don't think it's to be compared to the Worrl'd's Fairr. But these German girrls, here, just think it's great. It just does me good to laff at 'em, about it. I like to tell 'em about the electric fountain and the Court of Honorr when they get to talkin' about the illuminations they're goun' to have. You goun' out to the parade? You better engage your carriage right away if you arre. The carrs 'll be a perfect jam. Father's engaged ourrs; he had to pay sixty marrks forr it."

They chattered on without shyness and on as easy terms with a woman of three times their years as if she had been a girl of their own age; they willingly took the whole talk to themselves, and had left her quite outside of it before Stoller turned to her for a word.

"I been telling Mr. March here that you better both come to the parade with us. I guess my two-spanner will hold five; or if it won't, we'll make it. I don't believe there's a carriage left in Würzburg; and if you go in the cars, you'll have to walk three or four miles before you get to the parade-ground. You think it over," he said to March. "Nobody else is going to have the places, anyway, and you can say yes at the last minute just as well as now."

He moved off with his girls, who looked over their shoulders at the officers as they passed on through the adjoining room.

"My *dear*!" cried Mrs. March. "Didn't you suppose he classed us with Burnamy in that business? Why should he be polite to us?"

"Perhaps he wants you to chaperon his daughters. He's probably heard of your performance at the Kurhaus ball. But he knows that I thought Burnamy in the wrong. This may be Stoller's way of wiping out an obligation. Wouldn't you like to go with him?"

"The mere thought of his being in the same town is prostrating. I'd far rather he hated us; then he would avoid us."

"Well, he doesn't own the town, and if it comes to the worst, perhaps *we* can avoid *him*. Let us go out, anyway, and see if we can't."

"No, no; I'm too tired; but you go. And get all the maps and guides you can; there's so very little in Baedeker, and almost nothing in that great hulking Bradshaw of yours; and I'm sure there must be the most interesting history of Würzburg. Isn't it strange that we haven't the slightest association with the name?"

"I've been rummaging in my mind, and I've got hold of an association at last," said March. "It's beer; a sign in a Sixth Avenue saloon window: *Würzburger Hof-Bräu*."

"No matter if it *is* beer. Find some sketch of the history, and we'll try to get away from the Stollers in it. I pitied those wild girls, too. What crazy images of the world must fill their empty minds! How their ignorant thoughts must go whirling out into the unknown! I don't envy their father. Do hurry back! I shall be thinking about them every instant till you come."

She said this, but in their own rooms it was so soothing to sit looking through the long twilight at the lovely landscape that the sort of bruise given by their encounter with the Stollers had left her consciousness before March returned. She made him admire first the convent church on a hill further up the river which exactly balanced the fortress in front of them, and then she seized upon the little books he had brought, and set him to exploring the labyrinths of their German, with a mounting exultation in his discoveries. There was a general guide to the city, and a special guide, with plans and personal details of the approaching manoeuvres and the princes who were to figure in them; and there was a sketch of the local history: a kind of thing that the Germans know how to write particularly well, with little gleams of pleasant humor blinking through it. For the study of this, Mrs. March realized, more and more passionately, that they were in the very most central and convenient point, for the history of Würzburg might be said to have begun with her prince-bishops, whose rule had begun in the twelfth century, and who had built, on a forgotten Roman work, the fortress of the Marienburg on that vineyarded hill over against the Swan Inn. There had of

course been history before that, but nothing so clear, nothing so peculiarly swell, nothing that so united the glory of this world and the next as that of the prince-bishops. They had made the Marienburg their home, and kept it against foreign and domestic foes for five hundred years. Shut within its well-armed walls they had awed the often-turbulent city across the Main; they had held it against the embattled farmers in the Peasants' War, and had splendidly lost it to Gustavus Adolphus, and then got it back again and held it till Napoleon took it from them. He gave it with their flock to the Bavarians, who in turn briefly yielded it to the Prussians in 1866, and were now in apparently final possession of it.

Before the prince-bishops, Charlemagne and Barbarossa had come and gone, and since the prince-bishops there had been visiting thrones and kingdoms enough in the ancient city, which was soon to be illustrated by the presence of imperial Germany, royal Würtemberg and Saxony, grand-ducal Baden and Weimar, and a surfeit of all the minor potentates among those who speak the beautiful language of the *Ja*. But none of these could dislodge the prince-bishops from that supreme place which they had at once taken in Mrs. March's fancy. The potentates were all going to be housed in the vast palace which the prince-bishops had built themselves in Würzburg as soon as they found it safe to come down from their stronghold of Marienburg, and begin to adorn their city, and to confirm it in its intense fidelity to the Church. Tiepolo had come up out of Italy to fresco their palace, where he wrought year after year, in that worldly taste which has somehow come to express the most sovereign moment of ecclesiasticism. It prevailed so universally in Würzburg that it left her with the name of the Rococo City, intrenched in a period of time equally remote from early Christianity and modern Protestantism. Out of her sixty thousand souls, only ten thousand are now of the reformed religion, and these bear about the same relation to the Catholic spirit of the place that the gothic architecture bears to the baroque.

As long as the prince-bishops lasted the Würzburgers got on very well with but one newspaper, and perhaps the smallest amount of merrymaking known outside of the colony of Massachusetts Bay at

the same epoch. The prince-bishops had their finger in everybody's pie, and they portioned out the cakes and ale, which were made according to formulas of their own. The distractions were all of a religious character; churches, convents, monasteries, abounded; ecclesiastical processions and solemnities were the spectacles that edified if they did not amuse the devout population.

It seemed to March an ironical outcome of all this spiritual severity that one of the greatest modern scientific discoveries should have been made in Würzburg, and that the Röntgen rays should now be giving her name a splendor destined to eclipse the glories of her past. Mrs. March could not allow that they would do so; or at least that the name of Röntgen would ever lend more lustre to his city than that of Longfellow's Walther von der Vogelweide. She was no less surprised than pleased to realize that this friend of the birds was a Würzburger, and she said that their first pilgrimage in the morning should be to the church where he lies buried.

LIII.

March went down to breakfast not quite so early as his wife had planned, and left her to have her coffee in her room. He got a pleasant table in the gallery overlooking the river, and he decided that the landscape, though it now seemed to be rather too much studied from a drop-curtain, had certainly lost nothing of its charm in the clear morning light. The waiter brought his breakfast, and after a little delay came back with a card which he insisted was for March. It was not till he put on his glasses and read the name of Mr. R. M. Kenby that he was able at all to agree with the waiter, who stood passive at his elbow.

"Well," he said, "why wasn't this card sent up last night?"

The waiter explained that the gentleman had just given him his card, after asking March's nationality, and was then breakfasting in the next room. March caught up his napkin and ran round the partition wall, and Kenby rose with his napkin and hurried to meet him.

"I *thought* it must be you," he called out joyfully, as they struck their extended hands together, "but so many people look alike, nowadays, that I don't trust my eyes any more."

Kenby said he had spent the time since they last met partly in Leipsic and partly in Gotha, where he had amused himself in rubbing up his rusty German. As soon as he realized that Würzburg was so near he had slipped down from Gotha for a glimpse of the manœuvres. He added that he supposed March was there to see them, and he asked with a quite unembarrassed smile if they had met Mrs. March in Carlsbad, and without waiting for March's answer, he laughed and added: "Of course, I know she must have told Mrs. March all about it."

March could not deny this; he laughed, too; though in his wife's absence he felt bound to forbid himself anything more explicit.

"I do not give it up, you know," Kenby went on, with perfect ease. "I am not a young fellow, if you call thirty-nine old."

"At my age I don't," March put in, and they roared together, in men's security from the encroachments of time.

"But she happens to be the only woman I've ever really wanted to marry, for more than a few days at a stretch. You know how it is with us."

"Oh, yes, I know," said March, and they shouted again.

"We're in love, and we're out of love, twenty times. But this isn't a mere fancy; it's a conviction. And there's no reason why she shouldn't marry me."

March smiled gravely, and his smile was not lost upon Kenby. "You mean the boy," he said. "Well, I *like* Rose," and now March really felt swept from his feet. "She doesn't deny that she likes me, but she seems to think that her marrying

again will take her from him; the fact is, it will only give me *to* him. As for devoting her whole life to him, she couldn't do a worse thing for him. What the boy needs is a *man's* care, and a man's will—Good heavens! You don't think I could ever be *unkind* to the little soul?" Kenby threw himself forward over the table.



WÜRZBURG FROM THE VINEYARDS
ON THE HILL.

"My *dear* fellow!" March protested.

"I'd rather cut off my right hand!" Kenby pursued excitedly, and then he said, with a humorous drop: "The fact is, I don't believe I should want *her* so much if I couldn't have Rose too. I want to have them both. So far, I've only got no for an answer; but I'm not going to keep it. I had a letter from Rose at Carlsbad, the other day; and—"

The waiter came forward with a folded scrap of paper on his salver, which March knew must be from his wife. "What is keeping you so?" she wrote. "I am all ready." "It's from Mrs. March," he

explained to Kenby. "I am going out with her on some errands. I'm awfully glad to see you again. We must talk it all over, and you must—you mustn't—Mrs. March will want to see you later—I— Are you in the hotel?"

"Oh yes. I'll see you at the one-o'clock table d'hôte, I suppose."

March went away with his head whirling in the question whether he should tell his wife at once of Kenby's presence, or leave her free for the pleasures of Würzburg, till he could shape the fact into some acceptable and safe form. She met him at the door with her guide-books, wraps, and umbrellas, and would hardly give him time to get on his hat and coat.

"Now, I want you to avoid the Stollers as far as you can see them. This is to be a real wedding-journey day, with no extraneous acquaintance to bother; the more strangers the better. Würzburg is richer than anything I imagined. I've looked it all up; I've got the plan of the city, so that we can easily find the way. We'll walk first, and take carriages whenever we get tired. We'll go to the cathedral at once; I want a good gulp of rococo to begin with; there wasn't half enough of it at Ansbach. Isn't it strange how we've come round to it?"

She referred to that passion for the gothic which they had obediently imbibed from Ruskin in the days of their early



THE NEUMÜNSTER.

Italian travel and courtship, when all the English-speaking world bowed down to him in devout aversion from the renaissance, and pious abhorrence of the rococo.

"What biddable little things we were!" she went on, while March was struggling

to keep Kenby in the background of his consciousness. "The rococo must have always had a sneaking charm for us, when we were pinning our faith to pointed arches; and yet I suppose we were perfectly sincere. Oh, *look* at that divinely ridiculous Madonna!" They were now making their way out of the crooked footway behind their hotel toward the street leading to the cathedral, and she pointed to the Blessed Virgin over the door of some religious house, her drapery billowing about her feet, her body twisting to show the sculptor's mastery of anatomy, and her halo held on her tossing head with the help of stout gilt rays. In fact the Virgin's whole figure was gilded, and so was that of the child in her arms. "Isn't she delightful?"

"I see what you mean," said March with a dubious glance at the statue, "but I'm not sure, now, that I wouldn't like something quieter in my Madonnas."

The thoroughfare which they emerged upon, with the cathedral ending the perspective, was full of the holiday so near at hand. The narrow sidewalks were thronged with people, both soldiers and civilians, and up the middle of the street detachments of military came and went, halting the little horse-cars and the huge beer-wagons which otherwise seemed to have the sole right to the streets of Würzburg; they came jingling or thundering out of the side streets and hurled themselves round the corners reckless of the passers, who escaped alive by flattening themselves like posters against the house wall. There were peasants, men and women, in the costume which the unbroken course of their country life had kept as quaint as it was a hundred years before; there were citizens in the misfits of the latest German fashions; there were soldiers of all arms in their vivid uniforms, and from time to time there were pretty young girls in white dresses with low necks and bare arms gloved to the elbows, who were following a holiday custom of the place in going about the streets in ball costume. The shop windows were filled with portraits of the Emperor and the Empress, and the Prince-Regent and the ladies of his family; the German and Bavarian colors draped the façades of the houses and festooned the fantastic Madonnas posing above so many portals. The modern patriotism included the ancient piety without disturbing it; the rococo

city remained ecclesiastical through its new imperialism, and kept the stamp given it by the long rule of the prince-bishops under the sovereignty of its King and the suzerainty of its Kaiser.

The Marches escaped from the present, when they entered the cathedral, as wholly as if they had taken hold of the horns of the altar, though they were far from literally doing this in an interior so grandiose. There are a few rococo churches in Italy, and perhaps more in Spain, which approach the perfection achieved by the Würzburg cathedral in the baroque style. For once one sees what that style can do in architecture and sculpture, and whatever one may say of the details, one cannot deny that there is a prodigiously effective keeping in it all. This interior came together, as the decorators say, with a harmony that the travellers had felt nowhere in their earlier experience of the rococo: It was unimpeachably perfect in its way, "Just," March murmured to his wife, "as the social and political and scientific scheme of the eighteenth century was perfected in certain times and places. But the odd thing is to find the apotheosis of the rococo away up here in Germany. I wonder how much the prince-bishops really liked it? But they had become rococo, too! Look at that row of their statues on both sides of the nave! What magnificent swells! How they abash this poor plain Christ, here; he would like to get behind the pillar; he knows that he could never lend himself to the baroque style. It expresses the eighteenth century, though. But how you long for some little hint of the thirteenth, or even the nineteenth."

"I don't," she whispered back. "I'm perfectly wild with Würzburg. I like to have a thing go as far as it can. At Nuremberg I wanted all the gothic I could get, and in Würzburg I want all the baroque I can get. *I am consistent.*"

She kept on praising herself to his disadvantage, as women do, all the way to the Neumünster Church, where they were going to revere the tomb of Walther von der Vogelweide, not so much for his own sake as for Longfellow's. The older poet lies buried within, but his monument is outside the church, perhaps for the greater convenience of the sparrows, which now represent the birds he loved. The cenotaph is surmounted by a broad vase, and around this are thickly perched the



"SHE PUT HER HAND ON ONE OF THE FAT LITTLE URCHIN GROUPS."

effigies of the meistersinger's feathered friends, from whom the canons of the church, as Mrs. March read aloud from her Baedeker, long ago directed his bequest to themselves. In revenge for this lawless greed the defrauded beneficiaries choose to burlesque the affair by looking like the four-and-twenty blackbirds when the pie was opened.

She consented to go for a moment to the gothic Marienkapelle with her husband in the revival of his mediæval taste, and she was rewarded amidst its thirteenth-century sincerity by his recantation. "You're right! Baroque is the thing for Würzburg; one can't enjoy gothic here any more than one could enjoy baroque in Nuremberg."

Reconciled in the rococo, they now called a carriage, and went to visit the palace of the prince-bishops who had so well known how to make the heavenly take the image and superscription of the worldly; and they were jointly indignant to find it shut against the public in preparation for the imperialities and royalties coming to occupy it. They were in time for the noon guard-mounting, however, and Mrs. March said that the way the retiring squad kicked their legs out in the high martial step of the German soldiers was a perfect expression of the insolent militarism of their empire, and was of itself enough to make one thank Heaven that one was an American and a republican. She softened a little toward their system when it proved that the garden of the palace was still open, and yet more when she sank down upon a bench between two marble groups representing the Rape of Proserpine and the Rape of Europa. They stood each in a gravelled plot, thickly overrun by a growth of ivy, and the vine climbed the white naked limbs of the nymphs, who were present on a pretence of gathering flowers but really to pose at the spectators, and clad them to the waist and shoulders with an effect of modesty never meant by the sculptor, but not displeasing. There was an old fountain near, its stone rim and centre of rock-work green with immemorial mould, and its basin quivering between its water-plants under the soft fall of spray. At a waft of fitful breeze some leaves of early autumn fell from the trees overhead upon the elderly pair where they sat, and a little company of sparrows came and hopped about their

feet. Though the square without was so all astir with festive expectation, there were few people in the garden; three or four peasant women in densely fluted white skirts and red aprons and shawls wandered by and stared at the Europa and at the Proserpine.

It was a precious moment in which the charm of the city's past seemed to culminate, and they were loath to break it by speech.

"Why didn't we have something like all this on our first wedding journey?" she sighed at last. "To think of our battenning from Boston to Niagara and back! And how hard we tried to make something of Rochester and Buffalo, of Montreal and Quebec!"

"Niagara wasn't so bad," he said, "and I will never go back on Quebec."

"Ah, but if we could have had Hamburg and Leipsic, and Carlsbad and Nuremberg, and Ansbach and Würzburg! Perhaps this is meant as a compensation for our lost youth. But I can't enjoy it as I could when I was young. It's wasted on my sere and yellow leaf. I wish Burnamy and Miss Triscoe were here; I should like to try this garden on them."

"They wouldn't care for it," he replied, and upon a daring impulse he added, "Kenby and Mrs. Adding might." If she took this suggestion in good part, he could tell her that Kenby was in Würzburg.

"Don't *speak* of them! They're in just that besotted early middle-age when life has settled into a self-satisfied present, with no past and no future; the most philistine, the most bourgeois, moment of existence. Better be elderly at once, as far as appreciation of all this goes."

She rose and put her hand on his arm, and pushed him away in the impulsive fashion of her youth, across alleys of old trees toward a balustraded terrace in the background which had tempted her.

"It isn't so bad, being elderly," he said. "By that time we have accumulated enough past to sit down and really enjoy its associations. We have got all sorts of perspectives and points of view. We know 'where we are at.'"

"I don't mind being elderly. The world's just as amusing as ever, and lots of disagreeable things have dropped out. It's the getting *more* than elderly; it's the getting *old*; and then—"

They shrank a little closer together,

and walked on in silence till he said, "Perhaps there's something else, something better—somewhere."

They had reached the balustraded terrace, and were pausing for pleasure in the garden tops below, with the flowery spaces, and the statued fountains all coming together. She put her hand on one of the fat little urchin-groups on the stone coping. "I don't want cherubs, when I can have these *putti*. And those old prince-bishops didn't, either!"

"I *don't* suppose they kept a New England conscience," he said with a vague smile. "It would be difficult in the presence of the rococo."

They left the garden through the beautiful gate which the old court ironsmith Oegg hammered out in lovely forms of leaves and flowers, and shaped laterally upward, as lightly as if with a waft of his hand, in gracious Louis Quinze curves; and they looked back at it in the kind of despair which any perfection inspires. They said how *feminine* it was, how exotic, how expressive of a luxurious ideal of life which art had purified and left eternally charming. They remembered their Ruskinian youth, and the confidence with which they would once have condemned it; and they had a sense of recreance in now admiring it; but they certainly admired it, and it remained for them the supreme expression of that time-soul, mundane, courtly, aristocratic, flattering, which once influenced the art of the whole world, and which had here so curiously found its apotheosis in a city remote from its native place and under a rule sacerdotally vowed to austerity. The vast superb palace of the prince-bishops, which was now to house a whole troop of sovereigns, imperial, royal, grand-ducal, and ducal, swelled aloft in superb amplitude; but it did not realize their historic pride so effectively as this exquisite work of the court ironsmith. It related itself in its aerial beauty to that of the Tiepolo frescoes which the travellers knew were swimming and soaring on the ceilings within, and from which it seemed to accent their exclusion with a delicate irony, March said. "Or iron-mongery," he corrected himself upon reflection.

LIV.

He had forgotten Kenby in these æsthetic interests, but he remembered him again when he called a carriage, and or-

dered it driven to their hotel. It was the hour of the German mid-day table d'hôte, and they would be sure to meet him there. The question now was how March should own his presence in time to prevent his wife from showing her ignorance of it to Kenby himself, and he was still turning the question hopelessly over in his mind when the sight of the hotel seemed to remind her of a fact which she announced.

"Now, my dear, I am tired to death, and I am not going to sit through a long table d'hôte. I want you to send me up a simple beefsteak and a cup of tea to our rooms; and I don't want you to come near for hours; because I intend to take a whole afternoon nap. You can keep all the maps and plans, and guides, and you had better go and see what the Volksfest is like; it will give you some notion of the part the people are really taking in all this official celebration, and you know I don't care. Don't come up after dinner to see how I am getting along; I shall get along; and if you *should* happen to wake me after I had dropped off—"

Kenby had seen them arrive from where he sat at the reading-room window, waiting for the dinner hour, and had meant to rush out and greet Mrs. March as they passed up the corridor. But she looked so tired that he decided to spare her till she came down to dinner; and as he sat with March at their soup, he asked if she were not well.

March explained, and he provisionally invented some regrets from her that she should not see Kenby till supper.

Kenby ordered a bottle of one of the famous Würzburg wines for their mutual consolation in her absence, and in the friendliness which it promoted they agreed to spend the afternoon together. No man is so inveterate a husband as not to take kindly an occasional release to bachelor companionship, and before the dinner was over they agreed that they would go to the Volksfest, and get some notion of the popular life and amusements of Würzburg, which was one of the few places where Kenby had never been before; and they agreed that they would walk.

Their way was partly up the quay of the Main, past a barrack full of soldiers. They met detachments of soldiers everywhere, infantry, artillery, cavalry.

"This is going to be a great show," Kenby said, meaning the manœuvres, and

he added, as if now he had kept away from the subject long enough and had a right to recur to it, at least indirectly, "I should like to have Rose see it, and get his impressions."

"I've an idea Rose wouldn't approve of it. His mother says his mind is turning more and more to philanthropy."

Kenby could not forego such a chance to speak of Mrs. Adding. "It's one of the prettiest things to see how she understands Rose. It's charming to see them together. She wouldn't have half the attraction without him."

"Oh, yes," March assented. He had often wondered how a man wishing to marry a widow managed with the idea of her children by another marriage; but if Kenby was honest, it was much simpler than he had supposed. He could not say this to him, however, and in a certain embarrassment he had with the conjecture in his presence he attempted a diversion. "We're promised something at the Volksfest which will be a great novelty to us as Americans. Our driver told us this morning that one of the houses there was built entirely of wood."

When they reached the grounds of the Volksfest, this civil feature of the great military event at hand, which the Marches had found largely set forth in the programme of the parade, did not fully keep the glowing promises made for it; in fact it could not easily have done so. It was in a pleasant neighborhood of new villas such as form the modern quarter of every German city, and the Volksfest was even more unfinished than its environment. It was not yet enclosed by the fence which was to hide its wonders from the non-paying public, but March and Kenby went in through an archway where the gate-money was as effectually collected from them as if they were barred every other entrance.

The wooden building was easily distinguishable from the other edifices because these were tents and booths still less substantial. They did not make out its function, but of the others four sheltered merry-go-rounds, four were beer-gardens, four were restaurants, and the rest were devoted to amusements of the usual country-fair type. Apparently they had little attraction for country people. The Americans met few peasants in the grounds, and neither at the Edison cinematograph where they refreshed their patriotism with

some scenes of their native life, nor at the little theatre where they saw the sports of the arena revived in the wrestle of a woman with a bear, did any of the people except tradesmen and artisans seem to be taking part in the festival expression of the popular pleasure.

The woman, who finally threw the bear, whether by slight, or by main strength, or by a previous understanding with him, was a slender creature, pathetically small and not altogether plain; and March as they walked away lapsed into a pensive muse upon her strange employ. He wondered how she came to take it up, and whether she began with the bear when they were both very young, and she could easily throw him.

"Well, women have a great deal more strength than we suppose," Kenby began with a philosophical air that gave March the hope of some rational conversation. Then his eye glazed with a far-off look, and a doting smile came into his face. "When we went through the Dresden gallery together, Rose and I were perfectly used up at the end of an hour, but his mother kept on as long as there was anything to see, and came away as fresh as a peach."

Then March saw that it was useless to expect anything different from him, and he let him talk on about Mrs. Adding all the rest of the way back to the hotel. Kenby seemed only to have begun when they reached the door, and wanted to continue the subject in the reading-room.

March pleaded his wish to find how his wife had got through the afternoon, and he escaped to her. He would have told her now that Kenby was in the house, but he was really so sick of the fact himself that he could not speak of it at once, and he let her go on celebrating all she had seen from the window since she had waked from her long nap. She said she could never be glad enough that they had come just at that time. Soldiers had been going by the whole afternoon, and that made it so feudal.

"Yes," he assented. "But aren't you coming up to the station with me to see the Prince-Regent arrive? He's due at seven, you know."

"I declare I had forgotten all about it. No, I'm not equal to it. You must go; you can tell me everything; be sure to notice how the Princess Maria looks; the last of the Stuarts, you know; and some

people consider her the rightful Queen of England; and I'll have the supper ordered, and we can go down as soon as you've got back."

LV.

March felt rather shabby stealing away without Kenby; but he had really had as much of Mrs. Adding as he could stand, for one day, and he was even beginning to get sick of Rose. Besides, he had not sent back a line for *Every Other Week* yet, and he had made up his mind to write a sketch of the manoeuvres. To this end he wished to receive an impression of the Prince-Regent's arrival which should not be blurred or clouded by other interests. His wife knew the kind of thing he liked to see, and would have helped him out with his observations, but Kenby would have got in the way, and would have clogged the movement of his fancy in assigning the facts to the parts he would like them to play in the sketch.

At least he made some such excuses to himself as he hurried along toward the Kaiserstrasse. The draught of universal interest in that direction had left the other streets almost deserted, but as he approached the thoroughfare he found all the ways blocked, and the horse-cars, ordinarily so furiously headlong, arrested by the multiple ranks of spectators on the sidewalks. The avenue leading from the railway station to the palace was decorated with flags and garlands, and planted with the stems of young firs and birches. The doorways were crowded, and the windows dense with eager faces peering out of the draped bunting. The carriageway was kept clear by mild policemen who now and then allowed one of the crowd to cross it.

The crowd was made up mostly of women and boys, and when March joined them, they had already been waiting an hour for the sight of the princes who were to bless them with a vision of the faery race which kings always are to common men. He thought the people looked dull, and therefore able to bear the strain of expectation with patience better than a livelier race. They relieved it with no attempt at joking; here and there a dim smile dawned on a weary face, but it seemed an effect of amiability rather than humor. There was so little of this, or else it was so well bridled by the solemnity of the occasion, that not a man, woman, or child laughed

when a bareheaded maid-servant broke through the lines and ran down between them with a life-size plaster bust of the Emperor William in her arms: she carried it like an overgrown infant, and in alarm at her conspicuous part she cast frightened looks from side to side without arousing any sort of notice. Undeterred by her failure, a young dog, parted from his owner, and seeking him in the crowd, pursued his search in a wild flight down the guarded roadway with an air of anxiety that in America would have won him thunders of applause, and all sorts of kindly encouragements to greater speed. But this German crowd witnessed his progress apparently without interest, and without a sign of pleasure. They were there to see the Prince-Regent arrive, and they did not suffer themselves to be distracted by any preliminary excitement. Suddenly the indefinable emotion which expresses the fulfilment of expectation in a waiting crowd passed through the multitude, and before he realized it March was looking into the friendly gray-bearded face of the Prince-Regent, for the moment that his carriage allowed in passing. It came first preceded by four outriders, and followed by other simple equipages of Bavarian blue, full of highnesses of all grades. Beside the Regent sat his daughter-in-law, the Princess Maria, her silvered hair framing a face as plain and good as the Regent's, if not so intelligent.

He, in virtue of having been born in Würzburg, is officially supposed to be specially beloved by his fellow-townsmen; and they now testified their affection as he whirled through their ranks, bowing right and left, by what passes in Germany for a cheer. It is the word *Hoch*, groaned forth from abdominal depths, and dismally prolonged in a hollow roar like that which the mob makes behind the scenes at the theatre before bursting in visible tumult on the stage. Then the crowd dispersed, and March came away wondering why such a kindly-looking Prince-Regent should not have given them a little longer sight of himself, after they had waited so patiently for hours to see him. But doubtless in those countries, he concluded, the art of keeping the sovereign precious by suffering him to be rarely and briefly seen is wisely studied.

On his way home he resolved to con-

fess Kenby's presence; and he did so as soon as he sat down to supper with his wife. "I ought to have told you the first thing after breakfast. But when I found you in that mood of having the place all to ourselves, I put it off."

"You took terrible chances, my dear," she said, gravely.

"And I have been terribly punished. You've no idea how much Kenby has talked to me about Mrs. Adding!"

She broke out laughing. "Well, perhaps you've suffered enough. But you can see now, can't you, that it would have been awful if I had met him, and let out that I didn't know he was here?"

"Terrible. But if I had told, it would have spoiled the whole morning; you couldn't have thought of anything else."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, airily. "What should you think if I told you I had known he was here ever since last night?" She went on in delight at the start he gave. "I saw him come into the hotel while you were gone for the guide-books, and I determined to keep it from you as long as I could; I knew it would worry you. We've both been very nice; and I forgive you," she hurried on, "because I've *really* got something to tell you."

"Don't tell me that Burnamy is here!"

"Don't jump to conclusions! No, Burnamy *isn't* here, poor fellow! And don't suppose that I'm guilty of concealment because I haven't told you before. I was just thinking whether I wouldn't spare you till morning, but now I shall let you take the brunt of it. Mrs. Adding and Rose are here." She gave the fact time to sink in, and then she added, "And Miss Triscoe and her father are here."

"What is the matter with Major Eltwin and his wife being here, too?" he mocked. "Are they in our hotel?"

"No, they are not. They came to look for rooms while you were off waiting for the Prince-Regent, and I saw them. They intended to go to Frankfurt for the manoeuvres, but they heard that there was not even standing-room there, and so the general telegraphed to the Spanischer-Hof, and they all came here. As it is, he will have to room with Rose, and Agatha and Mrs. Adding will room together. I didn't think Agatha was looking very well; she looked unhappy; I don't believe she's heard from Burnamy yet; I hadn't a chance to ask her. And there's some-

thing else that I'm afraid will fairly make you sick."

"Oh, no; go on. I don't think anything can do that, after an afternoon of Kenby's confidences."

"It's worse than Kenby," she said with a sigh. "You know I told you at Carlsbad I thought that ridiculous old thing was making up to Mrs. Adding."

"Kenby? Why of co—"

"Don't be stupid, my dear! No, *not* Kenby: General Triscoe. I wish you could have been here to see him paying her all sorts of silly attentions, and hear him making her compliments."

"Thank you. I think I'm just as well without it. Did she pay him silly attentions and compliments, too?"

"That's the only thing that can make me forgive her for his wanting her. She was keeping him at arm's-length the whole time, and she was doing it so as not to make him contemptible before his daughter."

"It must have been hard. And Rose?"

"Rose didn't seem very well. He looks thin and pale; but he's sweeter than ever. She's certainly commoner clay than Rose. No, I *won't* say that! It's nothing but General Triscoe's being an old goose about her that makes her seem so, and it isn't fair."

March went down to his coffee in the morning with the delicate duty of telling Kenby that Mrs. Adding was in town. Kenby seemed to think it quite natural she should wish to see the manoeuvres, and not at all strange she should come to them with General Triscoe and his daughter. He asked if March would not go with him to call upon her after breakfast, and as this was in the line of his own instructions from Mrs. March, he went.

They found Mrs. Adding with the Triscoes, and March saw nothing that was not merely friendly, or at the most fatherly, in the general's behavior toward her. If Mrs. Adding or Miss Triscoe saw more, they hid it in a guise of sisterly affection for each other. At the most the general showed a gayety which one would not have expected of him under any conditions, and which the fact that he and Rose had kept each other awake a good deal the night before seemed so little adapted to call out. He joked with Rose about their room and their beds, and put on a comradery with him that was not a perfect fit, and that suffered by contrast

with the pleasure of the boy and Kenby in meeting. There was a certain question in the attitude of Mrs. Adding till March helped Kenby to account for his presence; then she relaxed in an effect of security so tacit that words overstate it, and began to make fun of Rose.

March could not find that Miss Triscoe looked unhappy, as his wife had said; he thought simply that she had grown plainer; but when he reported this, she lost her patience with him. In a girl, she said, plainness *was* unhappiness; and she wished to know when he would ever learn to look an inch below the surface. She was sure that Agatha Triscoe had not heard from Burnamy since the Emperor's birthday; that she was at swords'-points with her father, and so desperate that she did not care what became of her.

He had left Kenby with the others, and now, after his wife had talked herself tired of them all, he proposed going out again to look about the city, where there was nothing for the moment to remind them of the presence of their friends or even of their existence. She answered that she was worrying about all those people, and trying to work out their problem for them. He asked why she did not let them work it out themselves as they would have to do, after all her worry, and she said that where her sympathy had been excited she could not stop worrying, whether it did any good or not, and she could not respect any one who could drop things so completely out of his mind as he could; she had never been able to respect that in him.

"I know, my dear. But I don't think it's a question of moral responsibility; it's a question of mental structure, isn't it? Your consciousness isn't built in thought-tight compartments, and one emotion goes all through it, and sinks you; but I simply close the doors and shut the emotion in, and keep on."

The fancy pleased him so much that he worked it out in all its implications, and could not, after their long experience of each other, realize that she was not enjoying the joke too, till she said she saw that he merely wished to tease. Then, too late, he tried to share her worry; but she protested that she was not worrying at all; that she cared nothing about those people: that she was nervous, she was tired; and she wished he would leave her, and go out alone.

He found himself in the street again, and he perceived that he must be walking fast when a voice called him by name, and asked him what his hurry was. The voice was Stoller's, who got into step with him and followed the first with a second question.

"Made up your mind to go to the manoeuvres with me?"

His bluntness made it easy for March to answer: "I'm afraid my wife couldn't stand the drive back and forth."

"Come without her."

"Thank you. It's very kind of you. I'm not certain that I shall go at all. If I do, I shall run out by train, and take my chances with the crowd."

Stoller insisted no further. He felt no offence at the refusal of his offer, or chose to show none. He said, with the same abruptness as before,

"Heard anything of that fellow since he left Carlsbad?"

"Burnamy?"

"Mm."

"No."

"Know where he is?"

"I don't in the least."

Stoller let another silence elapse while they hurried on, before he said, "I got to thinking what he done—afterwards. He wasn't bound to look out for me; he might suppose I knew what I was about."

March turned his face and stared in Stoller's, which he was letting hang forward as he stamped heavily on. Had the disaster proved less than he had feared, and did he still want Burnamy's help in patching up the broken pieces; or did he really wish to do Burnamy justice to his friend?

In any case March's duty was clear. "I think Burnamy *was* bound to look out for you, Mr. Stoller, and I am glad to know that he saw it in the same light."

"I know he did," said Stoller with a blaze as from a long-smouldering fury, "and damn him, I'm not going to have it. I'm not going to plead the baby act with him, or with any man. You tell him so, when you get the chance. You tell him I don't hold him accountable for anything I made him do. That ain't *business*. I don't want him around *me*, any more; but if he wants to go back to the paper he can have his place. You tell him I stand by what I done; and it's all right between him and me. I hain't done any-

thing about it, the way I wanted him to help me to; I've let it lay, and I'm a-going to. I guess it ain't going to do me any harm, after all; our people hain't got very long memories; but if it is, let it. You tell him it's all right."

"I don't know where he is, Mr. Stoller, and I don't know that I care to be the bearer of your message," said March.

"Why not?"

"Why, for one thing, I don't agree with you that it's all right. Your choosing to stand by the consequences of Burnamy's wrong doesn't undo it. As I understand, you don't pardon it—"

Stoller gulped and did not answer at once. Then he said: "I stand by what I done. I'm not going to let him say I turned him down for doing what I told him to, because I hadn't the sense to know what I was about."

"Ah, I don't think it's a thing he'll like to speak of in any case," said March.

Stoller left him, at the corner they had reached, as abruptly as he had joined him, and March hurried back to his wife, and told her what had just passed between him and Stoller.

She broke out: "Well, I am surprised at you, my dear! You have always accused *me* of suspecting people, and attributing bad motives; and here you've refused even to give the poor man the benefit of the doubt. He merely wanted to save his savage pride with you, and that's all he wants to do with Burnamy. How could it hurt the poor boy to know that Stoller doesn't blame him? Why should you refuse to give his message to Burnamy? I don't want you to ridicule me for *my* conscience any more, Basil; you're twice as bad as I ever was. Don't you think that a person can ever expiate an offence? I've often heard you say that if any one owned his fault, he put it from him, and it was the same as if it hadn't been; and hasn't Burnamy owned up over and over again? I'm astonished at you, dearest."

March was in fact somewhat astonished at himself in the light of her reasoning; but she went on with some sophistries that restored him to his self-righteousness.

"I suppose you think he has interfered with Stoller's political ambition, and injured him that way. Well, what if he has? Would it be a good thing to have a man like that succeed in politics? You're always saying that the low char-

acter of our politicians is the ruin of the country; and I am sure," she added, with a prodigious leap over all the sequences, "that Mr. Stoller is acting *nobly*; and it's your *duty* to help him relieve Burnamy's mind." At the laugh he broke into she hurried to say, "Or if *you* won't, I hope you'll not object to my doing so, for I *shall*, anyway!"

She rose as if she were going to begin at once, in spite of his laughing; and in fact she had already a plan for coming to Stoller's assistance by getting at Burnamy through Miss Triscoe, whom she suspected of knowing where he was. There had been no chance for them to speak of him either that morning or the evening before, and after a great deal of controversy with herself in her husband's presence she decided to wait till they came naturally together the next morning for the walk to the Capuchin Church on the hill beyond the river, which they had agreed to take. She could not keep from writing a note to Miss Triscoe begging her to be sure to come, and hinting that she had something very important to speak of.

She was not sure but she had been rather silly to do this, but when they met the girl confessed that she had thought of giving up the walk, and might not have come except for Mrs. March's note. She had come with Rose, and had left him below with March; Mrs. Adding was coming later with Kenby and General Triscoe.

Mrs. March lost no time in telling her the great news; and if she had been in doubt before of the girl's feeling for Burnamy she was now in none. She had the pleasure of seeing her flush with hope, and then the pain which was also a pleasure, of seeing her blanch with dismay.

"I don't know where he is, Mrs. March. I haven't heard a word from him since that night in Carlsbad. I expected—I didn't know but you—"

Mrs. March shook her head. She treated the fact skilfully as something to be regretted simply because it would be such a relief to Burnamy to know how Mr. Stoller now felt. Of course they could reach him somehow; you could always get letters to people in Europe, in the end; and, in fact, it was altogether probable that he was that very instant in Würzburg; for if the New York-Paris *Chronicle* had wanted him to write up the Wagner operas, it would certainly

want him to write up the manœuvres. She established his presence in Würzburg by such an irrefragable chain of reasoning that, at a knock outside, she was just able to keep back a scream, while she ran to open the door. It was not Burnamy, as in compliance with every nerve it ought to have been, but her husband, who tried to justify his presence by saying that they were all waiting for her and Miss Triscoe, and asked when they were coming.

She frowned him silent, and then shut herself outside with him long enough to whisper, "Say she has got a headache, or anything you please; but don't stop talking here with me, or I shall go wild." She then shut herself in again, with the effect of holding him accountable for the whole affair.

LVI.

General Triscoe could not keep his irritation, at hearing that his daughter was not coming, out of the excuses he made to Mrs. Adding; he said again and again it must seem like a discourtesy to her. She gayly disclaimed any such notion; she would not hear of putting off their excursion to another day; it had been raining just long enough to give them a reasonable hope of a few hours' drought, and they might not have another dry spell for weeks. She slipped off her jacket after they started, and gave it to Kenby, but she let General Triscoe hold her umbrella over her, while he limped beside her. She seemed to March, as he followed with Rose, to be playing the two men off against each other, with an ease which he wished his wife could be there to see, and to judge aright.

They crossed by the Old Bridge, which is of the earliest years of the seventh century, between rows of saints whose statues surmount the piers. Some are bishops as well as saints; one must have been at Rome in his day, for he wore his long thick beard in the fashion of Michelangelo's Moses. He stretched out toward the passers two fingers of blessing and was unaware of the sparrow which had lighted on them and was giving him the effect of offering it to the public admiration. Squads of soldiers tramping by turned to look and smile, and the dull faces of citizens lighted up at the quaint sight. Some children stopped and remained very quiet, not to scare away the bird; and a cold-faced, spiritual-looking priest paused

among them as if doubting whether to rescue the absent-minded bishop from a situation derogatory to his dignity; but he passed on, and then the sparrow suddenly flew off.

Rose Adding had lingered for the incident with March, but they now pushed on, and came up with the others at the end of the bridge, where they found them in question whether they had not better take a carriage and drive to the foot of the hill before they began their climb. March thanked them, but said he was keeping up the terms of his cure, and was getting in all the walking he could. Rose begged his mother not to include him in the driving party; he protested that he was feeling so well, and the walk was doing him good. His mother consented if he would promise not to get tired, and then she mounted into the two-spanner which had driven instinctively up to their party when their parley began, and General Triscoe took the place beside her, while Kenby with smiling patience seated himself in front.

Rose kept on talking with March about Würzburg and its history, which it seemed he had been reading the night before when he could not sleep. He explained: "We get little histories of the places wherever we go. That's what Mr. Kenby does, you know."

"Oh, yes," said March.

"I don't suppose I shall get a chance to read much here," Rose continued, "with General Triscoe in the room. He doesn't like the light."

"Well, well. He's rather old, you know. And you mustn't read too much, Rose. It isn't good for you."

"I know, but if I don't read, I think, and that keeps me awake worse. Of course I respect General Triscoe for being in the war, and getting wounded," the boy suggested.

"A good many did it," March was tempted to say.

The boy did not notice his insinuation. "I suppose there were some things they did in the army, and then they couldn't get over the habit. But General Grant says in his *Life* that he never used a profane expletive."

"Does General Triscoe?"

Rose answered reluctantly, "If anything wakes him in the night, or if he can't make these German beds over to suit him—"

"I see." March turned his face to hide the smile which he would not have let the boy detect. He thought best not to let Rose resume his impressions of the general; and in talk of weightier matters they found themselves at that point of the climb where the carriage was waiting for them. From this point they followed an alley through ivied garden walls, till they reached the first of the balustraded terraces which ascend to the crest of the hill where the church stands. Each terrace is planted with sycamores, and the face of the terrace wall supports a bass-relief commemorating with the drama of its life-size figures the stations of the cross.

Monks and priests were coming and going, and dropped on the steps leading from terrace to terrace were women and children on their knees in prayer. It was all richly reminiscent of pilgrim scenes in other Catholic lands; but here there was a touch of earnest in the Northern face of the worshippers which the South had never imparted. Even in the beautiful rococo interior of the church at the top of the hill there was a sense of something deeper and truer than mere ecclesiasticism; and March came out of it in a serious muse which the boy at his side did nothing to interrupt. A vague regret filled his heart as he gazed silently out over the prospect of river and city and vineyard, purpling together below the top where he stood, and mixed with this regret was a vague resentment of his wife's absence. She ought to have been there to share his pang and his pleasure; they had so long enjoyed everything together that without her he felt unable to get out of either emotion all there was in it.

The forgotten boy stole silently down the terraces after the rest of the party who had left him behind with March. At the last terrace they stopped and waited; and after a delay that began to be long to Mrs. Adding, she wondered aloud what could have become of them.

Kenby promptly offered to go back and see, and she consented in seeming to refuse: "It isn't worth while. Rose has probably got Mr. March into some deep discussion, and they've forgotten all about us. But if you *will* go, Mr. Kenby, you might just remind Rose of my existence." She let him lay her jacket on her shoulders before he left her, and then she sat down on one of the steps, which General Triscoe

kept striking with the point of her umbrella as he stood before her.

"I really shall have to take it from you if you do that any more," she said, laughing up in his face. "I'm serious."

He stopped. "I wish I could believe you were serious, for a moment."

"You may, if you think it will do you any good. But I don't see why."

The general smiled, but with a kind of tremulous eagerness which might have been pathetic to any one who liked him. "Do you know this is almost the first time I have spoken alone with you?"

"Really, I hadn't noticed," said Mrs. Adding.

General Triscoe laughed in rather a ghastly way. "Well, that's encouraging, at least, to a man who's had his doubts whether it wasn't intended."

"Intended? By whom? What do you mean, General Triscoe? Why in the world shouldn't you have spoken alone with me before?"

He was not, with all his eagerness, ready to say, and while she smiled pleasantly she had the look in her eyes of being brought to bay and being prepared, if it must come to that, to have the worst over, then and there. She was not half his age, but he was aware of her having no respect for his years; compared with her average American past as he understood it, his social place was much higher, but she was not in the least awed by it; in spite of his war record she was making him behave like a coward. He was in a false position, and if he had any one but himself to blame he had not her. He read her equal knowledge of these facts in the clear eyes that made him flush and turn his own away.

Then he started with a quick "Hello!" and stood staring up at the steps from the terrace above, where Rose Adding was staying himself weakly by a clutch of Kenby on one side and March on the other.

His mother looked round and caught herself up from where she sat and ran toward him. "Oh, Rose!"

"It's nothing, mother," he called to her, and as she dropped on her knees before him he sank limply against her. "It was like what I had in Carlsbad; that's all. Don't worry about me, please!"

"I'm not worrying, Rose," she said with courage of the same texture as his own. "You've been walking too much. You must go back in the carriage with

us. Can't you have it come here?" she asked Kenby.

"There's no road, Mrs. Adding. But if Rose would let me carry him—"

"I can walk," the boy protested, trying to lift himself from her neck.

"No, no! you mustn't." She drew away and let him fall into the arms that Kenby put round him. He raised the frail burden lightly to his shoulder, and moved strongly away, followed by the eyes of the spectators who had gathered about the little group, but who dispersed now, and went back to their devotions.

March hurried after Kenby with Mrs. Adding, whom he told he had just missed Rose and was looking about for him, when Kenby came with her message for them. They made sure that he was nowhere about the church, and then started together down the terraces. At the second or third station below they found the boy clinging to the barrier that protected the bass-relief from the zeal of the devotees. He looked white and sick, though he insisted that he was well, and when he turned to come away with them he reeled and would have fallen if Kenby had not caught him. Kenby wanted to carry him, but Rose would not let him, and had made his way down between them.

"Yes, he has such a spirit," she said,

"and I've no doubt he's suffering now more from Mr. Kenby's kindness than from his own sickness. He had one of these giddy turns in Carlsbad, though, and I shall certainly have a doctor see him."

"I think I should, Mrs. Adding," said March, not too gravely, for it seemed to him that it was not quite his business to alarm her further, if she was herself taking the affair with that seriousness. He questioned whether she was taking it quite seriously enough, when she turned with a laugh, and called to General Triscoe, who was limping down the steps of the last terrace behind them:

"Oh, poor General Triscoe! I thought you had gone on ahead."

General Triscoe could not enter into the joke of being forgotten, apparently. He assisted with gravity at the disposition of the party for the return, when they all reached the carriage. Rose had the place beside his mother, and Kenby wished March to take his with the general and let him sit with the driver; but he insisted that he would rather walk home, and he did walk till they had driven out of sight. Then he called a passing one-spanner, and drove to his hotel in comfort and silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ELECTIVE AFFINITY.

BY WILMOT PRICE.

IT was the hour of recess in the circus, between the afternoon and evening performances, and Mr. Adams, the Living Skeleton, sat in his particular corner of the side-show tent. Twenty specimen copies of a newspaper, appropriately entitled *Cupid's Arrow*, had been thrust upon the attention of the circus, and Mr. Adams was eagerly reading an account of the marriage of his friend Miss Minerva Montague, the Lion-Tamer. The wedding had taken place in the lions' cage, or "at the residence of the bride," as the Skeleton wittily explained. Mr. Adams had been best man, and he felt a personal interest in the comments of the press. *Cupid's Arrow* had a much fuller account of the ceremony than any other paper—probably because its news was confined to

affairs matrimonial—consequently most of the attachés of the circus were amusing themselves, out of business hours, by reading descriptions of their own peculiarities. Miss Lena Goodale, the Fat Lady, had been the only bridemaid at the brilliant social function, and she followed each line of the newspaper with a gigantic forefinger which completely covered up everything but the one word she was intent upon at the moment. She seemed to derive much amusement from the journalistic point of view, and made sonorous comments on the ability of reporters in general. Finally her large utterance and robust laughter got on Mr. Adams's nerves to such an extent that he quietly went into the adjoining tent, which was a repository for theatri-

cal togger. The Skeleton was on perfectly friendly terms with all the tent-dwellers, but his make-up was more refined than theirs, and the unexpurgated conversation and noisy mirth of the other freaks often jarred on his sensibilities.

Mr. Adams was considered a very brilliant and witty companion, as well as a perfect gentleman. His literary tastes were recognized by his associates as something quite unusual, his claim to intellectuality being justified by the possession of a volume of Longfellow's poems and a copy of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, from both of which sources of poesy he was wont to quote freely. Indeed, Mr. Adams's wit and wisdom were recognized and acknowledged by the normal and the abnormal alike. Though he chafed against the fate which had driven him to the side-show, he bowed to the inevitable, and even shook hands with it, determining to make the most of a career for which nature had so well equipped him. To earn a living he had only to be thin, and as that required no effort on his part, an overworked laborer might well have envied him. And yet, although sitting on a velvet throne and exchanging badinage with visitors was not physically exhausting, it was utterly abhorrent to the Living Skeleton. He would rather have been a normal stoker than the abnormal king of the ring in the side-show. What he was able to save from his earnings went out to a small Western town and paid for the education of his little nephew, who was to be brought up in ignorance of the means whereby his unknown uncle helped support him. Altogether, Mr. Adams's existence was not so careless and happy as it might have seemed to an unthinking observer; and in moments of despondency he congratulated himself on the fact that an unsound heart probably would prevent his being on exhibition many more years.

The marriage of his friend Minerva Montague had brought home to him afresh his own loneliness. Nature had cut him out for single life, for though he was quite capable of feeling love and desiring matrimony, he was sufficiently intelligent to realize that he could inspire no deeper feeling than pitying contempt or good-humored friendliness.

He was thinking of all these things as he sat shrivelled up in a corner of the

robing-room tent soaking himself in the sentimentality of *Cupid's Arrow*. One department was entirely devoted to match-making, and Mr. Adams pored over it with envious and romantic eyes. Here was a gentleman with honorable intentions, who desired to correspond with a brunette of twenty-one. There was a blonde of thirty, sighing for the address and the addresses of a good-tempered widower, to whom she might write and pour out "all that was in her heart to speak." Here was a concise list of the requirements of a kind and affectionate young man, who frankly declared that his object was matrimony.

Suddenly an inspiration came to Mr. Adams. Why was not this the place for him to be put in communication with some congenial soul to whom the heart-bursts of a repressed nature would be beautiful and appealing? His object was *not* matrimony. He would never see his spiritual affinity, but a communion of soul might be established between them. One person would have treated him like a normal human being. He would have had his romance.

Mr. Adams's emotional heart battered at his ribs, causing his tight-fitting jersey to vibrate visibly. He produced a pencil from his twelve-inch belt, and picking up a scrap of paper from the débris around him, he experimented with his notice. It would go in with similar notices under the heading "Pulse-Beats," but he must make it plain that though his intentions were strictly honorable, they were by no means matrimonial. He decided upon the following:

"An unmarried gentleman of thirty-two wishes to correspond with a lady of suitable age. For various reasons the gentleman finds it impossible to offer his hand, but his heart he extends gladly, asking only for communion of soul, and for a sympathy and understanding which may later blossom into love. Circumstances make it impossible for him ever to appear before the lady in the flesh."

The last sentence appealed to Mr. Adams's sense of humor. His latent sentimentality was salted by a wit which made him always enjoy his own society.

He next recognized the desirability of appending an assumed signature to this masterly advertisement for a twin soul.

He racked his brains and his Bartlett for some combination of names which would prove a suitable and, if possible, poetic disguise. He found it difficult to resist the appropriateness of "A. Longfellow," and it gave real pain to his pun-loving soul to put aside the possibilities contained in the word Bonypart. Finally, out of compliment to a favorite poet, he fixed upon "Harold Childe." He enclosed the fee demanded for a notice of "sixty-odd words," and requesting that any answers to his advertisement should be forwarded to the enclosed address of a friend. Any would-be correspondents were to write to him simply "Care of *Cupid's Arrow*."

Never was an Only Living Skeleton more witty and brilliant than Mr. Adams proved himself during exhibition hours that night. He gave a picturesque account of the recent wedding to those who were so unfortunate as not to have been present. "The only mistake we made was in not having the Siamese Twins to come after the benediction," he said, regretfully. "You see, they'd have done instead of the A-men."

After he had given the audience time to appreciate this subtle jest, he turned to the Fat Lady, who, by way of a foil, inhabited the adjoining platform.

"I guess Lena Goodale would like to be a good deal leaner," he said, winking confidentially at the audience, "or, as the immortal Shakspeare puts it, 'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!'"

He pointed at Miss Goodale's adipose deposit, and delivered himself of this frank criticism with an air of spontaneity, as if he had not indulged in the same familiar quotation on an average of twice a day for the last five years. She, as usual, replied that it was mighty lucky for her that her flesh wouldn't melt, and a chorus of appreciative mirth broke from Shakspearean scholars, who kindly explained the allusion to their unlettered friends. Decidedly, Mr. Adams appealed to the cultivated classes. It was his wit quite as much as his physical peculiarity that made him, as the posters proclaimed, "one of the most amusing freaks of our Creator."

He next leaned over and addressed a conscientious sight-seer, who had armed herself with an opera-glass through which she was staring at a distant dwarf.

"Do you see the young lady over yonder, madam?" he inquired. "She is the

maiden addressed by the poet in those immortal verses beginning

"Three ears she grew in sun and shower."

This was distinctly above the heads of his audience, but familiarity with the classics is always impressive.

"That Skeleton is just as refined as he can be," a nasal voice proclaimed loudly. "I tried to make Edie come in to the side-show to-day, jest to show her what a perfect gentleman he is, but she was afraid it warn't high-toned, so she staid in the big tent to hear the concert."

Mr. Adams overheard this tribute, and his heart bounded with pleasure. He recited two verses of the "Skeleton in Armor" for the benefit of his admirer, impersonating the "fearful guest" by extending his fleshless palms and opening his cavernous eyes to their widest limits.

Cupid's Arrow was published only once a week, and for six long days Mr. Adams was forced to wait in patience. Meanwhile he occupied himself in committing to memory various time-worn selections from different love-poems. These he rehearsed to his audiences with great impressiveness, secretly longing for the time when he should find one appreciative if unseen listener to whom he could pour out the familiarities of Mr. Bartlett in a more personal way.

At last *Cupid's Arrow* appeared, containing his advertisement for a congenial soul. His long-felt want was now known to the world, and all he could do was to wait a few days and see if the supply followed the demand. On Thursday evening, after the close of the exhibition, he went to his friend's house, which fortunately was not far from the circus-grounds, to see if any mail had arrived for Harold Childe, Esq. His friend was away for a few weeks, which made it easier for Mr. Adams to carry on his spiritual intrigue without being questioned. A bundle of letters was handed him by the shrivelled care-taker, who had been given instructions to show every courtesy to the Living Skeleton during his stay in town. The circus was soon to leave its present resting-place and proceed to Boston, and Mr. Adams left his next address in the old woman's hands, with instructions to forward all future communications. Then he thanked her, and hurried out to the nearest lamp-post, where with trembling fingers he began to open his letters. These

proved to be chiefly advertisements and circulars, and eager as the Skeleton was to find something of a more sentimental nature, he could not help smiling as he threw away a recommendation to take obesity pills. A more personal reply stated that the writer would be pleased to have "harold give her a Bike," and if he was ever in Waterloo, Iowa, Thursday was her evening out.

Mr. Adams destroyed this *billet-doux* with a groan, and hastened to tear open the note he had instinctively saved till the last because of its pretty shaded penmanship and violet envelope.

"MR. CHILDE,—I am emboldened to reply to your notice in *Cupid's Arrow* because you are so different from all the others. It is beautiful of you to want to write to a lady without any wish to marry her or any desire to see her, and that is why I feel that I can answer without being thought to be unladylike. I have never had any gentlemen friends, like most young ladies do, and I've never had occasion to consider the question of getting married. My life is real sad and lonely, and, oh, Mr. Childe, it is just wonderful that you should want a twin soul to write to, because that's just what I have wanted all my life, and never thought to find! The folks I live with don't understand me, but I have a sort of feeling that you would. I don't want to get married, but it would make me real happy to write to a gentleman like you, for I know your intentions are what they call honorable. Do you know those elegant verses beginning, *I could not love thee near so much loved I not honor more?* I do hope you like poetry. I think it's beautiful. I shall be so happy if you really want to correspond with me. Mr. Childe, you must write me all about your life, and how you look, and whether you have ever loved before. I wonder where you live. Perhaps 'way out on those Western plains where there are no ladies and the life is so rough. I have heard about it from some cowboys, as they are called. If you write to me in care of Mrs. Mattie Sanborn, 1479 Washmont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, I will get your letter. So no more now from your friend,

GRACIE MONTGOMERY."

Mr. Adams's heart was beating so fast

that he had to cling to the lamp-post for support. He never had been so happy in his life. He had found a friend, and she lived in the very city the circus was next to visit! He felt that he must not dwell too much on that fortunate accident, for he realized the undesirability of ever meeting his unknown correspondent. Their letters, however, could be exchanged with greater frequency. His responsive and affectionate heart expanded at the thought of her, even though he realized her mental inferiority. But heart, not intellect, was what he craved now.

He hurried back to the tent with the scented missive pressed to his heart, and while all his companions slept, the happy lover lay on his stomach in the sawdust, and in the patch of brilliancy cast by a dark-lantern wrote his first love-letter. The scene was not without a certain dramatic pathos. An occasional howl or growl from the menagerie broke the stillness of the night, and the heavy breathing of the Fat Lady behind a neighboring partition told that she slept the sleep of the corpulent. But Mr. Adams wrote on, unconscious of his surroundings, feeling only that he was saying things he never had said before, to a woman who would understand. He wrote of the distant Western home from which he was exiled, and of his little nephew. He told her that he had heart-disease, and that the doctors had said he could never live to grow old. Then he quoted some appropriate lines from his usual fountain of wisdom, which was close at hand. Finally he begged his ladylove to send him her photograph. "As for me, I am rather slender," he wrote, shaking with enjoyment of his own wit; "even my hair is quite thin. I have large dark eyes, and though no one has ever called me handsome, a good many people have thought me worth looking at."

It was two o'clock before Mr. Adams slept, but it was happiness that kept him awake, and his first conscious emotion in the morning was a throb of unaccustomed joy. He whistled as he made a toilet which the exigencies of his peculiar case required should be as slight as possible, a combination suit of pink silk being his most important garment. Mr. Adams's high spirits infected the whole side-show. The man with the India-rubber skin had been to a party the night before, and the

Skeleton enlarged upon that fact to all the visitors that came to the tent

"This is my friend Mr. Mackintosh," he said, waving his bony hand toward the corner where the India-rubber Man was pulling out his skin and snapping it back again, much as if he were stretching molasses candy. "He went to a ball last night—an India-rubber ball—and they had an India-rubber band to play for them."

Then he pointed to an alcove hung with red draperies, where, on a plush-covered pedestal, rested the head and shoulders of a woman. She might have served for the lay-figure in a hair-dresser's shop window. "And now let me introduce the Animated Bust," he continued. "This lady is said to resemble the Queen of Spain." (The Bust simpered waxily, and heaved a billowy bosom.) "So striking is the resemblance that when the Cuban troubles began she found it impossible to take walks in the public streets." So Mr. Adams's facile tongue ran on, but he scarcely knew what he was saying.

The next day the circus pulled up stakes and proceeded to Boston, where the tent was pitched for a fortnight's stay. Two days later a long letter arrived enclosing the photograph of a pretty young girl holding a bunch of flowers.

"Wear my picture next your heart, dear Harold," Gracie wrote, at the end of a long and confidential letter, which was dripping with sentiment and running over with sympathy. "But you must not care for me only on account of my looks. I want to be loved for what I am. I want you to tell me you would care for me just as much if I were homely."

He did tell her so that night, in words of all the poets blended, but he secretly rejoiced that she was beautiful and young.

After this the correspondence flourished and grew stronger, letters flew thick and fast; but it was not until the fortnight had nearly elapsed that Mr. Adams confessed to being in the same city that enshrined his divinity. He knew that if Gracie were to see him she could not fail to be horrified, yet the desire to see her was gradually overcoming him. Finally he wrote urging her to appoint a time and place some evening where they might meet for the first and last time; but he privately intended to conceal himself where he could see and not be seen.

"Yes, Harold, it is best for us to meet," she wrote. "I've got something to tell you, but, oh, you must promise to love me just as much afterwards! I ain't a bit afraid of not caring for you. Any one that can write the kind of letters you do must be a lovely gentleman. Be in the arbor in the Public Garden at half past eight Saturday night. I'll be there, for oh, I've got so much to say to you!"

"My little Gracie! My dear little girl!" apostrophized Mr. Adams, kissing her picture rapturously. "On Saturday, June 29, at 8.30 P.M., 'though you'll not see me' (Gracie), 'I shall look upon your face.' I shall hide among the stalks and stems, and you will think me faithless. Better so." The melodramatic mood passed, and Mr. Adams blessed his lucky stars that Gracie had happened to select an evening when the side-show closed early.

When the night arrived the Living Skeleton donned citizen's dress. He put on three pairs of trousers and four coats, stuffing himself out to as near normal proportions as possible, in case his feelings should so run away with him that he could not resist rushing into the summer-house. He felt conscious of his unaccustomed size as he pulled a sheltering glove over his emaciated claw, wrapped a muffler around his pipe-stem throat, and pulled his soft hat well down over his ears. Thus equipped, he looked into his hand-mirror with considerable satisfaction. The triumph of art over nature seemed as complete as his physical deficiencies would allow.

As he approached the flowery tryst his heart began to beat so violently that he was obliged to pause in order to recover and compose himself. Then he crept stealthily toward the leafy bower. Several affectionate couples were sitting on the garden benches, in attitudes which made it impossible, as Mr. Adams murmured to himself, to guess what belonged to which. He walked with so airy a tread that whoever was in the summer-house would imagine herself alone. The bower was on one of the least-frequented paths in the garden, and formed an umbrageous tunnel through which stray pedestrians might wander. Mr. Adams pushed aside the leaves that grew over the lattice-work, and put his large eye to one of the interstices. There, on a rustic seat, her head framed in a tangle of green foliage, was Miss Lena Goodale, the Fat Lady.

Mr. Adams's brain refused to work. He thought vaguely that it was very inconvenient and annoying of her to select this one time and spot to take root among the roses, but no explanation of her presence entered his head. The next minute a man came sauntering along the path and passed into the summer-house. The thorns on the neighboring rose-bushes were piercing the Skeleton's arms and legs, but all physical discomfort was forgotten in the excitement with which he watched the proceedings in the arbor.

No sooner had the man's figure darkened the doorway than the Fat Lady arose with difficulty, and endeavored to throw herself at his feet. "Oh, forgive me for not tellin' you the worst!" she cried. "Here I am. This is me. I am Gracie Montgomery."

Mr. Adams almost lost his balance at these words, but he clutched the stem of the rose-bush with his hand, and kicked against its pricks. The stranger tried to back out again, but with surprising agility the Fat Lady laid massive hands upon him, and would not let him go.

"Oh, don't look at me like that!" she entreated. "Only speak to me! Only say you ain't too disgusted to love me! Oh, I'd ought to have told you before! I'm in the circus. I'm—I'm the Fat Lady!" Her gigantic frame was beginning to heave with approaching sobs.

"And is it really thou?" she went on, looking lovingly at her victim.

"No, it isn't," the man replied, briefly, trying to wrench himself free. But he reckoned without his hostess. His strength was as that of a mosquito in the powerful arms of the lady who was welcoming him to her bower.

"Wait; you must listen to me," she said, in so tragic a voice that Mr. Adams could hardly believe it came from his old friend.

"I won't listen. You've made a mistake," the stranger insisted, making one more struggle for freedom. "I declare, it's not safe for a man to be out alone!"

"You're not alone, darling," Gracie Montgomery responded, tenderly. "I am here, and you'll get used to me in a little while. Oh, Harold, I sent you that picture because it looked just like what I've always wanted to look like, but after I'd sent it I was real unhappy, and I thought I'd rather have you stop carin' about me than keep on lovin' that girl in the photo.

Of course I'd oughtn't to have said it was me, but if I'd told you how I really looked, you'd never have written to me again, and your letters were so beautiful! I've got *them*, anyway, and I'll keep 'em all my life. They're perfectly lovely, all full of just what people say in novels, and you wrote 'em to me, Harold—to me, the Fat Lady, and you so handsome and fine and noble—"

At last the stranger succeeded in breaking away from the sentimental monstrosity, who, after one futile effort at recapture, sank back on the inadequate bench, wailing: "Oh, Harold, you wouldn't ever have known I was the Fat Lady! You didn't use to think I was the Fat Lady!"

"Madam," said the stranger, with some feeling, "I have never for a moment doubted that you are the Fat Lady. Good-evening, madam;" and he abruptly left the arbor.

Poor Mr. Adams sank to the earth and groaned softly. He felt vaguely that a little later he might be able to see the humor of the present situation, but just now it was altogether tragic, as the elephantine sobs from the summer-house testified. Poor Gracie Montgomery! Her heart was broken too! Lying there on his spinal column, looking up at the stars, Mr. Adams went over the whole episode of his correspondence, and now in the light of discovery he wondered that he had not suspected the truth. He had noticed that the Fat Lady had frequently borrowed his Bartlett of late, but he had not associated that fact with Gracie Montgomery's familiar quotations. He had merely thought how beautiful and symbolic it was that the tastes of his lady-love were so like his own. If only Gracie had died, he could have endured the loss, but she had never even lived. Mr. Adams ground his teeth when he thought of the kisses he had showered on the Fat Lady's letters. He sobbed silently into the grass, and then suddenly his sobs turned to quiet laughter. The situation was sad to him and to her, but to an impartial observer it would be intensely amusing, and Mr. Adams had the faculty of getting out of himself for a moment and viewing the situation impersonally. Perhaps it served him right, after all. Neither sentiment nor tragedy was for Living Skeletons.

Then he thought of the Fat Lady, and his gallant soul determined that she at least should never have the humiliation

of knowing the truth. He would even set himself the painful task of writing Gracie one more letter, which should round out her love-affair with a touching completeness.

Mr. Adams waited until long after the sobs in the arbor had ceased and he had heard the heavy footfall crunch noisily into the distance. Then he went back to the circus tent. Once more he wrote a love-letter by the light of his lantern and to the accompaniment of waking and sleeping beasts, but the breathing of the Fat Lady was not heard to-night.

"MY GRACIE,—This is the last letter you will ever get from me. I have suddenly been taken very ill, and the doctor says I cannot live more than a few hours. Even now you are waiting for me in the summer-house, wondering why I do not come. You say, 'He cometh not.'

"But think me not faithless. With my dying breath I declare my love for you—for you, whatever you are, whoever you are—who wrote the letters that lie under my pillow now. Dying, I salute you. Perhaps in a happier land than this our souls may recognize each other.

"Good-by, my Gracie. In the words of the poet, 'Fare thee well; and if forever, still forever fare thee well.

Your adoring HAROLD."

Mr. Adams was much moved by his own eloquence. His keen imagination pictured the impassioned lover tossing on his couch of pain, and he forgot for the moment that his dying hero was only a Living Skeleton.

The next day both Miss Goodale and Mr. Adams seemed languid and dispirited, and the other freaks decided that an evening's outing did not agree with either of their friends. Mr. Adams destroyed the bundle of letters and the photograph he had been cherishing for the last few weeks, and tried to put the humiliating and painful episode behind him forever.

Two days later Miss Goodale received her last love-letter. Mr. Adams knew the exact hour when it had been read, for the Fat Lady's cheeks were more swollen than usual with crying, though there was an elation in her bearing and a pride and light in her eyes which was infinitely touching. Just before the exhibition hour arrived she shuffled over to Mr. Adams, who was sitting—a woe-begone

heap of bones—in a patch of sunlight. His head ached, and he felt tired and sick—wearied to the marrow by the monotonous round of existence which was slowly wearing away his life. He passed his hand over his aching brow, and sighed as he thought of the old jokes he must repeat for the thousandth time in a few minutes.

"Mr. Adams," the Fat Lady said, suddenly, "have you ever been in love?"

The Skeleton looked at her a moment; then he laughed. "Yes, once—with an ideal," he said. "Have *you*, Miss Goodale?"

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, fervently, pressing her hand to the mountain of flesh that was piled on top of her romantic heart. "I have had what you might call a past, Mr. Adams—a beautiful past. It's all over now, but I shall be happier for it all my life, though I am very sad to-day." Her poor red eyes overflowed, but she smiled bravely.

"There, there!" Mr. Adams said, patting her kindly on the back; "you must control yourself. The people are coming in, and we must take our places."

He sprang nimbly to his platform, and endeavored to distract attention from the Lady with a Past by calling out to the people that were pouring in: "Walk right up, ladies and gentlemen, and kindly give your attention to Exhibit A! A for Adams; I'm Mr. Adams! Come and see my exhibition of the X-rays. All the bones of the human frame exposed to view!"

"There, Edie, didn't I tell you he was jest as quick an' cute as he could be?" cried a triumphant voice. "An' what's more, he's a perfect gentleman. I say he's a perfect gentleman," Mr. Adams's admirer repeated, looking defiantly at the Fat Lady, as if fearing the contradiction of Exhibit B.

But the Lady with a Past only amended the statement by saying, heartily: "Indeed he's a good, kind man, Mr. Adams is. There ain't a better anywheres."

She was quite unconscious of the little sting her words planted in the Skeleton's sensitive heart. But in her eyes there had been only one who could bear without abuse the grand old name of Perfect Gentleman,

"Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use."



Picking off the Federals at Fort Pillow.

THE STORMING OF FORT PILLOW.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

BY JOHN A. WYETH, M.D.

NO soldier of the North or South in the civil war suffered so unjustly in reputation as did General Forrest by reason of the catastrophe which occurred at the storming of Fort Pillow on the 12th of April, 1864. The official records and the evidence of both the Union and Confederate sides are now available, and from these it can be made clear, to one capable of reasoning without prejudice, that instead of being responsible for the great loss of life in the capture of this stronghold, Forrest did everything which a humane commander could have done to prevent it. On the other hand, it can be made equally clear that the misfortunes which befell this garrison were due in great measure to the woful incompetency of the officers in command of the naval and military forces of the United States when the assault was made.

At a point about forty miles in a direct line northward from Memphis, a bar of sand and mud stretches from the Arkansas bank of the Mississippi so far across

this mighty stream that the steamboat channel runs close to the Tennessee shore. Just opposite the "point" of this bar, emptying into the Mississippi from the east, and almost perpendicular to its course, is a small sluggish stream known as Coal Creek. In the angle of junction of this creek with the river, and stretching along the south shore of the estuary, and the river as well, there is a high clay bluff which slants rather sharply (yet not precipitately) from the crumbling edge above, some seventy-five to one hundred feet, to the water-line below. Fort Pillow was constructed on this angular bluff.

The fortifications consisted of three separate lines of works. The most exterior, which at the greatest convexity was about six hundred yards from the river, extended from the bank of Coal Creek above to the bluff of the river below, a distance of nearly two miles. Within this, and immediately in front of the fort which was stormed, a second de-

fence, or redoubt, covering about two acres of ground, was constructed along the crest of a commanding knoll. The third, and strongest of all, where the Federal troops made their last stand, was a small fort built in the angle of junction of the creek and river, and extended in irregular semicircular outline from bluff to bluff. From one end of this horse-shoe to the other, as measured along the edge of the bank, the distance was about seventy yards, and along the parapet, from end to end, about one hundred and twenty yards. The earth-work was six feet high and eight feet thick. Exterior to this was a ditch twelve feet wide and eight feet deep. At six places there were protected openings through which as many cannon commanded the approaches.

Along the face or slope of the bluff, above and below, and about seventy-five yards distant from each end of the embankment, rifle-pits had been constructed to the water's edge, for defending the approaches from either direction, and to shelter sharpshooters while firing upon boats on the river. From the edge of the ditch eastward along the bank of Coal Creek, for a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet, the surface of the earth descends gradually, and then more abruptly into a ravine, which half encircles the fort on this side and opens into the Coal Creek bluff.

On the south side of Fort Pillow is another depression, the deepest portion of which is about four hundred and fifty feet from the parapet. At the time of the battle several rows of log cabins, or shanties, occupied this ravine from the river-bank to a point almost opposite the centre of the fort in front. These structures were used for storehouses, and as barracks for the white soldiers of the garrison. Within the fort proper and near the bank were erected a number of tents, with plank floors covered with dry straw, for the use of the negro troops.

In the rear of the fort the slope of the bluff was covered with trees and bushes which had been cut down, leaving the stumps, logs, and brush half buried in the mud, with here and there a tree still standing. Below the fort the bank had been cleared to enable steamboats to land with safety. Beyond the Coal Creek ravine to the north and east, and in front of the fort for two-thirds of its extent, the

contour of the ground is broken into a series of irregular hillocks or knolls, with intervening depressions or gullies. Many of these elevations are as high as that upon which Fort Pillow was erected, and vary in distance from one to four hundred yards from the parapet. For this latter distance in every direction the trees had been felled and the undergrowth cut away, so that an enemy could not approach without exposure.

At daylight on the morning of April 12, Forrest's mounted troops took the Union outposts completely by surprise, and assailed them with such impetuosity that the first line of fortifications was taken and the Confederate advance established within gunshot range of the interior fort with scarcely the loss of a man.

Brigadier-General Chalmers, with portions of Bell's and McCulloch's brigades in advance, soon had the fort invested, and under a brisk fire from all sides enabled Wilson's regiment, by a brilliant charge, to drive the Federals out of the middle redoubt, which the Confederates occupied and held. General Forrest now detailed 300 of his most expert riflemen as sharpshooters, and these were directed to approach as close to the fort as possible, and from behind stumps and logs to pick off any of the Federals who exposed themselves. Eight hundred men were placed under Colonel Robert McCulloch to attack from the south, while General Tyree H. Bell was given an equal number to assail from the north, or Coal Creek, side. A careful reconnoissance had convinced Forrest that if he could place his assaulting columns in the two ravines which almost encircled the fort, he would have the garrison at his mercy. Here the artillery of the enemy could not be sufficiently depressed to strike them, and they would be comparatively safe from the batteries of the gunboat *New Era*, which, from its position in the Mississippi River, was throwing its shells first above and then below the fort, directing its fire as indicated by signals from the fort. Orders were given to McCulloch's brigade to rush across the open space which intervened between it and the houses in the southern ravine, while the 300 sharpshooters at this moment swept the parapet of the fort on that side, with the effect of rendering inaccurate the fire of the garrison upon the assailing column. The same tactics were repeated on the north



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side until Bell's troops found themselves, with insignificant loss, safely ensconced in the Coal Creek ravine.

At this juncture Forrest, under a flag of truce, demanded the surrender of the fort and garrison, *guaranteeing protection to all as prisoners of war*. After some delay the commander of the fort replied by note, asking for a cessation of hostilities for one hour. Meanwhile a transport loaded with Federal troops appeared in the Mississippi River, coming from above towards the fort, and while the flag of truce was still flying, two other steamers, loaded with troops and artillery, came around a bend of the Mississippi from below, and were also rapidly approaching Fort Pillow. Believing that they were coming to land re-enforcements, Forrest quickly despatched 200 men from McCulloch's command, under Captain Charles W. Anderson, and 200 men from Bell's brigade, who were marched down the bluffs to occupy the rifle-pits above and below the fort. He had refused the Union commander's request for one hour for consultation, and repeated his former demand. The answer was, "I will not surrender." Forrest then wrote him that he would allow him twenty minutes more in which to consider his demand, but if at the expiration of that time the Union flag was not lowered, he would order the assault. The Confederate general then rode to a position 400 yards from the fort, upon a commanding knoll, from which he could observe the conduct of his troops, and when the twenty minutes had expired he ordered his bugler to sound the charge.

At the signal the two assaulting columns of 600 men each, under Bell and McCulloch, rushed towards the fort and leaped into the ditch. But for the foresight of the Confederate commander his men would have lost heavily in this advance. He had directed the sharpshooters that when the charge sounded they were to have their guns trained on the parapet, and to fire as soon as the garrison showed their heads and shoulders above it.

The Confederates no sooner reached the bottom of the ditch than they began to clamber over each other's backs and shoulders to the embankment above, and then, up to this moment not having fired a shot, the front rank, 600 strong, leaped from the parapet into the fort and shoved their guns and six-shooters against the blue blouses of their enemies. No marvel that

the loss of life was terrible, and that those of the Union force who survived gave way!

Turning to fire as they retreated, the garrison, leaving their flag flying and with no thought of surrender, sought safety beneath the bluff. As the retreating mass crowded the narrow paths between the rows of tents, they fell in piles three and four deep under the concentrated and terrific fire of the Confederates in the fort and upon the parapet.

As Major Bradford and the fleeing survivors reached the bank, they leaped over and ran towards the water's edge, and southward along the bluff, to where the ammunition had been previously stored for their use in this emergency. They had not gone more than fifty yards in this direction when the detachment of 200 men under Captain Anderson fired a volley into their midst. Bewildered by this unlooked-for danger, they turned upon their tracks and rushed wildly along the face of the bluff up the river, thinking that way was open for escape. As they reached the upper limit of the fort the second detachment, from Barteau's regiment, stationed opposite the mouth of Coal Creek ravine, opened upon the fugitives another volley, which stopped their flight in this direction, and turned them, like frightened sheep, once more back towards the fort.

Many of the survivors, realizing at last that escape was hopeless and further resistance folly, threw down their guns; others, wild with fright, rushed into the river, and were drowned or shot to death as they attempted to swim away. Many of the white men, more intelligent than their colored comrades, threw themselves behind the logs, stumps, brushwood, or into the gullies which furrowed the bank, and thus saved themselves from the frightful mortality which befell the terror-stricken negroes, some of whom, insanely intoxicated, still offered resistance, and were killed. Others broke through the investing lines, and refusing to halt, met a like fate. A number who had thrown their guns away, holding up their hands, ran towards the Confederates on the crest of the bluff, and surrendered, while unfortunately some who did this were also shot down. But for the insane conduct of their drunken and desperate comrades, a number who thus perished would have escaped.

Fortunately this frightful scene of carnage was of short duration, for as soon



LIEUTENANT LEAMING DELIVERING THE REPLY, "I WILL NOT SURRENDER."

as General Forrest, from his position 400 yards distant from the fort, saw his men had gained the parapet he rode at once to the fort, and ordering Colonel D. M. Wisdom and other officers to stop immediately all firing upon the garrison, directed the Federal flag to be cut down.

One of the Parrott guns of the fort was now turned upon the *New Era*, at which she steamed rapidly up stream out of range, though still in sight. Colonel Robert McCulloch was directed to take charge of the enemy's camp, prisoners, and captured property. The unwounded survivors of the garrison were detailed to bury their dead, while the wounded were placed in tents within the fort and in the barracks.

As it was General Forrest's intention to march away with his command immediately after the fort was taken, he directed Captain Anderson of his staff, accompanied by Captain John T. Young, a captured Federal officer, to proceed along the river-bank opposite to where the *New Era* was lying, and signal her to land, under a flag of truce, to take charge of the Union wounded. The captain of the gunboat paid no attention to the flag of truce, but steamed up the river. In explanation of his conduct he stated in his report, "I was fearful that they might capture a steamboat and come after me."

At 5 o'clock P.M., Forrest, with Bell's brigade and 226 of the prisoners, marched towards Jackson, and encamped for the night ten miles from the river. Chalmers and McCulloch followed at dark with the remaining troops, leaving the fort entirely abandoned by the Confederates, and the Federal wounded in charge of their own surgeon.

Early on the morning of the 13th, General Forrest ordered Captain Anderson of his staff to return to the fort under flag of truce, and remain there until he could hail some passing steamers and turn the Federal wounded over to them for better care. As this officer approached the river he heard the fire of artillery, and as he came in sight of Fort Pillow he saw the United States gunboat *Silver Cloud* throwing shells into the woods about the fort. Seeing Anderson's flag of truce, Captain Ferguson ceased firing, landed, and soon hailed the *Platte Valley* to land and assist him. It was agreed that the truce should remain in force from 8 A.M. until the burial of the dead could

be completed and the wounded carried on board the steamers, which was done by four o'clock in the afternoon, when the boats left. Captain Anderson then set fire to all remaining tents and houses, and rode away.

On the Confederate side there took part in this engagement 1600 troops, of which number 14 officers and men were killed and 86 wounded. The greater portion of this loss took place on the parapet and in the fighting at close quarters in the fort, although some of Forrest's men fell beneath the bluff. In the fort there were 295 white and 262 colored enlisted troops, and including the refugees, storekeepers, teamsters, and others who took part in the defence, the garrison numbered approximately 600. Of these 221 were killed and 130 wounded, a ratio of killed and wounded of about 60 per cent.*

It will not be difficult to find an explanation for this disparity in the losses of the two sides, as well as for the unusually heavy loss on the part of the garrison. Such loss is inevitable and is always to be expected when an assaulting column, superior in numbers, carries by storm a stronghold in which the defenders refuse to surrender and resist to the last. The Federal official records show that Major Bradford's final reply to General Forrest's demand was, "I will not surrender."

Lieutenant Van Horn (Federal), who was in the engagement, says: "They assured us that they would treat us as prisoners of war. Another refusal was returned, when they again charged, and succeeded in carrying the works. There never was a surrender of the fort, both officers and men claiming that they would never surrender or ask for quarter."†

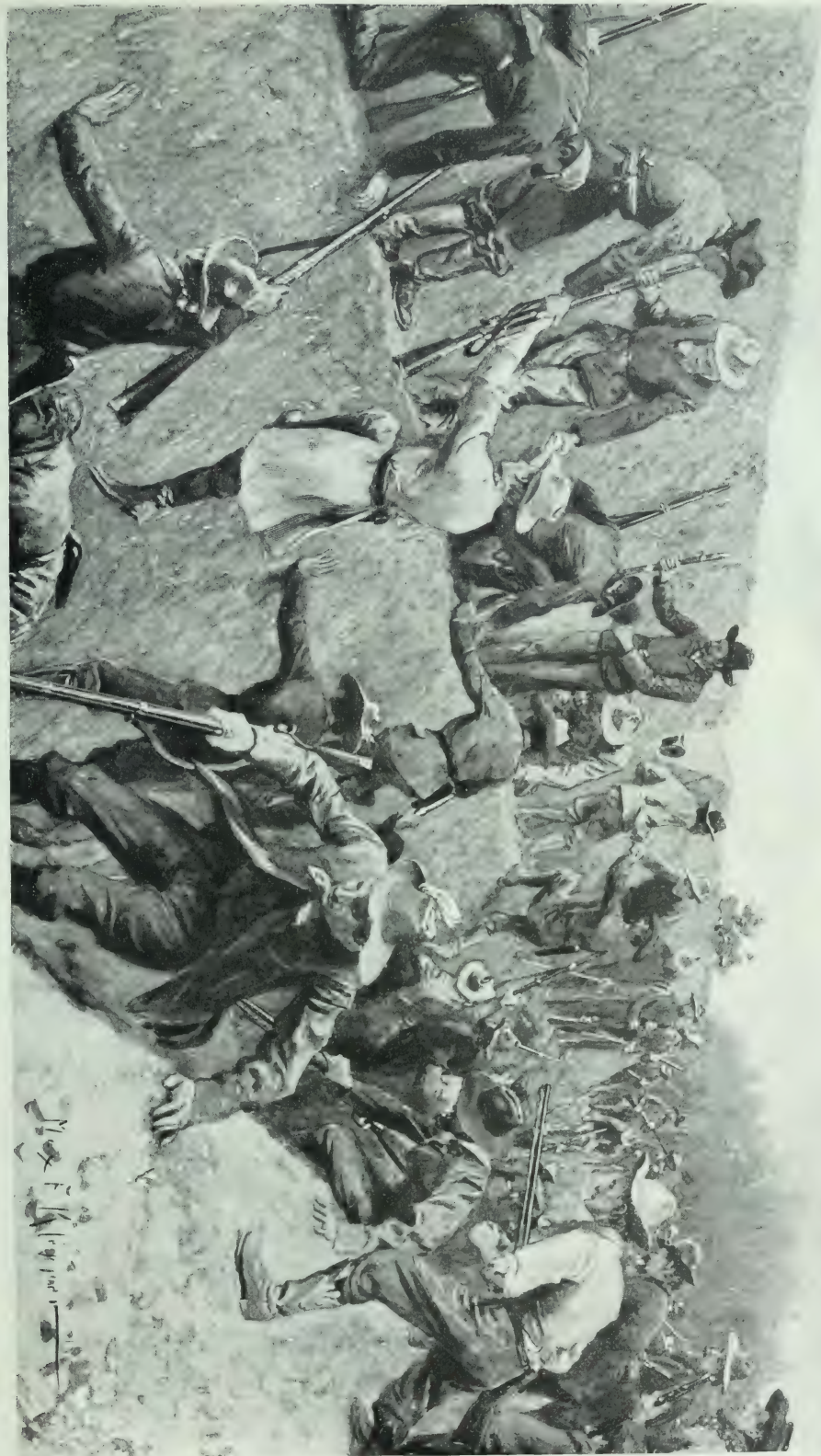
Even Major-General Hurlbut, in his report to General McPherson, acknowledges as much: "It is unquestionably true that the colored troops fought desperately, and nearly all of them are now killed or wounded."‡

It is also shown that the fire of the Confederate sharpshooters had told seriously upon the garrison. Lieutenant M. J. Leaming, in his official report says,

* The official records of the civil war show that in open-field fighting, as at Chickamauga and at other pitched battles, many regiments suffered a proportionate loss greater than this command.

† Official Records, Vol. XXXII., § 1, p. 570.

‡ Official Records, Vol. XXXII., § 1, p. 554.



THE CONFEDERATES STORMING FORT PILLOW.



THE CONFEDERATES INVADING FORT PILLOW.

"We suffered pretty severely in the loss of commissioned officers by the unerring aim of the rebel sharpshooters."* And referring to the number of officers picked off by these riflemen up to the moment the fort was stormed, he says, "I do not think the men who broke had a commissioned officer over them."

Of chief importance, however, is the fact that the Confederates were commanded by a master in the art of war, while the Federal officers, both military and naval, displayed woful incompetency. Major Booth, who commanded until he was killed about nine o'clock in the morning, permitted his outposts to be surprised at daylight, abandoning the outer line of works, and also, after slight resistance, the middle redoubt, which was the key to the position, as it commanded the two ravines which nearly surrounded the fort, and could not have been occupied by the Confederates had this middle defence been held.

So incompetent was the officer who succeeded him that he not only failed to occupy the rifle-pits on the face of the bluff above and below the fort, but did not even inform himself of the fact that

these were occupied by the Confederates. Once in these positions of advantage, it seems almost incredible that Bradford failed to appreciate what Forrest saw clearly, that the fort was entirely at his mercy.

Had the garrison surrendered then, there would have been no further loss of life. Even when the Confederates had passed the ditch and were clambering over the parapet, had Major Bradford lowered his flag and ordered his men to throw down their guns and surrender, the casualties would still have been insignificant.

The Federal official reports show, furthermore, that Bradford, as if courting the disaster which ensued, had arranged with the officer in command of the gunboat *New Era* that in case the Confederates succeeded in storming the works, the garrison was to retreat from the fort and take shelter beneath the bluff, whereupon the gunboat with its batteries was to sweep the crest of the bluff with grape and canister in order to hold the Confederates back until re-enforcements arrived. Relying upon Captain Marshall's promise, the Federals probably retreated from the fort after a shorter resistance

* Official Records, Vol. XXXII., 1, p. 559.

than would otherwise have been offered; but Forrest's riflemen had their guns trained on the port-holes of the gunboat, and they were not opened.

But the crowning act of Bradford's folly, which, in the opinion of the writer, is indisputably established by the sworn statements of a large number of men whose integrity cannot be questioned, and who testify only to what they witnessed, is yet to be stated. It will go far toward explaining the small loss of life to the Confederates, and the slaughter of the garrison resulting from the insane conduct of a considerable number of the Federals, when, to an intelligent mind, escape was absolutely hopeless, and when further resistance only invited destruction.

There had been a free distribution of liquor to the troops within Fort Pillow, and to those familiar with the two classes, white and black, which composed the bulk of the private soldiers of this garrison, and their fondness for intoxicating drinks, especially so with the negroes, then just freed from slavery, it will be readily accepted that they did not fail to take advantage of the opportunities offered to drink to excess.

Notwithstanding Bradford's incompetency, the drunkenness of a portion of the garrison, and the extreme provocation of such insane resistance, the writer is convinced that in the passion and excitement of this hand-to-hand encounter there were a number of the Federals, both white and black, shot down when trying to surrender, and who should have been spared. And while the proof is clear that these instances were exceptional, they none the less gave a coloring of truth to the testimony of some of the survivors, which in the reports was grossly exaggerated and unfairly distorted.

Under the conditions which prevailed at Fort Pillow, it is probable that no commander or his subordinates could have prevented some of the men which composed Forrest's command from taking advantage of this mêlée to wreak private vengeance upon their mortal enemies.

A very large proportion of the white troops in the fort were west Tennesseans, as were the majority of their assailants, and there were those among Forrest's men who treasured a deep personal resentment against some of the white officers and soldiers of the garrison. They

had been neighbors in time of peace, and had taken opposite sides when the war came on. Some of the Confederates had suffered violence to person and property, and their wives and children, in the enforced absence of their natural protectors, had been subjected to indignities at the hands of the "Tennessee Tories," as the loyal Tennesseans were called by their neighbors who sided with the South. The official records give the names of a considerable list of Forrest's command from this section who, while on leave of absence to visit their homes, were captured, mercilessly killed, and some of them horribly mutilated.*

Between the parties to these neighborhood feuds the laws of war did not prevail. When they met in single combat, or in scouting parties, or in battle, it was for them a duel to the death; and so in this mêlée, in the heat and excitement of the assault, with "no surrender," the enemy's flag still flying, and some of the Federals fighting to the death, they found excuse and made opportunity for bloody vengeance.

This was also the first occasion in which the negro troops came prominently into notice in conflict with their late masters. About one-half of the garrison were refugee slaves, and some of them had been the property of some of Forrest's men who were storming the place.

In the bitterness of the conflict which was then raging, when reason was clouded by prejudice, and when men's minds were inclined to accept as true, without questioning, anything injurious to an enemy, the press of the Northern States, aided by a partisan committee of Congress, all basing their reports upon *ex parte* testimony, almost all of which was grossly exaggerated and in great part self-contradictory, gave a bloody coloring to every incident connected with this catastrophe, and passed it into history as the Fort Pillow "massacre." The work of this committee gives force to the adage that in war, as in love, all means of accomplishing the end desired are permissible. In the crisis of a great civil war, when each side was bending every energy to success, the leaders of the opposing forces justified a resort to measures of policy in order to weaken the cause of their antagonists which a strict construction of right and truth would not have allowed. Here was

* Official Records, Vol. XXXII., ¶ 111, p. 118.

an opportunity, which the shrewd politicians did not lose, to excite to still higher pitch the war spirit of the Northern people, and to arouse the indignation of the civilized world by the wide publication of a horrible story of massacre, which could not be refuted before it had done irreparable damage to the cause of the South. It would serve, moreover, to still further impress upon the minds of the negroes, who were then being mustered into the army of the Union by thousands, that in future battles they could expect no quarter from their late masters, and must therefore fight with desperation to the end.

It is worthy of comment, and may aid in forming a proper estimate of the historical value of this document, that of the seventy-eight witnesses whose testimony was submitted in their report, eighteen were not in sight or sound of Fort Pillow when the battle occurred, and yet some of these testify as if they had been eye-witnesses.

Lieutenants Smith and Carey, of the Thirteenth Tennessee Battalion, were in Memphis during the battle. They state that "the rebels came pouring in solid masses right over the breastworks. General Forrest in person ordered Captain Bradford to be shot. He was instantly riddled with bullets, nearly a full regiment having fired their pieces upon him," etc.

The testimony of a number of other witnesses, who were on boats at varying distances in the river during the engagement, or on an island nearly a mile distant from the fort, was also accepted.

The civilized world was told in this document that the Confederate soldiers, commanded by one of the greatest generals of the South, and personally led in the attack by men of unquestioned integrity, who were honored and respected as among the best citizens of their localities, were a party to the violation of a flag of truce and an atrocious massacre of helpless men, women, and children, compared to which the scenes of murder enacted at Goliad and the Alamo pale into insignificance.

The Congressional committee charged that Forrest took advantage of the flag of truce to place his men "in positions from which the more readily to charge upon the fort," when it is admitted by both sides that the flag of truce was not raised

until between 3 and 3.30 P.M., and the official (Union) records show that Forrest's troops had possession of the two ravines prior to the truce.

Adjutant M. J. Leaming, in his official report, says: "*At about 11 A.M. the rebels succeeded in getting possession of the two rows of barracks running parallel to the south side of the fort, and distant about one hundred and fifty yards.** From these barracks they kept up a murderous fire on our men, despite all our efforts to dislodge them. Owing to the close proximity of these buildings to the fort, and to the fact that they were on considerably lower ground, our artillery could not be sufficiently depressed to destroy them or even render them untenable to the enemy."

Here is an admission that McCulloch's brigade was in possession of this ravine long before the flag of truce was sent in. The report of the committee shows with equal clearness that the upper or Coal Creek ravine was also in the possession of Forrest's troops before the truce. Their report says: "Extending back from the river on either side of the fort was a ravine or hollow, the one below the fort containing stores and dwellings. The ravine above the fort was known as Coal Creek ravine. The rebels continued their attack, but up to two or three o'clock in the afternoon they had not gained any decisive success. The gunboat *New Era* took part in the conflict, shelling the enemy as opportunity offered. There being but one gunboat there, no permanent impression appears to have been produced upon the enemy, *for as they were shelled out of one ravine, they would make their appearance in another.*† They would thus appear and retire as the gunboat moved from one point to another. About one o'clock the fire on both sides slackened somewhat, and the gunboat moved out in the river to coal, clean its guns, etc." Here is a distinct refutation of the charge, for it shows that before 1 P.M. the Confederates had full possession of the ravines above as well as below the fort.

It is none the less true that to a certain extent both the Federal and Confederate commanders disregarded the strict obligations of the truce. While the notes were being exchanged and the white flag was up, Major Bradford and Captain

* Italics not in the original.

† Italics not in the original.

Marshall of the *New Era* permitted steamers loaded with Federal troops and artillery to approach the fort from above as well as from below, and holding this to be a violation of the truce, Forrest detailed 200 men from each of his assaulting columns and placed them under the bluff in the old rifle-pits, in order to prevent the landing of the steamers. Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, ex-military Governor of Louisiana, in his official report admits that he was on board of one of these steamers approaching for the purpose of landing to re-enforce the garrison,* and that he was not signalled from the fort or by the *New Era* not to approach.

It seems, in all fairness, that this admission would justify Forrest in posting his men where the landing of re-enforcements could be prevented.

The charge of this committee that there was "an indiscriminate slaughter sparing neither age nor sex, white nor black, soldier nor civilian," is about as truthful as the story concerning the violation of the truce. The official records show that all the women and children and the sick had been removed from the fort early in the morning, long before the assault. Captain James Marshall, commander of the *New Era*, swore in his testimony as follows: "I came along up, and the women and children, some sick negroes, and boys were standing around a great barge. I told them to get into the barge if they wished to save themselves, and I would take them out of danger. They went in, and I towed them up and landed them above Coal Creek ravine."

Dr. C. Fitch, who was surgeon of the Fort Pillow garrison at the time, says, "Early in the morning all of the women and all of the non-combatants were ordered on to some barges, and were towed by a gunboat up the river to an island before any one was hurt."†

The testimony of these Union officers shows that the women and children, the sick, and the non-combatants were taken from the fort before the assault, and disproves the charge of indiscriminate killing.

They also charge that the rebels buried some of the living with the dead, when it is shown by the sworn testimony of Col-

onel Robert McCulloch, who was left in charge of the fort after the capture, that the Confederates took no part in the burial of the Union dead, but that details from the captured garrison performed this work. It is possible that some of the wounded were either feigning death from fear, or were unconscious from loss of blood, or in a condition of alcoholic coma, and were thus thrown into the ditch by their own men.

If it were true (as also charged by this committee) that the wounded soldiers of the garrison were maltreated, and that some were left to be burned in the conflagration which consumed the barracks, it could not in justice reflect upon the humanity of General Forrest, since it is clearly shown that he was miles away on the return march to Jackson when these acts were said to have been committed.

The charred remains of several bodies were discovered in the ruins of the tents and barracks on the day following the battle, when from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. the Federals were in possession, at General Forrest's request, to take their wounded on board the steamboats. While it is possible that some of the wounded may have thus perished, it could have occurred only as an accident, unpreventable while a hard and desperate fight was in progress. The bodies burned were probably those of men who died of wounds after having been carried here for treatment and shelter.

While the fighting was fierce, and the Confederates were trying to get possession of the barracks in the southern ravine, these houses were in possession of the Federals, and the row nearest the fort was set on fire and destroyed by the Union troops. As they had occupied these, and were fighting from within and behind them to keep off the Confederates, and as the Union reports show that they had lost heavily at this time and at this particular point, it is probable that some of the charred bodies found were those of men killed and wounded at this period of the engagement. Adjutant Leaming says: "At about 11 A.M. the rebels made a second determined assault. . . . They succeeded in getting possession of two rows of barracks running parallel to the south side of the fort. The barracks had previously been ordered to be destroyed, but after severe loss on our part in the attempt to execute the order, our men were

* Official Records, Vol. XXXII., ¶ 1, p. 572.

† Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. VII., p. 439.

compelled to retire without accomplishing the desired end, *save only to the row nearest to the fort.*"

A second conflagration occurred at six o'clock on the morning after the fight. General Chalmers, from his camp two miles back from the river, had, at 6 A.M. on the 13th, sent an officer with a small detachment of troops to return to the fort on a reconnoissance, and to gather up any guns or other property which might have been overlooked in the hasty departure at nightfall of the 12th. When Captain Ferguson of the United States gunboat *Silver Cloud* approached and saw these men he began to shell them, and it was then that the Confederate officer in command of the scouting party, seeing he would be driven away by the gunboat, proceeded to set fire to the remaining houses and tents.

The testimony of Union soldiers who were there present proves that the Confederates took particular pains not to fire the barracks in which the Union wounded were lying, and that when these were endangered, the wounded were removed.

A Federal soldier (white), J. W. Shelton, swears that he was wounded and in a house with other wounded, and that the Confederates did not burn the house he and the others were in.*

John Pennell (white) also swears that he and an officer of artillery were wounded and lying in one of the tents, and that the Confederates, before setting fire to it, helped him to escape, and carried the officer out. They were removed to one of the houses, and later, when this was about to catch fire, they were again prevented from being burned. Lieutenant Leaming also testifies that he was in one of the burning buildings and was carried out, and he adds, "I think others got the rest out."

It has been clearly shown that the Confederates left Fort Pillow at dark, and did not return until six o'clock on the following morning. If there was the maltreatment of some of the wounded which was mentioned in the committee's report as having taken place on the night of April 12, it must have been the work of stragglers, or the prowlers and guerillas not commanded by or responsible to any authority, who infested this section during this period.

The belief herein expressed, that the

* Official Records, Vol. VIII., p. 31.

report of the sub-committee of Congress was a "war measure," and that subsequent investigation by the authorities at Washington did not sustain the charges of a massacre, is strengthened by the fact that on April 15 General Grant despatched, "If our men have been murdered after capture, retaliation must be resorted to promptly."*

On the following day Secretary-of-War Stanton directed General Sherman as follows: "You will please direct a competent officer to investigate and report minutely, and as early as possible, the facts in relation to the alleged butchery of our troops at Fort Pillow." As no retaliation was ever made, there is in the fact of this investigation an admission that no massacre occurred.

The writer has come in personal contact with many of Forrest's officers and men since the war, and all have emphatically denied the story of a massacre which the report of the sub-committee of Congress asserted had taken place. Within recent years that report has been submitted to a number of these survivors, with the request that a reply under oath be returned.

Without exception, they solemnly swear that they were present and took part in the capture of Fort Pillow on April 12, 1864, and that the testimony of certain witnesses, made before the sub-committee of the United States Congress, stating that a massacre of the garrison took place after the fort was captured, is false. They make oath that no act was committed by the Confederate troops which in any way justified the report which that committee submitted; that no surrender was ever made; that the soldiers of the garrison, when they retreated from the fort, took their guns with them, and some of them continued to make resistance by firing at the Confederates from beneath the bluff until they were shot down; that others plunged into the river to escape by swimming, and refusing to return to the bank when ordered, were also fired at, and a number thus perished; others, in fright or desperation, broke through the line, and not halting when commanded, were pursued and shot. All but two of these witnesses swear that they saw the whiskey which had been freely distributed to the troops within the works—and the statement is general that

* Official Records, Vol. XXXII, ¶ 111, p. 336.

a large majority of the negroes, and many of the whites, having free access to this liquor, demonstrated by their conduct that they were then under the demoralizing influence of this intoxicant—and that no cruelties were practised by Forrest's men upon any prisoners, wounded or unwounded.

General James R. Chalmers, a member of the United States Congress since the war, and a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee, was second in command to General Forrest in this engagement. He swears that the charge of a massacre is absolutely false; that those of the garrison who were sober enough to realize the hopelessness of their situation after the fort was stormed, surrendered, and thus escaped being killed or wounded; that General Forrest rushed into the fort as quickly as he could ride from the position he occupied at the time of the assault, and while the firing was going on beneath the bluff, and after the surrender of most of the whites and some sixty negroes had taken place, he gave orders to stop the firing, which was done immediately. One Confederate within his observation, who disregarded this order, he personally arrested and placed under guard for the offence. Some of the Federals, mostly negroes, who in fright or desperation broke through the Confederates in the effort to escape, were pursued and shot, as were those who attempted to escape by swimming down the river. Some of these were killed, and some few succeeded in getting away. He further testifies: "The Federal flag was not lowered, and no surrender of the garrison was ever made. As the Federals rushed down the bluff they carried their guns with them, and many of them turned and fired as they retreated, and continued to fire from beneath the bluff, and these were the only men shot after the flag was hauled down."

Brigadier-General Tyree H. Bell, now a prominent citizen of Fresno, California, was in command of the right wing of the assaulting column, and was among the first to reach the interior of the fort. He swears: "I went over the parapet with my men, and the first thing I noticed after the firing ceased was three or four vessels of whiskey, with tin cups attached, sitting within the fort. The drunken condition of the garrison, and the failure of Bradford to surrender, thus necessita-

ting the assault, were the causes of the fatality. The statements in relation to the alleged 'cruelty and barbarism' practised by Forrest's command are a tissue of lies from end to end."

Colonel Robert McCulloch, who commanded the left wing of the Confederates, now living at Clarks Fork, near Booneville, Missouri, at this date Major-General of the United Confederate Veterans of his State, and who recently, though advanced in years, offered his services to the President in the Spanish war, swears "that there was no massacre at Fort Pillow, and that nothing occurred during or after the engagement which, with due regard for fairness and the truth of history, could be construed into a massacre. Not a gun was fired, nor a prisoner or non-combatant killed, to my knowledge or belief, after the surrender was made. The testimony of certain witnesses, stating that a massacre of the garrison took place after the fort was captured, is false. The presence of open vessels containing whiskey within the fort, together with the conduct of the troops after the Confederates had carried the works, showed plainly that a large proportion of the garrison were under the influence of liquor at the time of the assault. The Federal flag flying over the fort was not lowered until after the garrison had fled for refuge under the bluff immediately behind the works, and no surrender was made by any officer of the garrison. As the Federal soldiers rushed for the bluff they carried their guns with them, and many of them turned and fired at us as they retreated, and some continued to fire from the crowd below the bank." This gallant soldier, as honorable a man as ever offered his life for any cause, closes his statement by saying, "I was in a great many battles during the war, and know whereof I speak, and do not hesitate to say we never made a more manly or fairer fight."

The statement of Colonel McCulloch is sustained by Colonel C. R. Barteau, at present (in 1899) a practising lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee; by Major Charles W. Anderson, President of the Confederate Veteran Association of the State of Tennessee, now living at Florence in that State; and by a long list of survivors now living and respected as honorable men in the communities in which they reside.

WHEN A DOCUMENT IS OFFICIAL.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

WILLIAM or "Billy" Burling had for these last four years worn three yellow stripes on his coat sleeve with credit to the insignia. Leading up to this distinction were two years when he had only worn two, and back of that were yet other annums when his blue blouse had been severely plain except for five brass buttons down the front. This matter was of no consequence in all the world to any one except Burling, but the nine freezing, grilling, famishing years which he had so successfully contributed to the cavalry service of the United States were the "clean-up" of his assets. He had gained distinction in several pounding finishes with the Indians; he was liked in barracks and respected on the line; and he had wrestled so sturdily with the books that when his name came up for promotion to an officer's commission he had passed the examinations. On the very morning of which I speak, a lieutenant of his company had quietly said to him: "You need not say anything about it, but I heard this morning that your commission had been signed and is now on the way from Washington. I want to congratulate you."

"Thank you," replied William Burling as the officer passed on. The sergeant sat down on his bunk and said, mentally, "It was a damn long time coming."

There is nothing so strong in human nature as the observance of custom, especially when all humanity practises it, and the best men in America and Europe, living or dead, have approved of this one. It has, in cases like the sergeant's, been called "wetting a new commission." I suppose in Mohammedan Asia they buy a new wife. Something outrageous must be done when a military man celebrates his "step"; but be that as it may, William Burling was oppressed by a desire to blow off steam. Here is where the four years of the three stripes stood by this hesitating mortal and overpowered the exposed human nature. Discipline had nearly throttled custom, and before this last could catch its breath again the or-

derly came in to tell Burling that the colonel wanted him up at headquarters.

It was early winter at Fort Adobe, and the lonely plains were white with a new snow. It certainly looked lonely enough out beyond the last buildings, but in those days one could not trust the plains to be as lonely as they looked. Mr. Sitting-Bull or Mr. Crazy-Horse might pop out of any *coulee* with a goodly following, and then life would not be worth living for a wayfarer. Some of these high-flavored romanticists had but lately removed the hair from sundry buffalo-hunters in Adobe's vicinity, and troops were out in the field trying to "kill, capture, or destroy" them, according to the ancient and honorable form. All this was well known to Sergeant Burling when he stiffened up before the colonel.

"Sergeant, all my scouts are out with the commands, and I am short of officers in post. I have an order here for Captain Morestead, whom I suppose to be at the juncture of Old Womans Fork and Lightning Creek, and I want you to deliver it. You can easily find their trail. The order is important, and must go through. How many men do you want?"

Burling had not put in nine years on the plains without knowing a scout's answer to that question. "Colonel, I prefer to go alone." There was yet another reason than "he travels the fastest who travels alone" in Burling's mind. He knew it would be a very desirable thing if he could take that new commission into the officers' mess with the prestige of soldierly devotion upon it. Then, too, nothing short of twenty-five men could hope to stand off a band of Indians.

Burling had flipped a mental coin. It came down heads for him, for the colonel said: "All right, sergeant. Dress warm and travel nights. There is a moon. Destroy that order if you have bad luck. Understand?"

"Very well, sir," and he took the order from the colonel's hand.

The old man noticed the figure of the young cavalryman, and felt proud to command such a man. He knew Burling was

an officer, and he thought he knew that Burling did not know it. He did not like to send him out in such weather through such a country, but needs must.

As a man Burling was at the ripe age of thirty, which is the middle distance of usefulness for one who rides a government horse. He was a light man, trim in his figure, quiet in manner, serious in mind. His nose, eyes, and mouth denoted strong character, and also that there had been little laughter in his life. He had a mustache, and beyond this nothing can be said, because cavalymen are primitive men, weighing no more than one hundred and sixty pounds. The horse is responsible for this, because he cannot carry more, and that weight even then must be pretty much on the same ancient lines. You never see long, short, or odd curves on top of a cavalry horse—not with nine years of field service.

Marching down to the stables, he gave his good bay horse quite as many oats as were good for him. Then going to his quarters, he dressed himself warmly in buffalo coat, buffalo moccasins, fur cap and gloves, and he made one saddle pocket bulge with coffee, sugar, crackers, and bacon, intending to fill the opposite side with grain for his horse. Borrowing an extra six-shooter from Sergeant McAvoy, he returned to the stables and saddled up. He felt all over his person for a place to put the precious order, but the regulations are dead set against pockets in soldiers' clothes. He concluded that the upper side of the saddle-bags, where the extra horseshoes go, was a fit place. Strapping it down, he mounted, waved his hand at the fellow-soldiers, and trotted off up the road.

It was getting toward evening, there was a fine brisk air, and his horse was going strong and free. There was no danger until he passed the Frenchman's ranch where the buffalo-hunters lived; and he had timed to leave there after dark and be well out before the moon should discover him to any Indians who might be viewing that log house with little schemes of murder in expectance.

He got there in the failing light, and tying his horse to the rail in front of the long log house, he entered the big room where the buffalo-hunters ate, drank, and exchanged the results of their hard labor with each other as the pasteboards should indicate. There were about fifteen men in the room, some inviting the

bar, but mostly at various tables guessing at cards. The room was hot, full of tobacco smoke and many democratic smells, while the voices of the men were as hard as the pounding of two boards together. What they said, for the most part, can never be put in your library, neither would it interest if it was. Men with the bark on do not say things in their lighter moods which go for much; but when these were behind a sage-bush handling a Sharps, or skinning among the tailing buffaloes on a strong pony, what grunts were got out of them had meaning!

Buffalo-hunters were men of iron endeavor for gain. They were adventurers; they were not nice. Three buckets of blood was four dollars to them. They had thews, strong-smelling bodies, and eager minds. Life was red on the buffalo-range in its day. There was an intellectual life—a scientific turn—but it related to flying lead, wolfish knowledge of animals, and methods of hide-stripping.

The sergeant knew many of them, and was greeted accordingly. He was feeling well. The new commission, the dangerous errand, the fine air, and the ride had set his blood bounding through a healthy frame. A young man with an increased heart action is going to do something besides standing on one foot leaning against a wall: nature arranged that long ago.

Without saying what he meant, which was "let us wet the new commission," he sang out: "Have a drink on the army. Kem up, all you hide-jerkers," and they rallied around the young soldier and "wet." He talked with them a few minutes, and then stepped out into the air—partly to look at his horse, and partly to escape the encores which were sure to follow. The horse stood quietly. Instinctively he started to unbuckle the saddle pocket. He wanted to see how the "official document" was riding, that being the only thing that oppressed Burling's mind. But the pocket was unbuckled, and a glance showed that the paper was gone.

His bowels were in tremolo. His heart lost three beats; and then, as though to adjust matters, it sent a gust of blood into his head. He pawed at his saddle-bags; he unbuttoned his coat and searched with nervous fingers everywhere through his clothes; and then he stood still, looking with fixed eyes at the high front foot of the cavalry horse. He did not stand mooning long; but he thought

through those nine years, every day of them, every minute of them; he thought of the disgrace both at home and in the army; he thought of the lost commission, which would only go back the same route it came. He took off his overcoat and threw it across the saddle. He untied his horse and threw the loose rein over a post. He tugged at a big sheath-knife until it came from the back side of his belt to the front side, then he drew two big army revolvers and looked at the cylinders—they were full of gray lead. He cocked both, laid them across his left arm, and stepped quickly to the door of the Frenchman's log house. As he backed into the room he turned the key in the lock and put it under his belt. Raising the revolvers breast-high in front of him, he shouted, "Attention!" after the loud, harsh habit of the army. An officer might talk to a battalion on parade that way.

No one had paid any attention to him as he entered. They had not noticed him, in the preoccupation of the room, but every one quickly turned at the strange word.

"Throw up your hands instantly, every man in the room!" and with added vigor, "Don't move!"

Slowly, in a surprised way, each man began to elevate his hands—some more slowly than others. In settled communities this order would make men act like a covey of quail, but at that time at Fort Adobe the six-shooter was understood both in theory and in practice.

"You there, bartender, be quick! I'm watching you." And the bartender exalted his hands like a practised saint.

"Now, gentlemen," began the soldier, "the first man that bats an eye or twitches a finger or moves a boot in this room will get shot just that second. Sabe?"

"What's the matter, Mr. Soldier? Be you loco?" sang out one.

"No, I am not loco. I'll tell you why I am not." Turning one gun slightly to the left, he went on: "You fellow with the long red hair over there, you sit still if you are not hunting for what's in this gun. I rode up to this shack, tied my horse outside the door, came in here, and bought the drinks. While I was in here some one stepped out and stole a paper—official document—from my saddle pockets, and unless that paper is returned to me, I am going to turn both of these

guns loose on this crowd. I know you will kill me, but unless I get the paper I want to be killed. So, gentlemen, you keep your hands up. You can talk it over; but remember, if that paper is not handed me in a few minutes, I shall begin to shoot." Thus having delivered himself, the sergeant stood by the door with his guns levelled. A hum of voices filled the room.

"The soldier is right," said some one.

"Don't point that gun at me; I hain't got any paper, pardner. I can't even read paper, pard. Take it off; you might git narvous."

"That sojer's out fer blood. Don't hold his paper out on him."

"Yes, give him the paper," answered others. "The man what took that paper wants to fork it over. This soldier means business. Be quick."

"Who's got the paper?" sang a dozen voices. The bartender expostulated with the determined man—argued a mistake—but from the compressed lips of desperation came the word "Remember!"

From a near table a big man with a gray beard said: "Sergeant, I am going to stand up and make a speech. Don't shoot. I am with you." And he rose quietly, keeping an inquisitive eye on the Burling guns, and began:

"This soldier is going to kill a bunch of people here; any one can see that. That paper ain't of no account. What ever did any fool want to steal it for? I have been a soldier myself, and I know what an officer's paper means to a despatch-bearer. Now, men, I say, after we get through with this mess, what men is alive ought to take the doggone paper-thief, stake the feller out, and build a slow fire on him, if he can be ridden down. If the man what took the paper will hand it up, we all agree not to do anything about it. Is that agreed?"

"Yes, yes, that's agreed," sang the chorus.

"Say, boss, can't I put my arms down?" asked a man who had become weary.

"If you do, it will be forever," came the simple reply.

Said one man, who had assembled his logistics: "There was some stompin' around yar after we had that drink on the sojer. Whoever went out that door is the feller what got yer document; and ef he'd a-tooken yer horse, I wouldn't think much—I'd be lookin' fer that play,



From 1904-1911

“NO, I AM NOT LOCO.”

stranger. But to go *cincha* a piece of paper! Well, I think you must be plumb *loco* to shoot up a lot of men like we be fer that yar."

"Say," remarked a natural observer—one of those minds which would in other places have been a head waiter or some other highly sensitive plant—"I reckon that Injun over thar went out of this room. I seen him go out."

A little French half-breed on Burling's right said, "Maybe as you keel de man what 'ave 'and you de papier—hey?"

"No, on my word I will not," was the promise, and with that the half-breed continued: "Well, de papier ees een ma pocket. Don't shoot."

The sergeant walked over to the abomination of a man, and putting one pistol to his left ear, said, "Give it up to me with one fist only—mind, now!" But the half-breed had no need to be admonished, and he handed the paper to Burling, who gathered it into the grip of his pistol hand, crushing it against the butt.

Sidling to the door, the soldier said, "Now I am going out, and I will shoot any one who follows me." He returned one gun to its holster, and while covering the crowd, fumbled for the key-hole, which he found. He backed out into the night, keeping one gun at the crack of the door until the last, when with a quick spring he dodged to the right, slamming the door.

The room was filled with a thunderous roar, and a dozen balls crashed through the door.

He untied his horse, mounted quickly with the overcoat underneath him, and galloped away. The hoof-beats reassured the buffalo-hunters; they ran outside and blazed and popped away at the fast-receding horseman, but to no purpose. Then there was a scurrying for ponies, and a pursuit was instituted, but the grain-fed cavalry horse was soon lost in the darkness. And this was the real end of Sergeant William Burling.

The buffalo-hunters followed the trail next day. All night long galloped and trotted the trooper over the crunching snow, and there was no sound except when the moon-stricken wolves barked at his horse from the gray distance.

The sergeant thought of the recent occurrence. The reaction weakened him. His face flushed with disgrace; but he knew the commission was safe, and did

not worry about the vengeance of the buffalo-hunters, which was sure to come.

At daylight he rested in a thick timbered bottom, near a cut bank, which in plains strategy was a proper place to make a fight. He fed himself and his horse, and tried to straighten and smooth the crumpled order on his knee, and wondered if the people at Adobe would hear of the unfortunate occurrence. His mind troubled him as he sat gazing at the official envelope; he was in a brown study. He could not get the little sleep he needed, even after three hours' halt. Being thus preoccupied, he did not notice that his picketed horse from time to time raised his head and pricked his ears toward his back track. But finally, with a start and a loud snort, the horse stood eagerly watching the bushes across the little opening through which he had come.

Burling got on his feet, and untying his lariat, led his horse directly under the cut bank in some thick brush. As he was in the act of crawling up the bank to have a look at the flat plains beyond, a couple of rifles cracked and a ball passed through the soldier's hips. He dropped and rolled down the bank, and then dragged himself into the brush.

From all sides apparently came Indians' "Ki-yis," and "coyote yelps." The cavalry horse trembled and stood snorting, but did not know which way to run. A great silence settled over the snow, lasting for minutes. The Sioux crawled closer, and presently saw a bright little flare of fire from the courier's position, and they poured in their bullets, and again there was quiet. This the buffalo-hunters knew later by the "sign" on the trail. To an old hunter there is no book so plain to read as footprints in the snow.

And long afterwards, in telling about it, an old Indian declared to me that when they reached the dead body they found the ashes of some paper which the soldier had burned, and which had revealed his position. "Was it his medicine which had gone back on him?"

"No," I explained, "it wasn't his medicine, but the great medicine of the white man, which bothered the soldier so."

"Hump! The great Washington medicine maybeso. It make dam fool of soldiers lots of time I know 'bout," concluded "Bear-in-the-Night," as he hitched up his blanket around his waist.



THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS.

“THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS KNEW BY THE ‘SIGN’ ON THE TRAIL.”

BEHIND THE PINK WALLS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY AT PEKING.

THE DRAMA OF AN IMPERIAL REFORMER.

BY "CATHAY."

IN one of those pregnant sentences with which Lord Salisbury occasionally relieves the decorous tedium of debates in the gilded chamber of the House of Lords at Westminster, the British Prime Minister, replying to the leader of the Opposition on the China question, indicated the great unknown quantity which baffles every calculation of Western diplomacy at Peking. "If the noble lord," he remarked, with an undisguised touch of irony, "wants to know what is the destiny impending over China, I will ask him to reveal to me what is going on in a certain palace in Peking, and perhaps in a certain island within that palace. The future of China does not lie in our hands. It lies in the hands of the governing power of China."

Breached and battered like the Great Wall which the rulers of China erected hundreds of years ago against the forays of Central-Asian hordes, the adamant wall of self-isolation which sheltered them for centuries against all contact with "the outer barbarians" has given way in every direction before the aggressive impact of Western energy. Not only have the Chinese within the last half-century tasted the bitterness of defeat in three foreign wars, but they have had to witness in sullen helplessness the gradual invasion of their country by all those subtle forces of modern civilization which are the irresistible forerunners of foreign ascendancy and dominion wherever they come in contact either with absolute barbarism, as in Africa, or with effete mediævalism, as in Asia. The foreign locomotive shrieks at the gates of Peking; foreign steamers plough their way for a thousand miles up the Yang-tse; foreign engineers are busy sinking shafts into the bowels of the earth, without the slightest compunction for the mysterious *Fung-shui* whom their operations may disturb; gigantic factories equipped with all the appliances of modern industry are springing up in the foreign settlements, each of which forms an *imperium in*

imperio; the foreign missionary and the foreign merchant enforce with increasing energy their treaty rights to circulate their spiritual and their material wares far away in the interior of the country; the very revenues of the state are being mortgaged one after another to foreign creditors, and every foreign loan means a tightening of foreign control over some new branch of the administration; the whole territory of the empire is being carved out into foreign "spheres of influence" and "spheres of interest," and its chief strategic positions "leased" to foreign powers under a new diplomatic formula which barely pretends to disguise the reality of annexation; the Tsung-li-Yamen serves chiefly as a buffer to receive and deaden the shock of diplomatic conflicts between the foreign powers within the gates of Peking; even the Emperor and his masterful guardian, the Empress Dowager, have been fain to receive in public audience, and on a footing of outward equality, foreign princes and ambassadors who but a few years ago were only grudgingly admitted into the hall of imperial tributaries in the outer precincts of the Forbidden City.

Yet of the mysterious forces generated within the pink walls of the Forbidden City, of the "governing power" to which Lord Salisbury referred, and which still holds, to some extent at least, in its hands the future of China, the outside world is as profoundly ignorant to-day as it was five or fifty or five hundred years ago. Weather-beaten and battered by storms from within and from without, the huge, unwieldy, disjointed empire still lives and moves, and has a being of its own, and from the hidden recesses of the imperial palace there still flows to the remotest Yamens of far-away provinces a steady, if attenuated, tide of enduring vitality. But who among foreigners has ever succeeded in tracing that tide back to its true fountain-head?

The traveller can pass nowadays unmolested through any one of the sixteen



THE PRESENT EMPEROR, KWANG SHU, AS A CHILD.

gateways which at regular intervals pierce the long line of grim gray walls that conceal behind their counterfeit battlements the gaudy splendor and unspeakable squalor of Peking. He can wander at his leisure over the stretches of waste sand and cultivated fields which within the walled enclosure of that huge parallelogram mark the gradual decay of its former grandeur and the shrinkage of its population; or he can thread his way through the crowded streets of the few populous quarters in which the life of the capital is now concentrated, and watch the bewildering flow of ceaseless traffic surging in and out of the Chun-man Gate under the inner wall which divides the Chinese from the Tartar city. If he follow the stream of swift Sedan chairs, in which ladies of rank and mandarins of high degree are borne behind closely drawn curtains by relays of panting, shouting bearers, he will find himself outside yet another walled quadrangle, about seven miles in circuit. Into this

enclosure, again, he can penetrate unhindered, for though it is called the *Huang-cheng*, the Imperial City, and though it contains all the public offices and the residences of the highest officials, and of many of the princes of the blood and other imperial clansmen, it is as it were but the outer court of the Emperor's own residence. Here, just as in all the other quarters of the capital, everything—to borrow Lord Curzon's suggestive description—is "public and indecent." But in the heart of this enclosure there rises a last and innermost enclosure where "everything is clandestine, veiled, and sealed." It is the *Hsu-ching-cheng*, the Pink Forbidden City, the hidden sanctuary into which none but the privileged few can penetrate, and then only at rare and stated intervals. Shortly after midnight the gates are opened every night to admit the highest officials and dignitaries of the state, who, prostrate before the throne, report in the sacred presence on the progress of affairs in their respective depart-

ments, and, having taken the imperial commands, leave the palace again before sunrise. Very rarely in the earlier years of foreign intercourse, but of late more frequently, the representatives of the powers at Peking are hustled in through the serried ranks of court eunuchs and imperial clansmen to deliver formal messages of courtesy to the Son of Heaven in person in one of the outlying halls of the palace. Nor has the Emperor himself ever left the precincts of the Forbidden City, except to offer up on the great festival days the customary sacrifices at the imperial temples, or to pay ceremonial visits to the Dowager Empress at her own court in the Summer Palace. Not a single male adult of whatsoever rank or age is allowed to reside in this sacred city of yellow-tiled palaces and pleasure-gardens where the Emperor dwells alone, *kwa-jin*, "the one man" amongst a horde of some ten thousand women and eunuchs. Manifold are the titles used in addressing the imperial person—*Tien-hwang*, "celestial august one"; *Shing-ti*, "sacred sovereign"; *Wan-sui-yeh*, "sire of ten thousand years"; etc., etc.; but the truest of them all, though perhaps not in the sense originally contemplated by his ancestors, is the one by which the Emperor designates himself—*Kwa-kuin*, "the solitary prince." For what prince more solitary than the unhappy youth who, still nominally reigning on the dragon throne, the lord of life and death over 400,000,000 souls, yet cannot call his very soul his own? Not for the first time in Chinese history there looms behind the throne one of those mysterious, masterful types of Asiatic womanhood who, bursting asunder, by the subtle craft of their uncultured intellect and by the fierceness of their passions, all the trammels which Oriental custom and tradition impose upon their sex, get such a grip of power, when they have once been fortunate enough to seize it, as male rulers seldom acquire even in the most autocratic states.

Of the tortuous and blood-stained paths by which the Dowager Empress has reached her present position of unchallenged supremacy we cannot track the whole intricate course. Only the distant echo of the tragedies enacted behind that girdle of pink walls ever reaches the outer world. But we can mark at least the most important stages of her strange career.

When the Emperor Hsien Fung, who had fled from Peking in 1860 at the approach of the Anglo-French expedition, died in the following year at Jehol, he was succeeded by a son barely six years old, borne to him by one of his concubines. Worn out by debauchery, and surrounded by greedy courtiers whose only thought was to retain for themselves the control of the empire, Hsien Fung had been induced on his death-bed to appoint from amongst his favorites a council of eight, which was to form a Board of Regency during his son's minority. But Hsien Fung's brother, Prince Kung, a man of character and ability, who had been brought into close contact with foreigners during the recent peace negotiations, had measured the new dangers which threatened the empire from without, and he clearly foresaw the disastrous consequences which would ensue if the supreme power fell permanently into the hands of a knot of profligate and reactionary officials. He entered into communication with Hsien Fung's widow, and in accordance with his recommendations she succeeded in escaping from Jehol with the young Emperor and his mother. By a bold *coup de main* the whole Board of Regency, which had hastened to follow in pursuit of the fugitives to Peking, was summarily arrested, and the two leading members, both imperial princes, were merely allowed to commit suicide as an alternative to being executed, together with their less-favored colleagues, in the public market-place. The young Emperor was duly proclaimed under the title of Tung Chi and the Regency was committed during his minority to the widow of the defunct Emperor, conjointly with the mother of the reigning one. The senior Regent, who, as the principal wife of Hsien Fung, was already the Empress Tsu An, was styled the Dowager Empress and Empress of the Eastern Palace. The junior Regent, though only an imperial concubine, was raised, as mother of the Emperor, to the rank of Empress, and under the name of Empress Tsu Tsi was styled the Empress Mother and Empress of the Western Palace. The moving spirit in this bold and, on the whole, justifiable *coup d'état* was unquestionably Prince Kung, but though the part played in it by the two Empresses, and especially by the Empress Tsu Tsi, was doubtless rather passive than active, the lesson which it taught was at any rate not lost



THE EMPRESS MOTHER TSU TSI, NOW EMPRESS DOWAGER, AFTER A CHINESE PORTRAIT.



THE EMPEROR KWANG SHU AT FOURTEEN.

upon the latter. For it is by similar methods she has succeeded in retaining for forty years, with brief intermissions, the increasing power which accident then placed in her resolute hands.

The Chinese artist whose portrait of her we reproduce would presumably in any case have been too much of a courtier not to lend his imperial mistress every charm demanded by the æsthetic canons of Chinese art, but there seems to be very little doubt that, according to Chinese standards, the Empress Tsu Tsi had considerable personal beauty, and that, like Catherine the Great, to whom she has sometimes been rather superficially compared, she never hesitated in the earlier stages of her career to make her beauty subserve her ambition, nor in its later stages to make the ambition of her favorites minister to the satisfaction of her own passions. Whilst cautiously strengthening and extending her influence as co-Regent, she was sufficiently prudent during her first Regency never to excite unduly the jealousy of her senior partner. In 1872 the Emperor Tung Chi was solemnly mar-

ried to Ah Lu-Teh, a Manchu lady, who forthwith assumed the rank of Empress, and in 1873 the two Regents formally handed over to the Emperor the reins of power. Their retirement, however, was destined to be of short duration. In the following year rumors got abroad that his Majesty's health was causing great anxiety, and on the 18th of December, 1874, an edict was published requesting the Dowager Empresses to resume control of the government. Within four weeks from that date Tung Chi "ascended upon the dragon to be a guest on high." His widow was left pregnant, but though, had a male child been born, Tung Chi's posthumous son would have been the rightful heir to the empire, the Dowagers determined not to await the event. They hastened, on the contrary, to proclaim a successor to the throne, and to depart, in doing so, not only from the traditions of the dynasty, but from the most sacred principles of the one religious rite cherished by the whole nation, *viz.*, the rite of ancestral worship. To the due performance of that necessary rite, equally incumbent upon the highest and the lowest, upon the richest and the poorest, it is deemed absolutely necessary that the heir should belong to a younger generation than the deceased. In defiance of this rule, the Dowager Empresses selected a son of Prince Chun, brother to the Emperor Hsien Fung, and proclaimed him Emperor under the title of Kwang Shu, or *Illustrious Succession*. The new Emperor was therefore first cousin to Tung Chi, and as such he was not, strictly speaking, qualified to perform the usual rites before his predecessor's tablets. Indeed, one of the censors committed suicide in the imperial presence as a public protest against this violation of the sacred law, on the first occasion when Kwang Shu visited for that purpose the temple of his ancestors. But though the Dowager Empresses and their advisers cannot possibly have overlooked the gravity of that drawback, there was another consideration which far outweighed it in their ambitious estimation. Kwang Shu was only three years old, and his accession meant the undisputed continuance of their regency for another long term of years. The Empress Ah Lu-Teh, it is true, was still with child, and unpleasant questions might have arisen had she lived to bear a son. But she sickened and died—of grief, it was

officially stated, for the death of her imperial spouse.

For the second time a successful palace *coup d'état* had placed in the Empress Tsu Tsi's hands a full share of the supreme power, and as years passed by during the second regency that share grew more and more predominant until, in 1881, at a moment when there was considerable friction between the two august ladies, the senior Regent was carried off by sudden illness, alleged to have been failure of the heart. How that failure exactly occurred the surviving Regent and her confidants could probably alone explain. From that moment, however, until the Japanese war the Empress Dowager, as Tsu Tsi was now styled *par excellence*, was supreme. Prince Kung still remained nominally at the head of affairs, but his influence was gradually being overshadowed by that of Li Hung-Chang, who, since his appointment as Viceroy of the home province of Chih-li in 1870, had risen steadily in the favor and confidence of Tsu Tsi. In July, 1884, the trouble which had arisen with France over the Tongking question gave the Dowager Empress a not unwelcome opportunity of dispensing with Prince Kung's services. The veteran statesman was dismissed from all his offices, and he retired for a period of eleven years to the tranquil obscurity of a Buddhist monastery. Li Hung-Chang, however, as a Chinaman, could not succeed to a position which under the Manchu dynasty had always been reserved for a Manchu. Again the Empress Dowager did not hesitate to depart from every precedent. Though a father cannot, according to Chinese custom, serve under his son, the reigning Emperor's father, Prince Chun, was appointed to serve under him as First Minister of the state. But the Empress Dowager's judgment would seem on this occasion to have been at fault. Prince Chun soon showed himself dissatisfied with the dummy part assigned to him, and as the young Emperor was growing in years, the authority his father acquired over him, and the use to which he put it, began to cause considerable alarm in the Empress Tsu Tsi's suspicious mind. The return of the Marquis Tseng from a prolonged sojourn in Europe, as minister in London, materially added to the anxieties of Li Hung-Chang and his imperial mistress, for his liberal ideas and large European experience were at once enlisted by Prince

Chun in support of a bold and relatively enlightened policy, which might not have permanently arrested the decay of the empire, but which would certainly have clipped the old Empress's claws.

Once more fortune came to the assistance of the Dowager Empress. In 1890 the Marquis Tseng died prematurely in the prime of life, and a few months later, in January, 1891, a not less opportune illness removed Prince Chun. Once more the old Empress's power was absolute, and though she nominally retired when the Emperor Kwang Shu attained his majority, it remained absolute until the disastrous war with Japan. That war was essentially the Empress's war. Though it was in some measure the outcome of Li Hung-Chang's short-sighted policy, which in Korea, as a few years previously in Tongking, had arrogantly maintained the rights of Chinese suzerainty whilst shirking its corresponding obligations, the old Viceroy was dimly conscious of the inadequacy of China's military and naval resources. At the last moment his mind misgave him, and he implored his mistress to avoid the hazard of a final rupture. But the Dowager Empress was bent upon chastising "the insolent pigmies," as the Japanese were disdainfully called. She was to celebrate in the forth-coming autumn, on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, the sixtieth anniversary of her birth. The whole empire had been laid under contribution to defray the costs of this celebration. Caravans loaded with the more or less spontaneous offerings of a grateful people were already on their way to Peking from the most remote provinces. A new road was being built from the Forbidden City to the Empress's own residence, near the Summer Palace, for the imperial procession to pass over, and every house and shop along the road, and the very city gates and walls, were being rejuvenated and decorated in view of the auspicious occasion. All that was needed to complete the apotheosis of her reign were the trophies of victory in a foreign war, and she was determined to have them. But for the first time fortune played her false. Instead of the intoxicating draught she had dreamed of, she had to drain almost to the very dregs the bitter cup of humiliation. As Hsien Fung's concubine she had fled with the court from Peking at the approach of the British and French armies in 1860, and

now, after more than thirty years of power and pleasure and glory, she had once more to pack up and make preparations for flight at the approach of another despised invader. The conclusion of an armistice ultimately arrested the Japanese advance and averted the necessity of actual flight; but how bitter must have been the proud old woman's feelings when the imperial edict announcing the restoration of peace pleaded, in extenuation of the humiliating terms on which it had been obtained, the filial piety of the Emperor towards the Dowager Empress—"the venerable lady who, if hostilities were renewed and Peking threatened by the Japanese, would have had to seek refuge in flight, and have been exposed once more to the hardships of a long and arduous journey."

Her pride was wounded to the quick, her power shaken, her prestige impaired, and not alone her own power and prestige, but those of her devoted henchman Li Hung-Chang, who, as Warden of the Frontier and Guardian of the Capital, was, according to the Chinese theory of responsibility, primarily answerable for the disasters of the war. There were stormy scenes within the palace, and angry recriminations between the old Dowager and the young Emperor. Two of the censors audaciously memorialized the throne, imploring the sovereign to save the empire from the evils of "petticoat government," and the mild reproof their exhortations elicited showed them to have been not altogether unwelcome. There were signs of ferment in the provinces, signs of discord even amongst the highest officials of the capital, who were gradually ranging themselves into two opposite factions—the Emperor's party and the Empress's party. The Emperor himself was, however, still an almost unknown quantity. He was believed to be a youth endowed with considerable intelligence, of a kindly but somewhat melancholy disposition, whom a natural infirmity had saved from the gross temptations which beset an Oriental prince brought up in the corrupt atmosphere of the harem, impulsive and irresolute, and subject to violent fits of childish petulance. The first of the two photographs we have obtained from private sources in China represents the Emperor Kwang Shu as a child shortly after his accession to the throne; the second represents him

about the period of his marriage, which took place in 1889, and, as was to have been expected, has produced no issue. The foreign diplomatists who when received in audience have been privileged to see the Son of Heaven seated on his throne, and even to exchange with him a few words of formal salutation, agree in describing his appearance as by no means unprepossessing. His small oval face and delicate features lack virility, and there is a hunted look, as it were, of fright and suffering in his dreamy eyes, but a bright and pleasant smile occasionally plays about the mobile lips. Prince Henry of Prussia was allowed last year to converse with him on a footing of greater intimacy than had hitherto been accorded to any foreigner. Kwang Shu's demeanor was at first painfully timid and embarrassed, but after he had overcome his nervousness he appeared genuinely to enjoy the novel experience, and his simplicity of manner and unaffected courtesy made a very favorable impression upon his distinguished visitor.

That the young Emperor realized in some measure the dangers which beset his empire on every side after the Japanese war had disclosed its hidden weakness there seems to be no reason to doubt, but few people believed that a youth reared in such an atmosphere of ignorance and corruption could possibly possess either the judgment or the strength of purpose necessary to cope with so desperate a situation. Moreover, however excellent might be his own intentions, where was he to look for enlightened advisers to put them into practical shape, or for patriotic officials to carry them into execution? Where was he to find, amongst the effete bureaucracy which lived by sucking dry the life-blood of the empire, either the moral or the material support required for enforcing, mainly at the expense of that very class, the vigorous and sweeping reforms which could alone arrest the fatal progress of decay? For a couple of years, indeed, the struggle between "the Emperor's party" and "the Empress's party," which was known to be going on with fluctuating vicissitudes in the councils of the capital, seemed to be little more than a petty squabble between rival factions over the flesh-pots of China. Then suddenly the outside world was aroused by a succession of almost revolutionary edicts, such as had never

before been issued under the Vermilion Pencil, to the fact that a new spirit was moving over the stagnant waters of the Chinese Empire.

While foreign observers had been for the most part absorbed in the conflict of international ambitions and the jealous competition of rival concession-hunters, which had turned Peking into the cockpit of modern diplomacy, the awakening of the younger generation amongst the gentry and officialdom of China had passed almost unnoticed. Under the sanction of a few honest and enlightened viceroys and high officials, and with the enthusiastic co-operation of a small but active body of young *litterati*, there had suddenly grown up, especially in the great provincial centres of middle and southern China, a deliberate movement in favor of Western knowledge and Western ideas.

One of the most striking indications of this movement was a large and growing demand for the translations of foreign works and similar publications in the Chinese language, which "the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge amongst the Chinese" has done so much to popularize.* The sale of the society's works, for instance, rose from \$817 in 1893 to \$12,146 in 1897 and \$18,457 in 1898, and the demand in these last years far outran the supply. The books issued by the society do not deal, it should be noted, exclusively or even chiefly with religious questions. On the contrary, the majority, and those especially which have enjoyed the widest circulation, deal with questions of history, of political economy, of social science and general education. Perhaps the most popular of the whole series have been Mackenzie's *XIXth Century*, *The Outline of History of Thirty-one Nations*, *The History of the Japanese War*, *The Relation of Education to National Progress*, *Reform Papers by Seventeen Foreigners*, and *The Review of the Times*—a monthly publication. In the course of three years (1895-8) the number of native newspapers, most of them edited and written by natives, rose from 19 to 70; and almost every one of these papers was a new wit-

* Those who may be induced to take a closer interest in the Chinese reform movement should consult the "Eleventh Annual Report" of that excellent society (with which the writer of this article has, however, no personal connection), published at the *North China Herald* office, Shanghai, October, 1898.

ness in the cause of progress and reform. At the same time considerable sums were subscribed by the Chinese themselves in various provinces for the opening of schools where their children could acquire Western learning and Western languages. Fifteen hundred young men of good family applied to enter the new Peking University, under Dr. Martin's presidency. Reform societies, often more or less openly sanctioned by the local authorities, were founded in the provincial centres, and rapidly spread into the more remote townships. The *literati* in many places began to court the society of foreigners, and to solicit the advice of missionaries and consuls as to the regeneration of the country. Perhaps the most striking incident in the whole movement, until it ultimately reached Peking and invaded the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City, was the rapid conversion of the great central province of Hoonan from a hot-bed of anti-foreign fanaticism into a centre of progressive activity.

It was not till early in 1898 that the reform wave beat up against the pink walls of the imperial residence, and its vivifying waters seemed for a time to have penetrated into its most sluggish recesses. At the beginning of last year it was reported that a few ardent reformers had been summoned by the Emperor to important offices in the capital in order to assist him with their advice in the reforms which he was already contemplating. A short time afterwards the Emperor sent for a large number of foreign books, which he studied under the guidance of his new advisers. Chief amongst these was a Cantonese, Kang Yu-Wei, about forty years of age, whose liberal ideas, coupled with a profound knowledge of the time-honored classics of Chinese literature, had earned for him the appellation of the "Modern Sage." He had been appointed a secretary of the Tsung-li-Yamen, and had gained the Emperor's ear by his courageous and enlightened patriotism no less than by his scholarly accomplishments. Of the rest of that small band of fervid reformers the most distinguished perhaps were Liang Chi-Chao, also a Cantonese, and a disciple of Kang Yu-Wei, and the first editor of the chief organ of the party, the *Chinese Progress*; Lin Shio, a native of Fo-kien, and a descendant of the notorious Commis-

sioner Lin of Canton fame; Su Chih-Ching, one of the readers at the Hanlin College at Peking, the *alma mater* of Chinese orthodoxy; and his son Su In-Chi, also a member of the Hanlin, and Chancellor of Education for the province of Hoonan. These and their fellow-workers did not probably all belong to quite the same school of thought, but they all strove for a common purpose, and behind them there undoubtedly stood some of the most powerful dignitaries of the state, such as Chang Yin-Huan, who was member both of the Grand Council and of the Tsung-li-Yamen, and who had represented his sovereign in London as special ambassador at Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897; Chang Chi-Tung, the Viceroy of the middle Yang-tse, and the veteran rival of Li Hung-Chang; and Weng Tung-Ho, the Emperor's tutor, and the leader of the so-called "Emperor's party."

With generous impulsiveness the young sovereign responded to the eager teachings of his new councillors. Edict after edict appeared under the imperial sign-manual, heralding, as it seemed, a revolution as sweeping and as far-reaching as that which had transformed the face of Japan just thirty years before. One edict abolished the fossilized system of examination for the public service which for centuries had made the classical essay the supreme and only test of efficiency for every branch of the administration. Others established a university for the study of Western science in Peking, and a board of translation for the publication of books of Western learning in the vernacular. Another exhorted the young Manchus, *i. e.*, the scions of the ruling race, to travel abroad and study foreign languages and customs. Another decree emphasized the duty of tolerance towards Christianity and of protection for Christians, which had already been so often proclaimed in theory and evaded in practice. Another recommended the conversion of a number of temples into schools of Western education; and finally, not only was the abolition of all useless offices decreed both in the capital and in the provincial administrations, but an edict was reported to be in course of preparation doing away with the pig-tail, and substituting European for native dress. To the Western, and especially to the Anglo-Saxon mind, accustomed to the mature and orderly progress of evolu-

tion, such drastic measures may well have appeared dangerously crude and hasty. The case of Japan can of course be quoted in favor of the radical treatment advocated by Kang Yu-Wei and his associates, and they are believed to have enjoyed the benefit of the Marquis Ito's advice and experience, that distinguished statesman, who had himself played so conspicuous a part in the regeneration of Japan, having paid a prolonged visit to Peking just when the reform movement was at its height. But the Japanese reformers had had at their back not only a large and influential class imbued with traditions of patriotism and unselfishness which were almost unknown in China, but also a powerful reserve of physical force. The Chinese reformers had barely begun to leaven the ignorant and corrupt mass of the bureaucracy. Their revolutionary measures were bound not only to provoke the bitter hostility of all those who had a vested interest in ancient abuses, but also to alarm the old-fashioned prejudices of many of the more respectable conservatives. However much faith they had in the triumph of the moral forces they were setting in motion, they should at any rate have realized that fair play could only be secured for those moral forces by mustering in their defence a reserve of physical force not altogether disproportionate to that which would inevitably be arrayed against them. In this respect they unquestionably displayed the most culpable lack of forethought. It was not till the eleventh hour that they attempted to take the most elementary precautions for the protection of the imperial person, though they had made the Emperor the standard-bearer of their cause.

A catastrophe was in these circumstances inevitable. The old Empress had bided her time, resolute, vindictive, implacable, but cool-headed as ever. For three years she had played a waiting game, living patiently in semi-retirement, but from time to time showing her hand sufficiently to reassure her adherents and prove that she was still a power in the land, watching events and guiding them, but careful not to precipitate them. Now her opportunity had come. The predominance of the Chinese element in the Emperor's new *entourage* had aroused the arrogant spirit and racial hatred of the six thousand Manchu princes and imperial clansmen who

live by levying blackmail on their celestial kinsman. The two thousand bloated eunuchs who batten on the corruption of the palace were in almost open revolt against the interlopers who talked, "not wisely, but too well," of sweeping out the Augean stables of the Forbidden City; the priests who trembled for their temples and their perquisites; the old-fashioned *litterati* whose intellectual ascendancy was bound up with the ancient methods of learning; the mandarins of every "button," whose greed of power means greed of wealth; the high officials who plunder whole provinces, and the Yamen runners who are content to steal a few copper "cash"—all were in a ferment of alarm and discontent, all watched eagerly for a sign from the Summer Palace, where the same angry passions were surging in the breast of a shrivelled and painted old woman. But it was not upon the like of them that she relied. She knew what the reformers had forgotten, that a brigade of soldiers, even of Chinese soldiers, would suffice to overawe the whole population of Peking, mandarins and eunuchs, priests and populace, and it was with the army she had laid her plans. What was to become of the army? What was, above all, to become of its officers when the reformers handed it over—and hand it over they would, as sure as fate—to the "foreign devils," to be trained and drilled and turned into food for cannon, according to "barbarian" custom? Under the Empress's orders a large force had been moved up to the neighborhood of Peking and carefully plied with promises and threats. When the reformers woke up too late to these dangers and sent out an emissary to parley with the general in command, the latter listened to their overtures just long enough to learn their secret intentions, and then hurried off to his imperial mistress to inform her that a scheme was on foot for seizing her sacred person and conveying her to a safe place of confinement in the interior of the country. Exactly what happened then has never yet become known. It is believed that the Emperor, warned of an imminent *coup de main*, attempted to escape from the palace, intending to seek refuge at one of the foreign legations, but was discovered and forcibly restrained. What is known is that his last spontaneous act was to send a pathetic note to Kang Yu-Wei urging him to fly without delay.

Then the curtain falls upon the drama of the reforming Emperor. The epilogue is such as might be expected in an Oriental country. An imperial edict restored the regency of the Empress Dowager. Shortly afterwards an ominous announcement appeared in the Peking *Gazette*, that the Emperor was seriously ill, and for a time he was thought to be actually dead. But a significant warning from Sir Claude MacDonald to the Tsung-li-Yamen, that his death would create a disastrous impression in Western countries, probably did more to promote his recovery than the prescriptions of all the Chinese doctors who had been ostentatiously summoned by imperial edict to his bedside. Kang Yu-Wei and a few of the leading reformers succeeded in making their escape. But six of their less fortunate associates were executed in the market-place at Peking. They met their fate, according to all accounts, with a heroism worthy of their cause. Many others were exiled, degraded, imprisoned. Edict succeeded edict annulling all the Emperor's reforming edicts. The reform societies were dissolved and proscribed, the organs of the reform party suppressed, their schools closed, officials suspected of sympathy with them dismissed or frightened into abject submission, while honors and promotions were showered on the anti-foreign party. A new era of reaction had set in, of which the end cannot yet be foretold.

Once more the old Empress had triumphed, and for the third time within four decades a successful palace conspiracy had restored her supremacy; but even in the cup of triumph there must have been a dash of bitterness. She had had to rely almost exclusively upon the Manchus for the success of her bold schemes, and just as the reform movement had been essentially a Chinese movement, so the reactionary revolution had been essentially a reassertion of Manchu supremacy over the Chinese. She is too shrewd a woman not to have realized the danger of arraying Manchus against Chinese, and of relying on mere force to maintain the ascendancy of a ruling race long since intellectually and morally degenerate. Nor were the Manchus slow to exact from her the price of their support. Li Hung-Chang, the oldest and most devoted

of her Chinese henchmen, had been one of the moving spirits of the *coup d'état*, but he had, none the less, to be sacrificed, at least temporarily, to Manchu jealousy; and the Empress was fain to send him into honorable exile, to superintend in his old age the hopeless task of damming up the Yellow River. Again, though foreign diplomacy, absorbed in its own rivalries, had held aloof, in some cases perhaps with deplorable apathy, from the life-and-death struggle that had been going on within the Forbidden City, the Empress can hardly have failed to note that Russia and her faithful handmaid France alone expressed approval of the new régime. It has, indeed, been stated that an explicit agreement exists between the Empress and Russia for the maintenance of the dynasty under her supreme control; but even if that be so, the price she must have had, or may yet have, to pay for such an agreement may well cause her some secret heart-burning. And so long as the young Emperor still lives, can she feel absolutely safe that the past is irrevocably buried in "that island within the palace" to which Lord Salisbury so mysteriously alluded? Though his spirit may be cowed and crushed, though he may have submissively accepted his fate and resigned himself once more to such childish amusements as the training of goats and monkeys, it may be gathered, from the precautions that were taken throughout the winter to keep the ice constantly broken on the ornamental water which surrounds his island prison, that, though his life may be but a living death, it still constitutes a restraint if not a danger to the old Empress's usurping power. Nor can she permanently set back the clock of progress. Whatever the issue may be for the unfortunate Kwang Shu or for his masterful old kinswoman, the traces of the reform movement can never be wholly obliterated. Tan Sze-Tung, one of its noblest protomartyrs, loudly proclaimed, as he was led forth to execution, that for every head cut off that day a thousand would arise to carry on the work of reform. The seed thus fertilized by the blood of fearless apostles must yet bear fruit amongst the teeming millions of a race endowed with unconquerable vitality, though its earliest blossom has been ruthlessly plucked from the Dragon Throne.

ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE ambulance clanged along, now under the elevated railroad, and now wrenching itself outside to get ahead of a cable-car.

With his little bag in his hand, the young doctor sat wondering whether he would know just what to do when the time came. This was his first day of duty as ambulance surgeon, and now he was going to his first call. It was three in the afternoon of an August day, when the hot spell had lasted a week already, and yet the young physician was chill with apprehension as he took stock of himself, and as he had a realizing sense of his own inexperience.

The bullet-headed Irishman who was driving the ambulance as skilfully as became the former owner of a night-hawk cab glanced back at the doctor and sized up the situation.

"There's no knowin' what it is we'll find when we get there," he began. "There's times when it's no aisy job the doctor has. Say you give the man ether, now, or whatever it is you make him sniff, and maybe he's dead when he comes out of it. Where are you then?"

The young man decided instantly that if anything of that sort should happen to him that afternoon, he would go back to Georgia at once and try for a place in the country store.

"But nothing ever fazed Dr. Chandler," the driver went on. "It's Dr. Chandler's place you're takin' now, ye know that?"

It seemed to the surgeon that the Irishman was making ready to patronize him, or at least to insinuate the new-comer's inferiority to his predecessor, whereupon his sense of humor came to his rescue, and a smile relieved the tension of his nerves as he declared that Dr. Chandler was an honor to his profession.

"He is that!" the driver returned, emphatically, as with a dexterous jerk he swung the ambulance just in front of a cable-car, to the sputtering disgust of the gripman. "An' it's many a dangerous case we've had to handle together, him and me."

"I don't doubt that you were of great

assistance to him," the young Southerner suggested.

"Many's the time he's tould me he never knew what he'd ha' done without me," the Irishman responded. "There was that night, now—the night when the big sailor come off the Roosian ship up in the North River there, an' he got full, an' he fell down the steps of a barber shop, an' he bruck his leg into three paces, so he did; an' that made him mad, the pain of it did, an' he was just wild when the ambulance come. Oh, it was a lovely jag he had on him, that Roosian—a lovely jag! An' it was a daisy scrap we had wid him!"

"What did he do?" asked the surgeon.

"What didn't he do?" the driver replied, laughing at the memory of the scene. "He tried to do the doctor—Dr. Chandler it was, as I tould you. He'd a big knife—it's mortal long knives, too, them Roosians carry—an' he was so full he thought it was Dr. Chandler that was hurtin' him, and he med offer to put his knife in him, when, begorra, I kicked it out of his hand."

"I have often heard Dr. Chandler speak of you," said the doctor, with an involuntary smile, as he recalled several of the good stories that his predecessor had told him of the driver's peculiarities.

"An' why w'u'dn't he?" the Irishman replied. "It's more nor wanst I had to help him out of trouble. An' never a word we had in all the months he drove out wid me. But it'll be some aisy little job we'll have now, I'm thinkin'—a sun-stroke, maybe, or a kid that's got knocked down by a scorcher, or a thrifle of that kind; you'll be able to attend to that yourself aisy enough, no doubt."

To this the young Southerner made no response, for his mind was busy in going over the antidotes for various poisons. Then he aroused himself and shook his shoulders, and laughed at his own pre-occupation.

The Irishman did not approve of this. "An' of coorse," he continued, "it may be a scrap 'twixt a ginny and a Poland-er; or maybe, now, a coon has gone for a

chink wid a razzar, and sliced him most in two, I dun'no'."

Then he clanged the bell unexpectedly, and swerved off the track and down a side street toward the river.

The doctor soon found a curious crowd flattening their noses against the windows of a drug-store on a corner of the Boulevard. He sprang off as the driver slowed down to turn and back up.

A policeman stood in the doorway of the pharmacist's, swinging his club by its string as he kept the children outside. He drew back to let the young surgeon pass, saying as he did so: "It's no use now, I think, doctor. You are too late."

The body of a man lay flat on the tile pavement of the shop. He was decently dressed, but his shoes were worn and patched. He was a very large man, too, stout even for his length. His cravat had been untied and his collar had been opened. His face was covered with a torn handkerchief.

As the doctor dropped on his knees by the side of the body, the druggist's clerk came from behind the prescription counter—a thin, undersized, freckled youngster, with short red hair and a trembling voice.

"He's dead, ain't he?" asked this apparition.

The doctor finished his examination of the man on the floor; and then he answered as he rose to his feet: "Yes, he's dead. How did it happen?"

The delivery of the young druggist was hesitating and broken. "Well, it was this way, you see. The boss was out, and I was in charge here, and there wasn't anything doing except at the fountain. Then this man came in; he was in a hurry, and he told me he was feeling faint—kind of suffocated, so he said—and couldn't I give him something. Well, I'm a graduate in pharmacy, you know, and so I fixed him up a little aromatic spirits of ammonia in a glass of soda-water. You know that won't hurt anybody. But just as he took the glass out of my hand his knees gave way and he squashed down on the floor there. The glass broke, and he hadn't paid for the spirits of ammonia, either; and when I got round to him he was dead—at least I thought so, but I rang you up to make sure."

"Yes," the doctor returned, "apparently he died at once—heart failure. Prob-

bly he had fatty degeneration, and this heat has been too much for him."

"I don't think any man has a right to come in here and die like that without warning, heart failure or no heart failure, do you?" asked the red-headed assistant. "I don't know what the boss will say. That's the kind of thing that spoils trade, and it ain't any too good here, anyway, with a drug-store 'most every block."

"Do you know who he is?" the doctor inquired.

"I went through his pockets, but he hadn't any watch nor any letters," the druggist answered; "but he's got about a dollar in change in his pants."

The doctor looked around the shop. The policeman was still in the doorway, and a group of boys and girls blocked the entrance.

"Does anybody here know this man?" asked the surgeon.

A small boy twisted himself under the policeman's arm and slipped into the store. "I know him," he cried, eagerly. "I see him come in. I was here all the time, and I see it all. He's Tim McEchran."

"Where does he live?" the doctor asked, only to correct himself swiftly—"where did he live?"

"I thought he was dead when I saw him go down like he was sandbagged," said the boy. "He lives just round the corner in Amsterdam Avenue—at least his wife lives there."

The doctor took the address, and with the aid of the policeman he put the body on the stretcher and lifted it into the ambulance. The driver protested against this as unprecedented.

"Sure it's none of our business to take a stiff home!" he declared. "That's no work at all, at all, for an ambulance. Dr. Chandler never done the like in all the months him an' me was together. Begob, I never contracted to drive hearses."

The young Southerner explained that this procedure might not be regular, but it revolted him to leave the body of a fellow-mortal lying where it had fallen on the floor of a shop. The least he could do, so it seemed to him, was to take it to the dead man's widow, especially since this was scarcely a block out of their way as they returned to the hospital.

The driver kept on grumbling as they drove off. "Sure he give ye no chance

at all, at all, doctor, to go and croak afore iver ye got at him, and you only beginnin' yer work! Dr. Chandler, now, he'd get 'em into the wagon ennyway, an' take chances of there bein' breath in 'em. Three times, divil a less, they died on us on the stretcher there, an' me whippin' like the divil to get 'em into the hospital ennyhow, where it was their own consarn whether they lived or died. That's the place for 'em to die in, an' not in the wagon; but the wagon's better than dyin' before we can get to 'em, an' the divil thank the begrudgers! It's unlucky, so it is; an' by the same token, to-day's Friday, so it is!"

The small boy who had identified the dead man ran alongside of them, accompanied by his admiring mates; and when the ambulance backed up again before a pretentious tenement-house with a brown-stone front and bevelled plate-glass doors, the small boy rang Mrs. McEcchran's bell.

"It's the third floor she lives on," he declared.

The janitor came up from the basement, and he and the driver carried the stretcher up to Mrs. McEcchran's landing.

The doctor went up before them, and found an insignificant little old woman waiting for him on the landing.

"Is this Mrs. McEcchran?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; then, as she saw the burden the men were carrying, she cried: "My God! What's that? What are they bringing it here for?"

The young Southerner managed to withdraw her into the front room of the flat, and he noticed that it was very clean and very tidy.

"I am a doctor," he began, soothingly, "and I am sorry to say that there has been an accident—"

"An accident?" she repeated. "Oh, my God! And is it Tim?"

"You must summon all your courage, Mrs. McEcchran," the doctor returned. "This is a serious matter—a very serious matter."

"Is he hurt very bad?" she cried. "Is it dangerous?"

"I may as well tell you the truth, Mrs. McEcchran," said the physician. "I cannot say that your husband will ever be able to be out again."

By that time the stretcher had been brought into the room, with the body on it entirely covered by a blanket.

"You don't mean to tell me he is going to die?" she shrieked, wringing her hands. "Don't say that, doctor! don't say that!"

The bearers set the stretcher down, and the woman threw herself on her knees beside it.

"Tim!" she cried. "Speak to me, Tim!"

Getting no response, she sprang to her feet and turned to the surgeon. "You don't mean he's dead?" And the last word died away in a wail.

"I'm afraid there is no hope for him," the doctor replied.

"He's dead! Tim's dead! Oh, my God!" she said, and then she dropped into a chair and threw her apron over her head and rocked to and fro, sobbing and mourning.

The young Southerner was not yet hardened to such sights, and his heart was sore with sympathy. Yet it seemed to him that the woman's emotion was so violent that it would not last long.

While he was getting ready to have the body removed from the stretcher to a bed in one of the other rooms, Mrs. McEcchran unexpectedly pulled the apron from her head.

"Can I look at him?" she asked, as she slipped to the side of the body and stealthily lifted a corner of the covering to peek in. Suddenly she pulled it back abruptly. "Why, this ain't Tim!" she cried.

"That is not your husband?" asked the doctor, in astonishment. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure!" she answered, laughing hysterically. "Of course I'm sure! As if I didn't know Tim, the father of my children! Why, this ain't even like him!"

The doctor did not know what to say. "Allow me to congratulate you, madam," he began. "No doubt Mr. McEcchran is still alive and well; no doubt he will return to you. But if this is not your husband, whose husband is he?"

The room had filled with the neighbors, and in the crowd the small boy who had brought them there made his escape.

"Can any one tell me who this is?" the surgeon asked.

"I knew that weren't Mr. McEcchran as soon as I see him," said another boy. "That's Mr. Carroll."

"And where does—did Mr. Carroll live?" the doctor pursued, repenting al-

ready of his zeal as he foresaw a repetition of the same painful scene in some other tenement-house.

"It's only two blocks off—on the Boulevard," explained the second boy. "It's over a saloon on the corner. I'll show you if I can ride on the wagon."

"Very well," agreed the doctor; and the body was carried down and placed again in the ambulance.

As the ambulance started, he overheard one little girl say to another: "He was killed in a blast! My! ain't it awful? It blew his legs off!"

To which the other little girl answered, "But I saw both his boots as they carried him out."

And the first little girl then explained: "Oh, I guess they put his legs back in place so as not to hurt his wife's feelings. Terrible, ain't it?"

When the ambulance started, the driver began grumbling again: "It's not Dr. Chandler that 'ud have a thing like this happen to him. Him an' me never went traipsing round wid a corp that didn't belong to nobody. We knew enough to take it where the wake was waitin'."

The boy on the box with the driver guided the ambulance to a two-story wooden shanty with a rickety stairway outside leading up to the second floor.

He sprang down as the ambulance backed up, and he pointed out to the doctor the sign at the foot of these external steps—"Martin Carroll, Photographer."

"That's where he belongs," the boy explained. "He sleeps in the gallery up there. The saloon belongs to a Dutchman that married his sister. This is the place all right, if it really is Mr. Carroll."

"What do you mean by that?" shouted the doctor. "Are you not sure about it?"

"I ain't certain sure," the fellow replied. "I ain't as sure as I was first off. But I think it's Mr. Carroll. Leastways, if it ain't, it looks like him!"

It was with much dissatisfaction at this doubtfulness of his guide that the doctor helped the driver slide out the stretcher.

Then the side door of the saloon under the landing of the outside stairs opened and a stocky little German came out.

"What's this? What's this?" he asked.

The young surgeon began his explanation again. "This is where Mr. Carroll lived, isn't it? Well, I am sorry to say there has been an accident, and—"

"Is that Martin there?" interrupted the German.

"Yes," the Southerner replied, "and I'm afraid it is a serious case—a pretty serious case—"

"Is he dead?" broke in the saloon-keeper again.

"He is dead," the doctor answered.

"Then why didn't you say so?" asked the short man, harshly. "Why waste all that time talking, if he's dead?"

The Southerner was inclined to resent this rudeness, but he checked himself.

"I understand that you are Mr. Carroll's brother-in-law," he began again, "so I suppose I can leave the body in your charge—"

The German went over to the stretcher and turned down the blanket.

"No, you don't leave him here," he declared. "I'm not going to take him. This ain't my sister's husband!"

"This is not Mr. Carroll?" and this time the doctor looked around for the boy who had misinformed him. "I was told it was."

"The man who told you was a liar, that's all. This ain't Martin Carroll, and the sooner you take him away the better. That's what I say," declared the saloon-keeper, going back to his work.

The doctor looked around in disgust. What he had to do now was to take the body to the morgue, and that revolted him. It seemed to him an insult to the dead and an outrage toward the dead man's family. Yet he had no other course of action open to him, and he was beginning to be impatient to have done with the thing. The week of hot weather had worn on his nerves also, and he wanted to be back again in the cool hospital out of the oven of the streets.

As he and the driver were about to lift up the stretcher again, a man in overalls stepped up to the body and looked at it attentively.

"It's Dick O'Donough!" he said at once. "Poor old Dick! It's a sad day for her—and her that excitable!"

"Do you know him?" asked the doctor.

"Don't I?" returned the man in overalls, a thin, elderly man, with wisps of hair beneath his chin and a shrewd weazened face. "It's Dick O'Donough!"

"But are you sure of it?" the young surgeon insisted. "We've had two mistakes already."

"Sure of it?" repeated the other. "Of



"MY! AIN'T IT AWFUL? IT BLEW HIS LEGS OFF!"

course I'm sure of it! Didn't I work alongside of him five years? And isn't that the scar on him he got when the wheel broke?" And he lifted the dead man's hair and showed a cicatrix on the temple.

"Very well," said the doctor. "If you are sure, where did he live?"

"It's only a little way."

"I'm glad of that. Can you show us?"

"I can that," replied the man in overalls.

"Then jump up in front," said the doctor.

As they started again the driver grumbled once more. "Begorra, April day's a fool to ye," he began. "Them parvarse gossoons, now, if I got howld of 'em, they'd know what it was hurt 'em, I'm thinkin'."

The man in overalls directed them to a shabby double tenement in a side street swarming with children. There was a Chinese laundry on one side of the doorway, and on the other a bakery. The door stood open, and the hallway was dark and dirty.

"It's a sad day it'll be for Mrs. O'Donough," sighed the man in overalls. "I don't know what it is she's got, but she's very queer, now, very queer."

He went into the bakery and got a man to help the driver carry up the stretcher. Women came out of the shops on both sides of the street, and leaned out of their windows with babies in their arms, and stepped out on the fire-escapes. There were banana peelings and crumpled newspapers and rubbish of one sort or another scattered in the street, and the savor of it all was unpleasant even to a man who was no stranger to the casual ward of a hospital.

The man in overalls went up stairs with the doctor, warning him where a step was broken or where a bit of the hand-rail was missing. They groped their way along the passage on the first floor, and knocked.

The door opened suddenly, and they saw an ill-furnished room, glaring with the sun reflected from its white walls. Two women stood just within the door. One was tall and spare, with gray streaks in her coal-black hair, and with piercing black eyes; the other was a comfortable body with a cheerful smile.

"That's Mrs. O'Donough," said the doctor's guide—"the tall one. See the eyes

of her, now! The other's a neighbor woman, who's with her a good deal, she's that excitable."

The doctor stepped into the room, and began once more to break the news. "This is Mrs. O'Donough, is it not?" he said. "I'm a doctor, and I am sorry to have to say there has been an accident, and Mr. O'Donough is—is under treatment."

Here the driver and the man from the bakery brought in the stretcher.

When the tall woman saw this she gripped the arm of the other and hissed out, "Is it *it*?" Then she turned her back on the body and sank her head on her friend's shoulder.

The other woman made signs to the doctor to say little or nothing.

The driver and the baker took a thin counterpane off the bed, which stood against the wall. Then they lifted the body from the stretcher to the bed, and covered it with the counterpane.

The doctor did not know what to say in the face of the signals he was receiving from the widow's friend.

"In case I can be of any assistance at any time," he suggested—and then Mrs. O'Donough lifted her head and looked at him with her burning eyes—"if I can be of service, do not hesitate to call on me. Here is my card."

As he felt his way down stairs again he heard a hand-organ break out suddenly into a strident waltz.

When he came out into the street a few little children were dancing in couples, although most of them stood around the ambulance, gazing with morbid curiosity at the driver as he replaced the stretcher. At the door of the baker's shop stood a knot of women talking it over; but in the Chinese laundry the irons went back and forth steadily, with no interest in what might happen in the street outside.

As the doctor took his seat in the vehicle a shriek came from the room he had just left—a shuddering, heart-rending wail,—then another,—and then there was silence.

The ambulance started forward, the bell clanged to clear the way, the horse broke into a trot, and in a minute or two they turned into the broad avenue.

Then the driver looked at the doctor. "The widdy's takin' it harrd, I'm thinkin', but she'll get over it before the wake," he said. "An' it's good lungs she has, ennyhow."

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

A LESSON IN COLONIAL ADMINISTRATION.

BY CHALMERS ROBERTS.

FROM whatever point of view the heritage of the late Spanish-American war is regarded, one fact is evident and undeniable. The government of the United States has become guardian and tutor to a great number of semi-civilized and barbarous people. Whether as positively incorporated citizens of the republic, or as wards to be led to independent self-government, these peoples must be shown the way of knowledge and of truth. The latest and best systems of government must be taught them, and taught them, moreover, in the most approved and practicable manner. For even if, after the traditional fate of such declarations, we do not hold ourselves strictly to the letter of our *ante-bellum* declarations of disinterestedness, we must at least be true to the spirit of humanitarianism which inspired them. In no case can we carry on our tuition by the sword once order is restored and our prestige firmly established. This brings us to a peculiarly recent development in the history of colonies or dependencies. For while the world has long been acquainted with conquest and subjugation, it has witnessed very few attempts at the elevation of dependent races to a plane of self-government. The uniform tendency has been to compel them into lower depths of helplessness and surer servitude. Such dominion has for the most part not hesitated to deprive them of whatever civil rights they formerly had, but to demand material tribute as well, adding a burden of poverty to that of slavery. If we seek the guiding light of modern experience, we shall find few instances of assumed sovereignty which had not for an end subjugation or extinction and colonization.

The position of the British government in Egypt furnishes almost a unique example of that manner of occupation and beneficent guardianship which seems the logical end of our present situation. In both cases intervention, long postponed, becomes inevitable. In both cases humanitarian avowals, made at the time of in-

tervention, were scoffed at and ridiculed. But there are few instances in history where such declarations have been so faithfully fulfilled in spirit, if not in letter, as in Egypt. It is of course the fashion in certain quarters of the Continent to recall the British promise of speedy evacuation, and to insist upon its belated fulfilment. But that is international politics pure and simple. No impartial investigator can fail to see how truly the greater power has raised the lesser in every manner of political and material welfare—a progress so vast and so astounding as to sweep at once aside all petty contentions as to the length of time during which this tuition must be backed by force, or the exact political position occupied by the tutors. Moreover, questions as to how the English came into Egypt, what position they occupy there, and how long they are to remain are matters not connected with the experience from which we are to profit. There is an Egyptian side to the controversy. It has frequently been presented to the world with all its strength. But with it and its endless international ramifications there is no need for this paper to deal. The results of British occupation are too plainly seen and too vast to be minimized by opposition criticism. How they were secured and how they are maintained are the interesting subjects. For as many as have been the mistakes of the occupation—and a constant reiteration of the promise of evacuation as well as the repeated shirking of an avowed protectorate are not the least prominent—there are yet such methods of administration to be observed there as certainly contemporary history nowhere else furnishes. We would naturally turn to the experience of the mother-country even were she not the most successful governor in the world. But not in India, where she is avowed mistress, nor in the South Seas, where she colonizes, does she furnish the example we seek. It is in the old, old land of the Pharaohs that she has taken up a new, an unprecedented position

of "adviser," where her failures and her triumphs have that to tell which will aid us in the heavy burden to which we have fallen heir. This Egyptian business, to quote Sir Alfred Milner, "the most absurd experiment in human government has been productive of one of the most remarkable harvests of human improvement." To write of it briefly and practically is most difficult. Short as it is, it is such a fine story, so full of color and stirring situations, so full of paradox and mystery, that one is tempted always from the straight way of fact and experience into many highly colored bypaths.

Upon starting out in this investigation it is consoling to know that neither in the West Indies nor in the Philippines are we confronted with such disheartening complications as those with which England in Egypt has had to deal. In the first place, there are no international complications to embarrass the home government elsewhere as a consequence of our action in the Spanish provinces. While there are financial difficulties to be overcome, they are nothing to compare with the mountain of debt which Khedive Ismail piled upon the backs of the poor fellaheen. We are free, too, from all the difficulties of Moslem fanaticism. For the rule of Islam brought with it not only all of the sullen opposition to innovation for which it is noted, but also the immense burden of the Turkish capitulations, which, in protecting the large body of foreigners in Egypt from the government of the Khedive, alike relieved them of all responsibility therein or liability thereto. Then, again, we may begin with no hesitating declaration of protection. Whatever may be promised these peoples in the future, for the present it seems well understood that they are to be under our care both to direct and to defend. We will undoubtedly, for one end or another, seek to govern them through themselves; and to gain their co-operation through all the inevitable time of hostility and opposition will be our chief end. In the face of every manner of embarrassing and nagging obstruction, both on the part of the natives and two or three Continental powers, and only with that dogged determination for which the race is famous, this is what the English have accomplished in the valley of the Nile. In spite of himself they have led the Egyptian to a higher form of government

than would ever have been possible without them, or than could possibly be continued at this time without their strong advice well backed up. There are too many evidences of his material advancement for all his protests to conceal. The whole book of how it has been done is spread open for us to read. Of methods we cannot fail. Our greatest need is perhaps in men, not necessarily men of aptness and intelligence, for no nation is richer in them than we are; the need will be in men drawn from a trained government service, for in such work experience is more valuable than intuition. In this class of men the story of the British influence in Egypt has been particularly rich.

Looking at the subject from a general stand-point, the chief value of the Egyptian experience will be to mark out a line of more or less paternal government with which our people are but little acquainted. We are so used to see all reforms, originating with the people, accomplished with their consent and assistance, that the fact of having to apply all measures directly from above will of itself furnish much embarrassment. Yet few will maintain that any of these new wards of the nation are now capable of that kind of self-government to which alone we would be justified in leaving them.

Another general moral to be gathered from experience with the Khedivial principality is that the best results have been obtained when it was possible to graft new methods on old customs. Instead of overturning in wholesale fashion all the local institutions under which the common people have lived for generations, it has been a very successful policy on the part of Lord Cromer and his associates to encourage and enliven them into instruments of usefulness. In this way the old head sheiks of villages, called Omdehs, have in many cases been made desirable members of the new order of things; village schools have been given small government grants if they would adopt certain simple but modern additions to their line of instruction; the old system of local watchmen (ghaffirs) has been reorganized and made useful; in fact, in every line of work where it was possible the old has been taught to serve with the new. While this is a policy of common-sense instead of theory, it promises better results than more perfect plans. In

adapting themselves to a situation rather than in experimenting upon theories, is to be found the primary factor in the good work done by Englishmen in Cairo.

There is also a wise precaution which it will perhaps be difficult for Americans to follow in the restrictions which have been placed upon representative government in Egypt. We will be very apt to make early experiments in the bestowal of one form or another of autonomy. There may be some room for argument as to how far the Cubans and Puerto-Ricans are able to go in the management of their affairs. But in the Philippines it would seem for some time out of the question to bestow any form of national representation. And this even with the best of intentions to grant full independence as soon as possible.

In these farthest dependencies it is now very evident that a show of force will be necessary in maintaining any kind of public tranquillity. In fact, it is probable that in all of these islands at least a sign of the military power of their guardian will be most effectual in compelling public attention to those matters which most concern general and individual prosperity. All authorities upon the Egyptian question agree that the small army of occupation maintained there by the English is valuable not for its actual strength, but as a symbol of the power behind it. And those who seem to know the subject best maintain that if this small force were withdrawn, the whole face of the situation would change. To an unprejudiced mind it must be evident that, left to themselves, the Egyptians might soon return to the hopeless condition of affairs from which their Anglo-Saxon benefactors rescued them. In fact, one young American with whom I have talked, and who, after five years' residence in Cairo, is thoroughly conversant with the case, believes that it would be a question not of years, but of months only, when the native government would turn its back upon all the system from which the people have gained such undeniable benefit.

And in this work of beneficent patronage nothing seems so necessary as public tranquillity. Among the excitable people with whom we have to deal there will perhaps be a greater necessity for compelling a quiet public mind than

there has been in Egypt. The chief purpose of this tranquillity is to concentrate popular attention upon matters of material improvement, especially those which most nearly affect the peasant classes. In thus raising them from distressing poverty is the surest method of gaining their good-will. If the Briton has a best friend in Egypt to-day, it is the fellah, to whom has been brought all manner of blessings. First, and most important, he is assured his just share of the ever-necessary water of the Nile for irrigation, and allowed a quantity which under old methods was not to be hoped for. He is also promised a greater and surer supply in the future as a direct result of British engineering and capital. Next, his great burden of taxation has been cut in half, and is collected regularly and justly. He has been freed from enforced labor upon public works (the *corvée*), from which he has suffered since before the pyramids were built, and which used to deprive him of half his time. He has been freed from the lash (*kurbash*), which in the old days was the most frequent instrument of justice, and from all kinds of horrible torture, which forms the most common Oriental method of prosecuting legal investigations. He has been given a larger measure of education, of police protection, and of sanitation than he could ever have hoped for without assistance beyond the power of the native government. And dull as he seems to be, and as little as he seems to know or care about who is his governor, he would be lower than a dumb brute not to realize his bettered condition, and much less grateful if he did not, secretly at least, thank his benefactors. Another general lesson has been learned in this task of regenerating Egypt. The work of reform must be taken up in every branch of the government as soon as possible. Sad experience has made it plain to the English advisers at Cairo that, whenever through lack of time or means they left certain administrations in the hands of even the best-intentioned natives, sooner or later they have been forced to take the whole system over, and often to undo evils grown up since their own time. The several systems of justice, including the police, which have been instituted and abolished since the time of the British occupation, have only delayed and embarrassed the estab-

lishment of the ultimate scheme which the foreigners had to devise and inaugurate.

And all of these applications of modern ideas must be most carefully adapted to existing conditions, including the temper and habits of the people. No greater danger lies in the way than the reckless application of our methods to a people so little resembling us. This of course includes schemes as general as national representation and as local as the freedom of the press and trial by jury. In fact, there easily come to mind many other subjects fit for the most measured caution.

The choosing of proper men to do the work is most important. As was said above, we have no great school like India, nor permanent trained force at home, from which to draw. Yet if we have any hope of building up a self-respecting native civil service, how can we set any but the best of examples? And if as a result of all this work we should secure a higher grade of public service at home as well as abroad, there could come to us, for our efforts, no greater reward.

There is a marked feature of the fine body of Englishmen and foreigners generally in the work in Egypt. And it is one of especial interest to those who hope to see entrance to what, for want of a better name, may be called our colonial service based upon a system of appointment and advancement by merit alone. One of the most frequent arguments made by American advocates of partisan public service, when the benefits of the British civil service are advanced, is that while the service may be admitted excellent, entrance to it is by favor alone. Therefore, they say, positions are monopolized by the sons of the rich and great, by what the French call "sons of family." Nowhere have Englishmen better proved their fitness for governing than at Cairo, and nowhere have the sons of great men or the bearers of great names been so conspicuously absent. The majority of the men who have made the Egypt of to-day have at the same time made themselves. By this it is not meant that they have risen from the lowest ranks of society, what are generally known as self-made men. It is the good fortune or rather the legitimate result of the system and the rewards which it offers that the best class of Englishmen enter the government service. They

must be men of good standing and good education.

The most fitting example is furnished in Lord Cromer, whose very name is now synonymous with things Egyptian. It is equally difficult to write of Egypt without mentioning his name, and once it is mentioned, to withhold the fullest measure of admiration and praise for the record he has made. He began life as a younger and by no means wealthy member of the financial house of Baring. Family influence probably secured for him a nomination to be examined for the army, just as such nominations are given to young Americans. But it was his capability and excellent record which secured for Major Evelyn Baring, after the fall of Ismail Pacha, appointment as one of the members of the dual control established over Egypt by England and France. Except for an absence of three years (1880-1882) as financial member of the Council of India, he has been in Cairo ever since. To write of what he has done is but to write a history of the occupation, for he has been its corner-stone. And to-day he is undoubtedly the greatest member of his family, where twenty years ago he was probably the most obscure.

Practically the same story might be told of the other names so closely associated with the history of the Nile Valley since 1882. The first three names were Baring as administrator, Edgar Vincent as financier, and Colin Scott-Moncrieff as director of public works. Undoubtedly the greatest difficulty in Egypt was the regeneration of the completely prostrated and hopelessly entangled finances of the country. Although very successful men have followed him in the work, it was Vincent's bitterly opposed policy of economy and just expenditure which made the present marvellous results possible. He came also from the army, was appointed in 1883, twenty-six years old, and left Egypt ten years later one of the best-known financiers in Europe. Next to need of money with which to run the government, need of water to cultivate the land was most pressing. And the general improvement of the old canals and outlets, as well as the utilization of the great barrage dam for the perfection of the irrigation system in the Delta, is due almost wholly to Colonel (now Sir Colin) Scott-Moncrieff.

The same requirement of individual fitness which so successfully began the work is upheld to-day. Fortunately for the home government, Lord Cromer remains, in spite of a frequently expressed wish to retire. Sir William Garstin, the latest successor of Scott-Moncrieff, who has ably carried on the administration, and whose career will probably find its summit in supervision of the construction of the great irrigation reservoir begun at Assuan, has risen step by step along the ladder of successful engineering. Sir Edgar Vincent's old place of financial adviser, next to Lord Cromer's the most important in Egypt, is now held by Mr. John Gorst. It is true that he is the son of a well-known member of Parliament, but if Mr. Gorst had depended on family influence alone, he would probably be now but a secretary in the diplomatic service, rather than the most important official in the Egyptian government. This list might be continued indefinitely for the benefit and encouragement of those young Americans who are to make great names in the work before us. But it is useless, for nowhere can the merit system of office-holding find more continuous exemplification or better defence than in the records of the occupation. Would that some equally strong argument could be advanced to show why ample recompense and prompt reward should always be given as freely as by the British at Cairo. For there is no surer secret as to how this eminently successful corps of administrators has been obtained.

Let us look briefly at the different branches of this government within a government. Of the higher executive system there is little to be learned, as, fortunately for us, we have no native rulers to lead and appease, and can in higher matters of administration use our own methods without restriction. Neither, therefore, is it necessary to detail the intricate way in which the unavowed protectorate imposes its views upon the dependent ruler.

The legislative branch shows a system of national representation which furnishes an example of what may go far towards satisfying early demands for franchise and local legislatures. There are two divisions of the Egyptian parliament, the Legislative Council and the General Assembly. These were created in 1883 under the direction of Lord Dufferin. The

Council is composed of thirty members, fourteen of whom, including the President, are appointed by the government. To it, on the occasion of its monthly meetings, are submitted the Budget and all proposed administrative laws. It amends these as it sees fit. The government, however, need not accept the amendments, but is required to give in writing to the Assembly full reasons for such rejections. Neither the Council nor the Assembly can originate legislation. The General Assembly is the Council augmented by the six members of the Khedive's cabinet and forty-six members popularly elected. It must meet at least once in every two years. It has even less of legislative functions than the Council, for its only method of expression is by resolutions upon any subject of public interest. These resolutions are presented to the government, and if the suggestions are found meritorious, they are framed into law. The Assembly has one important privilege. No new taxes can be imposed without its consent. Thus it is seen that while the people are not trusted with providing plans for their own government, their desires and needs have full expression, and no reasonable demands originating with them are set aside. No doubt, as the government is very careful through its representatives in both bodies to explain fully all proposed measures, many admirable and popular amendments are secured through this restricted representation.

The protecting power has of late years gone further in granting some measure of local self-government. Cairo, Alexandria, Port Said, and Mansura have been given municipal incorporation. These cities, by virtue of the large number of foreign residents in them, were considered more apt to succeed, as the foreigners were given full representation in the city councils. A president of the municipality is nominated by the government at Cairo, as well as a chief of police, the latter always an Englishman. After this they manage their own affairs with no further interference, and are more or less successful.

In establishing a judicial system in these dependencies no doubt much of the existing structures, particularly as to small courts, may be used when purified and carefully filled with just magistrates. In Egypt there is so much that is local, so many complications resulting from the

religious Mohammedan courts, the refusal of civilized powers to relinquish their rights of extra-territoriality which the capitulations give, and from which the consular courts and the mixed tribunals result, that little specific guidance is to be had from judicial experience there. In efforts to establish and improve local courts, after some sad experience, it has been learned that in a backward country as many small, single-judge courts and as few appeals as possible serve best. The higher and more intricate benefits of the law, expressed in numerous reviews and appeals, are beyond the requirements of simple people. And when they were first accorded in Egypt, interminable delays and much dissatisfaction resulted. This is but another side of general unfitness for self-government. And as long as a people are not able to originate justice for themselves, just so long will it be necessary to administer it for them with a strong hand and in a more or less summary manner. Also among such peoples a right so fundamental with us as trial by jury is out of the question. Of course such natives can have no idea of equity or the weight of evidence, and are filled, moreover, with all manner of religious and superstitious ideas which would prevent the rendering of just verdicts. The most useful courts are those held by the single district judge who travels about his district, and whose decisions are final in all matters concerning an amount of money at stake usually more than any native dispute is apt to involve. But to relieve the crush on these, the head sheiks (Omdehs) have been made into local magistrates, with power to settle all controversies concerning even a less sum. Above these are courts of the first instance with five judges each, and courts of appeal with eight judges each, both of these numbers subject to augmentation. These higher courts are made up of native and European judges, while the subordinate judges are always natives. What is called at Washington the Department of Justice (really the department of prosecution) is in Egypt treated as part of the judicial system. It is of doubtful desirability, as it has not been very successful. Our national system of marshals and district attorneys seems to furnish a much better example. According to old Oriental customs, the presiding judge always carried on the prosecution of the cases brought

before him, and the police carried on the primary investigation. Replacing this, a system copied after the French was devised. This has a procureur-général, and a large body of under-officials called individually *substituts du procureur-général*, and collectively the *Parquet*. In the prosecution of criminal cases there has been much clashing between the *Parquet* and the local authorities. But the former force is continued in office because it is composed of educated young natives who know the laws of evidence and procedure much better than do local magistrates, and because it is excellent training for a set of young lawyers from whom afterwards the native judges are recruited.

There is a feature of this system which seems very reasonable and beneficial. There is a Commission of Supervision, composed of the chief English official of the Ministry of Justice, the procureur-général, and one of the legal advisers of the government. This commission examines the records of the lower courts. It is not a court of appeals, and does not reverse decisions. But it privately calls the attention of judges to any noticeable errors they have made; and when such errors seem general, a circular on the subject is issued to all the courts concerned. This commission has done excellent work, and has been of great assistance to a very incompetent bench.

In the work done by the various divisions of the executive branch of the government there is much profitable information to be had which can here be but briefly mentioned. While there will be no troublesome foreign affairs for the new governments, finance will occupy a large amount of their attention. If the Egyptian experience in this line offers any primary lesson, it is the profitable reward of expenditures for the public good. The establishment and collection of customs and interior taxation must of course be adapted to each locality. In such countries as those with which we have to deal, public economy is sure to bear directly upon individual welfare in a way difficult for long-established and non-prosperous communities to realize. The happiness, material and moral welfare, of such people depend directly upon the taxation imposed upon them and the benefits afforded. This is of course true everywhere, but general prosperity causes individual wealth to be more or less inde-

pendent of the costs or rewards of government. There has been in Egypt a constant necessity for the clearest of decision between relieving the people of burdens and conferring benefits on them. These poor people with whom we will have to deal can only bear the lightest of taxation, yet how great will be their need for all manner of benefits which only money can buy! Protection, justice, education, and sanitation will all be costly, and the voters of the United States are apt to demand that the dependencies be wholly self-supporting. Taxation, direct and indirect, is always a question of locality. But in the administration of modern financial methods for half-civilized communities the Egyptian experience will show much to those who are intrusted with the work to be done. The early records of the Ministry of Finance in Cairo under Vincent are filled with all manner of economical expedients by which small revenues are made to perform the largest possible service.

So if these peoples are to support themselves, new methods for the collection of just and wisely distributed taxes are to be devised, new systems of money to be introduced, and the great problem of the standard, which has given so much trouble at home, is to be carried over and settled for them. This will be the first and most important administrative work to be done. For the presence of the army will maintain order until local institutions may be depended on to secure it. And the great field for good work in a department of the interior must necessarily wait upon funds for its development.

According to the recent army bill passed by Congress, native troops are to be organized for the relief of our own in the maintenance of law and order. This begins at once the work of a provincial war department. And the experience of the British occupation gives few more noticeable examples of the benefits of the white man's training for native troops. The fellah soldier in the days of Ismail was just about as bad as possible to bear the name at all. He was maltreated, impressed, and discharged indiscriminately; seldom paid, and more seldom pensioned. His name became such a byword for cowardice and incapacity that he grew to believe in his own bad reputation; for when, under Arabi, he arose against the government in 1882, he was as worthless

as when serving it. In the early days of the occupation the mere talk of plans for reconstructing the Egyptian army was a subject for international jesting. And even when it was begun, when British officers led the fellah in the tragic Sudan campaign of 1883-4, he threw down his gun and ran, before the smallest force of the enemy, in spite often of his double and treble strength. He submitted to death rather than fight. The result of training, shown by the record made by Egyptian troops in the Sudan since 1890, is too well known to require specification. For patient, steady, quietly brave service the fellah now has few superiors. He has neither the dash of his black Sudanese comrade nor the intelligent quickness of his associate Tommy Atkins. But he stands his ground like a man against the most recklessly brave enemy known. It is due alone to his long, patient fight with nature, with the desert and the cataract-ribbed Nile, that the Sudan has been regained and the former awful tragedy avenged. How was this seeming miracle accomplished? It seems simple enough when the story is told. Perhaps what cannot be told is the greatest motive power in the whole thing. The confidence and respect, even affection, which the white officer has inspired in his black men may be a large part of the secret of the change. Otherwise only decent methods have been applied, where before brutal indifference and dishonesty prevailed. Pay is regular. Recruiting is regular and for a specified period. There is none of the old snatching away from home and family for no telling how long, to go to no telling what part of the Sudan death-trap. He used to be conscripted in chains, under the lash, or else maimed by his parents to escape the service. Now he comes home happy on leave, with money to spend, and generally enlists again. Discipline is strict, but, on the other hand, authority is kind. The soldier's comfort is looked after, and he is cared for when sick. It is said that the way in which the British officers have risked their lives and undertaken the most loathsome duties to save their men in several cholera epidemics has been a most potent factor in the gratitude and affection they have from their men. In the old days such a thing would have been impossible, for if indifference did not, caste would prevent

the aristocratic officer from attending on his peasant privates. The Egyptian army is wholly in the hands of British officers, and will probably remain so long after the army of occupation is withdrawn. It is due no doubt to confidence in the management of the native soldiers that the force of the visitors has been so reduced. The army of occupation now amounts to only about 3000 men—a mere sign of the power of the protectorate. British soldiers were sent to the assistance of Lord Kitchener's Egyptian army (12,000 strong) only because of the superior numerical strength of the enemy. As our Spanish provinces have no traditional enemies, and are not liable to any hostile invasion, the need of the organization of native troops will not be as pressing as it has been in the reconquest of the upper Nile. But they must furnish their own protection, as well as their own support. And there is much encouragement in the Egyptian experience for those who undertake the new army administration.

The most recent work in Egypt has been centred in the Interior Department, where much has been accomplished. Although the last to be taken up in any country, it is the one most directly beneficial to the people. Methods of teaching the people to serve themselves have been much advanced in the various branches of this department. The Mudirs, or provincial governors, have been given larger powers in the direction of affairs under them, and at the same time charged with fuller responsibility to the home government. Under the Mudirs, the district governors (Mamurs), and under them again the village headmen (Omdehs), have all been advanced in power and in liability. Lord Cromer's oft-quoted theory of "English heads and Egyptian hands" comes nearer and nearer to full practice.

Perhaps the chief work in the Interior Department—certainly the one upon which most effort has been expended, is the police system. It has been one of the most obstinate parts of the old system to reform. There are now two classes of police—one appointed and controlled by the Ministry of the Interior in Cairo, and the other the reorganized body of village watchmen (ghaffirs), who serve under the direction of the Omdehs. The higher order serves under the pro-

vincial governor, and he is directly responsible for them to the ministry; but they are also under the supervision of travelling inspectors—all Englishmen. The force is recruited wholly of native men, and all of its local officers are native. After much hard work and many years given over to weeding out bad material as well as encouraging good, this force is now fairly effective. Ghaffirs are chosen from the able-bodied men in each village, all of whom are liable for service. They receive small pay under the direction of petty salaried officers. They are chiefly valuable in preventing the small feuds, and consequent raids, which used to prevail between neighboring villages.

Under the Interior Department the postal system has risen so in respectability that the last of the foreign post-offices, such as are still conducted in Turkey, have been withdrawn. Renovation of the hideous old Egyptian prisons has been carried on very vigorously. Reformatories have been established. Prison labor has been introduced by means of manual-training schools. In the restoration of the insane asylum modern methods have taken the place of mediævalism. The labor of sanitation, necessarily one wholly in English hands, has made progress which ten years ago could not have been hoped for. Not only in combating the plague brought from Mecca and the East generally, but in putting down epidemics of cholera and small-pox, the sanitary department under Rogers Pacha has made a fine standing for itself in the European medical world. Under its direction also the enormous work of supplying a complete drainage system for Cairo is to be carried out. Any one at all acquainted with Eastern cities can realize what an undertaking this is. Agriculture has come under the inspection of the government. An expert has been engaged, and an experimental farm established.

Education has made gratifying progress, even though the principle pursued has for its present end a few youths well educated for the public service rather than a wider distribution of primary instruction. Still each year sees the number of pupils increased, and an advance along the line of modern education from the middle-age programme of learning prevalent in all Moslem schools. The people themselves

have shown a remarkable interest, and demand more modern methods. Schools supported by native subscription have been opened both for boys and girls, European teachers engaged, and government inspection solicited. What may be taken as more indicative still of the new spirit abroad is the fact that the great El Azhar University at Cairo, the famous centre of all of Islam's scholastic theology, has applied for government teachers to teach secular subjects. The seed of reform has indeed spread, for it was among the followers of this great school that the most bitter opposition to the innovations of infidel foreigners used to be found. Even now the government can only afford a school fund of about \$500,000 annually, and spends this for the education of only about 11,000 future civil servants. Outside of this, 200,000 children attend the village schools, supported by local contributions and small grants made by the government to such of them as submit to government inspection, and teach a small amount of modern reading, writing, and arithmetic in addition to the old lessons in the Koran and sacred history.

The result of this work is seen in the requirement that all applicants for positions in the government service shall have passed certain examinations in the schools. The work of securing the best of public servants has thus been begun, where fifteen years ago only the worst were available and little discrimination possible.

It has only been possible to mention many of the branches of work entered upon in Egypt, to show seekers after information where it could be found. In all of these branches of improved public service there is much to be learned by those who in the future will have similar enterprises to embark upon. Experience has been fruitful, as usual, and those who follow have a much easier task than the men who, like those in Egypt, have had to mark out the way. It has been my good fortune to know many of these men, and to have heard from them of the trials and difficulties with which their work has been beset. My obligations in the preparation of this paper are due to many, from the highest in rank to the lowest. They have been most kind in interest and advice. But the largest debt is due to Sir Alfred Milner; for from wherever one

obtains information on the subject, and however one writes it, still it must seem but a paraphrase of what he has told in his now standard book upon England in Egypt.

But aside from the usefulness of all this Anglo-Saxon experience from which the United States may profit, there is still another side to which the American mind will instinctively turn. Will it all pay? What shall we get out of it? The work is long; the road is tedious. Why should we take up such a burden if it is to be unprofitable? In the reward of the British in Egypt there is the fullest and most hopeful answer to this question. With immeasurably more at stake, they have made the venture a paying one. And the secret of their success is to be found in their old theory of full commercial freedom. In fact, the open door has added to rather than decreased British profits in Egyptian trade. For while the actual percentage of their share in the trade has diminished since the occupation, that trade has so increased in volume as to be of immense value. The fact that scrupulous impartiality has been shown has so assured and attracted foreign capital as to multiply two or three times the consuming and purchasing power of the country. And while she takes as much as three-fifths, perhaps three-fourths, of all Egypt produces, in the face of the most industrious rivalry British manufacturers also sell two-fifths of what Egypt consumes. There are many further advantages. The open door of trade and the promise of fair treatment induced foreign investors early to take more part in the commercial regeneration of the country than the British themselves. Although France has been the one power, politically, to hold out as long as possible against consenting to the presence of the English in Egypt, her business men have, on the other hand, been, up to this time, the most forward in taking advantage of the security which the occupation assured. This through a peculiar line of reasoning. Englishmen held back because their government has all along declined to declare its intention to remain. "If we invest our money," they said, "and the government should leave the place, we might lose everything under whoever succeeds." But the Frenchman reasoned: "As long as the British stay I am safe, and sure to be fairly treated. If they go away, why, France will

come, and again I shall be all right." So the Frenchman put his money in to the extent of hundreds of millions of pounds, and is rejoicing therefore. The great sugar interests, which are almost wholly in his hands, are wonderfully profitable. But because he is richer, although he has only come in strength within the last year or so, the Briton has speedily risen above all others in the amount he has invested in the Nile Valley. Within only the last few years, particularly since the reconquest of the Sudan, has Great Britain's determination to remain indefinitely become more and more evident. This has brought that country's capitalists in great numbers. The purchase of the Daira debt secures to them a large portion of old Ismail's vast estates. The National Bank of Egypt, a bank of issue, has been founded by British capital. The great dam and irrigation reservoir at Assuan is being built with two million pounds sterling.

England and France are not alone in the benefits accruing from the good government of Egypt. Statistics show a gain to Austria and Italy second only to the other two, and so large as to be astonishing. In fact, the good results of the maintenance of law and order and full commercial freedom in Egypt give the best condition of things obtainable for comparison with the situation of the Spanish provinces, where the governing power up to this time has been guided by almost opposite ideas and principles. If the protecting nation has the satisfaction of knowing that it is gaining its just share of the rewards of its tedious labor, there is also pleasure in seeing that others, all the world, have profited. And those avowals made at the beginning of the work, so often scoffed at and ridiculed, have been maintained. The pledge of humanitarianism has been redeemed. The promise of civilization has been fulfilled.

ISRAFEL.

"Whose heart-strings are a lute."

BY CHARLTON M. LEWIS.

"If I could dwell where Israfel
Hath dwelt . . ."—POE.

FOREVER chanting an untroubled song,
In realms of cold tranquillity he stands
Full-fronted 'to the Splendor. Not with hands
Are swept those angel lute-strings, but along
His heart the harmonies flow pure and strong,
And thrill with ecstasy the seraph bands
Star-clustered round him. In these lower lands,
Where pain and passion and the tale of wrong
Are never stilled, and even love's eyes are wet,
Rarely does some lost echo reach our ears,
From that high rapture wandering;—and yet,
Were I with Israfel beyond the spheres,
He still should hardly woo me to forget
The untuned cycles of these jarring years.

A CURE FOR CITY CORRUPTION.

BY J. W. MARTIN.

IN the United States it is universally agreed that the city governments are the chief sores on the body politic. There the political boss has the richest opportunities for plunder and the easiest control of large classes of the electorate. His army of voters is continually re-enforced by the immigration of troops of degraded people who have had no experience in self-government; who cannot appreciate the value of honesty and efficiency in public affairs; who are an easy prey through their ignorance and poverty to the briber and corrupter. To them the captain of the ward, the favorite Alderman, or the city boss often presents, in dramatic fashion, the virtues which they most appreciate. He is a jolly good fellow, and his hearty hand-shake and cheery tones bring the government close to them in attractive fashion. If O'Brien's boy gets too uproariously gay, and is haled before the magistrate, the friendly boss is ready to say a kind word, which promptly secures his acquittal. When Mrs. Gatti's daughter is married, a bouquet comes from the ward leader; and should the baby die, the same friend is ready to head a subscription to save the indignity of a pauper funeral. Christmas turkeys from the generous Alderman make a season of good-will to the political plunderer. Each voter expects that his local boss will send a carriage to swell his funeral parade. When a blizzard recently struck New York, Tammany Hall promptly raised a fund for distribution before nightfall to relieve the sufferers. The donors favored no pestering inquisition by expert inquirers from the Charity Organization Society as a prelude to the receipt of money, coals, or food. "Are you shivering and hungry? Then here is a dollar; and remember it comes from the kind-hearted gentleman whom the three-cent papers call hard names. You all know where I live. If you want anything, come and see me. I can't make speeches, but I can give favors. That's what I'm here for." So said a

candidate for office in Chicago recently. He knew his constituency and got their votes. During an election the voters receive a share of Tammany's funds, as anybody may see who stands near a polling-station on election day and watches the quiet distribution of money on the pavement. Afterwards the organization emulates the impartiality of Providence. The whole of the needy, the just and the unjust alike, may partake of the remnants of the banquet; for an alleged surplus was given to the clergy of different denominations after the last election for distribution among the poor. While even some of the clergy consent to handle these funds, can it be wondered at that the slum-dwellers receive their dole with thankfulness, and bless the generous giver?

Against such influences the reformer often feels helpless. Bribery, corrupt patronage, friendly treating at the saloon, improper appointment to public positions, these he cannot use; because these are the evils against which he fights. If they are the necessary means to power, then his party must forever remain in a minority. But, fortunately, this is not the whole of municipal politics. The low-grade, semi-pauper, and semi-criminal are but a small fraction of the electorate. The people directly bribed or improperly influenced are far outnumbered by the laborers in steady employment, the skilled artisans and small shopkeepers, who are able to look a few years ahead and can understand the eighth commandment.

Direct appeal to the lowest section is not available to the reformer, but indirectly he may reach some of them. Personal sympathy, individual help, and elementary instruction in public and private morals form their first need. These can be supplied by such agencies as social settlements, people's clubs, and institutional churches.

Already, through its multitudinous agencies, Hull House is threatening the

position of one of Chicago's most notorious ward bosses. The University Settlement in New York is gradually inculcating political morality into the voters of a tenement district, and in its clubs and classes it is training small bands of young men who will be centres of purifying influence within a few years. At first a worker in the settlement is suspected by his new neighbors. They imagine he is only a bird of passage from uptown, a silk-stocking who regards themselves as social specimens to be studied and tabulated for the completion of a college education. But as they see him go in and out year after year, and time and again they receive the neighborly human help which the settlement offers, a rival to the political captain is gradually raised. The ideas of charity, ready aid, and kindly advice become associated with a political reformer, and the strength of the ward leader is seriously undermined. So long as sections of the electors vote for personal friendship instead of political principle, reformers may forward their purposes by assisting settlement-work.

Such organizations as the People's Clubs, now forming in connection with the People's Institute of New York, also afford opportunity for the legitimate cultivation of a social life which counterbalances the saloon influence of a corrupt politician. Lectures by the most capable thinkers and workers are given in the Institute to audiences of 1500 to 2000 people, drawn from exactly those working classes who decide the victory at the polls. The club already in full working, with a membership of over three hundred, is controlled by the members themselves. All grades of society are represented, and there the fraternizing which is wholesome may teach the dwellers on the East Side not to accept implicitly the claim of the ward boss that "Codlin's your friend, not Short." The same end is reached by the District Assembly work of the League for Political Education in New York city. A number of people in good social position, chiefly ladies, are busy investigating the conditions of life in their own neighborhood. By going in and out amongst the people near whom they happen to live, and by organizing gatherings at which "the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker" may meet those of their

neighbors who have the good fortune to inhabit large houses, for friendly discussion of city affairs, they are cultivating the sense of local solidarity which brings a demand for honest and efficient administration.

In every city, however mixed its population and shameful its record, there is a preponderating class of work-people who have passed through the public schools, who read the newspapers, and discuss political matters acutely. They should form the backbone of a reform party. Without them victory is impossible. With them it cannot long be delayed. They can be won only by the adoption of a broad social programme. They suspect a person who preaches honest government with the restriction of its function to the narrowest possible limits. To this timid advocate they reply: "If you have so little confidence in your own government as to be afraid to use it for big purposes, we don't see why we should get enthusiastic about it. Those who can't trust themselves must not ask others to trust them." More than a theoretical perfection of the machinery, they require a good output of social achievement. As Dr. McKelway has said: "Too many reformers are as dull as they are honest. They give a commendable retail administration; and nothing more. They treat small things in a small way. They take neither great pains, nor great resources, nor civic pride, nor public imagination and courage into account. The political freebooters often take all these things into account, with results that make mercurial masses prefer brilliant brigandage to incompetent integrity."

Reformers have a tempting opportunity to trump the tricks of political freebooters by adopting a bold and brilliant policy respecting the ownership of city franchises. The freebooter is bound by the necessity for replenishing the campaign fund to keep on good terms with the private operator of public services. He dare no longer take money direct from the public purse. The fate of Boss Tweed was a wholesome warning against open robbery. But he can levy ransom on the companies who are gathering rich harvests from the public on the promise to protect them in the enjoyment of their privileges. Here is the reformer's opportunity for the development of a broad and striking policy which will win the masses of work-people

to his side, and will demonstrate dramatically his love for the common weal. Everywhere the appreciation of the value of city franchises is growing. Citizens are fast learning that large revenues may be got from them for expenditure on parks and open spaces, public baths, better schools, free lectures and libraries, concerts and gymnasiums. Even Chicago has risen in revolt against a proposal to extend the franchise of the chief street-railway company for fifty years, and compelled the repeal of the Allen law which made such an extension possible. By this event public ownership has been brought at a bound within range of practical politics.

Corrupt Aldermen, dependent on the stealthy gifts of corporation lobbyists, are forced to oppose this growing demand. Here is the reformers' opportunity. They can honestly urge, "Put our candidates in office and they will make the administration effective, and get from these city services a revenue to be spent on social advantages."

Experience in Great Britain has demonstrated the value of this policy, and its hold upon large and miscellaneous populations. In 1889 the London County Council was established. Its predecessor, the Metropolitan Board of Works, was inefficient, corrupt, and degraded. Men of mean ability and low character sat upon it. Jobbery was rampant, and London citizens were ashamed of their government. Most of them were apathetic, careless, resigned to robbery. To reformers it appeared an almost hopeless task to rouse London to a pride in its own greatness, or to create even a sense of collective existence and responsibility. At the first election the saloon-keepers, monopolists, and corrupt contractors were caught napping. They had enjoyed a peaceful possession so long that they did not realize their interests were threatened. The reformers were alert, and eighty-three Progressive Councillors (reformers) were elected against thirty-five Moderates. The statutory appointment by the elected Councillors of a select body of nineteen Aldermen to serve six years still further strengthened the Progressives. The party's appreciation of ability and integrity was shown by their choice of Lord Farrer, eminent for his work as permanent secretary to the Imperial Board of Trade; Lord Meath, who

had multiplied and beautified the little public gardens in London; Frederick Harrison, the essayist and historian, and others of equal merit and fame.

Realizing that the health of the city was their first care, they insisted upon the appointment of many additional sanitary inspectors. They laid down stringent regulations as to the collection and disposal of house refuse, the construction of sanitary appliances, and the removal of nuisances. They found the lower reaches of the Thames were loathsome with the ever-increasing Amazon of sewage which was washed up and down by the tide, as it poured out of the huge cloacæ at Barking and Crossness. A system of precipitation of the solids in reservoirs was devised, and a fleet of sludge vessels constructed to carry the foul matter farther into the North Sea, where they dropped it between the sand banks. Now the fluid which is discharged into the river is so clear and pure that gold-fish are kept healthy in it; and other fish, which had been driven out by the deluge of dirt, are caught once more in the estuary.

As parks and open spaces are the lungs of a great city, and the healthiest playgrounds for the people, the Council has secured an extra 1135 acres in nine years. To increase the usefulness of these play-grounds, they are prepared for cricket, football, golf, tennis, lacrosse, quoits, bicycling, boating, bathing, and bowling. The pitches are free, but clubs must make application early, and take their turn for the 13,800 games of cricket and 7250 of football which are played during the year. Municipal bands perform regularly in the parks during the summer months. That children who go for a day's outing may not be defrauded with watery milk and leathery sandwiches at hotel prices, the Council itself fixes the quality and charges at the refreshment-houses.

Like all large cities on both sides of the Atlantic, London contains pestiferous slums. One of the chief planks in the social programme of the reformers was the clearance of slum areas and the erection of model dwellings for the working classes. Fifteen acres in Bethnal Green were covered with the foul breeding-places of vice, crime, and disease. To cleanse this Augean stable was a task greater than any municipality had ever undertaken, but the London Hercules has completed this la-

bor with success. Now there are 6000 tenants on this one municipal estate, housed with a care which goes beyond the requirements of the latest building act. In the centre of the area is a mound with terraced gardens; an estate laundry with modern conveniences enables the tenants to avoid the discomforts of washing-day in the rooms; and the rents are lower than are paid for similar accommodations in the neighborhood. Numerous other housing schemes have been completed. When all are finished, London will have 16,000 tenants in its municipal dwellings. Tax-payers are well satisfied, as the rents provide 3 per cent. on the total outlay, a sinking fund which will clear off the capital value of the land and houses in sixty years, and an annual profit of \$5000 besides.

Contractors who had pocketed princely profits under the corrupt Metropolitan Board of Works soon came into collision with the County Council. By the Council's "Magna Charta of Labor" it was enacted that on its works the laborers should be treated as well as good employers outside treated their workmen, that the best quality of labor might be secured. Only a few firms were capable of undertaking the largest sewerage and building contracts for the Council. These formed a ring against the public interests to compel the repeal of the Magna Charta. For the York Road sewer the lowest tender was 65 per cent. above the engineer's estimate. That was too much for endurance. It must be decided whether the Progressive Council or the contractors and their friends should govern the metropolis. The challenge was accepted. A Works Department was organized under the engineer, and the sewer constructed for the amount of the original estimate at a saving of \$22,385 for the municipal purse. Since then the department has done over four million dollars' worth of work, giving better quality at a smaller price than the contractor. This assertion of the public right against the building bosses has not been easily made. It has cost months of struggle in committee and in open meeting by unpaid expert representatives, some of whom have preferred to suffer loss in business rather than give up the fight.

Equally strenuous and significant has been the contention with the street-railway corporations. By the law under which

they obtained their franchises the local governing authority had the power to take over their lines at the end of twenty-one years upon payment of the value of the plant, as determined by an arbitrator, without compensation for good-will or compulsory sale. The corporation at the beginning had only the Metropolitan Board of Works to consider, and felt so confident of their power, by one means or another, to obtain a renewal of their lease that they neglected to create a sinking fund for paying off their shareholders at the expiration of the term. But the reformers on the County Council pressed the public rights with vigor. Their opponents adopted every device of political warfare to save the companies, but the law was clear, and the highest courts decided in the Council's favor. Consequently the whole of the street-railway system in London is now owned by the people. The fifty miles of line north of the Thames are leased to a company for \$225,000 a year and 12½ per cent. of the gross increase in the receipts—fares, workmen's cars, and wages and hours of employes being regulated also by the lease. The southern line came into the Council's possession in January of this year, and is operated by its own employes, that the community may get every advantage in money and service that can accrue.

To all items of this daring and humane policy London has given a hearty sanction. At the second election, after three years of work, the reformers feared for the result. By that time the hostile interests were wide-awake, and all who had profited from the previous laxity and corruption busied themselves to confuse the issues and defeat reform. In national politics London is overwhelmingly Conservative, and many feared that the masses would not appreciate the changes made by their friends. But at last London had found that good government was no mere abstraction, but a solid advantage to the community. The result astounded the doubters; for eighty-three Progressives were elected to over-rule but thirty-five Moderates. In 1895 the reformers and their opponents obtained an equal number of members, and for three years the social programme was checked. This slackening of the pace revealed the danger of apathy, and, again in 1898, the electors ratified the Progressive action with a majority of sev-

enty to forty-eight. With a faint-hearted policy, reformers would have been beaten continually; with a wide social policy, they have never been in a minority.

Prior to 1870 Birmingham and its government were in a foul condition. The population increased at an American rate; there was little sense of collective power; noxious slums covered the city's centre; solitary citizens dare not pass through certain quarters by night; highway robbery was frequent; and a few companies held the city in their grip. A narrow do-nothing policy of "economy" attracted pettifogging mediocrity to the public service. The inhabitants had no municipal ideals; aspirations and performance were alike mean. About 1870 there came to a few young men the revelation, "This town will be reformed only by giving it something worthy to do"; and under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain a new period was inaugurated. Soon the conditions changed. Municipal activity for social alleviation succeeded to the monotonous effort to secure honesty simply for honesty's sake. For the larger duties came forward larger men, and success on all sides justified the wider programme. First, the gas-supply was municipalized, and the price reduced from seventy-eight cents to fifty-three cents per thousand. The workmen have now an eight-hour day and trade-union wages, while a net profit of \$175,000 a year goes into the municipal purse. As the water company did not give pure and sufficient supplies, and a large portion of the inhabitants were dependent on shallow wells, this service was next taken over by the community. The sources were improved, the works extended, and the water-rate lowered. By 1890 continued increase in population made larger schemes peremptory, but no fear of inability or jobbery need restrain the Council. A magnificent plan, worthy of Rome's best days, has been elaborated. A Welsh valley is to be turned into a reservoir, and an aqueduct eighty miles long constructed. The dam is being built without the intervention of a contractor, because the quality of that part of the work must be absolutely guaranteed. For this purpose, under Birmingham's own engineer, about one thousand men have been formed into a model industrial community among the Welsh hills, with a school, free library, recreation-room, and

municipal public-house. Although the portion of the scheme which, by 1902, will bring the clearest water from the mountains into the meanest streets of Birmingham will cost twenty million dollars, the water tax will still be less than it was before the city turned out the old water company.

In 1876 Birmingham acquired ninety acres of overcrowded and unhealthy property at its centre, and commenced a wonderful transformation. Part was cleared and let out on lease, so that the chief business houses now stand on the former site of noxious slums. Numerous model dwellings for workmen have been constructed; light and air have been let in all through the district; and now this municipal estate is worth twelve and a half million dollars. A beautiful museum and art-gallery, numerous parks, gardens, and recreation-grounds, five sets of public baths, nine free public libraries, a city cemetery, plentiful markets, and efficient schools and colleges—all testify to the width of view of the city rulers, and give substantial reason for civic pride. With the enthusiasm and watchfulness which these schemes have generated, bribery and boodling are impossible.

Glasgow presents an equally brilliant example. A large seaport, with shipyards, cotton-mills, iron-works, and coal-pits in the neighborhood, its population might be expected to be an easy dupe for scheming politicians; but, on the contrary, ward captains, city bosses, corrupt lobbyists, and dishonest Aldermen are not found. The citizens take a warm interest in their government. So many social issues have been provided at elections that national politics play no part. Not, "Are you a Liberal, a Radical, or a Conservative?" is asked of a city candidate, but, "What policy will you support with regard to the street railways, water, gas, municipal dwellings, lodging-houses, or the telephone system?" Good government has been made so valuable to the average workman that it pays him better than an election bribe. "Virtue is its own reward," and in Glasgow has a cash value in addition. The city enterprises are so vast and honorable that successful business men are ambitious for the dignity of the Lord Provost's office. The Improvement Trust, a branch of the Council, has cleared unsanitary areas in the most crowded district, put 7000 people

into excellent city dwellings, constructed wide streets where congested courts formerly stood, presented the city with a magnificent park, and erected seven profitable municipal lodging-houses. As the climate of Glasgow is wet and cold, and the smoke and soot of the various factories blacken the atmosphere, pure water and cheap artificial light are peculiarly necessary for health and cheerfulness. Therefore the Council took these things under its own control. For better water, it tapped the lovely Loch Katrine in Sir Walter Scott's country. It gives a limitless supply to its people, and to the poorest makes no charge. Yet the level of the lake is not lowered, nor its beauty marred. The charge for gas has been reduced more than one-half, that every workman may afford a well-lighted room for the long winter evenings; while the passages and stairways of the tenement-houses are lighted at the public cost. This success has not impeded the introduction of electric light, which the city also owns and operates. Good financial results are obtained, the surplus being put, as with the gas-supply, to the reduction of charges.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street-railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for twenty-one years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables, etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of 'buses. As this was declined, the Council started car-shops, and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus-conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of one-cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed.

In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital, and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$200,000 is left to pay for open spaces, baths and wash-houses, river ferries, art exhibitions, music, and improved sanitation.

London, Birmingham, and Glasgow are not exceptional instances. Throughout Great Britain municipal purity and pride are associated with wide social activity. Reform parties persist because their programme is never completed. "Still achieving, still pursuing," they constantly discover further scope for social effort. Continuity of party depends on continuity of policy. All the large towns in Scotland and all but six in England have a municipal water-supply; 200 cities control their own gas-service; two cities have municipal for every one that has private electric light; many of them own their own street-railway tracks; and since the House of Commons removed the restriction on municipal operation, there is a wide tendency to refuse to lease them to companies.

Boston, Massachusetts, has started on a similar career with similar effect. There every man who bathes at the beach baths or takes his shower in the palatial all-year baths, every boy who attends the municipal summer camp, and every woman who enjoys a stroll in the extensive parks or attends a free city concert, has solid reason to support good government. While workmen, therefore, vote for Mayor Quincy, the richer residents serve eagerly on the numerous honorary commissions, which practically supersede the out-of-date Council. Jobbery and inefficiency are *not* the staple subjects of city discussions. Honest and capable people are really in power, and all classes unite in supporting the Executive.

A like result may be obtained in other cities only by the adoption of a like method. "New times demand new measures and new men." The measures and the men must go together in appeal to a mixed population. Reformers who ask for the support of honest and able men for the sake of their broad and social measures obtain an appreciative response from the democracy, but persons whose honesty and ability are too precious to be used for great civic achievements are left to nurse their virtues in private.



THE DRAWER



JES HER WAY.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

OH, I love a little widder, an' 'er name's Melindy Jane,
An' she love me lakwise also—so she say;
But you can't put no dependence on my lady 'Lindy Jane,
'Caze she talks to all de gen'lemen dat-a-way;

An' she looks so pleadin',
An' she ac's so misleadin',
But I don't keer what de high and mighties
say,
Fer she don't mean to sin
When she teeks de fellers in,
'Caze it's only jes her way.



When I see a stalk a sugar-cane a-swayin' in
de breeze,
Noddin' "No," but wavin' "Come" wid all
its tips,
It 'minds me o' my lady when she greets me
wid a freeze,

While de love-words hangs a-trimblin' on 'er lips.
Oh, she's cold as December,
An' she's warm as September,
Or she's off an' on jes like a April day;
But to figgurfy de munts,
She'll perform 'em all at once,
But it's only jes her way.

Dey's o' purty gals a plenty, down a-hoein' in de
cane;

Twenty of 'em I could marry any day;
But I'd ruther be fooled by my lady 'Lindy
Jane,

Jes to rake by 'er side in de hay,
When she rake so keerless,
An' she flirt so fearless,
When she drawin' fer 'er labor by de
day;

But she don't mean no harm
When she swindles on de farm,
'Caze it's only jes her way.





When she crouches on de mo'ners' bench wid sinners
 seekin' grace,
 An' she whispers to me, "Hol' me, lest I
 fall!"
 I sustains 'er sinkin' sperit wid my arm aroun' 'er
 wais',
 An' I hopes she'll be de las' to git de call.
 But I nuver holds 'er long
 'Fo' she busts into song—
 She kin git a call fer glory any day;
 An' she dances back to sin
 When de fiddle-notes begin,
 But it's only jes her way.

She's a mighty scrumptious lady when you meet her
 on de block

Gwine to chu'ch in all 'er secon'-handed clo'es;
 But I'd ruther set beside 'er in 'er cotton-pickin'
 frock,

When she gethers clover blossoms wid 'er toes.

She's a saint, an' she's a sinner,

An' she ain't no new beginner

When it comes to mixin' 'ligion up wid play;

But de devil couldn't tame 'er,

An' I doubt ef Gord 'll blame 'er.

'Caze *He* made 'er jes dat
 way.

I 'ain't got but one objection
 to my lady 'Lindy
 Jane;

It's her widderhood I hates
 wid all my might;

So we argufies de topic,
 holdin' hands along de
 lane,

While I begs to kyore 'er
 only fault in sight;

An' my courage come
 a-floodin'

('Caze she always marries
 sudden),

An' I coaxes 'er to settle it
to-day;

But she answers wid a
 titter

Dat I needn't 'spec' to
 git her;

But dat's only jes her
 way.



A CHANGE OF HEART.

THE Travelling Freight Agent of the Great Southwestern Railway was making his periodical visit to the General Office, and it was mid-summer. The Rate Department, seeing a chance to get something at the expense of the railroad company, sent him a petition, asking that he "set up" a watermelon, adding that he might charge the cost in his expense account to "entertaining shippers and agents."

The answer, in shape of a fifty-cent piece, came so promptly the chief rate clerk said it was a shame to work Agent like that. They agreed it was. It was settled then and there to send the coin back with a joint letter of thanks. The stenographer was instructed to write a letter—something neat and flowery; but before the letter reached the desired pink of neatness and brilliancy of flower a reaction in favor of buying the melon set in. It was finally decided to toss up the coin; heads up, melon wins; tails up, Agent wins. Heads won, and, not to waste the stenographer's work, the trace clerk suggested the letter be sent with a postscript setting forth their subsequent action. This suggestion met with the approval of the department, and this is the letter the Travelling Freight Agent received:

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed herewith we beg to hand you fifty (50) cents, which please credit to a high resolve on the part of the Rate Department force to live up to the shining example of generosity and free-handedness exhibited by you this date.

We are aware that it is an unusual proceeding on the part of railroad employees to refuse any good the gods may send, especially when it comes from one of those favorites of Fortune the envied possessor of an expense account: but "the old order changeth," and the day will come when travelling agents can no longer indulge (on paper) in buggy rides, dinners to shippers, etc., in the interest of the company.

We, the members of the force above named, wish to express to you our many and sincere thanks for your kindness, and it is our earnest wish that your pockets may always be lined with the coin of the realm. May your days be long in the land, and may your title never grow less! Yours gratefully.

P.S.—Upon further consideration, we have decided to buy the melon. Enclosed are seeds to testify.

MIXED EDITORIAL FIGURES.

For many years there was an editor of a local paper in a little Wisconsin town who was a source of perennial joy to his readers. He mixed his figures worse than an absconding cashier. It is on record in his files, preserved by an appreciative local reader, that one week, while rebuking some heinous charge by the Opposition, he announced that "chickens,

like two-edged swords, oftentimes come home to roost." On another occasion, in handling the case of a contemporary, he said, "Thus the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang to his hand, and he is hoist by his own petard, and finds himself a marked man." Perhaps the man never rose to greater heights in his specialty than when, penning an editorial on the sacredness of the fireside, he spoke of the "faithful watch-dog or the good wife standing at the door to welcome the home-coming master with honest bark," though many readers preferred his reference to the "beacon-light, rearing its warning finger above the rock-bound coast, and saying to the hardy mariner in blessed tones, 'Danger! Danger! oh, man that goeth down into the sea in ships!'" On a lower and more personal plane was his little local item to the effect that "Our cow has been milked in the pasture for three mornings running before we got around to it. We know who the miscreant is, and if he does it again, we shall print his name, let the chips fall where they may." In good time he went the way of the world. In a little ante-mortem obituary which he left on his desk he said: "We feel that our race is almost run. Like a tired runner, we shall soon cross the harbor bar, and, casting aside the harness, shall lie down upon that bourn from whence no traveller returns."

HIS METHOD.

UNCLE BAM ANDERSON, a superannuated old negro, was teaching his grandson, young Theophilus Johnson, how to plough.

He had a team of mules, one as superannuated as himself, and the other a frivolous youngster evidently with a deep-rooted objection to work, for he cavorted and kicked to such an extent that the act of ploughing was attended with much personal inconvenience, not to say danger.

At last Uncle Bam's patience gave out.

"Theophilus," said he, "git on dis mule an' take him to de barn. I kain' do no wuek wid such a obstropulous critter."

"I skeered he th'ow me, Unk Bam," replied Theophilus.

"He ain't gwine th'ow you," said Uncle Bam.

"I skeered," confessed Theophilus, candidly.

There was a heated argument, Uncle Bam insisting and Theophilus demurring, for he was well acquainted with the performances of the mule in question. Finally Uncle Bam exclaimed, disgustedly:

"I ain't skeered to ride 'im, ef you is. Ought to be 'shamed to mek yo' ol' gran'daddy ride dat mule. He kain' th'ow me, do'; de mule 'ain't yit been foaled dat kin best me. You des watch!"

Uncle Bam buttoned up his tattered coat, and laboriously mounted the recalcitrant animal, who straightway assumed the general outlines of an interrogation point, and pro-

jected Uncle Bam head-first into a mud-hole about three feet deep.

Uncle Bam scrambled to his feet, and brushing off his clothes, approached the convulsed Theophilus.

"Dar," said he, "dat's de way to do hit. When you see he gwine th'ow you, *des git off*."

JABEZ P. HANSBURY.

HE came well recommended. His recommendations were all oral, and, now that I recall the matter, were all delivered by himself; but they were good ones. He was a gardener, and an expert in the care of "grounds." If I mistake not, it was he who made many improvements in the environs of Windsor Castle, and I believe he admitted that he was largely responsible for the present beauty of Versailles. I asked him casually one day, while he was rooting the burdocks and ragweeds out of my lawn, if he had ever seen the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. It made him quite indignant. He explained that he had helped hang 'em.

Independence was one of the well-developed characteristics of Jabez P. Hansbury. When he thought a given branch should be removed from a quince-bush or a cherry-tree, and I was of opinion that it should not be removed, that branch was doomed; its life could not be set at a pin's fee. His independence came out especially in the matter of hours. Time, for Jabez P. Hansbury, was something afar off, irrelevant, aside the question, not to be thought of; clocks spoke to him an unknown language; factory whistles shrilled at him in vain; the morning cock—but the morning cock was a fowl less known to him than the phoenix or the great roc; neither by the waters of Babylon nor elsewhere had the voice of the early *autemeridien* rooster vexed the ear of Jabez P. The unthinking and the jumpers at conclusions may suspect that the noon whistle was understood by Hansbury; it is possible; I confess I do not know; he always knocked off work at half past eleven.

In the morning, at first, Jabez used to arrive at about eight-thirty. One morning I gently remonstrated. He replied that he couldn't do better at a dollar a day. He said he thought I ought to raise him to one-twenty-five. I did so. The next morning he arrived at nine. He had been quitting at four-thirty; that night he vanished at four sharp. It occurred to me that the insignificance of the advance had perhaps offended a man accustomed to performing the tonsorial work on the hedges of royalty, so I called him to one side and told him that hereafter his wages would be a dollar and a half a day. He did not thank me, but nodded his head understandingly. The next morning he was first seen about the premises at a quarter before ten. He took his usual fat "nooning," and suffered eclipse at three-thirty.

It ran on thus for several days, I all the while hoping for better things. But they did not come. I tried to comfort myself with the thought of how Queen Victoria must have had the same difficulty with him; I even conjured up a picture of the Hanging Gardens sitting about on the ground for days before he got them all hung up. The lawn was visibly getting away from him, and the pigweeds had their heel upon the tomatoes. But a limb on a favorite pear-tree, which I had given him particular orders not to lop off, was stricken by a mysterious malady, and withered in the sight of all.

One day he came in and had a talk with me as between man and man. It amounted to this—that for the kind of work he was doing he wanted \$1 75 a day. I agreed to the terms, but mentioned the matter of longer hours. He did not promise, but I thought he seemed favorably impressed with the notion. He half-way thanked me, which was also encouraging.

The next day Jabez P. Hansbury was entirely invisible during the forenoon. At 1 P.M. he was sighted, and was observed clearly until three hours and fifty-six minutes, when he passed into penumbra, the occultation becoming total at precisely four.

The matter was beginning to partake of the nature of those things which come home to men's business and bosoms. The next afternoon, when he was reported in perigee, I called him in, and had a talk with him as between man and gardener. The result was that he promised to do better, and I made it an even \$2 day. He said something about Babylon as he went out—I thought it was that he had got two-fifty while there, but I was not certain. I confess I was becoming pretty angry.

Up to half past two the next day Jabez was invisible. Then he swung into view, walked about vaguely for an hour, hacked off a limb or two which should have gone hereafter, oiled the lawn-mower, and started to depart. I chased after him in no Christian frame of mind. On the corner I came up to him, and applied plain words. This mellowed my feelings. Perhaps I had gone too far. I could see that he was hurt. Maybe it was no more than right that I pay him Babylonish wages, after all. So I made it two and a half. He seemed pleased.

I had just finished breakfast the next morning. The door-bell rang briskly. The maid came in, saying, merely, "Boy brought it, sir." It was a neatly engraved visiting-card. I picked it up, and read:

Mr. JABEZ P. HANSBURY.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "he isn't coming at all to-day—he has simply sent his card!"

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



WHEN DAPHNE SAILS WITH ME.

On, what care I
 If the winds blow high
 And the waves beat fierce and free?
 There is no care
 To bring despair
 When Daphne sails with me!

And should I frown
 If the wind dies down
 And we lie becalmed at sea,

With ne'er a rift
 In the drift, drift, drift,
 When Daphne sails with me?

All weather's fair
 Beyond compare,
 If storm or sunshine be:
 Nor calm nor gale
 Can make me quail
 When Daphne sails with me!

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE
EXMOOR COUNTY GOLF CLUB.

IF the statement were made that one of the most prominent golf clubs in the United States had been wiped out bodily, its members murdered, its links transformed from beautiful swards of green to expunged and unsightly pieces of turf, its club-house an abandoned shell, tenanted only by empty bottles and cold, chilly golf-sticks—if such a statement were made, it might very naturally cause surprise, not to say alarm, among thinking people. Yet all this has occurred scarcely fifty miles from New York, and not one soul of the busy throng in the metropolis has heard of it, not even the newspapers.

The Exmoor County Golf Club was one of the most select organizations of its kind. Its charter was a broad one, stating the purpose of the club to be "amusements," and permitting the sale of spirituous, vinous, and malt liquors within its purlieus. Of course golf was the primary purpose of its incorporators. Golf with a capital G, and a capital OLF as well. In fact, everything in connection with the game was pronounced in italics at least, and always with bated breath. The members took the game seriously; the game took the members seriously; and the members took themselves seriously. In a word, the Exmoor County Golf Club was exclusive and swell. It is now a thing of the past.

The trouble began when Jack Peters found Willie Mackilmarnock, the club's professional, in a Bowery saloon drinking *American whiskey*. History does not state what Jack was drinking; nothing probably, for the shock of seeing the Scotch high-priest of his club degrading, profaning, polluting his office by contact with American liquor must have been too much for his equilibrium. Peters went out and called a meeting of the governing committee. The governing committee issued a hurry call for a general club meeting. The matter was evi-

dently a crisis of extreme importance, and the lack of a precedent by which to formulate some course of action was deplored by every one. It was decided to ask for Willie Mackilmarnock's resignation. Willie replied tersely that he would be most happy to leave —

with a season's salary in his pockets, but his proposition did not meet with the approval of the club. His contract was laid before a lawyer, whose advice was that the club would do well to retain Willie unless it wished a beautiful damage suit on its hands.

Willie was retained, but the club, in solemn conclave assembled, resolved to boycott him. The boycott was instituted immediately.

The members ceased to buy balls from Willie Mackilmarnock. They purchased them in town by the gross, and carried them out to Exmoor to flaunt them before the eyes of the outraged Willie. They abandoned his Oblate Spheroid Driving Cleek, heretofore the club's chief claim to renown. They cast aside the Kil-marnock Belgian Block Unbreakable Driver. They refused to let Willie mend their broken clubs, and wounded his pride by taking them to a lowly shoemaker of Exmoor, who became, in the course of a week, far more expert than Willie had ever been. They harassed the poor professional in countless other ways, making his life a howling burden, and causing him to long for the homely but classic shades of St. Andrews.

Finally Mackilmarnock's sluggish Scotch blood was aroused. For three weeks his sensitive nature had borne with the covert insults of the Exmoor County Golf Club. One morning he saw Jack Peters poking a fire with an Oblate Spheroid Driving Cleek. The ghastly spectacle drove the iron deep into his soul. He swore immediate and eternal vengeance upon the club, and, with the aid of a bottle of American whiskey, mapped out a plan of revenge.

Mackilmarnock was by nature an artistic scoundrel. He planned his devilish designs with the brain of a Machiavelli, and executed them with the neatness and despatch of a Richelieu. Looking at the matter from a disinterested point of view, it is hard to conceive of such fiendish malignity as Mackilmarnock exhibited. He began by playing with the Exmoor County Golf Club as a cat plays with a mouse.

He took Jack Peters in hand, and made him forget all that he ever learned about golf. He



"THE MINCE-MEAT SWING."



WILLIE APPROACHED.

remodelled his form entirely. He taught him to putt from the heel; he taught him a cork-screw drive from the hip; he taught him a wonderful three-quarter iron shot from the collar-bone, and at the end of a week Jack Peters played nine holes, and turned in a card of 84. The sad part of it was that Peters got so completely under the influence of Mackilmarnock that he actually believed in his new form, and practised it until he had effectually ruined his game.

When Mackilmarnock had reduced Peters to a state of bumblepuppy inutility as a golfer, he turned his attention to Balthazar Van Wumple, who was perhaps the most egregious duffer in the club. He coached him one week to such good advantage that Van Wumple worsted Adams, the scratch man of the club, in an eighteen-hole match. Mackilmarnock had arranged the match, and with Scotch foresight put money on his man. He won about \$500.

The next week Willie continued his evil practices. He induced Thompson Evans to abandon a low tee, and use an imitation of a young mountain. The result was that Thompson began to scuff, and scuffed steadily the rest of his days. And he wouldn't go back to his low tee. "No," said he; "Willie Mackilmarnock told me to tee high, and Willie comes from St. Andrews."

The perfidious Willie convinced John Griswold that it was folly to follow through. He taught John a short, sweet, chopping-block motion, and changed his game from a long, beautifully accurate one, to a series of pop shots. John had faith in Willie, but he couldn't help wondering where his score had gone. Nevertheless he wouldn't give up his mince-meat swings.

Then Willie assumed charge of Adams, the club crack. He changed his stance, he changed his grip, he changed his swings. He even changed his clubs—and Adams weakly stood aside and let him do it—because Willie came from St. Andrews. He made Adams believe that he was a walking exponent of bad form, and he ruined his game as he had ruined the

others'. It is useless to go into particulars. Mackilmarnock threw his baleful influence over every man in the Exmoor County Golf Club, and inside of one month had reduced the play to such a disgrace-

ful standard that members were ashamed to look one another in the face.

Then he took a week off. For seven days the Exmoor County Golf Club saw him not, and its members were beginning to breathe freely, and to fondly imagine that they were rid forever of the obnoxious Willie. Not so, for he returned on the day of the monthly club handicap with a well-planned *coup d'état* simmering in his brain.

It has been said before that the Exmoor County Golf Club was exclusive. It was, to a degree; and as the conditions for membership were so rigorous, the club had but few players enrolled on its list. They were all men, for women had been excluded ever since Bennington Kane's wife had driven a trap across the home green. The feeling on that occasion was so great that Kane resigned, and a by-law was promptly enacted to the effect that members must leave their wives at home.

Therefore, on this club handicap day, although every member was present, only twenty-four men were in the club-house waiting for the start to be made. There was some delay about this, for it was discovered that all the lockers had been forced open and the entire supply of balls taken. Not a man in the club had a ball. This was where Willie came in, for he approached with six boxes of balls, and speedily disposed of them at double the market price. It was a new ball, he explained. He said that it was called the "Surprise Party," was guaranteed to carry twenty yards farther, etc., etc. The one remarkable thing about it was its color, which was a sort of mustard-plaster yellow.

Six couples got away, each with a scorer. Then a foursome started off, and left at the club-house only Jack Peters and Thompson Evans, with the malevolent Willie hanging around, and apparently listening thirstily for something. Peters and Evans were not playing in the handicap, and thought themselves too lazy to trot around and watch the other fellows, but after fifteen minutes' contemplation of the landscapes from the piazza, encountering Mackilmarnock's grewsome physiognomy at every turn, they decided that perhaps they did want a round.

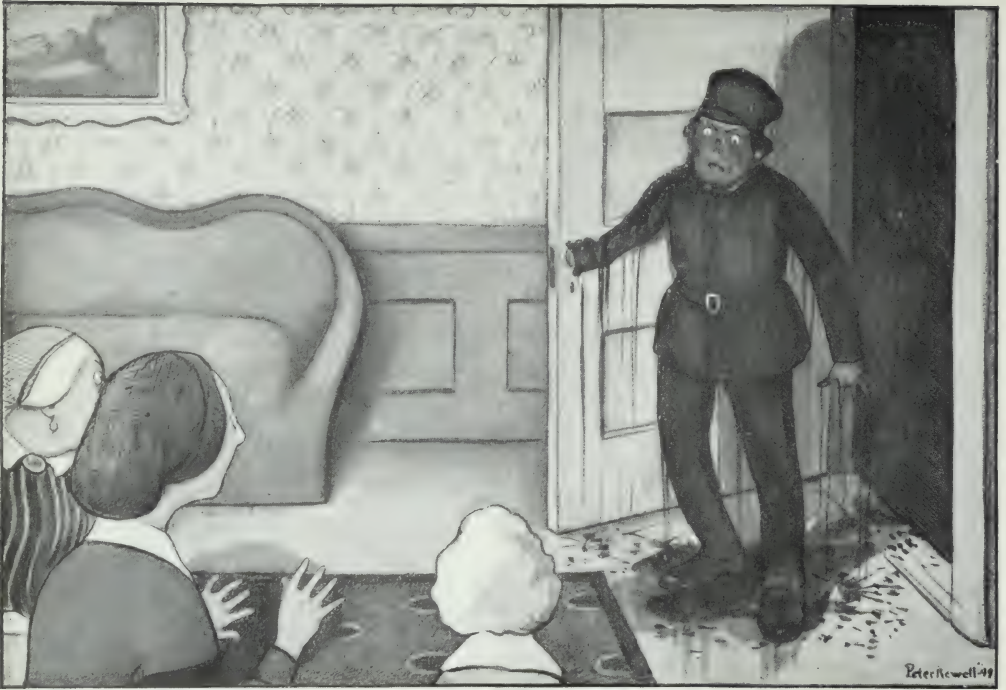
They sauntered out, and as Peters teed his ball, both men noticed Mackilmarnock lurking



HE SAW JACK PETERS.



THE DISCOVERY.



AN INKY NIGHT.

THE tempest whistled through the trees, the night was inky black,
When Winfred stumbled through the door, in dreadful plight, alack!

behind a small cairn of stones some fifty yards away.

Peters made a preliminary wobble, called "Fore!" and proceeded to put into action his recently acquired corkscrew drive from the hip.

The trusty beech-wood driver swung through the air, and slapped with a vicious little jerk against the yellow ball. At the very instant of impact there came a terrific detonation. The ground shook, turf flew in all directions, and a cloud of dust obscured the firmament. Through the cloud the form of Peters was seen speeding skyward in several pieces. The dust subsided, and revealed a horrible scene of carnage. A chunk one hundred feet square had been bitten out of the earth. Peters had disappeared. Of Evans there remained only a melancholy memory in the shape of a finger-nail.

Willie Mackilmarnock stole out from his cairn of stones and approached the pit. He wore an expression of fiendish joy, and hurling a few curses at the spot, disappeared in the club-house.

Then things began to get interesting on the links. Explosions were heard often—deep-seated, hoarse explosions that shook the beer-bottles in the ice-chest. Cross sections of members, accompanied by liberal supplies of dirt, came hurtling down from above.

Mackilmarnock sat in the club-house until

he had counted seven explosions. Then he arose and wandered out on the links. There weren't any. The complexion of the landscape had changed entirely. Hills were torn down, valleys were filled up, fences were gone, and fractions of twenty-three members of the Exmoor County Golf Club lay scattered o'er the earth's surface.

"Vengeance is mine!" cried Willie Mackilmarnock, striking an attitude.

And indeed it was. The relentless villain had broken into the lockers the night before, stolen every ball in the place, painted half of them with yellow ochre, and the rest with *nitro-glycerine*.

Only one man escaped. He, horribly maimed and mangled, crawled to my house, and lay there for days in delirium. When he recovered sufficiently to tell me the story, I rushed over to the Exmoor links to investigate. A fifteen-foot board fence surrounded the property of the Exmoor County Golf Club. Not a trace of the former Scotch local color remained save a barely perceptible odor of haggis which emanated from the enclosure.

Willie Mackilmarnock sits at a small gate, and to all inquiries from anxious families of the members he replies that they are inside indulging in secret practice, and preparing themselves for the championship struggle next summer.

WILLIAM JAMES COFFIN.

Latte



See "Bethulah," by I. Zangwill, page 677.

THE WONDER RABBI.

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THE ASCENT OF ILLIMANI

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

IT is impossible for a lover of mountain adventure to look at a map of the two Americas without an impatient desire to make acquaintance with the long backbone that winds through them from extreme north to extremest south. What consummate variety of beauty and character between sub-arctic Alaska and storm-beaten Tierra del Fuego! Mountains draped with tropical forest, mountains covered with so-called eternal snow, mountains flaming with the product of subterranean heat, diversify the long-drawn-out ranges of the double continent. It was that I might behold some of these wonders of the Western world with my own eyes, and perhaps here and there might penetrate into unexplored fastnesses of the great Andean ranges, that I visited South America in 1898.

I first saw the backbone of America at its lowest point, where the Panama Railway and the incomplete canal cross its undulating crest at a convenient depression. A week later, when we sailed out into the Pacific from the beautiful Bay of Panama, the encircling mountains appeared in their rich forest drapery through the golden evening light.

Any hopes I may have cherished of a glimpse of Chimborazo from Guayaquil were doomed to disappointment, though I industriously climbed the eminences near the sea and kept a sharp lookout for two days. I have regretted ever since that, through not starting a fortnight earlier, we had no time to make a dash for this splendid mountain. Though we hugged the coast closely south of Guayaquil, and

landed at many ports, we did not see the Andes again till we came to Lima; nor, indeed, did we see them from Lima, for that city lies for months together under a pall of gray cloud which keeps it in continual gloom. But, leaving Lima one morning by train, I stood, nine hours later, on the very crest of the main range, 15,800 feet above sea-level, and my eyes ranged over mountainous inland regions whose deep valleys send down their sparse tribute to the mighty Amazon.

A rise of 15,000 feet in a few hours astonishes the interior economy of most men. At nine or ten thousand feet a great silence fell upon the passengers. A little higher and they were all lying about upon the seats, complaining of headaches and other discomforts. Children began to cry. Every one was more or less sorry for himself. Though a vessel seasoned to high elevations, I cannot say that I was quite unaffected. When leaving the train at the top I was decidedly uncertain of foot, with a singular sense of treading upon velvet. But there was no time for analyzing symptoms. Mr. Ellis, the permanent way-inspector of the line, was awaiting me with a hand-car composed of four wheels, a platform, a seat, and a brake. As soon as the train had gone away to the east, we mounted and began to run back towards Lima, 150 miles. Gravitation was our engine; it gripped us in the midnight darkness of the top tunnel. We felt the ground, as it were, sliding up beneath us. Whir went the wheels. There was the sense, though not the aspect, of motion. Soon the eye of

the tunnel came in view. The light from it revealed stalactite icicles on the tunnel's sides and roof. It grew larger and brighter till we dashed forth again into day. Snow lay all about us, and the air was freezing cold. Down we went, down and down. The kilometre posts flew by like a railing. On and on, into tunnels and out of them, along the margin of giddy precipices, and over unpaved bridges, through which one looked into giddy depths. Bang! went the wheel against a stone upon the rail; flung into the air, we fell back safely upon the track. Mr. Ellis did not notice so trifling an occurrence, but I did! and have recalled it since—with inward squirming. Like a bomb from a mortar we burst out of one tunnel's mouth, flashed across a frail bridge, and rushed into another tunnel opposite. The place is well called Infernillo; the narrow gorge there runs be-

150-mile switchback ride began, and fancy was turned free to dignify our flight with imaginary terrors. There was no moon, but Jupiter and Venus in close conjunction, just over the edge of the black hill, were bright enough to cast a shadow. The Southern Cross was now and then visible ahead; all else was the gloom and majesty of a shrouded mountain world. It was an hour of thrilling life.

Voyaging southward from Lima, we landed at last at Mollendo, near the southern end of the Peruvian coast, and definitely set forth inland, again mounting by a wonderful railroad, which took us first to Arequipa, where I received kind hospitality and valued help from the observers at the splendid Harvard Observatory. Then the line ascended by easy gradients to a pass 14,666 feet high, the crest of the outer Cordillera, and sloped down to Puno, on the shores of Lake Titicaca.

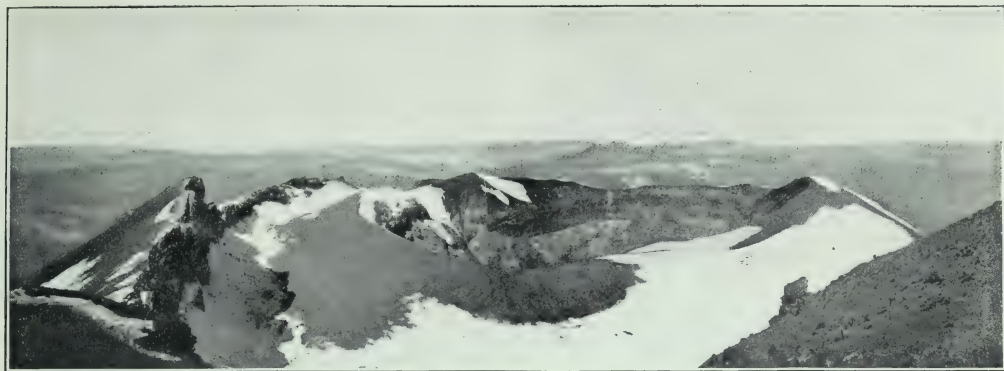


THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY AT AREQUIPA, WITH THE MISTI IN THE DISTANCE.

tween vertical cliffs thousands of feet high. As we whirled along from night to night we saw in a flash of intervening vision a red cloud roofing the gorge. The world was turning faster against us than our wild westward rush, so that the brief twilight was soon over and the solid night came on. Then the real romance of this

The ascent had been through an almost continual desert of sand and stones, but here came a more fertile landscape, where the fields, though brown—for it was the dry season—proclaimed the memory and hope of harvests.

Lake Titicaca is unique amongst the waters of the world. Its extent is four-



THE CRATER OF THE MISTI.

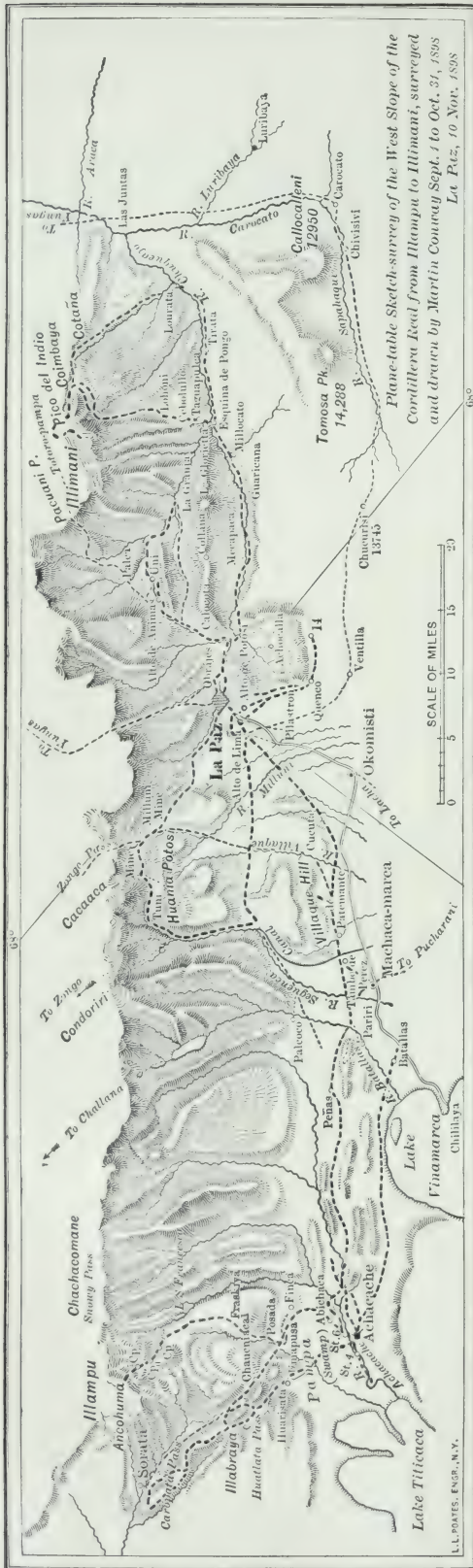
teen times that of the Lake of Geneva, and the level of its surface is 12,545 feet above the sea. Along its eastern shore runs the main Cordillera, rising aloft at its southern end into the mighty Mount Sorata, whose broad expanding glaciers seem to lift themselves like silver from the waves. The shores and islands of the lake were—who knows how long ago?—the cradle of a remarkable civilization, or even series of civilizations. Perhaps latest amongst them was that of the Inca tribe, which, rising in this place, spread northward over the hills and down a valley to Cuzco, and thence stretched forth its conquering arm over a vast area whose exact limits can no longer be defined. The Incas looked back to Titicaca Island as the sacred spot whence emerged their legendary founders, Manco Capac and his consort Mama Ocello Huaco. The traveller on the waters or round the shores of the lake beholds many a monument of departed greatness and industrial prosperity. He feels that he is looking upon historic ground, and the dim glamour of a well-nigh forgotten past sheds lustre upon peaks and ranges doubtless untrodden by human foot, but often travelled by human eyes, and in whose names yet linger the fossilized faith and poetry of departed men. The very legends descended from prehistoric times are still told by the Indians dwelling on the mountains, and so keen is their belief in them that when we ascended Mount Sorata* we narrowly escaped destruction at their hands, because they said, and prob-

ably believed, that we had gone up to carry away the great golden bull which the gods of old had placed upon Sorata's summit, and which the keenest sighted thought they sometimes beheld glittering in the sun.

The waters of Titicaca Lake reflect no longer the splendor of Inca religious pageants; they are ploughed instead by three bustling steamers, on one of which we voyaged 111 miles to the Bolivian port of Chililaya. Fortune favored us with a day brilliant and calm, when the waves lay asleep and all the hills were clear. Generally a storm rages, and the voyager suffers from such an irresistible combination of mountain and sea sickness that even the hardy stokers of the engines do not become habituated to it, but suffer like so many new-comers.

From Chililaya to La Paz, the largest town and by all appearance the proper capital of Bolivia, the traveller is conveyed along a tolerable road in a four-horse vehicle called a tilbury. It is a day's journey over the high Bolivian plain—a brown desert except during the rainy season—densely populated by Aymara Indians. Their prehistoric-looking huts are dotted about in all directions, while the folk themselves throng the highway, all dressed in bright-colored ponchos, and either bearing loads or driving laden donkeys. It is astonishing what multitudes of them one meets—a surly-looking lot, truth to tell! Every road and pathway is outlined as by a procession, all converging towards or radiating from La Paz. Along the side of this strange Tibet-like plain there runs, about twenty miles to the eastward, like

* An account of the ascent will appear in *Harper's Magazine* for November.



a vast wall, the line of snowy peaks which form the Cordillera Real. Each in its turn sends down one or more ridges that widen out to broad slopes and sink into the plain. Between the ridges are narrow valleys, and at their heads are glaciers leading to snowy passes. There are hardly any buttress peaks; only the single line of giants, dividing the high plain from the tropical low-lying forest lands which feed the flow of the far-off Amazon. Many are of splendid individual form, but it is the succession of peaks rather than their several beauties which strikes the traveller's eye along the road.

Hour succeeds hour with little apparent change of view. Mount Sorata is gradually left behind, and the almost equally beautiful precipitous Cacaaca approaches, whilst Illimani, perhaps the noblest of the three, is fitfully seen far ahead. The traveller becomes drowsy in the burning sun, and weary of the jolting and the dust. He begins to think that La Paz should be approaching, but there is nothing to suggest the proximity of a town. A startling surprise is in store. The ground suddenly drops away in a steep cliff, whose existence is unsuspected till you stand at its very edge. A basin valley, many miles in width, yawns at your feet, with red-roofed La Paz like a mosaic pavement at the bottom of it, and far away, filling the vista, the towering dome of Illimani. Curious spires and pinnacles of hard mud fringe the edge of this unparalleled caldron. Patches of green are dotted about its sides and floor, like little carpets, but most of the visible area is brown or yellow desert, cut about by the wild rage of the rainy season into the most fantastic forms. The road winds cleverly down the steep hill-side; the driver awakes from his dreams and whips up his sorry team. After an exciting gallop that seems to presage certain accident, the tilbury is rattling along the streets of the city, and presently lands the dust-stained traveller at the door of Guibert's Hotel, a surprisingly good hostelry to find at the end of such a journey.

The city of La Paz is an Old World place. Looked at from above, it seems flat. When you are within it, it is found to be all up and down. The streets are so steep that people often slip and fall on the pavements. The suburbs are like Indian villages, and the town crowd is predominantly Indian. The market is flamboyant



A NATIVE BOAT, LAKE TITICACA.

with the bright colors of Indian attire. At the end of each of the cross-streets rises a bare and precipitous cliff, whilst the longitudinal thoroughfares disclose the splendid dome of Illimani. No great town in the world, so far as I know, is so intimately associated with a mountain as is La Paz with Illimani. It was therefore natural enough that we should make that peak the goal of our first expedition.

It was the 1st of September when we left the town with a caravan of mules and attendants. My constant companions were two Alpine guides from the village of Valtournanche, just at the Italian foot

of the Matterhorn; Antoine Maquignaz and Louis Pellissier were their names. I should be perfectly satisfied never to be accompanied by a better climber than the former, or a more amiable and trustworthy second man than the latter, and I take this opportunity of recommending Maquignaz as a brilliant guide for adventurous climbers, and Pellissier to all, and especially to ladies who desire the services of a perfectly safe and most attentive guide for ordinary snow-mountain ascents. He makes no claim to be brilliant, but his solid merits are great. A commissary of police was lent to us by



A DONKEY CARAVAN, LA PAZ VALLEY.

the government, with kindest intentions. We had also the necessary men to look after the mules.

We quitted the town through a narrow mud gorge cut into the earth by the mere friction of traffic of countless generations. As we emerged from it Illimani rose suddenly before us in startling grandeur, some thirty miles away, clearly visible from base to summit. The side disclosed to us did not appear to offer any easy line of ascent, but I had determined to look at the other side also before actually starting upward. For the best part of two days, therefore, we travelled down the wonderful Valley of La Paz, amidst scenery so peculiar that I fear it will be impossible to convey any idea of it to the reader in the brief space at my disposal. In its barrenness it resembles the great valleys within Kashmir, but whereas they are bounded for the most part by precipices of hard rock leading up to jagged crests,

the La Paz Valley is characterized by enormous alluvial deposits which have been cut by the deluges of the rainy season into the most fantastic shapes conceivable. Only where artificial irrigation is practised does vegetation flourish in this weird wilderness, but there it is rank and splendid—hedges of roses and flowering cactus, fruit-gardens, mayblossoms, and flowering broom. Shortly after leaving La Paz we passed through such an oasis about the suburb of Obrajes, which might be made by art into one of the loveliest spots in the world. Then the wilderness received us, and we presently mounted a very steep path up the face of a mud cliff till we reached the level where the cliff broke up into a multitude of earth pyramids, in shape like fingers, amongst which we wound about as between the trunks of a forest. After a mile or two of this ghoulish chaos we descended again to the river-level and crossed to the opposite

bank, where a giddy ascent had again to be made in order to circumvent some untraversable precipice.

Thus the journey progressed in strange intricacy of winding ways; but in the main we descended and came into ever hotter depths, where the high sun pierced us with darts of fire. At each succeeding oasis the vegetation was richer. We spent the first night in the midst of a sugar-plantation.

The hospitality of our hosts there was sorely tried by the misbehavior of our policeman, who ordered every one about, demanded and drank five bottles of their spirits, roared ribald songs into the night, snapped his fingers in everybody's face, commanded the Indians, and made them drill with their mattocks for arms. Next morning he was wild with alcohol, tried to prevent me from starting, and to hinder my mules from being laden, and made play with his carbine, to the terror of all. Fortunately, as soon as he mounted his mule he fell off upon his head and broke it, and his carbine too; whereupon he returned to bed, and I saw no more of him for some days.

The second march led through narrower, hotter, and grander gorges, where vegetation ceased; but late in the afternoon we turned up hill by a precipitous path and came to more open and fertile land. We were, in fact, on the lower slopes of Illimani at the side away from La Paz. The path lay along a lovely water-course, overshadowed by high-grown canes and shrubs, through which we pushed a way. There were vineyards patched about, and orchards of custard-apples. The wine made at this place is like port—red and strong. Up we went, by the babbling brook, delighting in the shade of trees and the spectacle of flowers breaking into blossom. Presently the whole hill-side became covered with peach blossom—almost a farm of peach-trees; and now the high snows peeped forth through clouds, and we saw precipitous cliffs of ice high aloft, and broken glaciers and narrow white ridges, beautiful to look upon, but for a climber very unpromising.

Late in the early evening of these parts we reached the farm-house or *hacienda* of Cotaña, and were kindly welcomed. The house is buried in eucalyptus-trees, and surrounded first by orchards, then by fields and hill-slopes, and finally by a theatre of snowy peaks. White Illimani above an orchard of blossoming peaches was a sight I shall never forget.

From Cotaña we rode up the side valley to a higher *hacienda*, named Coimbaya (11,800 feet), where a few days were spent exploring in different directions to obtain views of our mountain and examine possible lines of ascent. No promising route appeared, but the manager of the farm, an ardent sportsman, who has pursued the deer to the snow-level all about Illimani, assured us that round a certain corner we should find a gully which would carry us high, and probably give access to the upper snow-fields elsewhere cut off by vertical precipices from the lower regions. So we set forth to try our luck in this direction. Mules could only accompany us a few hours farther; we then became dependent upon



THE HACIENDA OF COTAÑA.

the services of porters to carry our baggage.

To every *finca* in Bolivia there are attached a number of Indians. The word *finca* is better translated by "manor" than "farm." A *finca* is the property of a landlord, and the Indians on it may almost be described as belonging to him, though the bond is something more than a legal



IN THE GULLY.

one, and descends historically from pre-Columbian days. The owner lets land to the Indians on condition that they also work his lands. Without land thus obtained the agricultural Indians cannot live; they are therefore in the power of the *finca* proprietor. But he is likewise in their power, for he has no physical means of coercing them, and they will only behave in accordance with immemorial custom, working short hours and by rules of prehistoric agriculture. Only a quarter of the land of a *finca* is worked in any year; the rest lies fallow. Certain crops alone are attempted. No innovation is possible; a revolt would be the immediate consequence. The Indians of a *finca*, if decently treated, regard their owner with respect; for him and him only will they work. It would scarcely be possible for a stranger in the land, such as I was, to get Indians to work for him for a few days by any mere offer of money wages. If I wanted men, I had to find a *finca*-proprietor to lend them to me. He could not order them to come with me,

but he could recommend them to come and to take my pay. Even then he had to send some superior person with them, or they would have left me in the lurch at the first obstacle. It was often difficult to find such a man, for the influence of any one was only local, but till he was found nothing could be done.

The man of influence who came with me from Cotaña was the son of the manager. He was a young Bolivian, Ezekiel Guillen by name. He knew some English, which was rare luck; he was a good walker; and he could talk the Aymara language, which is rendered difficult by its peculiarity of strange catchings of the breath in the gutturals. It has, for instance, five different *k*'s. After much reasoning Guillen persuaded five Indians to come and bear our burdens. They greatly disliked the job, firstly, because the region to which we were

going was well known to them as the home of all manner of ghouls and demons, and secondly, because I was a *gringo*—a natural object of suspicion and dislike. However, they started, and there seemed a likelihood of fine weather, so my spirits rose. The way led round the foot of a great rock buttress descending from one of the chief peaks of Illimani. Behind that there descends the gully we had heard of—wide at the foot, narrower higher up. We camped a short distance up at 14,000 feet, after a miserably short march, but the Indians would go no farther that day. Next day we made only another 2000 feet, and that with infinite trouble. The Indians pretended all manner of weakness, and were constantly sitting down for any or no excuse; yet we feared to be urgent with them, as they were only too eager to bolt altogether. That they were not fatigued was proved when a herd of deer were sighted some distance higher up. The gun was down at the lower camp, and an Indian ran to fetch it, and came with it up the hill like a lamp-lighter, such

is the eagerness that sport infuses into the breast of man, whatever his color. After a fatiguing stalk, for at 16,000 feet fatigue comes quickly, we "laid a tall and nimble deer along"; eight more escaped, but not by climbing up the rocks, as chamois would have climbed.

Yet one more day's slow ascent and a third encampment were required before we approached the foot of the cliff that rises round the head of the gully. We dug out a platform into the steep slope, sheltered by an overhanging rock from falling stones. Rock walls jutted above us, that on the farther side being surmounted by a glacier which sent ice avalanches thundering over down the face, below which they reformed into a glacier again. Looking out of the gully, we could see the Andes continuing south in the snowy crest of the Five Crosses; beside them stretched away the desert plain to remote volcanic domes and unnamed peaks. It was a glorious view, when clear; but almost equally glorious were the majestic cloud battalions that kept sweeping over from the east, sometimes in almost level flood, at others piled high in swelling domes, whose base was 20,000 feet, and their sunlit summits at least double that altitude.

Next day (September 8), at an early hour, we packed all the kit, some to be left behind on the camp terrace, the rest to be carried with us—two tents, sleeping-bags, cooking apparatus, and provisions for several days, so that we might hold out, if need were, against a spell of bad weather. Only two Indians remained with us—a long-faced man, strangely like the late R. L. Stevenson, and a round-faced, laughter-loving boy, more like a Burmese than an Aymara Indian. Señor Guillen also faithfully adhered to us. A few minutes away, at the foot of the rock wall, the climb began. Zigzag we went, following all convenient ledges. The scrambling from ledge to ledge was often



RETRIEVING FALLEN BAGGAGE.

far from easy; in fact, the whole of this part of the ascent is about equal in difficulty to that of any of the harder Zermatt mountains, such as the Matterhorn, Gabelhorn, or Dent Blanche. I stood at the top of each difficult spot, holding forth small silver coins for the Indians to come up and possess. Thus by the attraction of money, and by hauling on the rope, we engineered our timid porters slowly upward. When two-thirds of the wall was surmounted there came a perpendicular chimney thickly embellished with ice. It was really the last hard place, but nothing could induce the Indians to attempt it. Their cup of dread had been steadily filling; here it overflowed. They dropped their loads, turned tail, and fled. Two hours later there came wafted up to us the screams of joy which announced their arrival at our deserted tent platform.

By hauling the loads up with ropes in difficult places, and by carrying them in easy ones, we came out at last on the snow above, and found ourselves on the proper right side of a large and easy glacier, with a rock wall close on our left hand. It

was the same glacier that made the ice avalanches we had seen during previous days. On the snow beside the rocks, at a height of about 18,500 feet, we pitched the tents with solid satisfaction. It was certain that the outworks of the mountain fortress were passed; there only remained to deliver the assault on the final peak. Guillen now manifested himself a born mountaineer: he absolutely revelled in the novel world of snow, and seemed to be drinking in new life. Bred at 12,000 feet, he felt the effect of diminished atmospheric pressure less than we. He ran about like a chamois on snow and rocks, and seemed anxious to plant his foot on every surrounding eminence and look abroad in all directions. Dangers did not exist for him. He mocked at hidden crevasses and laughed at our admonitions. Camp pitched and soup drunk, off he went alone, and we saw him no more for hours. Till, upwards sunset, yells from the guides called me forth, and I beheld him calmly descending the glacier from far above, and making straight for a perfect labyrinth of crevasses, open and closed. The men hurriedly put on the rope and went forth to save him from what seemed certain destruction: but he bore a charmed life, and came back in safety, wondering what all the fuss was about.

Before two o'clock next morning we had left camp and were winding our way up amongst yawning crevasses by the light of a single candle. Fifteen miles away, across the valley of the La Paz River, another twinkling light was visible, shining through the window of a remote farm-house. That was our sole link with the world of men. The night was not cold (only 21° Fahr.), but the snow was hard as rock, and we made rapid progress. Once Guillen fell into a crevasse, but, being roped, we pulled him out unhurt. The old moon rising over the snow-field rendered the lantern superfluous. Mounting steadily upward, we approached the water-shed ridge, the very crest of the Cordillera Real, and two and a half hours from camp we stood upon it and looked down an appalling precipice of at least 14,000 feet, into the black depths of some valley of fertile Yungas. It was still night. Gloom enveloped us: blanched snow and black crags appeared dim and ghostly near at hand, but the vague horror of that almost fathomless plunge into the dark gulf at our feet was

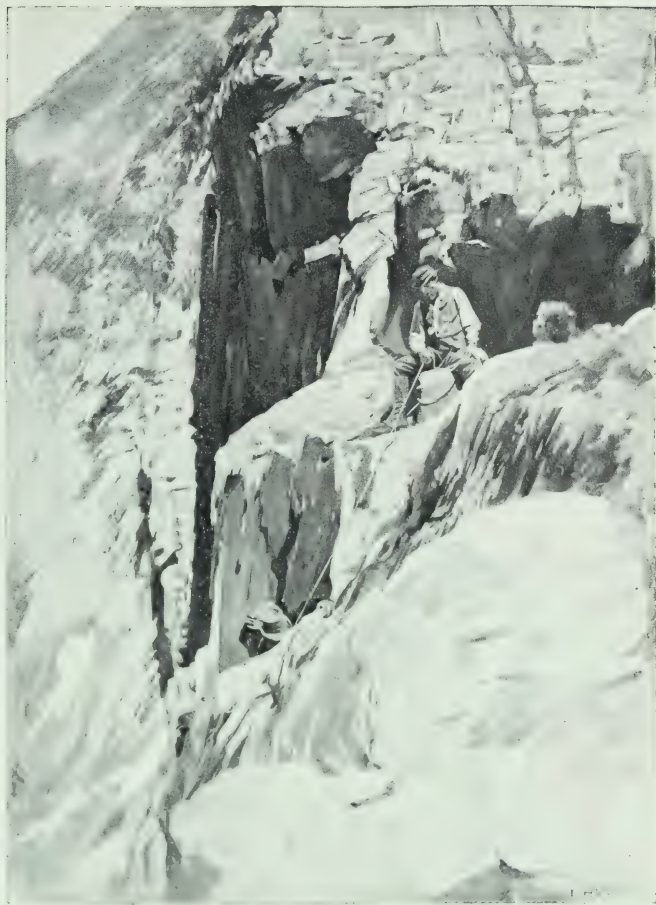
one of the experiences that it has been worth living to know.

During all this part of our ascent there had been on our left a great mountain exactly between us and Illimani: I called it the Pico del Indio, for a reason to be presently explained. We knew that a snow plateau lay between it and Illimani, and we had hoped to gain this plateau by passing round the back of the Pico del Indio. Now, however, we learned, to our regret, that the tremendous Yungas cliff rendered any such circumvention impossible, whilst a corresponding cliff on the side from which we had come equally prohibited a turning movement. The intervening peak must be climbed over, and we must begin by going up the steep and narrow ridge on which we were then standing—no easy matter, as we could see even through the gloom of the night.

A boss of hard, transparent ice, the size of a walrus, stuck out of the ridge, and had first to be surmounted. Steps were cut in it with much deliberation, and we raised ourselves to the crest above, one foot over the fathomless precipice, the other on a steep slope, with a gaping crevasse a few yards down. Slip which way you might, it would be sudden destruction, and to slip was easy in this darkness and cold. The last stride was about as theatrical a performance as I can remember, for the ice, even in the steps, was as slippery as a frozen pond. Here Guillen decided to turn back. He said his curiosity was satisfied and he had a pain in his foot. This turned out to be frost-bite, for the cold up here was intense—probably twenty degrees lower than it had been down at camp. How Guillen got down alone I do not know, but he went, and he arrived the same day in safety at Coimbaya, to our no small relief—and advantage too, as will appear. Above the boss of ice were steep rocks, up which we felt our way in the darkness, for the moon had gone behind clouds the last hour or more. Farther up the ridge an enormous ice cornice barred the way, and could neither be circumvented nor climbed over, as dawn enabled us to ascertain. There was no alternative but to cross the whole steep south face of the Pico del Indio to a gap in the ridge on the other side, by which, as we knew, access to the high snow plateau could be attained. The face was a great slope of ice, fortunately covered

by a thin layer of well-frozen snow that adhered firmly to it, and into which steps could be cut. But for this film of snow, the traverse, which occupied over two hours, would have taken four or five hours, and been infinitely dangerous into the bargain.

The day was at hand. All along the crest of the mountains and clouds in the east flamed the crimson glory of the coming sun. The brighter illumination only served to make more plain the solemnity and splendor of our surroundings. The ice slope itself was one of the steepest I have ever stood on. A few hundred feet below, it was cut off into a vertical cliff, overhanging in places, and by its feet lay the piled ruins of the ice avalanches which continually fell from it. There could be no slipping here. The day increased, the sun came, and we slowly advanced; but how slowly the distance diminished between us and the western ridge I cannot describe. Click, click, click, went the axe, hewing out a step with painstaking care. Each had to be large and well shaped. It was hard work. Half-way across, Maquignaz fell behind, and Pellissier took his place. Little was said. The steps were made as far apart as was safe, and the stride from one to another was an effort. At last the desired saddle was gained, and we could throw ourselves down and rest awhile, more than 20,000 feet above the sea, with the culminating peaks of Illimani now full in sight, rising beyond the snow plateau, of whose existence we had been assured, but which we now first saw—a vast, unbroken, undulating expanse, waving away to four snow-white peaks and the saddles between them. The highest peak was right opposite, and the way to it was obvious; we must gain the saddle beside it, and



CLIMBING THE ROCK WALL BELOW THE HIGHEST CAMP.

then follow a snow ridge to the top, the saddle in question being the depression visible from La Paz immediately to the left of the highest summit.

After a few minutes' contented rest we descended a gentle snow slope of about 400 feet to the level of the plateau. The Pico del Indio was now behind us and Illimani ahead. By great good fortune the snow was in good condition, so that we scarcely sank into it at all. Over large areas it was hard as a wooden floor. Now, of course, we felt, as any man must always feel at such an elevation, the weakening effect of diminished atmospheric pressure. We had no headaches, nausea, running of blood from nose and ears, or other violent symptoms, but all were greatly reduced in strength. When the long slow ascent beyond the level of the plateau began, the light load that strong Pellissier had to carry was almost

too much for him. The remainder of the ascent was a featureless grind. There was not a crevasse, scarcely an inequality of surface to vary the way. The rounded snow summits shut off distant views, and were not interesting objects to look at in themselves. After three hours of slow continuous plodding the inclination ceased, and we stood upon a flat, wide saddle, from which there fell away at our



15,000-FOOT CAMP ON
ILLIMANI

wide Bolivian desert far away to north and west.

The ascent recommenced. Slowly, very slowly, we mounted the wide and easy snow ridge, conscious only of heart-breaking toil, and entirely possessed by a fixed determination to get the work done. The



SUMMIT OF ILLIMANI SEEN
FROM THE PICO DEL INDOO.

feet the steep descent facing La Paz. We threw ourselves down for a few moments to rest and eat. We were about 21,000 feet above the sea. For view there was behind us the great plateau; to left and right, snow ridges leading up to white peaks; ahead, a tumbled cataract of ice, seen through the gaps of changeeful clouds; with now and then a glimpse over the



ILLIMANI FROM NEAR COCHABATA.

lifting of each foot in its turn was a tragic effort. Presently everything became unreal and dreamlike. I fell into a semi-comatose condition, but plodded on all the same. Twice I came to myself with a start; I had been walking in something very like sleep. One apparent summit was succeeded by another, but the true one came at last. "Monsieur, à vous la gloire," said Maquignaz, as he moved aside for me to stand first upon the highest point of snow. It was half an hour before noon. The altitude was 21,200 feet.* It was a moment of satisfaction, in that our toil ceased, but we had no sense of triumph, nor was there breath enough left in one of us for an exclamation of joy in the hour of victory. Nothing was said or done for several minutes; we just sat down and rested. But five minutes later we had recovered, and were as comfortable as at sea-level so long as we neither moved nor attempted to do anything. The cane flag-staff we had brought up in sections was planted in the snow, and a little union-jack set waving; but, alas, no one but ourselves could see it, for most of the lower regions were buried in a sea of clouds, and La Paz in particular was hidden. A flag-staff erected in snow will not stand many hours. This one fell before clear weather returned, and never showed itself down the telescope of the Jesuit Fathers at La Paz, who looked out for it at the first opportunity.

Notwithstanding the fog below, the view was impressive, for we stood out in clear air and brilliant sunshine, with towering clouds and snowy peaks near at hand. The peaks, draped in broken ice, were magnificent. The southward continuation of the Cordillera likewise lifted itself into sight, but of Mount Sorata and the northern range we saw nothing, whilst of the Bolivian plain only patches were seen through gaps in its nebulous covering.

The descent was easy enough till we came to the foot of the Pico del Indio,

and had to reascend. There I thought my heart would burst, so excessive was the toil. Twelve short steps and a halt, twelve more and another halt, and so on, with deep breathing betweenwhiles to recover the power of motion. It was a dreadful hour, but it came to an end, and we could throw ourselves down on the mound of rock by the little snow saddle and look back upon our conquered giant.

My hand touched something soft and clammy lying on the rock beside me. What could there be of that sort in such a place? I picked it up. It was a rotten



ON THE SUMMIT OF ILLIMANI.
The guides, Maquignaz and Pellissier.

piece of Indian woollen cord swollen to the thickness of one's wrist. Maquignaz, to whom I gave it, unfortunately lost it on the way down. Tradition at Coim-baya asserts that many years ago an Indian desperately dared to invade the secret places of the great god Illimani. He was last seen from below seated on this point where now we sat. He never returned to the abodes of men, for the god turned him into stone. That there is a basis of truth for the tale is proved by our discovery of the piece of rope. So I named the peak beside this place Pico del Indio.

We decided to complete the descent by another and more direct route, going straight down the long slope at our feet, instead of crossing over the face and

* The recorded measurements are as follows: Pentland, 21,181 feet; Pissis, 21,355 feet; Reiss, 21,040 feet; Minchin, 21,224 feet; Reck, 21,339 feet; Conway, 21,015 feet. The mean is 21,200.

doubling back down below. The slope, which was of ice covered with good snow, was steep, but much less steep than the one we had crossed, and the snow was fairly thick and firm. We went straight down, one only moving at a time, an axe always firmly planted into the slope, and the rope paid out round it. It seemed as though the bottom would never come, so long and featureless was the slope. The snow became softer, and we began to fear that it might bodily slide off the ice and take us down in an avalanche. Another trouble ahead was the great *bergschrund*, or crevasse, at the foot of the slope. We could see that there was one, but of its size or where to cross it we could see nothing, for the upper edge hid the lower. By good luck we reached it at a place where it could be jumped, and, as it turned out, almost the only place. Then we were on leveler snow, strewn with ruins of ice avalanches. We picked a way through them and in and out of crevasses larger than I have ever seen. The bridges over them were great hill-sides in themselves. By winding about, this labyrinth was at last threaded, though not without many errors and returns. Thus the main glacier was reached and the morning's upward tracks rejoined. At half past five we were in camp, and at six, it being already dark, I was fast asleep in the sack of reindeer-skin which had so often sheltered me in Spitzbergen against arctic cold. Next day we carried and threw down the baggage over the rock wall, at the foot of which were Indians awaiting us, sent up by Guillen's kind foresight. Thus we regained Coimbaya the same afternoon, after a most successful expedition.

To assault Mount Sorata as soon as possible was now our single idea. This meant returning to La Paz. We chose a different route from that by which we had come, and set forth the following morning with all our mules and baggage. The topographically minded reader may remember that, in coming, we had circumvented the base of Illimani by following the trough of the deep valley which runs around it. The route of our return was to be high up across the slope of the mountain for some distance, and then a steep descent to the place we slept at the first night out. Close to Coimbaya is a grassy saddle in one of the main buttress ridges. We began by crossing this and descending a little distance to a neigh-

boring farm. We knew that Mr. Bandelier, whom I may best describe as the Flinders Petrie of prehistoric Peru and Bolivia, was making this farm his temporary abode whilst excavating (for the National Museum at Washington, D. C.) ancient villages and burying-places on the flanks of Illimani. During the course of our preliminary explorations we had come across several such burying-places on the actual summits of the lower hills, and we had found two ruined villages and their abandoned but still recognizable terraced fields in a position most difficult of access just at the foot of a glacier—a proof that the pressure of population in pre-Columbian days, rendered necessary the cultivation of every yard of land that could be reclaimed and watered. Even the position of the canal that brought the glacier water to the fields could be traced.

Entering the court-yard of the farm, I found Mrs. Bandelier upon the steps. She greeted us heartily, and went to make her husband get up, for it was still very early. Both united to insist that we should spend a few hours with them, and I was nothing loath. Seldom in my experience has time passed more delightfully. I wish I could make this excellent couple visible to the reader. The museum for which they work, and have worked for many years, may well be proud of them. Their lives are absolutely devoted to the science they pursue. Cut off from the world, without servant or companion of any sort, isolated in the midst of superstitious Indians who regard their work as dangerous to the peace of the neighborhood, and expect daily vengeance to descend upon their villages from the ghosts of outraged ancestors, they pursue, nevertheless, the even tenor of their research, helping one another in every detail, each the other's only friend. To converse with such brave, alert, intelligent friends about their work, about the country, the natives, the mountains they know and love so well, was a rare privilege.

Mrs. Bandelier cooked our breakfast on a petroleum-stove (and an excellent breakfast it was) whilst her husband answered my volley of questions. "Were the ancient dwellers on Illimani Incas?" I ignorantly asked. "I don't know; I have no theories; I know nothing about Incas. All I know is that throughout Peru and Bolivia there were ancient inhabitants for whom I have no name—

prehistoric Peruvians, if you like. These people left remains, which exist, and descendants—the Indians we see about us. The remains show that there were great varieties of local habit and custom, whether the result of racial variety or merely different conditions of life, I don't know. What we do is to investigate the remains and discover facts; we record the facts, and leave inferences and generalizations to other people. There are not facts enough discovered yet to warrant very general inferences. Some day there may be, but it will need much more excavation first. Our investigation is twofold. We dig into the ground and we dig into the minds of the living people. The Indian to-day is very little altered by European influence. He carries a thin varnish of Christianity, but below it are all the pre-Columbian beliefs and superstitions practically entire. The difficulty is to get the people to talk. For example, the Indians here worship Illimani as a god; but they would not acknowledge to you that they did so." Thus he talked for four hours from the wealth of his experience, and if he slackened for a moment, another question would release a new fund of reminiscence and laboriously acquired knowledge. I was surprised to find him full of admiration for the ancient Spanish laws dealing with the treatment of Indians. I gathered that the failure was in administration, not in legislation. "Anyway," he said, "the general ignorance about Spain and her colonies in the old days is colossal."

Bidding farewell to our kind hosts, we followed one of the grandest view-commanding mule-tracks I ever saw. It descended, circling round a vast basin in the hills, just below Illimani's southern cliff. Our peak was always visible far aloft, for the day was perfectly fine. It juts up like a tower from this side, apparently inaccessible save by wings. Shrubs just bursting into flower, and some of most fragrant scent, overarched the track, and the high snows glimmered through them. A gentle breeze hummed in the tall dry tussocks of grass. Water tumbled and sang down the gullies between the arms of the mountains. The curvature of the cirque carried us farther and farther out from the bosom of Illimani. On a little bare field, beaten flat like some dancing-floor in a Himalayan village, a party of natives in gay attire danced round and

round in a circle to the simple music of pipe and drum—a little air of few notes endlessly repeated.



Thus at the end of our encircling traverse we gained a promontory at the mouth of the cirque, and had one look back from the top of a granite mound that seems as though it had been placed where it is in order to command the most majestic view possible of the great mountain. So the heathen inhabitants seem to have thought, for on it there are ruins of what may have been an open-air temple, and there are graves in and about the sacred enclosure. After a brief halt we turned the corner, and our mountain was hidden from view. It is probably this last view of it that I shall longest remember.

A long dull descent followed, with nothing in sight but low desert hills to the west, and the furrows cut down by torrents descending in the rains into the La Paz Valley. It was a view of the unclothed world. But just at sunset we turned a corner and looked down upon the strangely picturesque Indian village or town of Cohoni—a large and tightly packed assemblage of mud houses roofed with thatch, planted one above another on the steep hill-side. The streets of the place proved to be narrow, precipitous, and intricate. It was hard to find the way through, and we were in a hurry, for night was at hand and we still had far to go. Beyond the town came apparently endless steep zigzags, deeply worn into the hill-side by the tread of countless generations. Thousands of feet below we saw, by the last gleam of daylight, the fields of the farm where we must spend the night. Darkness rapidly came on. The crest of Illimani, again in view, palely glimmered after all else was shrouded from view. We had to dismount from our mules to feel for the way. There was no moon. The bright evening star alone gave us light. The air grew sensibly warmer and thicker as we descended. Dense vegetation flanked and roofed the way. A broom with a large blossom, common in South America, filled the air with a rich perfume. Then came tall canes, and I know



CARRYING MACHINERY FOR A BOLIVIAN GOLD-MINE.

not what other tropical vegetation. The night grew blacker and blacker. We could not even see our hands before us. There was a sound of water below; by grovelling on the ground and feeling, we discovered that the path was again following the edge of an abyss. I walked along it, tapping with a stick as a blind man taps the edge of a curb-stone. Then I felt wood and found a bridge, and beyond it the continuing path. At last we came among barking dogs, and soon there were lights glimmering through trees, where we found a *hacienda*, and were kindly received and put up for the night. The name of the place was Taguapalca.

Before pursuing our way next morning

we were conducted over the orchards, where grow fruits of every sort for the La Paz markets—figs, grapes, olives, custard-apples, granadillas, and many more kinds which the reader might not recognize by name. They grew in a rich profusion, but were cultivated with little art, nor was there any of the tidiness we are accustomed to associate with gardening. The effect, however, was most picturesque, thanks to nature's profusion and to the splendid hills peeping in through every gap in the foliage and flowers. Filling our saddle-bags with fruit for the way, we set forth before the sun was high, and rode back to La Paz by the main valley.

WINTER

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

LOVE led her through deserted, frozen ways,
 Yet to her eyes the Spring bloomed lush and fair;
 Alone she stood in Summer's purple haze,
 And her cold heart found only Winter there.

BETHULAH*

BY I. ZANGWILL

I.

THE image of her so tragically trustful in that mountain village of Bukowina still haunts my mind, and refuses to be exorcised, as of yore, by the prose of life. One who is very dear to me advises driving her out at the point of the pen. Whether such recording of my life's strangest episode will lay these memories or not, the story itself may at least instruct my fellow-Jews in New York how variously their religion has manifested itself upon this perplexing planet. Doubtless many are still as ignorant as I was respecting their mediæval contemporaries in eastern Europe. True, they have now opportunities in their own Ghetto—which is, for cosmopolitanism, a New York within a New York—of studying strata from other epochs of Judaism spread out on the same plane of time as their own, even as upon the white sheet of that wonderful invention my aged eyes have lived to see, sequent events may be pictured simultaneously. In my youth these opportunities did not exist. Only in Baltimore and a few of the great Eastern cities was there any aggregation of Jews, and these were all—or wanted to be—good Yankees; while beyond the Mississippi, where my father farmed and hunted like a Christian, and where you might have scoured a thousand square miles to get *minyán* (ten Jews for worship), our picturesque customs and ceremonies dwindled away from sheer absence of fellowship. My father used to tell of a bronzed trapper he breakfasted with on the prairie, who astonished him by asking him over their bacon if he were a Jew. "Yes," said my father. "Shake!" said the trapper. "You're the first Jew I've met for twenty years." Though in my childhood my father taught me the Hebrew he had brought from Europe, and told me droll Jewish stories in his native German, it will readily be understood that the real influences I absorbed were the great American ideals of liberty and humanity, emancipation and enlightenment, and that therefore the strange things I witnessed

among the Carpathians were far more startling to me than they can be to the Jews of to-day upon whom the Old World has poured its archaic inhabitants. Nevertheless, I cannot but think that even those who have met strange drifts of sects in New York will be astonished by the tradition which I stumbled upon so blindly in my first European tour. For, so far as I can gather, the Zloczszol legend is unique in Jewish history and confined exclusively to this out-of-the-way corner, however near other heresies may have approached to some of the underlying conceptions. My landlord Yarchi's view that it was a mere piece of local commercial myth-making, a gross artifice, would have at least the merit of explaining this uniqueness. It has, in my eyes, no other.

This tour of mine was to make not a circle, but a half-circle, for, landing at Hamburg, I was to return by the Baltic, after a circuit through Berlin, Prague, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Lemberg (where my grandfather had once been a rabbi of consideration), Moscow, and St. Petersburg. I did not linger at Hamburg; purchasing a stout horse, I started on my long ride. Of course it did not seem so long to me—who had already ridden from Kansas to both of our seaboard—as it would to a young gentleman of to-day accustomed to parlor cars, though the constant change of dialects and foods was somewhat unsettling.

But money speaks all languages, and a good Western stomach digests all diets. Bad water, however, no stomach can cope with; and I was laid up at Prague with a fever, which left me too weak to hurry on. I rambled about the Ghetto—the Judenstadt—which gave me my first insight into mediæval Judaism, and was fascinated by the quaint alleys and houses, the Jewish town-hall, and the cellarlike *Alt-Neu* synagogue with its miraculous history of unnumbered centuries. I heard the story of the great red flag on the pillar, with its "shield of David" and the Swede's hat, and was

shown on the walls the splatterings of the blood of the martyrs of 1389.

What emotions I had in the old graveyard—a Ghetto of the dead—whose graves were huddled together, three and four deep, and whose very tombstones and corpses had undergone Ghetto persecution! A whole new world opened out to me, crooked as the Ghetto alleys—so alien from the free life of the flowering prairies—as I walked about this “Judengarten,” studying the Hebrew inscriptions and the strange symbolic sculptures—the Priest’s hands of blessing, the Levite’s ewer, the Israelites’ bunch of grapes, the Virgin with roses—and trying to reconstruct the life these dead had lived. Strange ancestral memories seemed thrilling through me, helping me to understand. Many stories did I hear, too, of the celebrated Rabbi Löw, and of the *golem* he created, which brought him his meals: in sign whereof I was shown his grave, and his house marked with a lion on a blue background. I listened with American incredulity but hereditary sympathy. I was astonished to find men who still believed in a certain Sabbatāi Zevi, Messiah of the Jews, and one showed me a Sabbathian prayer-book with a turbaned head of this Redeemer side by side with King David’s, and another who scoffed at this seventeenth-century impostor, yet told me the tradition in his family, how they had sold their business and were about to start for Palestine, when the news reached them that so far from deposing the Sultan, this Redeemer of Israel had become his doorkeeper and a Mohammedan.

The year was passing towards the fall ere I got to Buda-Pesth (in those days the enchanted gateway of the Orient, resounding with gypsy music, and not the civilized capital I found it the other day), and I had not proceeded far on the northerly bend of my journey when, soon after crossing the Carpathians, I was imprisoned in the mountain village of Zloczszol by the sudden overflow of the Dniester. The village itself was sheltered from the floods by a mountain between it and the tributary of the Dniester; but all the roads northward were impassable, and the water came round by clefts and soused our bordering fields and oozed very near the maize-garden of Yarchi’s pine cottage, to which I had removed from the dirty inn, where a squalling baby in a cradle had shared the private sitting-room. It was

a very straggling village, which began to straggle at the mountain-foot, but, for fear of avalanches, I was told, the houses did not grow companionable till some half a mile down the plain.

In the centre of the village was a cobble-paved “Ring-Place” and market-place, on which gave a few streets of shops (the provision-shops benefiting hugely by the floods, which made imports difficult). It was a Jewish colony, with the exception of a few outlying farms, whose peasants brought touches of gorgeous color into the procession of black gabardines. It was strange to me to live in a place in which every door-post bore a *Mezuzah*. It gave me a novel sense of being in a land of Israel, and sometimes I used to wonder how these people could feel such a sense of local patriotism as seemed to possess them. And yet I reflected that, like that giant cedar of Lebanon which rose from the plain in such strange contrast with the native trees of Zloczszol, Israel could be transplanted everywhere, and was made of as enduring and undying a wood—nay, that, even like this cedar-wood, it had strange properties of conserving other substances and arresting putrefaction. Hence its ubiquitous patriotism was universally profitable. Nevertheless, this was one of the surprises of my journey—to find Jews speaking every language under the European sun, regarding themselves everywhere as part of the soil, and often patriotic to the point of resenting immigrant Jews as foreigners. I myself was popularly known as “the Stranger,” though I was not resented, because the couple of dollars at which I purchased the privilege of “ark-opening” on my first visit to the synagogue—a little Gothic building standing in a court-yard—gave me a further reputation as “the rich stranger.” Once I blushed to overhear myself called “the handsome stranger,” and I looked into my cracked mirror with fresh interest. But I told myself modestly a stalwart son of the prairies had an unfair advantage in such a world of stooping sallow students. Certainly I felt myself favored both in youth and looks when I stepped into the Beth-Hamedrash, the house of study (which I had at first taken for a little mosque, like those I had seen on the slopes of Buda), and watched the curious gnarled gray-beards crooning and rocking the livelong day over worm-eaten folios.

Despite such odd glimpses of the interesting, I grew as tired of waiting for the waters to abate as Noah himself must have felt in his zoological institute.

One day as I was gazing from my one-story window at the melancholy marsh to which the flood had reduced the landscape, I said glumly to my hunch-backed landlord, who stood snuffing himself under the porch, "I suppose it will be another week before I can get away."

"Alas! yes," Yarchi replied.

"Why alas?" I asked. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the longer I stay the better for you."

He shook his head. "The flood that keeps you here keeps away the pilgrims."

"The pilgrims!" I echoed.

"Ay," said he. "There will be three in that bed of yours."

"But what pilgrims?"

He stared at me. "Don't you know the New Year is nigh?"

"Of course," I said, mendaciously. I felt ashamed to confess my ignorant unconcern as to the proximity of the solemn season of ram's-horn blasts and penitence.

"Well, it is at New Year the pilgrims flock to their Wonder Rabbi, that he may hear their petitions and bear them on high, likewise wrestle with Satan, and entreat for their forgiveness at the throne of Grace." There was a twinkle in Yarchi's eyes not quite consistent with the gravity of his words.

"Do Wonder Rabbis live nowadays?" I asked.

A pinch of snuff Yarchi was taking fell from between his fingers. "Do they live!" he cried. "Yes--and off white bread, for poverty!"

"We have none in America. I only heard of one in Prague," I murmured, apologetically, fearing the genus might be of the very elements of Judaism.

"Ah, yes, the high Rabbi Löw, his memory for a blessing," he said, reverently. "But these new Wonder Rabbis can only work one miracle."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The greatest of all--making their worshippers support them like princes." And he laughed in admiration of his own humor.

"Then you are a heretic?" I said.

"Heretic!" Yarchi's black eyes exchanged their twinkle for a flash of resentment. "Nay; they are the heretics, breeding dissension in Israel. Did they

not dance on the grave of the sainted Elijah Wilna?"

Tired of tossing the ball of conversation up and down, I left the window and joined the philosopher under his porch, where I elicited from him his version of the eighteenth-century movement of *Chassidim* (the pious ones), which, in these days of English books on Judaism, will not be so new to American Jews as it was to me. These Shakers (or, as we should perhaps say nowadays, Salvationists), these protestants against cut-and-dried Judaism, who arose among the Carpathians under the inspiration of Besht (a word which Yarchi explained to me was made out of the initials of Baal Shem Tob--the Master of the Good Name), had, it seemed, pullulated into a thousand different sects, each named after the Wonder Rabbi whom it swore by, and in whose "exclusive divine right" (the phrase is Yarchi's) it believed.

"But *we* have the divinest chief," concluded Yarchi, grinning.

"That's what they all say, eh?" I said, smiling in response.

"Yes; but the Zloczszol rabbi is stamped with the royal seal. He professes to be of the Messianic seed, a direct descendant of David, the son of Jesse." And the hunchback chuckled with malicious humor.

"I should like to see him," I said, feeling as if Providence had provided a new interest for my boredom.

Yarchi pointed silently with his discolored thumb over the plain.

"You don't mean he is kept in that storehouse?" I said.

Yarchi guffawed in high good-humor.

"That! That's the *Klaus*!"

"And what's the *Klaus*?"

"The *Chassidim Stubele* (little room)."

"Is that where the miracles are done?"

"No; that's their synagogue."

"Oh, they just pray there!"

"Pray? They get as drunk as Lot."

II.

I returned to my window and gazed curiously at the *Klaus*, and now that my eye was upon it I saw it was astir with restless life. Men came and went continually. I looked towards the synagogue, and the more pretentious building seemed dead. Then I remembered what Yarchi had told me, that the *Chassidim* had revolted against set prayer-times. ("They

pray and drink at all hours," was his way of putting it.) Something must always be forward in the *Klaus*, I thought, as I took my hat and stick, on exploring bent. Instinctively I put my pistol in my hip pocket, then bethought myself with a laugh that I was not likely to be molested by the "pious ones." But as it was unloaded, I let it remain in the pocket.

I slipped into the building and on to a bench near the door. But for the veiled Ark at the end, I should not have known the place for a house of worship. True, some men were sitting or standing about, shouting and singing, with odd spasmodic gestures, but the bulk were lounging, smoking clay pipes, drinking coffee, and chattering, while a few, looking like tramps, lay snoring on the hard benches, deaf to all the din. My eye sought at once for the Wonder Rabbi himself, but amid the many quaint physiognomies there was none with any apparent seal of supremacy. The note of all the faces was easy-going good-will, and even the passionate contortions of melody and body which the worshippers produced, the tragic clutchings at space, the clinching of fists, and the beating of breasts had an air of cheery impromptu. They seemed to enjoy their very tears. And every now and then the inspiration would catch one of the gossipers and contort him likewise, while a worshipper would as suddenly fall to gossiping.

Very soon a frost-bitten old man I remembered coming across in the cemetery on the mountain-slope, where he was sweeping the fallen leaves from a tomb, and singing like the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, sidled up to me and asked me if I needed vodka. I thought it advisable to need some, and was quickly supplied from a box the old fellow seemed to keep under the Ark. The price was so moderate that I tipped him with as much again, doubtless to the enhancement of the "rich stranger's" reputation. Sipping it, I was able to follow with more show of ease the bursts of rambling conversation. Sometimes they talked about the floods, anon about politics, then about sacred texts and the illuminations of the *Zohar*. But there was one topic which ran like a winding pattern through all the talk, bursting in at the most unexpected places, and this was the wonders wrought by their rabbi.

As they dilated "with enkindlement"

upon miracle after miracle, some wrought on earth and some in the higher spheres to which his soul ascended, my curiosity mounted, and calling for more vodka, "Where is the rabbi?" I asked the sexton.

"He may perhaps come down to lunch," said he, in reverent accents, as if to imply that the rabbi was now in the upper spheres. I waited till tables were spread with plain fare in the *Klaus* itself. At the savor the fountain of worship was sealed; the snorers waked up. I was invited to partake of the meal, which, I was astonished to find, was free to all, provided by the rabbi.

"Truly royal hospitality," I thought. But our royal host himself did not "come down."

My neighbor, of whom I kept inquiring, at last told me, sympathetically, to have patience till Friday evening, when the rabbi would come to welcome in the Sabbath. But as it was then Tuesday, "Cannot I call upon him?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Ben David holds his court no more this year," he said. "He is in seclusion, preparing for the exalted soul-flights of the pilgrim season. The Sabbath is his only public day now."

There was nothing for it but to wait till the Friday eve, though in the mean time I got Yarchi to show me the royal palace—a plain two-storied Oriental-looking building with a flat roof, and a turret on the eastern side, whose high, ivy-mantled slit of window turned at the first rays of the sun into a great diamond.

"He couldn't come down, couldn't he?" Yarchi commented. "I dare say he wasn't sober enough."

Somehow this jarred upon me. I was beginning to conjure up romantic pictures, and assuredly my one glimpse of the sect had not shown any intoxication save psychic.

"He is very generous, anyhow," I said. "He supplies a free lunch."

"Free to him," retorted the incorrigible Yarchi. "The worshippers fancy it is free, but it is they who pay for it." And he snuffed himself, chuckling. "I'll tell you what is free," he added. "His morals!"

"But how do you know?"

"Oh, all those fellows go in for the Adamite life."

"What is the Adamite life?"

He winked. "Not the pre-Evite."

I saw it was fruitless to reason with his hunch-backed view of the subject.

On the Friday eve I repaired again to the *Klaus*, but this time it was not so easy to find a seat. However, by the grace of my friend the sexton I was accommodated near the Ark, where, amid a congregation clad in unexpected white, I sat, a conscious black discord. There was a sort of palpitating fervor in the air, as though the imminence of the New Year and Judgment day had strung all spirits to a higher tension. Suddenly a shiver seemed to run through the assemblage, and all eyes turned to the door. A tall old man, escorted by several persons of evident consideration, walked with erect head but tottering gait to the little platform in front of the Ark, and taking a praying-shawl from the reverential hand of the sexton, held it a moment, as in abstraction, before drawing it over his head and shoulders. As he stood thus, almost facing me, yet unconscious of me, his image was photographed on my excited brain. He seemed very aged, with abundant white locks and beard, and he was clothed in a white satin robe cut low at the neck and ornamented at the breast with gold-laced, intersecting triangles of "the Shield of David."

On his head was a sort of white beretta. I noted a curious streak of yellow in the silvered eyebrows, as if youth clung on, so to speak, by a single hair, and underneath these arrestive eyebrows green pupils alternately glowed and smouldered. On his forefinger he wore a signet-ring, set with amethysts and a huge Persian emerald, which, as his hand rose and fell, and his fingers clasped and unclasped themselves in the convulsion of prayer, seemed to glare at me like a third green eye. And as soon as he began thus praying every trace of age vanished. He trembled, but only from emotion; and his passion mounted, till at last his whole body prayed. And the congregation joined in with shakings and quiverings and thunderings and ululations. Not even in Prague had I experienced such sympathetic emotion. After the well-regulated frigidities of our American services, it was truly warming to be among worshippers not ashamed to feel. Hours must have passed, but I sat there as content as any. When the service ended, everybody crowded round the Wonder Rabbi to give the "Good Sabbath" hand-shake. The scene

jarred me by its incongruous suggestion of our American receptions at which the lion of the evening must extend his royal paw to every guest. But I went up among the rest, and murmured my salutation. The glow came into his eyes as they became conscious of me for the first time, and his gaunt bloodless hand closed crushingly on mine, so that I almost fancied the signet-ring was sealing my flesh.

"Good Sabbath, stranger," he replied. "You linger long here."

"As long as the floods," I said.

"Are you as dangerous to us?" he flashed back.

"I trust not," I said, a whit startled.

His jewelled forefinger drummed on the reading-stand, and his eyes no longer challenged mine, but were lowered as in abstraction.

"Your grandfather, who lies in Lemberg, was no friend to the followers of Beshit. He laid the ban even on white Sabbath garments, and those who but wept in the synagogues he classed with us."

I was more taken aback by his knowledge of my grandfather than by that ancient gentleman's hostility to the emotional heresy of his day.

"I never saw my grandfather," I replied, simply.

"True. The sons of the prairies should know more of God than the bookworms. Will you accept a seat at my table?"

"With pleasure, Rabbi," I murmured, dazed by his clairvoyant air.

They were now arranging the two tables, one with a white cloth for the master and his circle in strict order of precedence; and the other of bare wood for such of the rabble as could first scramble into the seats. I was placed on his right hand, and became at once an object of wonder and awe. The *Kiddush* which initiated the supper was not a novel ceremony to me, but what I had never seen before was the eagerness with which each guest sipped from the circulating wine-cup of consecration, and the disappointment of such of the mob as could find no drop to drain. Still fiercer was the struggle for the Wonder Rabbi's soup, after he had taken a couple of spoonfuls; even I had no chance of distinction before this sudden simultaneous swoop, though of course I had my own plateful to drink. As sudden was the transition from soup to song, the whole company singing and swaying

in victorious ecstasy. I turned to speak to my host, but his face awed me. The eyes had now their smouldering inward fire. The eyebrows seemed wholly white; the features were still. Then as I watched him his whole body grew rigid, he closed his eyes, his head fell back. The singing ceased; as tense a silence reigned as though the followers too were in a trance. My eyes were fixed on the Master's blind face, which had now not the dignity of death, but only the indignity of lifelessness, and but for the suggestion of mystery behind, would have ceased to impress me. For there was now revealed a coarseness of lips, a narrowness of forehead, an ugliness of high cheek-bone, which his imperial glance had transfigured, and which his flowing locks still abated. But as I gazed, the weird stillness took possession of me. I could not but feel with the rest that the Master was making a "soul-ascension."

It seemed very long—yet it may have been only a few minutes, for in absolute silence one's sense of time is disconcerted—ere waves of returning life began to traverse the cataleptic face and form. At last the Wonder Rabbi opened his eyes, and the hush grew profounder. Every ear was astrain for the revelations to come.

"Children," said he, slowly, "as I passed through the circles the souls cried to me, 'Haste, haste, for the Evil One plotteth and the Messianic day will be again delayed.' So I rose into the antechamber of Grace where the fiery wheels sang 'Holy, holy,' and there I came upon the Poison God waiting to see the glory of the Little Face. And with him was a soul, very strange, such as I had never seen, living neither in heaven nor hell, perchance created of Satan himself for his instrument. Then with a great cry I uttered the Name, and the Poison God fled with a great fluttering, leaving the nameless naked soul helpless amid the consuming dazzling wheels. So I returned through the circles to reassure the souls, and they shouted with a great shout."

"Hallelujah!" came in a great shout from the wrought-up listeners, and then they burst into a lilting chant of triumph. But by this time my mood had changed. The spell of novelty had begun to wear off; perhaps also I was fatigued by the long strain. I recalled the coarser face of the comatose saint, and I found nothing

but gibberish in the oracular "revelation" which he had brought down with such elaborate pains from the circles amid which he seemed to move.

Thanking him for his hospitality, I slipped from the hot, roaring room.

Ah! what a waft of fresh air and sense of starlit space! The young moon floated in the star-sprinkled heavens like a golden boat, with a faint suggestion of the full-sailed orb. The true glamour and mystery of the universe were again borne in upon me, as in our rich constellated prairie nights, and all the artificial abracadabra of the *Klaus* seemed akin to its heated, noisy atmosphere. The lights of the village were extinguished, and looking at my watch, I found it was close upon midnight. But as I passed the saint's "palace" I was astonished to find a light twinkling from the turret window. I wondered who kept vigil. Then I bethought me it was Friday night, when no light could be struck, and this must be Ben David's bed-room lamp, awaiting his return.

"I thought he had taken you up in his fiery chariot," grumbled Yarchi, sleepily, as he unbarred the door.

"The fiery chariot must not run on the Sabbath," I said, smiling. "And, moreover, Ben David takes no passengers to the circles."

"Circles! He ought to have a circle of rope round his neck."

"The soup was good," I pleaded, as I groped my way towards my quaint tall bed.

III.

I cannot explain why, when Yarchi asked me sarcastically, over the Sabbath dinner, whether I was going to the "Supper of the Holy Queen," I knew at once that I should be found at this mysterious meal. Perhaps it was that I had nothing better to do; perhaps my sympathy was returning to those strange, good-humored, musical loungers, so far removed from the New York ideal of life. Or perhaps I was vaguely troubled by the dream I had wrestled with more or less obscurely all night long—that I stood naked in a whirl of burning wheels that sang, as they turned, the melody of the *Chassidim*. Was I this nondescript soul, I wondered, half smilingly, fashioned of the Evil One to delay the Messianic era?

The sun was set, the three stars already in the sky, and my pious landlord had

performed the Ceremony of Division ere I set out, declining the bread and fish Yarchi offered to make up in a package.

"Saturday nights every man must bring his own meal," he said.

I replied that I went not to eat, but to look on. However, I was so late in arriving that, as there were no lights, looking on was wellnigh reduced to listening. In the gray twilight the *Klaus* seemed full of uncanny forms rocking in monotonous singsong. Through the gathering gloom the old Wonder Rabbi's face loomed half ghostlike, half regal. As the mystic dusk grew deeper and darkness fell, the fascination of it all began to overcome me: the dim, tossing, crooning figures, divined rather than seen, washed round lappingly and swayingly by their own rhythmic melody, full of wistful sweetness. My soul too tossed in this circumlapping tide. The complex world of modern civilization fell away from me as garments fall from a bather. Even this primitive mountain village passed into nothingness, and in a timeless, spaceless universe I floated in a lulling, measureless music.

Eons might have elapsed ere the glare of light dazzled my eyes when the week-day candles were lit, and the supper to escort the departing Holy Queen—the Sabbath—began. Again I was invited to the upper table, despite Yarchi's warning. But I had no appetite for earthly things, was jarred by the prosaic gusto with which the mystics threw themselves upon the tureen of red *Borsch* and the black pottle of brandy.

"Der Rabbi hat geheissen Branntwein trinken," hummed the sexton, joyously. But little by little, as their stomachs grew satiate, the holy singing started afresh, and presently they leaped up, pulled aside the table, and made a whirling ring. I was caught up into the human cyclone, and round and round we flew, our hands upon one another's shoulders, with blind ecstatic faces, our legs kicking out madly, to repel, I understood, the embryonic demons outside the magic circle. And again methought I made a "soul-ascension," or at least hovered as near to the ineffable mysteries as the demoniacals to our magic circle.

Oh, what inexpressible religious raptures were mine! What no gorgeous temple, nor pealing organ, nor white-robed minister had ever wrought for me

was wrought in this barracklike room with its rude benches and wooden ark. "Children of the Palace" we sang, and as I strove to pick up the words I thought we were indeed sons of our Father who is in Heaven.

CHILDREN OF THE PALACE.

Children of the Palace, haste—
All who yearn the bliss to taste
Of the glorious Little-Faced,
Where, within the King's house placed,
Shines the sapphire throne enchased.
Come, in joyful dance enlaced,
Mock the cold and primly chaste,
See no sullen nor straitlaced
In our circle may be traced,
Here with th' Ancient One embraced,
Inmost truth 'tis ours to taste,
Outer husks are shred to waste.
Children of the Palace, haste,
With the glory to be graced,
Come, behold the Little-Faced.

We broke up some hours earlier than the previous evening, but I hurried away from my sauntering fellow-worshippers, not now because I was disgusted, but because I feared to be. I needed solitude—communion with my own soul. The same crescent moon hung in the heavens, the same endless stars drew on the thoughts to a material infinity.

But now I felt there was another and a truer universe encompassing this painted vision—a spiritual universe of which I had hitherto known nothing, though I had glibly prated of it and listened well-satisfied to sermons about it.

The air was warm and pleasant, and, still thrilling with the sense of the Over-Soul, I had passed the outposts of the village almost unconsciously, and walked in the direction of the cemetery on the other slope of the mountain (for the dead feared neither floods nor avalanches). On my left ran the river, still turbulent and encumbered with wreckage and logs, but now at low tide some feet below the level of its steep banks. The road gradually narrowed till at last I was walking on a mere strip of path between the starlit water and the base of the mountain, which rose ineffably solemn with its desolate rock at my side and its dark pines higher up. And suddenly lifting my eyes, I saw before me a mystic moonlit figure that set my heart beating with terror and surprise.

It was the figure of a woman, or rather of a girl, tall, queenly, shining in a strange white robe, with a crown of roses and olive branches. For a moment she seemed like some spirit of moonlight.

But though the eyes were misted with sadness and dream, the face was of the most beautiful Jewish oval, glowing with dark creamy flesh.

A wild idea rose to my mind, and, absurdly enough, stilled my beating heart. This was the Holy Queen Sabbath whose departure we had just been celebrating, and in this unfrequented haunt she abode till the twilight of the next Friday.

"Hail, Holy Queen!" I said, almost involuntarily.

I saw her large beautiful eyes grow larger as she woke with a start to my presence, but she only inclined her head with a sovereign air, as one used to adoration, and floated on—for so her gracious motion seemed to me.

And as she passed by, it flashed upon me that the strange white robe was nothing but a shroud. And again a great horror seized me. But struggling with my failing senses, I told myself that at worst it was some poor creature buried alive in the graveyard, who had forced the coffin lid, and now wandered half-insanely homewards.

"May I not escort you, lady?" I cried after her. "The way is lonely."

She turned her face again upon me. I saw it had fire as well as mystery.

"Who dare molest the Holy Queen?" she said.

Again I was plunged into the wildest bewilderment. Was my first fancy true? Or had I stumbled upon some esoteric title she bore? Or had she but seized on my own phrase?

"But you go far?" I persisted.

"Unto my father's house."

"Pardon me. I am a stranger."

She turned round wholly now and looked at me. "Oh, are *you* the *Stranger*?" she said. The question rippled like music from her lips and was as sweet to my ear, linking her to me by the suggestion that I was not new to her imagination.

"I am the Stranger," I answered, moving slowly towards her, "and therefore afraid for your sake, and startled by the shroud you wear."

"Since the dawn of my thirteenth year it has been my daily robe. It should be in lamentation for Zion laid waste. But me, I fear, it reminds more of my dead mother and sisters."

"You had sisters?"

"Two beautiful lives, blown out one

after the other like candles, making our home dark, when I was but a child. They too wore shrouds in life and death, first the elder, then the younger; and when I draw mine on over my dress, it is of them I think always. I feel we are truly sisters—sisters of the shroud."

I shivered as from some chill graveyard air, despite her sweet corporeality.

"But the crown—the crown of joy?" I murmured, regarding now with closer vision the interangled weaving of roses and myrtle and olive branches, with gold and crimson threads wound about salt-stones and the pale yellow of pyrites.

"I do not know what it signifies," she said, simply.

"Are you not the Holy Queen?" I asked, beginning to scent some *Cabalistic* or *Chassidic* mystery.

"Men worship me. But I know not of what I am queen." And a wistful smile played about the sweet mouth. "Peace and sweet dreams to you, sir." And she turned her face to the village.

She knew not of what she was queen. There, all in one sentence, was the charm, the wonder, the pathos, of her. Yet there was still much that she knew that would enlighten me. And it was not wholly curiosity that provoked me to hold the vision. I hated to see the enchantment of her presence dissolve, to be robbed of the liquid notes of her voice.

"You are queen of me at least," I said, following her, and throwing all my republican principles into the river among the other wreckage. "And your Majesty's liege cannot endure to see you walk unattended so late in the night."

"I have God's company," she answered, quietly.

"True; He is always with us. Nevertheless, at night and in the mountains—"

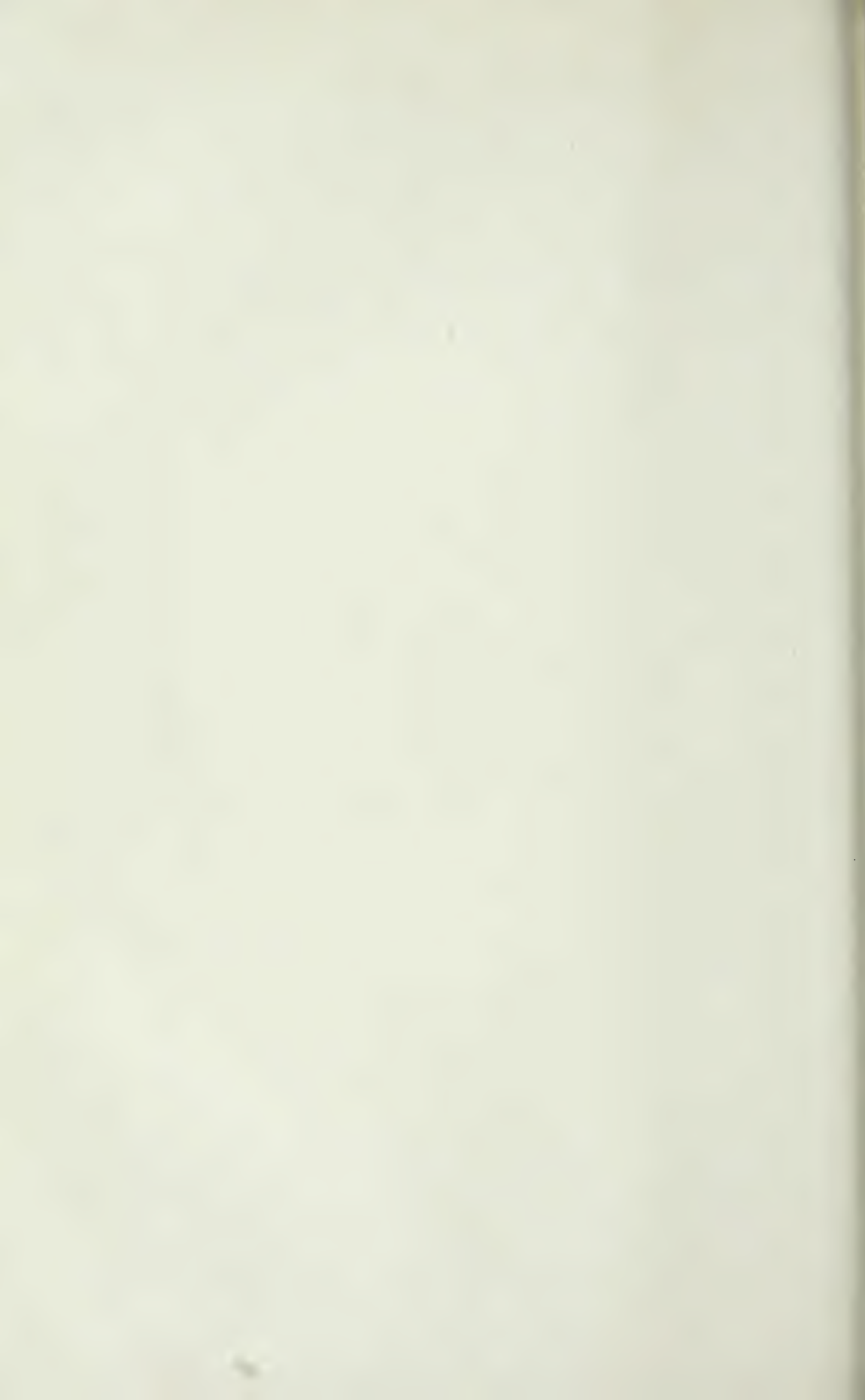
"He may be perceived more clearly. My father makes soul-ascensions at any hour by force of prayer. But for me the divine ecstasy comes only under God's heaven, and most clearly at night and among the graves. By day God is invisible, like the stars."

"They may be perceived from a well," I said, mechanically, for my brain was busy with the intuition that she was Ben David's daughter, that her "queendom" was somehow bound up with his alleged royal descent.

"Even so is God visible from the deeps of the spirit," she answered. "But these



BETHULAH.



depths are not mine, and day speaks to me less surely of Him."

"The day is divine too," I urged. "God speaks also through joy, through sunshine."

"It is but the gilding of sorrow."

"Nay, that is too hard a saying. How can you know that? You"—I made a bold guess, for my brain had continued to work feverishly—"who live cloistered in a turret, who are kept sequestered from man, who walk at night, and only among the dead. How can you know that life is so sad?"

"I feel it. Is not every stone in the graveyard hewn from the dead heart of the mourners?"

All the sadness of the world was in her eyes, yet somehow all the sweet solace. Again she bade me good-night, and I was so under the spell of her strange reply that I made no further effort to follow her, as she was swallowed up in the gloom of the firs, where the path wound back round the mountain.

IV.

The floods abated before the New Year dawned, as was testified by the arrival, not of doves with olive leaves, but of pilgrims from the north with shekels. The road was therefore open for me to go, yet I lingered. I told myself it was the fascination of the pilgrims, that curious new population which brought quite a bustle into the "Ring-Place" of Zloczsol, and gave even the shops of the native *Chassidim* a live air. There were unpleasant camp-followers in the train of the invading army, cripples and consumptives, both rich and poor, but, on the whole, it was a cheery, well-to-do company. I retained my room by paying the rent of three lodgers, and even then Yarchi would come in and look at the big tall bed wistfully, as if it were a waste of sleeping material.

The great episode of each day was now the royal levee. Crowds besieged the door of the "palace," in quest of health, wealth, and happiness, and the proprietor of fields had to squeeze in with the tramp, and the peasant woman and her neglected brat jostled the jewelled dame from the towns. I was glad to think that the "Holy Queen" was hidden safely away in her turret, and this consoled me for not meeting her again, though I walked, or trotted about on my bay mare, at all

hours and in all places in quest of her.

It may seem curious that I did not boldly call and ask to see her, but that would bring the commonplace into our so poetic relation. Besides which, I divined that she would not be easily on view. Beyond indirectly justifying my intuition that she was Ben David's daughter by satisfying myself that the Wonder Rabbi had once had three girls, two of whom had died, I would not even make inquiries. I feared to dissipate the mystery and sacredness of our relation by gossip. Perhaps Yarchi would tell me she was mad, or treat me to some other coarse misconception due to the callous feelers with which he apprehended the world.

I did not even know for certain that the light I saw in the turret was hers. But when at night it was out, I hastened to the river-side, to see only my own shadow on the hushed mountain slope or on the white tombs. It seemed clear that she was being kept sacred from the pilgrims' gaze; perhaps, too, the deserted, untravelled road which was safe as her own home in normal times, was less secure now.

When I at last ventured to say casually to Yarchi that Ben David's daughter seemed to be kept strictly to the house, the ribald grin I had feared distorted his malicious mouth.

"Oh, you have seen Bethulah!" he said.

"Yes," I murmured, turning my flushed face away, but glad to learn her name. Bethulah! Bethulah! My heart seemed to beat to the music of it.

"Does she still stalk about in a shroud?" He did not wait for an answer, but went off into unending laughter, which doubled him up till his hunch protruded upwards like a camel's.

"She does not go about at all now," I said, freezingly. But this set Yarchi cachinnating worse than ever.

"He daren't trust even his own disciples, you see! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Yarchi!" I cried, angrily, "you know Bethulah must be kept sacred from this rabble," and I switched with my riding-whip at the poppies that grew among the maize in the little front garden as if they were pilgrims and I a Tarquin.

"Yes, I know that's Ben David's game.

But I wish some man would marry her and ruin his business. Ha! ha! ha!"

"It would ruin yours too," I reminded him, more angrily. "You are ready enough to let lodgings to the pilgrims."

Yarchi shrugged his hump. "If fools are fools, wise men are wise men," he replied, oracularly.

I strode away, but he had heated my brain with a new idea, or one that I now allowed myself to see clearly. Some man might marry her. Then why should I not be that man? Why should I not carry Bethulah back to America with me—the most precious curiosity of the Old World—a frank virginal creature with that touch of the angel which I had dreamed of but had never met among our smart girls—up to then. And even if it were true that Ben David was a fraud, and needed the girl for his *Cabalistic* mystifications, even so I was rich enough to recoup him. The girl herself was no conscious accessory; of that I felt certain.

When my brain cooled, suggestions of the other aspects of the question began to find entrance. What of Bethulah herself? Why should she care to marry me? Or to go to the strange, raw country? And such a union—was it not too incongruous, too fantastic, for practical life? Thus I wrestled with myself for three days, all the while watching Bethulah's turret or the roads she might come by. On the third night I saw a wild mob of men at the turret end of the house, dancing in a ring and singing, with their eyes turned upwards to the light that burnt on high. Their words I could not catch at first through the tumultuous howl, but it went on and on, like their circumvolutions, over and over again, till my brain reeled. It seemed to be an appeal to Bethulah to plead their cause on the coming *Yom-Hadin* (New-Year Day of Judgment).

By thy soul without sin,
Enter heaven within,
This divine *Yom-Hadin*,
Holy Maid,

Undertake thou our plea;
Let the Poison God be
Answered stoutly by thee,
Holy Queen.

When I came to write this down afterwards, I discovered it was an acrostic on her name, as is customary with festival

prayers. And this I have preserved in my rough translation.

V.

Despite my new spiritual insight, I could not bring myself to sympathize with such crude earthly visionings of the heavenly judgment bar (doubtless borrowed from the Book of Job, which our enlightened Western rabbis rightly teach to be allegorical). Temporary absorption into the Over-Soul seemed to me to sum up the limits of *Chassidic* experience. Besides, Bethulah was not a being to be employed as a sort of supernatural advocate, but a sad, tender creature needing love and protection.

This mob howling outside my lady's chamber added indignation to my strange passion for this beautiful "sister of the shroud." I would rescue her from this grotesque environment. I would go to her father and formally demand her hand, as, I had learnt, was the custom among these people. I slept upon the resolution, yet in the morning it was still uncrumpled; and immediately after breakfast I took my stand among the jostling crowd outside the turreted house, and unfairly secured precedence by a gold piece slipped into the palm of the doorkeeper. The scribe I found stationed in the ante-chamber made me write my wish on a piece of paper, which, however, I was instructed to carry in myself.

Ben David was seated in a curious soft-cushioned, high-backed chair, with the intersecting triangles making a carved apex to it, but otherwise there was no mark of what Yarchi would have called charlatanism. His face, set between a black velvet beretta and the white masses of his beard, had the dignity with which it had first impressed me, and his long, fur-trimmed robe gave him an air of mediæval wisdom.

"Peace be to you, long-lingering stranger," he said, though his green eyes glittered ominously.

"Peace," I murmured, uneasily.

With his left hand he put the still folded paper to his brow. I watched the light playing on the Persian emerald seal of the ring on the forefinger of his right hand. Suddenly I perceived he too was looking at the stone—nay, into it—and that while that continued to glitter, his own eyes had grown glazed.

"Strange, strange," he muttered.

"Again I see the fiery wheels, and the strange soul fashioned of Satan that dwells neither in heaven nor in hell." And his eyes lit up terribly again and rolled like fiery wheels.

"What do you want?" he cried, harshly.

"It is written on the paper," I faltered—"just two words."

He opened the paper and read out, "'Your daughter!'" His eyes rolled again, "What know you of my daughter?"

"Oh, I know all about her," I said, airily.

"Then you know that my daughter does not receive pilgrims."

"Nay, 'tis I that wish to receive your daughter," I ventured, jocosely, with a touch of levity I did not feel. He raised his clinched hand as if to strike me, and I had a lurid sense of three green eyes glaring at me. I stood my ground as coolly as possible, and said, in dry formal tones, "I wish to make application for her hand."

A great blackness came over the frosted visage, as if his black beretta had been suddenly drawn forward, and his erst blanched eyebrows gloomed like a black lightning-cloud over the baleful eyes.

I shrank back, then I had a sudden vision of the wagons clattering down Broadway in a live, sunlit, go-ahead world, and the Wonder Rabbi turned into an absurd old parent with a beautiful daughter and a bad temper.

"I am a man of substance," I went on, dryly. "In my country I have fat lands."

The horribleness of thus bidding for Bethulah flashed on me even as I spoke. To mix up a creature of mist and moonlight with substance and fat lands! Monstrous! And yet I knew that thus and thus only, by honorable talk with her guardian—could a Zloczszol bride be won.

But the Wonder Rabbi sprang to his feet so vehemently that his high-backed chair rocked as in a gale.

"Dog!" he shrieked. "Blasphemer!"

I summoned all my American *sang-froid*.

"Dog," I agreed, "inasmuch as I follow your daughter like a dog, humbly, lovingly. But blasphemer? Say rather worshipper. For I worship Bethulah."

"Then worship her like the others,"

he roared. Had I not heard him pray, I should have expected the hoary patriarch to collapse after such an outburst.

"Thank you," I said. "I don't want her to fly up to heaven for me. I want her to come down to earth—from her turret."

"She will not come down to any earthly spouse," he said, more gently. "Quite the reverse."

"Then I will make a soul-ascension," I said, defiantly.

"Get back to hell, spawn of Satan!" he thundered again. "Or since, strange son of the New World, you neither believe nor disbelieve, hover eternally between hell and heaven!"

"Meantime I am here," I said, good-humoredly, "between you and your daughter. Come, come, be sensible; you are a very old man. Where in Zloczszol will you find a superior husband for your child?"

"The Lord, to whom she is consecrated, forgive you your blasphemy," he said, in a changed voice, and rang his bell, so that the next applicant came in and I had to go.

It was plain the girl was kept as a sacred celibate, a sort of vestal virgin—Bethulah was the very Hebrew for virgin, it suddenly flashed upon me. But how came such practices into Judaism—Judaism with its cheery creed, "increase and multiply"? And *Chassidism*, I had hitherto imagined, was the cheeriness of Judaism concentrated! In Yarchi's version it was even license—"the Adamite life." I raked up my memories of the Bible—remembered Jephtha's daughter. But no! there could be no question of a vow; this was some new *Chassidic* mystery. The crown and the shroud! The shroud of renunciation, the crown of victory!

And for some fantastic shadow-myth a beautiful young life was to be immolated. My respect for *Chassidism* vanished as suddenly as it came.

But I was powerless. I could only wait till the flood of pilgrims oozed back, even as the waters had done. Then perhaps Bethulah might walk again upon the moonlit mountain-peak, or in the "house of life," as the cemetery was mystically called.

The penitential season, with its trumpets and terrors, judgment-writings and sealings, was over at last, and Tabernacles

came like a breath of air and nature. Yarchi hammered up a little wooden booth in a corner of his front garden, and hung grapes and oranges and flowers from its loose roof of boughs, through which the stars peeped at us as we ate. It struck me as a very pretty custom, and I wondered why American Judaism had let it fall into desuetude. Ere the break-up of these booths the pilgrims had begun to melt away, the old sleepiness to fall upon Zloczszol.

Hence I was startled one morning by the passage of a joyous procession that carried torches and played on flutes and tambourines. I ran out and discovered that I was part of a wedding procession escorting a bride. As this was a company not of *Chassidim*, but of everyday Jews, bound for the little Gothic synagogue, I was surprised, despite my experience of the Tabernacles, to find such picturesque goings-on, and I went all the way to the court-yard, where the rabbi came out to meet us with the bridegroom, who, it seemed, had already been conducted hither with parallel pomp. The happy youth—for he could only have been sixteen—was arrayed in festival finery, with white shoes on his feet and black phylacteries on his forehead, which was further overloomed by a cowl. He took the bride's hand, and then we all threw wheat over their heads, crying three times, "*Peru, Urvu*" (Be fruitful and multiply). But just when I expected the ceremony to begin, the bride was snatched away, and we all filed into the synagogue to await her return.

I had fallen into a mournful revery—perhaps the suggestion of my own infelicitous romance was too strong—when I felt a stir of excitement animating my neighbors, and looking up, lo! I saw a tall female figure in a white shroud, with a veiled face, and on her head a crown of roses and myrtles and olive branches. A shiver ran through me. "Bethulah!" I cried, half aloud. My neighbors smiled, and as I continued to stare at the figure I saw it was only the bride, thus transmogrified for the wedding canopy. And then some startling half-comprehension came to me. Bethulah's dress was a bride's dress, then. She was made to appear a perpetual bride. Of whom? To what *Cabalistic* mystery was this the key? The Friday night hymn sprang to my mind.

Oh, come, my beloved, to meet the Bride;
The face of the Sabbath let us welcome.

For a moment I thought I held the solution, and that my very first conjecture had been warranted. The Holy Queen Sabbath was also typified as the Sabbath Bride, and this dual allegory it was that Bethulah incarnated. Or perchance it was Israel, the Bride of God!

But I was still dissatisfied. I felt that the truth lay deeper than a mere poetic metaphor or a poetical masquerading. I discovered it at last, but at the risk of my life.

VI.

I continued to walk nightly on the narrow path between the mountain and the river, like the ghost of one drowned, but without a glimpse of Bethulah. At last it grew plain that her father had warned her against me, that she had changed the hour of her exercise and soul-ascension, or even the place. I was indebted to accident for my second vision of this strange creature.

I had diverted myself by visiting the neighboring village, a refreshing contrast to Jewish Zloczszol, from the rough garland-hung wayside crosses (which were like sign-posts to its gilt-towered church) to the peasant women in pink aprons and top-boots.

A marvellous sunset was wellnigh over as I struck the river-side that curved homewards. The bank was here very steep, the river running as between cliffs. In the sky great drifts of gold-flushed cloud hung like relics of the glory that had been, and the autumn leaves that muffled my mare's footsteps seemed to have fallen from the sunset. In the background the white peak of the mountain was slowly parting with its volcanic splendor. And low on the horizon, like a small lake of fire in the heart of a tangled bush, the molten sun showed monstrous and dazzling.

And straight from the sunset over the red leaves Bethulah came walking, rapt as in prophetic thought, shrouded and crowned, preceded by a long shadow that seemed almost as intangible.

I reined in my horse and watched the apparition with a great flutter at my heart. And as I gazed, and thought of her grotesque worshippers, it was borne in upon me how unbecomingly Nature had peopled her splendid planet. The pageantry of dawn and sunset, of seas

and mountains, how incongruous a framework for our petty breed, sordidly crawling under the stars! Bethulah alone seemed fitted to the high setting of the scene. She matched this lone icy peak, this fiery purity.

"Bethulah!" I said, as she was almost upon my horse.

She looked up, and a little cry that might have been joy or surprise came from her lips. But by the smile that danced in her eyes and the blood that leapt to her cheeks, I saw with both joy and surprise that this second meeting was as delightful to her as to me.

But the conscious Bethulah hastened to efface what the unconscious had revealed. "It is not right of you, Stranger, to linger here so long," she said, frowning.

"I am your shadow," I replied, "and must linger where you linger."

"But you are indeed a shadow, my father says—a being fashioned of the Poison God to work us woe."

"No, no," I said, laughing; "my horse bears no shadow. And the Poison God who fashioned me is not the absurd horned and tailed tempter you have been taught to believe in, but a little rosy-winged god, with a bow and poisoned arrows."

"A little rosy-winged god?" she said. "I know of none such."

"And you know not of what you are queen," I retorted, smiling.

"There is but one God," she repeated, with sweet seriousness. "See, He burns in the bush, yet it is not consumed."

She pointed to where the red sinking sun seemed to eat out the heart of the bush through which we saw it.

"Thus this love-god burns in our hearts," I said, lifted up into her poetic strain, "and we are not consumed, only glorified."

I strove to touch her hand, which had dropped caressingly on my horse's neck. But she drew back with a cry.

"I may not listen. This is the sinful talk my father warned me of. Fare you well, Stranger." And with swift step she turned homewards.

I sat still a minute or two, half disconcerted, half content to gaze at her gracious motions; then I touched the mare with my heel, and she bounded off in pursuit. But at this instant three men in long gabardines and great round velvet

hats started forward from the thicket, shouting and waving lighted pine branches, and my frightened animal reared and plunged and then broke into a mad gallop, making straight for the river curve between the cliffs. I threw myself back in the saddle, tugging desperately at the creature's mouth; but I might have been a child pulling at an elephant. I shook my feet free of the stirrups and prepared to tumble off as best I could, rather than risk the plunge into the river, when a projecting bough made me duck my head instinctively; but as I passed under it, with another instinctive movement I threw out my hands to clasp it, and despite a violent wrench that seemed to pull my arms out of their sockets and swung my feet high forward, I hung safely. The mare, eased of my weight, was at the river-side the next instant, and with a wild, incredible leap alighted with her fore feet and the bulk of her body on the other bank, up which she scraped convulsively, and then stood still, trembling and sweating. I could not get at her, so trusting she would find her way home safely, I dropped to the ground and ran back, with a mixed idea of finding Bethulah and chastising the three scoundrels. But all were become invisible.

I walked half a mile across the plain to get to the rough pine bridge, and once on the other bank, I had no difficulty in recovering the mare. She cantered up to me, indeed, and put her soft and still perspiring nose in my palm, and whinnied her apologetic congratulations on our common escape.

I rode slowly home, reflecting on the new turn in my love-affairs, for it was plain that Bethulah had now been provided with a body-guard, of which she was as unconscious as of her body itself.

But for the apparent necessity of her making soul-ascensions under God's heaven, I supposed she would not have been allowed to take the air at all with such a creature of Satan hovering.

I stood sunning myself the next day on the same pine bridge, looking down on the swift current, and regretting there was no rail to lean on as one watched the fascinating flow of the beautiful river. It struck me as inordinately blue. Perhaps, I analyzed, by contrast with the long, sinuous weeds, which here glided and tossed in the current like green wa-

ter-snakes. These flexible greens reminded me of the Wonder Rabbi's eyes and his emerald seal, and I turned, with some sudden premonition of danger, just in time to dodge the attack of the same three ruffians, who must have been about to push me over.

In an instant I had whipped out my pistol from my hip pocket, and cried, "Stand, or I fire!"

The trio froze instantly in odd attitudes, which was lucky, as my pistol was unloaded. They looked almost comical in their air of abject terror. Their narrow, fanatical foreheads, with ringlets of piety hanging down below the velvet, fur-trimmed hats, showed them more accustomed to murdering texts than men. Had I not been still smouldering over yesterday's trick, I could have pitied them for the unwelcome job thrust upon their unskilled and apparently even unweaponed hands by the machinations of the Poison God and the orders of Ben David. One of them seemed quite elderly, and one quite young. The middle-aged one had a goitre, and perhaps that made me fancy him the most sinister, and keep my eye most warily upon him.

"Sons of Belial," I said, recalling a biblical phrase that might be expected to prick, "why do you seek my life?"

Two of them cowered under my gaze, but the elderly *Chassid*, seeing the shooting was postponed, spoke up boldly: "We are no sons of Belial. You are the begotten of Satan; you are the archenemy of Israel."

"I?" I protested in my turn. "I am a plain, God-fearing son of Abraham."

"A precious son of the Patriarch's seed, who would delay the coming of the Messiah!"

Again that incomprehensible accusation.

"You speak riddles," I said.

"How so? Did you not tell Ben David—his horn be exalted!—that you knew all concerning Bethulah? Then must you know that of her immaculacy will the Messiah be born, one ninth of Ab."

A flood of light burst upon me—mystic, yet clarifying; blinding, yet dissipating my darkness. My pistol drooped in my hand. My head swam with a whirl of strange thoughts, and Bethulah, already divine to me, took on a dazzling aureola, sailed away into some strange supernatural ether.

"Have we not been in exile long enough?" said the youngest. "Shall a godless stranger tamper with the hope of generations?"

"But whence this mad hope?" I said, struggling under the mystic obsession of his intensity.

"Mad?" began the first, his eyes spitting fire; but the younger interrupted him:

"Is not our saint the sole scion of the house of David? Is not his daughter the last of the race?"

"And what if she is?"

"Then who but she can be the destined mother of Israel's Redeemer?"

The goitred *Chassid* opened his lips and added, "If not now, when? as Hillel asked."

"In our days at last must come the crowning glory of the house of Ben David," the young man went on. "For generations now, since the signs have pointed to the dawning of the millennium, have the daughters of the house been kept unwedded."

"What!" I cried. "Generations of *Bethulahs* have been sacrificed to a dream!"

Again the eyes of the first *Chassid* dilated dangerously. I raised my pistol, but hastened to ask, in a more conciliatory tone, "Then how has the line been carried on?"

"Through the sons, of course," said the young *Chassid*. "Now for the first time there are no sons, and only one daughter remains, the manifest vessel of salvation."

I tried to call up that image of bustling Broadway that had braced me in my colloquy with the old Wonder Rabbi, but it seemed shadowy now compared with this world of solid spiritualities which begirt me. Could it be the same planet on which such things went on simultaneously? Or perhaps I was dreaming, and these three grotesque creatures were the product of Yarchi's cookery.

But their hanging curls had a daylight definiteness, and down in the sunlit, translucent river I could see every shade of color, from the green of the sinuous reed-snakes to the brown of the moss patches.

On the bank walked two crows, and I noted for the first time with what comic pomposity they paced, their bodies bent forward like two important old gentle-

men with their hands in the pockets of their black coat tails. They brought a smile to my face, but a menacing movement of the *Chassidim* warned me to be careful.

"And does the girl know all this?" I asked, hurriedly.

"She did not yesterday," said the elderly fellow. "Now she has been told."

There was another long pause. I meditated rapidly but disjointedly, having to keep an eye against a sudden rush of my assailants, and mistrusting the goitred saint yet the more because he was so silent.

"And is Bethulah content with her destiny?" I asked.

"She is in the seventh heaven," said the elderly saint.

I had a poignant shudder of incredulous protest. I recalled the flush of her sweet face at the sight of me, and brief as our meetings had been, I dared to feel that the irrevocable thrill had passed between us; that the rest would have been only a question of time.

"Let Bethulah tell me so herself," I cried, "and I will leave her in her heaven."

The men looked at one another. Then the eldest shook his head. "No; you shall never speak to her again."

"We have maidens more beautiful among us," said the young man. "You shall have your choice. Ay, even my own betrothed would I give you."

I flicked aside his suggestion. "But you cannot prevent Bethulah walking under God's heaven." They looked dismayed. "I will meet her," I said, pursuing my advantage. "And Yarchi and other good Jews shall be at hand."

"She shall be removed elsewhere," said the first.

"I will track her down. Ah, you are afraid," I said, mockingly. "You see it is not true that she is content to be immolated."

"It is true," they muttered.

"True as the Torah," added the elderly man.

"Then there is no harm in her telling me so."

"You may bear her off on your horse," said he of the goitre.

"I will go on foot. Let her bid me go away, and I will leave *Zloczszol*."

Again they looked at one another, and the relief in their eyes brought heart-sink-

ing into mine. Yes, it was true. Bethulah was in the glow of a great surrender; she was still tingling with the revelation of her supreme destiny. To put her to the test now would be fatal. No; let her have time to meditate; ay, even to disbelieve.

"To-morrow you shall speak with her, and no man shall know," said the oldest *Chassid*.

"No, not to-morrow. In a week or two."

"Ah, you wish to linger among us," he replied, suspiciously.

"I will go away till the appointed day," I said, readily.

"Good. Continue your travels. Let us say a month, or even two."

"If you will not spirit her away in my absence."

"It is as easy to do so in your presence."

"So be it."

"Shall we say—the eve of Chanukah?" he suggested.

It was my turn to regard him suspiciously. But I could see nothing to cavil at. He had merely mentioned an obvious date—that of the next festival landmark. Chanukah—the feast of rededication of the Temple after the Grecian pollutions—the miracle of the unwaning oil—the memorial lighting of lights—there seemed nothing in these to work unduly upon the girl's soul, except in so far as the inspiring tradition of Judas Maccabæus might attach her more devotedly to her conceptions of duty and self-dedication. Perhaps, I thought, with a flash of jealous anger, they meditated a feast of rededication of her after the pollution of my presence had been removed. Well, we should see.

"The eve of Chanukah," I agreed, with a nonchalant air. "Only let the place be where I first met her—the path 'twixt mountain and river as you go to the cemetery."

That would at least be a counter-influence to Chanukah! As they understood none of the subtleties of love, they agreed to this, and I made them swear by the Name.

When they went their way I stood pondering on the bridge, my empty pistol drooping in my hand, till sky and river glowed mystically as with blood, and the chill evening airs reminded me that November was nigh.

VII.

I got to Warsaw and back in the time at my disposal, but not all the freshness and variety of my experiences could banish the thought of Bethulah. There were days when I could absorb myself in the passing panorama, but I felt always, so to speak, in the ante-chamber of the great moment of our third and decisive meeting.

And with every shortening day of December that moment approached. Yet I all but missed it when it came. A snow-fall I might easily have foreseen retarded my journey at the eleventh hour, but my faithful mare ploughed her way through the white morasses. As she munched her mid-day corn in that quaint Christian village that neighbored Zloczszol, and in which I had agreed to stable her, it was borne in on me for the first time that the eve of Chanukah was likewise Christmas eve. I wondered vaguely if there was any occult significance in the coincidence or in the Chassidic choice of dates; but it was too late now to protest, and loading my pistol against foul play, I hurried to the rendezvous.

On the dark barren base of the mountain, patches of snow gleamed like winter blossoms; the gargoylike faces of the jags of rock on the river-bank were white-bearded with icicles. Down below the stream raced apparently as turbid as ever, but suddenly, as it made a sharp curve and came under a thick screen of snow-laden boughs interarching over the cleft, it grew glazed in death.

The sight of Bethulah was as of a spirit of sunshine moving across the white desolation. Her tall lone shadow fell blue upon the snowy path. She was swathed now in splendid silver furs, from which her face shone out like a tropical flower beneath its wreathed crown.

Dignity and sovereignty had subtly replaced the grace of her movement; her very stature seemed aggrandized by the consciousness of her unique mission.

She turned, and her virginal eyes met mine with abashing purity, and in that instant of anguished rapture I knew that my quest was in vain. The delicate flush of joy and surprise touched her cheeks, indeed, as before, but this time I felt it would not be succeeded by terror. Self-conscious now, self-poised, she stood regally where she had faltered and fled.

"You return to spend Chanukah with us," she said.

"I came," I said, with uneasy bravado, "in the hope of spending it elsewhere—with you."

"But you know that cannot be," she said, gently.

Ah, now she knew of what she was queen. But revolt was hot in my heart.

"Then they have made you share their dream," I said, bitterly.

"Yes," she replied, with unruffled sweetness. "'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings!'" And her eyes shone in exultation.

"They were messengers of evil," I said—"whisperers of untruth. Life is for love and joy."

"Ah, no!" she urged, tremulously. "Surely you know the world—how full it is of suffering and sin." And as with an unconscious movement she threw back her splendid furs, revealing the weird shroud. "Ah, what ecstasy to think that the divine day will come ere I am old, when, as it is written in the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, '*He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken.*'"

Her own eyes were full of tears, which I yearned to kiss away.

"But your own life meantime?" I said, softly.

"My life—does it not already take on the glory of God, as this mountain the coming day?"

She seemed indeed akin to the cold white peak, as I had seen it flushed with sunrise. My passion seemed suddenly prosaic and selfish. I was lifted up into the higher love that worships and abnegates.

"God bless you!" I said, and turning away with misty vision saw, creeping off, the three dark fanatical figures.

VIII.

Half a century later I was startled to find the name of Zloczszol in a head-line of the Sunday edition of my American paper.

I had married, and was even a grand-

father; for after my return to America the world of Bethulah had grown fantastic, stupidly superstitious, and, finally, shadowy and almost unreal. Years and years of happiness had dissipated and obliterated the delicate fragrant dream of spiritual love.

But that strange long-forgotten name stirred instantly the sleeping past to life. I adjusted my spectacles and read the column eagerly. It was sensational enough, though not more so than a hundred columns of calamities in unknown places that one skips or reads with the mildest of thrills.

The long-threatened avalanche had fallen, and Nature had once more rudely reminded man of his puny place in creation. Rare conditions had at last come together. First a slight fall of snow, covering the mountain—how vividly I pictured it!—then a sharp frost which had frozen this deposit; after that a measureless, blinding snow-storm and a cyclonic wind. When all seemed calm again, the second mass of snow had begun to slide down the frozen surface of the first, quickening to a terrific pace, tearing down the leafless trunks and shooting them at the village like giant arrows of the angry gods. One of these arrows penetrated the trunk of a great cedar on the plain and stuck out on both sides, making a sort of cross, which the curious came from far and near to see. But, alas! the avalanche had not contented itself with such freakish manifestations; it had annihilated the new portion of the village which had dared crawl nearer the mountain when the railroad—a railroad in Zloczszol!—had found it cheaper to pass near the base than to make a circuit round the congested portion.

Alas! the cheapness was illusory. The depot with its crowd had been wiped out as by the offended fury of the mountain; though by another freakish incident, illustrating the titanic forces at work, yet the one redeeming detail of the appalling catastrophe, a small train of three carriages that had just moved off was lifted up bodily by the terrible wind that raced ahead of the monstrous sliding snowball, and was clapped down in a field out of its reach, as if by a protecting hand. Not a creature on it was injured.

I had passed the years allotted to man by the Psalmist, and my memory of the things of yesterday had begun to be faint

and elusive, but the images of my Zloczszol adventure returned with a vividness that grew daily more possessive. What had become of Bethulah? Was she alive? Was she dead? And which were the sadder alternative—to have felt the darkness of early death closing round the great hope, or to have survived its possibility, and old, bent, bitter, and deserted by her followers, to await the lesser disenchantment of the grave?

An irresistible instinct impelled me—aged as I was myself—to revisit alone these scenes of my youth, to see how fate had rounded or broken off its grim ironic story.

I pass over the stages of the journey at the conclusion of which I found myself again in the mountain village. Alas! The changes on the route had prepared me for the change in Zloczszol. Railroads threw their bridges over the gorges I had climbed, telegraph poles tamed the erst savage forest ways. And Zloczszol itself had now, by the line passing through it, expanded into a trading centre, with vitality enough to recuperate quickly from the avalanche. The hotel was clean and commodious, but I could have better endured even that ancient sitting-room in which the squalling baby was rocked. Strange, I could see its red wrinkled face, catch the very timbre of its piping cries! Only the mountain was unchanged, and the pines and firs that had whispered dreams to my youth whispered sleep to my age. Ah, how frail and futile is the life of man! He passes like a shadow, and the green sunlit earth he trod on closes over him and takes the tread of the new generations. What had I to say to these new smart people in Zloczszol? No, the dead were my gossips and neighbors. For me more than the avalanche had desolated Zloczszol. I repaired to the cemetery. There I should find Yarchi. It was no use looking for him under the porch of the pine cottage. And there, too, I should in all likelihood find Bethulah!

But Ben David's tomb was the first I found, carved with the intersecting triangles. The date showed he had died very soon after my departure; perhaps, I thought remorsefully, my importunities had agitated him too much. Ah! there at last was Yarchi. Under a high white stone he slept as soundly as any straight corpse. His sneering mouth had crum-

bled to dust, but I would have given much to hear it once more abuse the *Chassidim*. Propped on my stick and poring over the faded gilt letters, I recalled "the handsome stranger" whom the years had marred. But of Bethulah I found no sign. I wandered back and found the turreted house, but it had been converted into a large store, and from Bethulah's turret window hung a great advertising sky-sign.

I returned cheerlessly to the hotel, but as the sun began to pierce auspiciously through the bleakness of early March, I was about to sally forth again in the direction of Yarchi's ancient cottage, when the porter directed me—as if I were a mere tourist—to go to see the giant cedar of Lebanon with its titanic arrow. However, I followed his instruction, and pretty soon I espied the broad-girthed tree towering over its field, with the foreign transpiercing trunk about fifteen feet from the ground, making indeed a vast cross. Leaning against the sunlit cedar was a white-robed figure, and as I hobbled nearer I saw by the shroud and the crown of flowers that I had found Bethulah.

At my approach she drew herself up in statuesque dignity, upright as Ben David of yore, and looked at me with keen unclouded eyes. There was a wondrous beauty of old age in her face and bearing. The silver hair banded on the temples glistened picturesquely against the reds and greens and golds of her crown.

"Ah, stranger!" she said, with a gracious smile. "You return to us."

"You recognize me?" I mumbled, in amaze.

"It is the face I loved in youth," she said, simply.

Strange, happy, wistful tears sprang to my old eyes—some blurred sense of youth and love and God.

"Your youth seems with you still," I said. "Your face is as sweet, your voice as full of music."

The old ecstatic look lit up her eyes. "It is God who keeps me ever young, till the great day dawns."

I was taken aback. What! She believed still! That alternative had not figured in my prevision of pathetic closes. I was silent, but the old tumult of thought raged within me.

"But is not the day passed forever?" I murmured at last.

The light in her eyes became queenly fire.

"While there is life," she cried, "in the veins of the house of Ben David!" And as she spoke my eye caught the gleam of the Persian emerald on her forefinger.

"And your worshippers—what of them?" I asked.

Her eyes grew sad. "After my father's death—his memory for a blessing!—the pilgrims fell off, and when the years passed without the miracle, his followers even here in Zloczszol began to weaken. And slowly a new generation arose, impatient and lax, which believed not in the faith of their forefathers and mocked my footsteps, saying, 'Behold! the dreamer cometh!' And then the black fire-monster came, whizzing daily to and fro on the steel lines and breathing out fumes of unfaith, and the young men said, 'Lo! there is our true Redeemer.' Wherefore, as the years waxed and waned, until at last advancing Death threw his silver shadow on my hair, even the faithful grew to doubt, and they said, 'But a few short years more and Death must claim her, her mission unfulfilled, and the lamp of Israel's hope shattered forever. Perchance it is we that have misunderstood the prophecies. Not here, not here, shall God's great miracle be wrought; this is not holy ground. 'For the Lord dwelleth in Zion,' they cried with the Prophet. 'Only on the sacred soil, outside of which God has never revealed himself, only in Palestine,' they said, 'can Israel's Redeemer be born. As it is written, 'But upon Mount Zion shall be deliverance, and there shall be holiness.'"

"Then these and the scoffers persuaded me, seeing that I waxed very old, and I sold my father's house—now grown of high value—to obtain the money for the journey, and I made ready to start for Jerusalem. There had been a whirlwind and a great snow the day before, and I would have tarried, but they said I must arrive in the Holy City ere the eve of Chanukah. And putting off my shroud and my crown, seeing that only in Jerusalem I might be a bride, I trusted myself to the fire-monster, and a vast company went with me to the starting-place—both of those who believed that salvation was of Zion and those who scoffed. But the monster had scarcely

crawled out under God's free heaven when God's hand lifted me up and those with me—for my blessedness covered them—and put us down very far off, while a great white thunder-bolt fell upon the building and upon the scoffers and upon those who had prated of Zion, and behold! they were not. The multitude of Moab was as straw trodden down for the dunghill, and the high fort of the fire-monster was brought down, and laid low, and brought to the ground, even to the dust. Then arose a great cry from all the town and the mountain, and a rending of garments and a weeping in sackcloth. And many returned to the faith in me, for God's hand has shown that here and not elsewhere is the miracle to be wrought. As it is written, word for word, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Isaiah:

“And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation. For in this mountain shall the hand of the Lord rest, and Moab shall be trodden down under Him, even as straw is trodden down for the dunghill. And He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim: and He shall bring down their pride together with the spoils of their hands. And the fortress of the high fort of thy walls shall He bring down, lay low, and bring to the ground, even to the dust.”

“And here in this cedar of Lebanon, transplanted like Israel under the shadow of this alien mountain, the Lord has shot a bolt, for a sign to all that can read. And here I come daily to pray, and to await the divine moment.”

She ceased, and her eyes turned to the

stainless heaven. And as I gazed upon her shining face it seemed to me that the fresh flowers and leaves of her crown, still wet with the dew, seen against that garment of death and the silver of decaying life, were symbolic of an undying, ever-rejuvenescent hope.

IX.

A last surprise awaited me. Bethulah now lived all alone in Yarchi's pine cottage, which the years had left untouched.

Whether accident or purpose settled her there I do not know, but my heart was overcharged with mingled emotions as I went up the garden the next day to pay her a farewell visit. The poppies flaunted riotously amid the neglected maize, but the cottage itself seemed tidy.

It was the season when the cold wrinkled lips of winter meet the first kiss of spring, and death is passing into resurrection. It was the hour when the chill shadows steal upon the sunlit day. In the sky was the shot purple of a rolling moor, merging into a glow of lovely green.

I stood under the porch where Yarchi had been wont to sun and snuff himself, and knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, I lifted the latch softly and looked in.

Bethulah was at her little table, her head lying on a great old Bible which her arms embraced. One long finger of departing sunlight pointed through the window and touched the flowers on the gray hair. I stole in with a cold fear that she was dead. But she seemed only asleep, with that sleep of old age which is so near to death and is yet the renewal of life.

I was curious to see what she had been reading. It was the eighteenth chapter of Genesis, and in the shadow of her crown ran the verses:

“And the Lord said unto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, Shall I of a surety bear a child, which am old?”

“Is anything too hard for the Lord?”

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

BY ARMAND DAYOT

DURING a recent visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy in London I was astonished at the rarity of women's portraits, and, above all, by the vulgar manner in which the few I found there were treated. On the other hand, there were many excellent portraits of men, signed, for the most part, with famous names. Portraits of austere magistrates, hard-featured soldiers, and gentleman farmers in irreproachable boots and with nobly insignificant faces abounded; but I could not help wondering, for I had but recently returned from pilgrimages through the marvellous collections of the National Gallery and Buckingham Palace, where the sovereign distinction of the great English painters of the eighteenth century still lives in their incomparable portraits of women, how so wide a gulf separates the ideals of the Wattses, the Millaises, and the Orchardsons of to-day from the Reynoldses, the Gainsboroughs, and the Romneys of yesterday. I asked myself, a trifle sadly, what mysterious evolution can have taken place in the æsthetic composition of English painters which seems to have systematically closed their eyes to the beauty of woman? Not one among them to-day is worthy of immortalizing, like Gainsborough, the queenly grace of a Duchess of Clarence, the charming features of a Mary Robinson, or perpetuating, like Romney, the bewitching charms of a Lady Hamilton.

Of course no one can deny that Rossetti and Burne-Jones, the great feminists of pre-Raphaelism, have raised a votive altar to feminine beauty, but who would care to assert that on their wonderful canvases we find depicted the woman of to-day? Their women live as pure archangelic forms deprived of wings, original apparitions evoked by the intense dream of two great artists, but having existence only in an imaginary life—in the blue expanse of the ideal. And yet during my short stay in England I was able to convince myself that the same royal beauties still tread the English soil, superb mod-

els who no longer find painters capable of immortalizing their ephemeral charms.

But if the painter of the modern woman has very nearly disappeared in England, he has revealed himself during the last few years in America, finding new expression in the personality of a few painters whose seductive originality is essentially modern, but sustained by an independent respect for the noble qualities of the old masters, Velasquez, Vandyck, and Gainsborough. In citing Whistler, Sargent, Dannat, and Alexander I only mention the most brilliant examples, whose talents have been triumphantly affirmed, and each in his own individual direction.

John W. Alexander, the subject of this short sketch, without having succumbed to the somewhat tyrannical influence of Whistler, often exhibits a strong affinity to the great American, just as Whistler on his part shows his affinity to Velasquez—sympathetic ascendancies which each should regard with pride.

It was at the Salon of the Champ de Mars in the spring of 1893 that I first became acquainted with Alexander's work, and the effect it produced upon me was so strong that from the date of this first exhibit I have watched the diverse manifestations of his original and independent brush with close attention.

In this initial exhibit he set before the public three life-sized paintings of women—the portraits of a woman in yellow, a woman in black, and a woman in gray—which formed a sort of feminine triptych filled with fine qualities of painting and drawing. These three pictures, painted freely on a coarse, rough-grained canvas, presented an agreeable flat surface to the eye, but this effect was produced without any loss of brilliancy because of the frankness of their color, which was broadly applied, and relieved here and there by a skilfully treated and discreet contrast. In the portrait in gray, for instance, this contrast was produced by the bow of red ribbon in the hair; in the portrait in yellow, by the green sash;

and in the portrait of the lady in black, which had great severity of line and showed a surprising seriousness in its drawing, the painter had relieved its general sombreness by slipping a flower into the belt.

Six years have passed since the date of this first exhibit, and John W. Alexander's succeeding work has occupied a place of honor and has gained him the approbation of the serious critic.

Still, even in the presence of his subsequent work, I am haunted by the recollection of these first three portraits, and this is because in them Alexander's individuality was brought to my notice in an exquisite form, revealing itself, as it has continued to do, by a grace, charm, and freedom that stamp these portraits as three *chefs-d'œuvre*—three definitive formulas of the painter's manner.

Since then Alexander's art, without undergoing any great modification—his initial effort having been the expression of an essentially personal talent—has gained in precision and strength, qualities which, it must be confessed, were to some extent lacking in the earlier instance. No one excelled him in rhythm of pose and graceful feminine attitudes, no one understood better than he the direct art of values and harmonious contrasts, but one forcedly regretted

a too free drawing and a somewhat superficial analysis of modelling which gave point to the criticisms of those who reproached him with sacrificing the body



Photograph by E. Lynn.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

to its envelope, asserting that Alexander was, above everything else, the virtuoso of a harmonious epidermis (if I may be pardoned the expression), forgetting in

a fugitive charm of contour and line that intensity of vision which gives value to work like that of Holbein, Clouet, and Ingres.

To-day, by persistent work and keen observation, the painter has mastered the qualities which were wanting at first, and which caused some critics to affirm that although he possessed correctness of vision, he would never be more than a clever colorist, a charming but superficial painter of poses, attitudes, and draperies—in short, a brilliant impressionist in the art of portraiture.

Alexander has victoriously refuted these apprehensions. Without losing any of the fine qualities of his early aspirations, which impelled him toward light effects, freshness of flesh tones, and backgrounds of simple draperies and foliage, toward the juvenile simplicity of the primitives, and a search for grace and life in the attitudes and supreme elegance in the toilet of his sitters, he has yet gained the firmness and precision he lacked, and now occupies one of the foremost places among the portrait-painters of the epoch. From simply caressing the canvas his brush has become penetrating, and the pictures he now shows us possess—and this we consider the highest praise that can be bestowed upon his talent—not only the charm of life, but also an intensity of thought. He gives us glimpses of the soul within, and I remember portraits of his, that of the painter Thaulow among others, which will remain as *chefs-d'œuvre* of their kind; while the American poet Walt Whitman has inspired one of his finest and most psychological canvases. These two pictures suffice as examples to demonstrate, representing as they do the superb virility of his models, that Alexander is not alone the delicate and refined painter of feminine elegance.

He has certainly succeeded in convincing us of his versatility, for he has been able, after putting the finishing touches to the masterly portrait of a fair-headed lady in black, which he exhibited at the Champ de Mars in 1894, and which is undoubtedly one of his strongest productions, to give us both an admirable still-life and a landscape filled with fresh and tender melancholy.

Later—very much later, let us hope—when a complete catalogue is made of his work, it would surprise me if it did not include, among many other fine examples

emanating from this essentially modern temperament, a number of landscapes of considerable value. This opinion was borne strongly upon me after visiting his studio, where many interesting studies and sketches lie half hidden behind its furniture, bearing testimony to Alexander's keen interest in the vast open-air nature which unfolds itself before him whenever he leaves the city to seek a needed change, after long periods of hard work and constant striving for improvement.

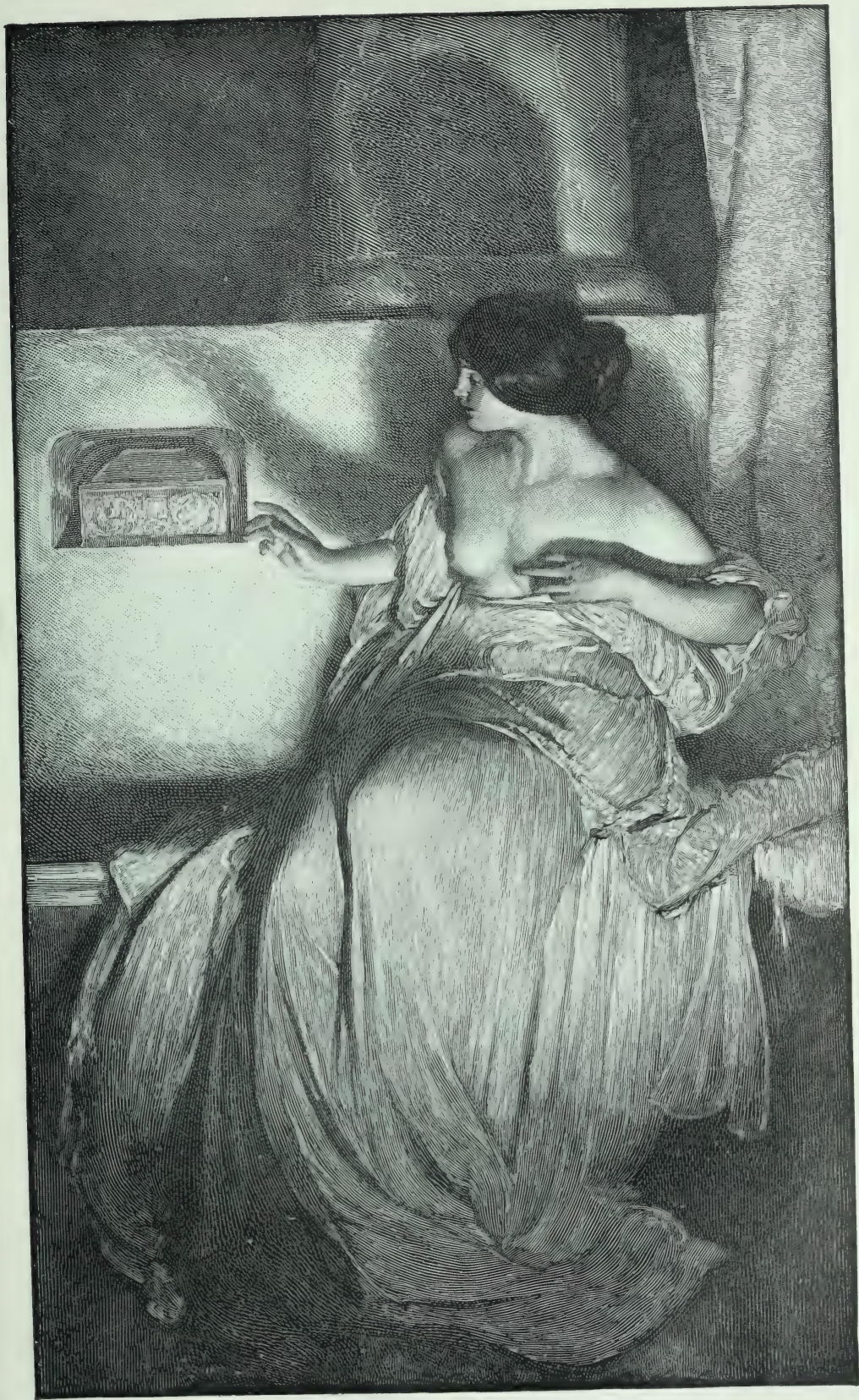
Alexander is so well known by his portraits that, in making a selection among his works for reproducing as illustrations for this article, it has seemed more interesting to choose examples of a phase which is perhaps less familiar to his American admirers.

The two large pictures the "Pot of Basil" and "Pandora" figured respectively in 1897 and 1898 at the spring exhibitions of the Salon of the Champ de Mars. In them we find what seems to us the same preoccupation on the part of the painter to make the study of line and a skilful juxtaposition of harmonious colors the chief means of producing his effect, although in both the strong contrast of light and shade produced by an artificial light is closely studied.

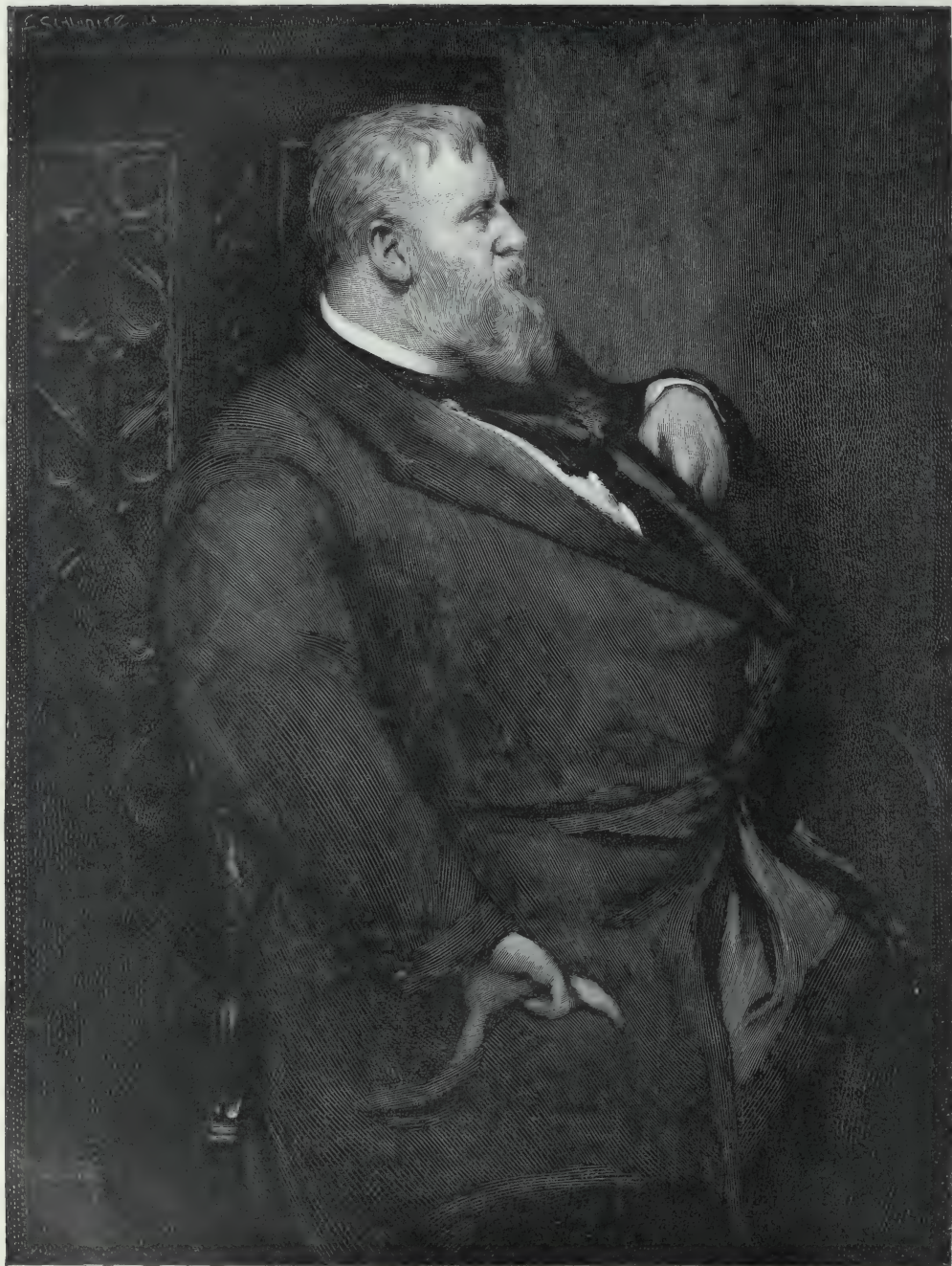
These qualities characterize not alone these purely imaginative compositions, but are to be found in all his portraits, imparting to them an interest as complete arrangements quite independent of their value as likenesses. His desire seems ever to be to avoid as far as possible the purely conventional presentation of his sitters, and he naturally finds this easiest in his portraits of women.

The small picture "Spring Flowers" illustrates this purpose perhaps better than anything that can be written. It is in reality the portrait of a graceful woman bending over a bowl of pink flowers in one of the natural but spontaneous poses to which the painter has accustomed us.

John Alexander was born in Allegheny City, a suburb of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Left an orphan before he reached the age of five, he was brought up by his maternal grandparents. When he had nearly reached the age of twelve he grew very restless, and tired of the restraints of school. A number of his playmates were already earning their own



PANDORA.



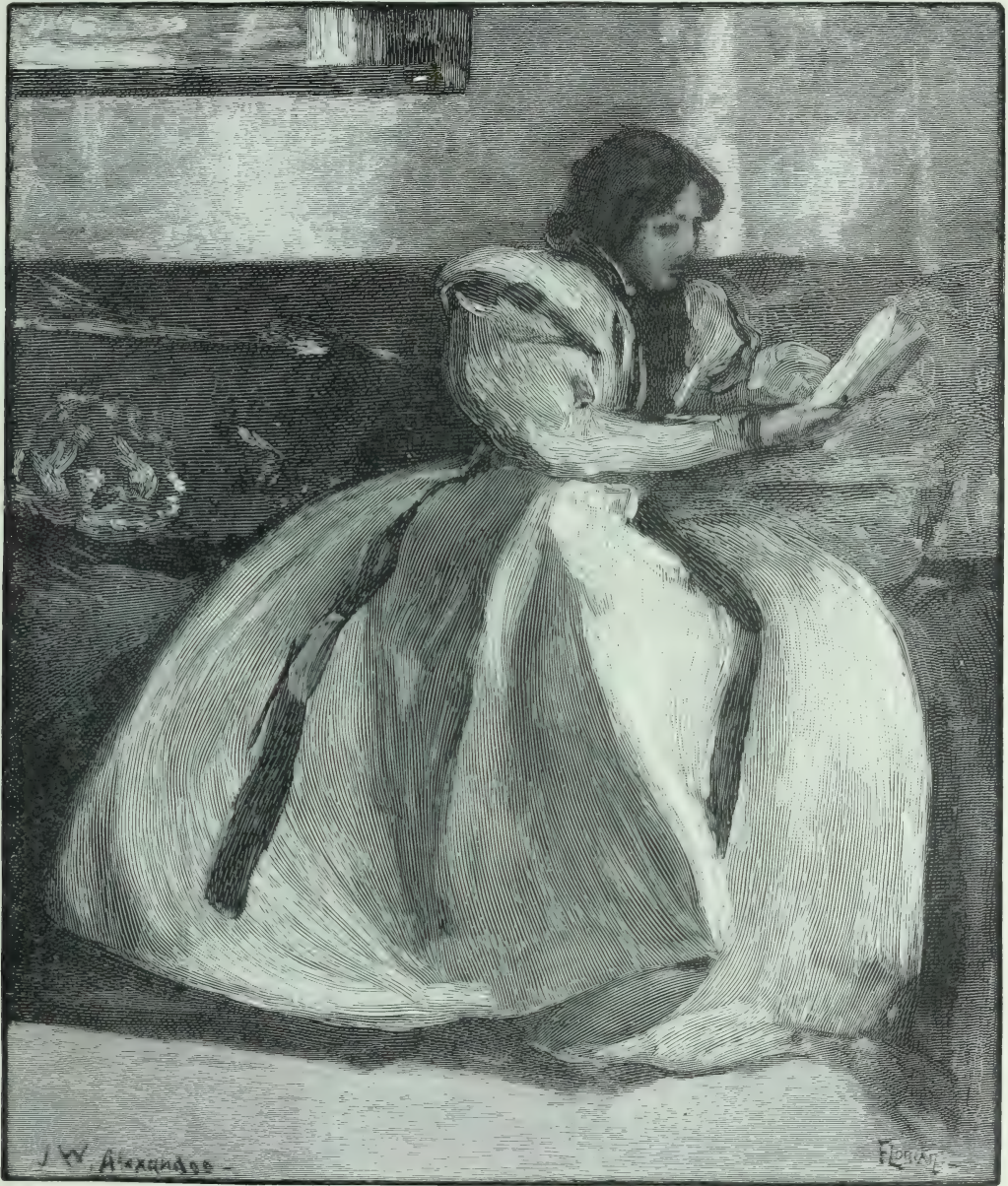
FRITZ THAULOW.

living, and he finally persuaded his grandfather to allow him to follow their example, so he was placed as a messenger in a Pittsburg telegraph-office. Up to this period the boy's life had been of the simplest kind, but he now began to face the real hardships of life for the first time. His duties in the telegraph-office were by

no means light, and the working hours long. He had to tramp about all day carrying messages, and sometimes until late into the night, and he is convinced that in selecting this arduous employment for him his grandfather hoped to disgust him with its severity and force him back to school. On the contrary,

the open air and freedom of his new life suited him, and he persevered in it until he happened to attract the attention of one of the directors of the telegraph company, Colonel Edward J. Allen, who had

He watched and talked to the boy, interested himself in his desire to learn to draw, and, becoming attached to him, soon after adopted him legally, and took him to live in his family, persuading him



STUDY.

noticed that the young messenger spent all his leisure moments in scribbling and sketching, and that his rough and childish inexperienced drawings showed distinct promise of an artistic vocation.

without too much difficulty to return to school and finish his interrupted education. Meanwhile Alexander's grandparents had died, and the boy was left with this generous protector as his only friend,



ISABELLA AND THE POT OF BASIL.



SPRING FLOWERS.

in whose house he continued to live until he reached his eighteenth year.

Pittsburg at this time offered no facilities for study to an art student, and all the boy's hopes and aspirations very naturally turned to New York. By doing crayon portraits for a photographer he managed to put aside a little money, and he left Pittsburg with this slender store to seek his fortune in a city where he was absolutely unknown, and where he had no introductions to assist him in making

his way. By this time he had positively determined to become a painter, but, like all dreamers who march resolutely on towards a desired goal, he had fixed his eyes on a star that was not easily to be attained, especially as he had only his own untried ability and youthful enthusiasm to second his ambition.

With only a few dollars in his pocket, it was necessary for him to find means of earning his living at once, and he made up his mind that the best way to do



THE GREEN BOW.
Selected for the Luxembourg Museum.

this would be to become an illustrator. His first experiences in his attempt to carry out this plan were anything but encouraging. His naïve drawings and paintings were politely but firmly declined by the art editors to whom he presented them. He was not easily discouraged, however, and he made persistent but futile attempts to find a position in the art department of Harper's publishing-house. His productions were considered much too crude, and he had almost given up hope when, during one of his visits to the editor, he discovered by some accident that the department needed an office-boy, and immediately offered himself for the place.

His venture proved successful, for he remained in the art department, first as office-boy, and afterwards as one of its illustrators for about three years, working all the time to perfect his hand and eye.

After a long and weary struggle a wide horizon was slowly opening out before him, although many obstacles still barred his path. He cherished a very natural desire to go abroad and study the old masters, as he was anxious to give himself as broad an opportunity as possible for development. With this in view, at the end of his three years with the Harpers he left America for Europe, in the companionship of a younger brother of Stanley Reinhart, the illustrator.

Neither of the young men knew a word of French. They reached Paris in the summer-time, and having no friends there, after visiting the galleries, altered their plans, which had included study in the French schools, and passed on to Munich, making this selection principally because Reinhart knew a few words of German.

In Munich, Alexander at once entered the drawing-school in the National Academy of Fine Arts, but after a three months' trial he 'found living, even in the cheap Bavarian capital, too much of a strain upon his resources. He was strictly limited to what he had managed to put aside during the three years of his apprenticeship as an illustrator, and the duration of his stay abroad depended entirely upon the strict economizing of his slender store. In order to spare his purse as much as possible, he gave up Munich and went to Polling, an Upper Bavarian village, where a number of young American painters had formed a colony. Liv-

ing and models cost very little in Polling, and there is an atmosphere of youthful enthusiasm under a hospitable sky; and once more breathing to some extent his native air, he set to work with indefatigable ardor at his painting.

It was during this sojourn in Polling that he received a medal from the Munich Academy of Fine Arts for his drawings.

After staying in Polling about a year, he accompanied the painter Duveneck to Venice, and from there they subsequently moved on to Florence, where Alexander was able to open his eyes on its marvels of art, and feast his soul with the sublime spectacle of the triumphant immortality of the great Italian masters.

He remained in Florence for some time, dividing his days between giving lessons and painting, and he always speaks in the warmest terms of the advice and encouragement he received all the time he was there from Duveneck, from whose brilliant work so many other young Americans have also drawn inspiration.

Realizing finally that Florence, in spite of all its art treasures, was not the best place for a modern painter to settle permanently, he decided to leave it, and returned to New York after three years of absence—years well employed in hard study and profitable observation.

For some time after his return he continued illustrating for the magazines, but no one doubted by this time that a more brilliant career lay before him. It was now that he was able to realize his desire to become known as a painter of portraits, and from this period his success in this direction has accentuated itself, and he has been kept busy with commissions.

The Metropolitan Museum of New York has been enriched by his fine portrait of Walt Whitman, and since then the museums of both Boston and Philadelphia have honored him by the acquisition of his two works the portrait of the painter Thaulow and his "Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

During a summer spent in Europe his facile and truthful pencil fixed with astonishing fidelity the historic features of Browning, Swinburne, Stevenson, and many others—among them the dolorously beautiful physiognomy of Alphonse Daudet.

In the spring of 1892 the young painter broke down in health, which for a time

made all work impossible; but after some months of rest he conquered his illness, and in 1893 exhibited for the first time in Paris at the Salon of the Champ de Mars. His pictures were very much noticed, and won for him the title of *Associé*, while in the following year his success was even greater, and he was elected *Sociétaire*. He has since been elected to art societies in Bavaria, Austria, and England.

Between the dates of his first two exhibits in Paris he visited America, where he painted a number of portraits, and a year or so later returned to put six lunettes in place in the east hall of the Congressional Library in Washington. This year, the

French Minister of Fine Arts, at the suggestion of the committee appointed to select works of arts, has bought one of his presentations of women, "The Green Bow," which he exhibited in the spring Salon, and which we are soon to see in the Luxembourg museum.

This hasty article must only be regarded as the first chapter of a more serious study. As yet he has hardly crossed the threshold of a brilliant career, and it is pleasant to anticipate what a nature so virile and so rich in promise may have in store, when, like a young fruit tree planted in fertile soil, it reaches a perfect and vigorous maturity.

THE INDIAN ON THE TRAIL



BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

MAURICE BARRETT sat waiting in the old lime-kiln built by the British in the war of 1812—a white ruin like much-scattered marble, which stands bowered in trees on a high part of the island. He had, to the amusement of the commissioner, hired this place for a summer study, and paid a carpenter to put a temporary roof over it, with skylight, and to make a door which could be fastened. Here on the uneven floor of stone were set his desk, his chair, and a bench on which he could stretch himself to think when undertaking to make up arrears in literary work. But the days were becoming nothing but trysts with her for whom he waited.

First came the heavenly morning walk and the opening of his study, then the short half-hour of labor, which ravelled off to delicious suspense. He caught through trees the hint of a shirt-waist which might be any girl's, then the long exquisite outline which could be nobody's in the world but hers, her face under its sailor hat, the blown blond hair, the blue eyes. Then her little hands met his outstretched hands at the door, and her

whole violet-breathing self yielded to his arms.

They sat down on the bench, still in awe of each other and of the swift miracle of their love and engagement. Maurice had passed his fiftieth year, so clean from dissipation, so full of vitality and the beauty of a long race of strong men, that he did not look forty, and in all outdoor activities rivalled the boys in their early twenties. He was an expert mountain-climber and explorer of regions from which he brought his own literary material; inured to fatigue, patient in hardship, and resourceful in danger. Money and reputation and the power which attends them he had wrung from fate as his right, and felt himself fit to match with the best blood in the world—except hers.

Yet she was only his social equal, and had grown up next door, while his unsatisfied nature searched the universe for its mate—a wild sweetbrier-rose of a child, pink and golden, breathing a daring, fragrant personality. He hearkened back to some recognition of her charm from the day she ran out bareheaded and slim-

legged on her father's lawn and turned on the hose for her play. Yet he barely missed her when she went to an Eastern school, and only thrilled vaguely when she came back like one of Gibson's pictures, carrying herself with stateliness. There was something in her blue eyes not to be found in any other blue eyes. He was housed with her family in the same hotel at the island before he completely understood the magnitude of what had befallen him.

"I am awfully set up because you have chosen me," she admitted at first. He liked to have her proud as of a conquest, and he was conscious of that general favor which stamped him a good match, even for a girl half his age.

"How much have you done this morning?" she inquired, looking at his desk.

"Enough to tide over the time until you came. Determination and execution are not one with me now." Her hands were cold, and he warmed them against his face.

"It was during your married life that determination and execution were one?"

"Decidedly. For that was my plodding age. Sometimes when I am tingling with impatience here I look back in wonder on the dogged drive of those days. Work is an unhappy man's best friend. I have no concealments from you, Lily. You know I never loved my wife—not this way—though I made her happy; I did my duty. She told me when she died that I had made her happy. People cannot help their limitations."

"Do you love me?" she asked, her lips close to his ear.

"I am you! Your blood flows through my veins. I feel you rush through me. You don't know what it is to love like that, do you?"

She shook her head.

"When you are out of my sight I do not live; I simply wait. What is the weird power in you that creates such gigantic passion?"

"The power is all in your imagination. You simply don't know me. You think I am a prize. Why, I—flirt,—and I've—kissed men!"

He laughed. "You would be a queer girl, at your age, if you hadn't—kissed men—a little. Whatever your terrible past has been, it has made you the infinite darling that you are!"

She moved her eyes to watch the leaves twinkling in front of the lime-kiln.

"I must go," she said.

"'I must go!'" he mocked. "You are no sooner here than—'I must go!'"

"I can't be with you all the time. You don't care for appearances, so I have to."

"Appearances are nothing. This is the only real thing in the universe."

"But I really must go." She lifted her wilful chin and sat still. They stared at each other in the silence of lovers. Though the girl's face was without a line, she was more skilled in the play of love than he.

"Indeed I must go. Your eyes are half shut, like a gentian."

"When you are living intensely you don't look at the world through wide-open eyes," said Maurice. "I never let myself go before. Repression has been the law of my life. Think of it! In a long lifetime I have loved but two persons—the woman I told you of, and you. Twenty years ago I found out what life meant. For the first time, I knew! But I was already married. I took that beautiful love by the throat and choked it down. Afterwards, when I was free, the woman I first loved was married. How long I have had to wait for you to bloom, lotos flower! This is living! All the other years were preparation."

"Do you never see her?" inquired the girl.

"Who? That first one? I have avoided her."

"She loved you."

"With the blameless passion that we both at first thought was the most perfect friendship."

"Wouldn't you marry her now if she were free?"

"No. It is ended. We have grown apart in renunciation for twenty years. I am not one that changes easily, you see. You have taken what I could not withhold from you, and it is yours. I am in your power."

They heard a great steamer blowing upon the straits. Its voice reverberated through the woods. The girl's beautiful face was full of a tender wistfulness, half maternal. Neither jealousy nor pique marred its exquisite sympathy. It was such an expression as an untamed wood-nymph might have worn, contemplating the life of man.

"Don't be sad," she breathed.

Vague terror shot through Maurice's gaze.

"That is a strange thing for you to say to me, Lily. Is it all you can say—when I love you so?"

"I was thinking of the other woman. Did she suffer?"

"At any rate, she has the whole world now—beauty, talent, wealth, social prestige. She is one of the most successful women in this country."

"Do I know her name?"

"Quite well. She has been a person of consequence since you were a child."

"I couldn't capture the whole world," mused Lily. Maurice kissed her small fingers.

"Some one else will put it in your lap, to keep or throw away as you choose."

The hurried tink-tank of an approaching cow-bell suggested passers. Then a whirl of wheels could be heard through tangled wilderness. The girl met his lips with a lingering which trembled through all his body, and withdrew herself.

"Now I am going. Are you coming down the trail with me?"

Maurice shut the lime-kiln door, and crossed with her a grassy avenue to find among birches the ravelled ends of a path called the White Islander's Trail. You may know it first by a triangle of roots at the foot of an oak. Thence a thread, barely visible to expert eyes, winds to some mossy dead pines and crosses a rotten log. There it becomes a trail cleaving the heights, and plunging boldly up and down evergreen glooms to a road parallel with the cliff. Once, when the island was freshly drenched in rain, Lily breathed deeply, gazing down the tunnel floored with rock and pine needles, a flask of incense. "It is like the violins!"

In that seclusion of heaven Maurice could draw her slim shape to him, for the way is so narrow that two are obliged to walk close. They parted near the wider entrance, where a stump reared itself against the open sky, bearing a stick like a bow, and having the appearance of a crouching figure.

"There is the Indian on the trail," said Lily. "You must go back now."

"He looks so formidable," said Maurice; "especially in twilight, and, except at noon, it is always twilight here. But when you reach him he is nothing but a stump."

"He is more than a stump," she insisted. "He is a real Indian, and some day will get up and take a scalp! It gives me a shiver every time I come in sight of him crouched on the trail!"

"Do you know," complained her lover, "that you haven't told me once to-day?"

"Well—I do."

"How much?"

"Oh—a little!"

"A little will not do!"

"Then—a great deal."

"I want all—all!"

Her eyes wandered toward the Indian on the trail, and the bow of her mouth was bent in a tantalizing curve.

"I have told you I love you. Why doesn't that satisfy you?"

"It isn't enough!"

"Perhaps I can't satisfy you. I love you all I can."

"All you can?"

"Yes. Maybe I can't love you as much as you want me to. I am shallow!"

"For God's sake, don't say you are shallow! There is deep under deep in you! I couldn't have staked my life on you, I couldn't have loved you, if there hadn't been! Say I have only touched the surface yet, but don't say you are shallow!"

The girl shook her head.

"There isn't enough of me. Do you know," she exclaimed, whimsically, "that's the Indian on the trail! You'll never feel quite sure of me, will you?"

Maurice's lips moved. "You are my own!"

She kept him at bay with her eyes, though they filled slowly with tears.

"I am a child of the devil!" exclaimed Lily, with vehemence. "I give people trouble, and make them suffer!"

"She classes me with 'people'!" Maurice thought. He said, "Have I ever blamed you for anything?"

"No."

"Then don't blame yourself. I will simply take what you can give me. That is all I could take. Forgive me for loving you too much. I will try to love you less."

"No," the girl demurred. "I don't want you to do that."

"I am very unreasonable," he said, humbly. "But the rest of the world is a shadow. You are my one reality. There is nothing in the universe but you."

She brushed her eyes fiercely. "I mustn't cry. I'll have to explain it if I do, and the lids will be red all day."

The man felt internally seared, as by burning lava, with the conviction that he had staked his all late in life on what could never be really his. She would diffuse herself through many. He was concentrated in her. His passion had its lips burned shut.

"I am Providence's favorite bag-holder," was his bitter thought. "The game is never for me."

"Good-by," said Lily.

"Good-by," said Maurice.

"Are you coming into the casino to-night?"

"If you will be there."

"I have promised a lot of dances. Good-by. Go back and work."

"Yes, I must work," said Maurice.

She gave him a defiant, radiant smile, and ran toward the Indian on the trail. He turned in the opposite direction, and tramped the woods until nightfall.

At first he mocked himself. "Oh yes, she loves me! I'm glad, at any rate, that she loves me! There will be enough to moisten my lips with; and if I thirst for an ocean, that is not her fault."

Why had a woman been made who could inspire such passion without returning it? He reminded himself that she was of a later, a gayer, lighter, less strenuous generation than his own. Thousands of men had waded blood for a principle and a lost cause in his day. In hers the gigantic republic stood up a menace to nations. The struggle for existence was over before she was born. Yet women seemed more in earnest now than ever before. He said to himself, "I have always picked out natures as fatal to me as a death-warrant, and fastened my life to them."

The thought stabbed him that perhaps his wife, whom he had believed satisfied, had carried such hopeless anguish as he now carried. Tardy remorse for what he could not help gave him the feeling of a murderer. And since he knew himself how little may be given under the bond of marriage, he could not look forward and say, "My love will yet be mine!"

He would, indeed, have society on his side; and children—he drew his breath hard at that. Her ways with children were divine. He had often watched her

instinctive mothering of, and drawing them around her. And it should be much to him that he might look at and touch her. There was life in her mere presence.

He felt the curse of the artistic temperament, which creates in man the exquisite sensitiveness of woman.

Taking the longest and hardest path home around the eastern beach, Maurice turned once on impulse, parted a screen of birches, and stepped into an amphitheatre of the cliff, moss-clothed and cedar-walled. It sloped downward in three terraces. A balcony or high parapet of stone hung on one side, a rock low and broad stood in the centre, and an unmistakable chair of rock, cushioned with vividly green-branched moss, waited an occupant. Maurice sat down, wondering if any other human being, perplexed and tortured, had ever domiciled there for a brief time. Slim alder-trees and maples were clasped in moss to their waists. The spacious open was darkened by dense shade overhead. Bois Blanc was plainly in view from the beach. But the eastern islands stretched a line of foliage in growing dusk. Maurice felt the cooling benediction of the place. This world is such a good world to be happy in, if you have the happiness.

When the light faded he went on, climbing low headlands which jutted into the water, and sliding down on the other side; so that he reached the hotel physically exhausted, and had his dinner sent to his room. But a vitality constantly renewing itself swept away every trace of his hard day when he entered the gayly lighted casino.

He no longer danced, not because dancing ceased to delight him, but because the serious business of life had left no room for it. He walked along the waxed floor, avoiding the circling procession of waltzers, and bowing to a bank of pretty faces, but thinking his own thought, in growing bitterness: "They who live blameless lives are the fools of fate. If I had it to do over again, I would take what I wanted in spite of everything, and let the consequences fall where they would!" Looking up, he met in the eyes the woman of his early love.

She was holding court, for a person of such consequence became the centre of the caravansary from the instant of her arrival; and she gave him her hand with the conventional frankness and self-com-

mand that set her apart from the weak. Once more he knew she was a woman to be worshipped, whose presence rebuked the baseness he had just thought.

"Perhaps it was she who kept me from being worse," Maurice recognized in a flash: "not I myself!"

"Why, Mrs. Carstang, I didn't know you were here!" he spoke, with warmth around the heart.

"We came at noon."

"And I was in the woods all day." Maurice greeted the red-cheeked, elderly Mr. Carstang, whom, according to half the world, his wife doted upon, and according to the other half, she simply endured. At any rate, he looked pleased with his lot.

While Maurice stood talking with Mrs. Carstang, the new grief and the old strangely neutralized each other. It was as if they met and grappled, and he had numb peace. The woman of his first love made him proud of that early bond. She was more than she had been then. But Lily moved past him with a smile. Her dancing was visible music. It had a penetrating grace—hers, and no other person's in the world. The floating of a slim nymph down a forest avenue, now separating from her partner, and now joining him at caprice, it rushed through Maurice like some recollection of the Golden Age, when he had stood imprisoned in a tree. There was little opportunity to do anything but watch her, for she was more in demand than any other girl in the casino. Hop nights were her unconscious ovations. He took a kind of aching delight in her dancing. For while it gratified an artist to the core, it separated her from her lover and gave her to other men.

Next morning he waited for her in the study with a restlessness which would not let him sit still. More than once he went as far as the oak-tree to watch for a glimmer. But when Lily finally appeared at the door he pretended to be very busy with papers on his desk, and looked up, saying: "Oh!"

The morning was chill, and she seemed a fair Russian in fur-edged cloth as she put her cold fingers teasingly against his neck.

"Are you working hard?"

"Trying to. I am behind."

"But if there is a good wind this afternoon you are not to forget the Carstangs' sail. They will be here only a day or

two, and you mustn't neglect them. Mrs. Carstang told me if I saw you first to invite you."

Maurice met the girl's smiling eyes, and the ice of her hand went through him.

"Isn't Mrs. Carstang lovely! As soon as I saw you come in last night, I knew she was—the other woman."

"You didn't look at me."

"I can see with my eyelashes. Do you know, I have often thought I should love her if I were a man!"

There was not a trace of jealousy in Lily's gentle and perfect manner.

"You resemble her," said Maurice. "You have the blond head, and the same features—only a little more delicate."

"I have been in her parlor all morning," said Lily. "We talked about you. I am certain, Maurice, Mrs. Carstang is in her heart still faithful to you."

That she should thrust the old love on him as a kind of solace seemed the cruelest of all. There was no cognizance of anything except this one maddening girl. She absorbed him. She wrung the strength of his manhood from him as tribute, such tribute as everybody paid her, even Mrs. Carstang. He sat like a rock, tranced by the strong control which he kept over himself.

"I must go," said Lily. She had not sat down at all. Maurice shuffled his papers.

"Good-by," she spoke.

"Good-by," he answered.

She did not ask, "Are you coming down the trail with me?" but ebbed softly away, the swish of her silken petticoat subsiding on the grassy avenue.

Her lover stretched his arms across the desk and sobbed upon them with heart-broken gasps.

"It is killing me! It is killing me! And there is no escape. If I took my life my disembodied ghost would follow her, less able to make itself felt than now! I cannot live without her, and she is not for me—not for me!"

He cursed the necessity which drove him out with the sailing party, and the prodigal waste of life on neutral, trivial doings which cannot be called living. He could see Lily with every pore of his body, and grew faint keeping down a wild beast in him which desired to toss overboard the men who crowded around her. She was more deliciously droll than

any comédienne, full of music and wit, the kind of spirit that rises flood tide with occasion. He was himself hilarious also during this experience of sailing with two queens surrounded by courtiers and playing the deep game of fascination, as if men were created for the amusement of their lighter moments. Lily's defiant, inscrutable eyes mocked him. But Mrs. Carstang gave him sweet friendship, and he sat by her with the unchanging loyalty of a devotee to an altar from which the sacrament has been removed.

Next morning Lily did not come to the lime-kiln. Maurice worked furiously all day, and corrected proof in his room at night, though tableaux were shown in the casino, both Mrs. Carstang and Lily being head and front of the undertaking.

The second day Lily did not come to the lime-kiln. But he saw her pass along the grassy avenue in front of his study with Mrs. Carstang, a man on each side of them. They waved their hands to him.

Maurice sat with his head on his desk all the afternoon, beaten and broken-hearted. He told himself he was a poltroon; that he was losing his manhood; that the one he loved despised him, and did well to despise him; that a man of his age who gave way to such weakness must be entering senility. The habit of rectitude would cover him like armor, and proclaim him still of a chivalry to which he felt recreant. But it came upon him like revelation that many a man had died of what doctors had called disease, when the report to the health-officer should have read: "This man loved a woman with a great passion, and she slew him."

The sigh of the woods around, and the sunlight searching for him through his door, were lonelier than illimitable space. It was what the natives call a "real Mackinac day," with infinite splendor of sky and water.

Maurice heard the rustle of woman's clothes, and stood up as Lily came through the white waste of stones. She stopped and gazed at him with large hunted eyes, and submitted to his taking and kissing her hands. It was so blessed to have her at all that half his trouble fled before her. They sat down together on the bench.

Much of his life Maurice had been in the attitude of judging whether other

people pleased him or not. Lily reversed this habit of mind, and made him humbly solicitous to know whether he pleased her or not. He silently thanked God for the mere privilege of having her near him. Passionate selfishness was chastened out of him. One can say much behind the lips and make no sound at all.

"If I drench her with my love and she does not know it," thought Maurice, "it cannot annoy her. Let me take what she is willing to give, and ask no more."

"The Carstangs are gone," said Lily.

"Yes; I bade them good-by this morning before I came to the lime-kiln."

"You don't say you regret their going."

"I never seek Mrs. Carstang."

He sat holding the girl's hands and never swerving a glance from her face, which was weirdly pallid—the face of her spirit. He felt himself enveloped and possessed by her, his will subject to her will. He said within himself, voicelessly: "I love you. I love the firm chin, the wilful lower lip, and the Cupid's bow of the upper lip. I love the oval of your cheeks, the curve of your ears, the etched eyebrows, and all the little curls on your temples. I love the proud nose and most beautiful forehead. Every blond hair on that dear head is mine! Its upward tilt on the long throat is adorable! Have you any gesture or personal trait which does not thrill me? But best of all, because through them you yourself look at me, revealing more than you think, I adore your blue eyes."

"What are you thinking?" demanded Lily.

"Of a man who lay face downward far out in the desert, and had not a drop of water to moisten his lips."

"Is he in your story?"

"Yes, he is in my story."

"I thought perhaps you didn't want me to come here any more," she said.

"You didn't think so!" flashed Maurice.

"But you turned your cheek to me the last time I was here. You were too busy to do more than speak."

Voicelessly he said: "I lay under your feet, my life, my love! You walked on me and never knew it." Aloud he answered: "Was I so detestable? Forgive me. I am trying to learn self-control."

"You are all self-control! If you have

feeling, you manage very well to conceal it."

"God grant it!" he said, in silence, behind his lips. "For the touch of your hand is rapture. My God! how hard it is to love so much and be still!" Aloud he said, "Don't you know the great mass of human beings are obliged to conceal their feelings because they have not the gift of expression?"

"Yes, I know," answered Lily, defiantly.

"But that can never be said of you," Maurice went on. "For you are so richly endowed with expression that your problem is how to mask it."

"Are you coming down the trail with me? It is sunset, and time to shut the study for the day."

He prepared at once to leave his den, and they went out together on the trail, lingering step by step. Though it was the heart of the island summer, the maples still had tender pink leaves at the extremities of branches; and the trail looked wild and fresh as if that hour tunnelled through the wilderness. Sunset tried to penetrate western stretches with level shafts, but none reached the darkening path where twilight already purpled the hollows.

The night coolness was like respite after burning pain. Maurice wondered how close he might draw this changeable girl to him without again losing her. He had compared her to a wild sweetbrier-rose. She was a hundred-leaved rose, hiding innumerable natures in her depths.

They passed the dead pines, crossed the rotten log, and came silently within sight of the Indian on the trail, but neither of them noted it. The Indian stood stencilled against a background of primrose light, his bow magnified.

It was here that Maurice felt the slight elastic body sag upon his arm.

"I am tired," said Lily. "I have been working so hard to amuse your friends!"

"Would that I were my friends!" responded Maurice. He said silently: "I love you! I wonder if I shall ever learn to love you less?"

The unspoken appeal of her swaying figure put him off his guard, and he found himself holding her, the very depths of his passion rushing out with the force of lava.

"It is you I want!—the you that is

not any other person on earth or in the universe! Whatever it is—the identity—the spirit—that is you—the you that was mated with me in other lives—that I have sought—will seek—must have, whatever the price in time and anguish!—understand?—there is nobody but you!"

Tears oozed from under her closed lids. She lay in his arms passive, as in a half-swoon.

"You do the talking," she breathed. "I do the loving!"

Without opening her eyes she met him with her perfect mouth, and gave herself to him in a kiss. He understood a spirit so passionately reticent that it denied to itself its own inward motions. The wilfulness of a solitary exalted nature melted in that kiss. All the soft curves of her face concealed and belied the woman who opened her wild blue eyes and looked at him, passionately adoring, fierce for her own, yet doubtful of fate.

"If I let you know that I loved you all I do, you would tire of me!"

"How can you say I could ever tire of you?"

"I know it! When you are not quite sure of me, you love me best!"

Maurice laughed against her lips. "You said that was the Indian on the trail—my never being quite sure of you! Will you take an oath with me?"

"Yes."

"This is the oath: I swear before God that I love you more than any one else on earth; more than any one else in the universe."

She repeated: "I swear before God that I love you more than any one else on earth; more than any one else in the universe!"

Maurice held her blond head against his breast, quivering through flesh and spirit. That was the moment of life. What was conquering the dense resistance of material things, or coming off victor in bouts with men? The moment of life is when the infinite sea opens before the lover.

The heart of the island held them like the heart of Allah. The pines sang around them.

"We must go on," spoke Lily. "It is so dark we can't see the Indian on the trail."

"There isn't any Indian on the trail now," laughed Maurice. "You can never frighten me with him again."



"THAT WAS THE MOMENT OF LIFE."



Franklin House, Franklin Square, New York

THE FIRST AMERICAN HIS HOMES AND HIS HOUSEHOLDS

BY LEILA HERBERT

PART II.—IN NEW YORK

THE seat of the national government in 1789 was in New York city. The first election under the present Constitution was held in February of that year. It was known before the counting of the electoral votes that Washington was elected. Before the official announcement of his election he wrote, March 30, 1789, to James Madison in Congress:

I take the liberty of requesting the favor of you to engage lodgings for me previous to my arrival. Mr. Lear, who has lived with me three years as a private secretary, will accompany or precede me in the stage; and Colonel Humphreys, I presume, will be of my party. On the subject of lodgings, I will frankly declare to you, that I mean to go into none but hired ones. If these cannot be had tolerably convenient (for I shall not be nice about them), I would take rooms in the most decent tavern till a house can be provided for the more permanent reception of the President. I have already declined a very polite and pressing invitation from the Governor [of New York, Clinton] to lodge at his house, till a place could be prepared for me; after which, should any other offer of a similar nature be made, there could be no propriety in my acceptance of it.

Window-panes broke with the joyous firing, bunting floated from house and tree, and all sorts of merrymaking stuff showed the sentiments of New York when Washington entered. At night wonderful transparencies at Don Gardoqui's, the Spanish minister's, tried to outshine the French minister's decorations designed by fantastic-artistic Madame de Brienne. The Quakers alone and the anti-Federalists (those opposed to the adoption of the Constitution) were silent, except when the latter quarrelled about their broken windows.

The President found a house prepared and furnished by order of Congress for his use. A fine dinner awaited him. The cook lamented wasted art; the President dined with the Governor.

At his inaugural Washington announced that, as in the Revolution, he would allow only his expenses to be paid, would receive no salary. Yielding to the plea of relieving less wealthy successors of the embarrassment of this example, he consented, afterwards, to receive a yearly salary of \$25,000, which he used at once

in expenses incident to the office and in entertaining.

The house selected was that on the corner of Cherry and Franklin streets, near Franklin Square, referred to varyingly as No. 10 and as No. 3 Cherry Street, and known as the Franklin House. It was the property of Mrs. Samuel Osgood, wife of one of the two members of Congress deputed to select a Presidential residence. It came into her possession through her first husband, Walter Franklin, the builder, a deceased merchant prince of New York. One of the largest, finest houses in the city, though not in the most fashionable quarter, it had been rented formerly as residence for the presidents of Congress. Small idea of it can be had from anything but a picture or an inventory; descriptions of it differ as widely as the describers. Quakers called it the "Palace." The French minister, writing to his home government, spoke of it as a "humble dwelling"; the simple were impressed with its elegance; the elegant with its simplicity.

The house was of brick, of three stories, amply lighted by many well-sized, small-paned windows. There was a heavy brass knocker on the single-panelled door in Cherry Street, the main entrance, reached by short flights of steps, one at each side of a tiny porch. A vestibule projecting from the house formed the entrance on Franklin Street. It was, for a private citizen, a large house, though simple, substantial. It was well fitted up. For repairs and refurbishing, Congress paid Mr. Osgood \$8000.

A Quakeress, Mrs. Sarah Robinson, niece of Walter Franklin, the builder of the house, wrote to a friend or relative:

April 30th of the fourth month, 1789.

... Great rejoicing in New York on the arrival of General Washington.... Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry Street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Duer had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered, and the floors covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honor to my aunts and Lady Kitty; they spared no pains nor expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it. Accordingly

they pitched on their wives as being likely to do it better. I have not yet done, my dear. Is thee not almost tired?... There is scarcely anything talked about now but General Washington and the Palace.

Lady Kitty, sweet wife to Congressman Duer, was daughter of Lord Sterling, a good American and a famous Revolutionary general, though by inheritance an English earl.

In addition to the complete furniture, including china and plate selected by "my aunts and Lady Kitty," the President brought on by sea from Mount Vernon a quantity of pictures, vases, ornaments, Sèvres china, and silver. Chancellor Livingston's handsome residence, containing many works of art, costly ornaments, and Gobelin tapestries, was one of the few more elegantly fitted out than that of the President.

Washington was a diplomat. By quiet insistence he gained his points. Though the Senate readily acquiesced in his wish that his inaugural address be delivered at his residence, the members of the House of Representatives desired him to go to the House to receive their answer; they were persistent; but so was Washington, and with form and ceremony, the mace carried first by the proper person, the House, as well as the Senate, delivered its address at the President's residence. By systematically requiring governmental and political personages that wished to address him to go to him, he made his home the Executive Mansion.

The house was really too small for public purposes, and for Washington's big "family," in which term he included accompanying ex-aides and private secretaries—five in all—as well as his foster-children, Nelly and George Washington Parke Custis. What for offices and reception-rooms, poor young Nelson, private secretary, and Robert Lewis, the President's nephew and secretary, had to sleep in the room with the poet, Colonel Humphreys, who lucubrated at dead of night. Lewis's and Nelson's sufferings were considerable. Humphreys was translating "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom," a tragic French effusion. When lights were out and everything quiet, he would spring out of bed, and with crafty gestures—awful if the moon came in to show them—"render," asking the opinions of Nelson and Lewis.



WASHINGTON AND MRS. GENERAL GREENE.

"The President handing her in with the honor-bestowing bow."

Mrs. Washington arrived a month later than the President. Systematic entertaining did not begin until her coming. There were levees, dinners, and Drawing Rooms, with pretty ceremony, oiled with wealth and sustained with dignity.

The President's time was overrun with hand-shakers, politicians, friends, and foreigners. He was compelled to institute certain hours for receptions, or levees, and to provide—which provoked comment as "aristocratical"—that seeing him should be prearranged. The levees were appointed at first for two days weekly—Tuesday and Friday—from two to three; later for

guests at the levees. Jefferson records in a letter to Madison the story that this is what Humphreys did: He arranged an antechamber and a presence-room. In the presence-room the guests assembled. Humphreys walked through the antechamber, followed by the President. The door of the presence-room was thrown wide open. Humphreys entered first, and in a loud tone exclaimed,

"The President of the United States!"

Washington was greatly disconcerted, and did not recover himself throughout the levee.

one day only, Tuesday, from three to four. None were expected whose standing was not of a certain importance, and no ladies. The President had well-placed confidence in Colonel Humphreys, who had been an efficient officer and aide-de-camp during the Revolution; his name is prominent in history, military and civil. We do not come across a critique by Washington on his poetry. During the first imperfect union of the independent States, Colonel Humphreys had been our secretary of legation at Paris, and "had seen the wheels go round." The President left principally to him the arranging of any necessary ceremony connected with the reception of

When the guests were gone, said he to Humphreys,

"Well, you have taken me in once, but," emphatically, "you shall never take me in a second time."

Afterwards he stood in a room from which the chairs had been removed, and received, as the guests came up to him, their silent bow. They ranged themselves in a semicircle. He did not shake hands; one hand held his cocked hat, the other probably rested on the hilt of the finely tempered sword in its polished white leathern scabbard, whose tip gleamed from beneath his black velvet coat. At a quarter after three the doors were closed, and the President made a tour of the gentlemen, talking to each in turn. He remembered names and faces remarkably.

Once a week—on Thursdays, at four in the afternoon—state dinners were given. Then Fraunces, the steward, "Black Sam"—his complexion was very dark, though he was not a negro—aired his wonderful knowledge of solid and fancy cooking and his ability to make others work. From ten to twenty-two persons were expected besides the "family." The private secretaries were always included. "Black Sam's"

fine dishes of roast beef, veal, lamb, turkey, duck, and varieties of game, and his many other inviting viands, and the jelly, the fruits, the nuts and raisins—the body of the dinner, in short—were placed, before the guests came in, upon the table, with

careful respect to appearance. Upon the central table ornament, sometimes a long mirror made in sections and framed in silver, were "chaste mythological statuettes." A piece of bread was placed below each napkin. The china and linen were fine. Washington had excellent champagne, though for himself a silver mug for beer stood at his plate. The waiters, five or six or more in number, wore the



"MISS MCIVERS'S FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESS CAUGHT FIRE."

brilliant Washington livery, and served with quiet and precision. We hope they allowed more time to each course than is usually allowed at ceremonious dinners in Washington to-day, else talkative guests went away hungry.

The President did not sit at the head of the table, but at the side, in the middle; Mrs. Washington, oddly, sat at the head, on his right; Mr. Lear, private secretary, at the foot. The ladies, instead of being escorted to the drawing-room, left the gentlemen at table. Judging from descriptions in old letters, the dinners were not gladsome. Their dullness must have been properly effective with foreign ministers. At the tables of sovereigns in Europe they were not expected to smile unless the sovereign became tickled, when a wise courtier was amused instantly and vastly. This is the usage, we believe, to-day. Europe holds to antiquities.

To the state dinners none but persons of distinction were invited. This does not mean that no former tradespeople were present. America at the start showed what she could do with humble beginnings. A signally honored guest was Mrs. Greene, widow of General Greene, *ci-devant* blacksmith. She never came to dinner, or of a morning to "wait upon" Mrs. Washington, that the President did not assist her to her chariot, handing her in with the honor-bestowing bow that calamity-predicting politicians found fault with: too stately; sure evidence we were going to the demnition bow-wows, and becoming a monarchy.

An invitation from the President or his wife was evidently not, as now, considered a command, politely necessitating the breaking of an interfering engagement. Washington enumerated in his diary on Thursdays the names of his dinner guests. On Thursday, July 1, 1790, he adds:

"The Chief Justice and his lady, General Schuyler, and Mrs. Izard were also invited, but were otherwise engaged."

There were frequent dinner guests besides those of Thursday. The children had their young friends with them. To dine with his playmate George Washington Parke Custis, the little Buchanan boy (Dr. W. W. Buchanan) was frequently fetched on Saturdays in the President's cream-colored coach, drawn by cream-colored horses with white manes. Chance visitors were hospitably bidden to dinner or to tea, for Washington carried into public life his generous ideas of hospitality, entertaining oftener than has any other President.

On Friday evenings Mrs. Washington held a Drawing Room from seven till nine.* Later, in Philadelphia, the time was a little extended. These, with the dinners—and there were sometimes no ladies at the latter besides Mrs. Washington—were nigh the only opportunity the curious lady folk had to see the President. At seven o'clock on Friday evenings, carrying neither sword nor hat, as being unofficially present, the President took his stand beside Mrs. Washington. The ladies, attended always by gentlemen, came in, curtsied low and silently, and sat down. When they ceased to arrive, the President walked about and talked to the interested women. No very young girls came—those only that had formally entered the social world. Evening dress was *de rigueur*. Besides the distinguished Jefferson, Hamilton, and Knox of the cabinet, Madison and other historic personages, Van Berkel glittered on the scene—the Dutch chargé—"gaudy as a peacock." Sitting bolt-upright in a high-back chair, pretty, easeful Lady Temple, wonderfully preserved for her forty-odd years, smiled her slow smile. To catch the soft voice of a dainty woman, who was no doubt boring him, deaf Sir John Temple bent down, a hand to his ear. These, with the not altogether popular French minister and sister, and a few other foreigners, gave a touch of the cosmopolitan, a good condiment when the body of the mixture is sufficiently pure and native.

The chandeliers, their myriad candles burning softly in high transparent globes, hung low. Miss McIvers's fashionable head-dress, monstrous tall, caught fire one evening as she stood beneath the lights. Miss McIvers was a belle. Major Jackson rushed to the rescue, clapped the burning plumes in his hands, and saved the lady as gallantly as possible. There was no undue rustling of stiff brocades or ruffling of pretty manners. It was then, as now, good form for ladies to be perturbed only by mice and cows.

Tea and coffee and varied refreshments on different tables in the rooms were served by the gayly liveried waiters.

The President's and Mrs. Washington's well-chosen costumes add a grace to the thought of their at-homes. The beauty of Washington's purple satin or drab broadcloth or black velvet knee-breeches

* The Drawing Rooms are varyingly stated to have begun at seven and at eight.

and coat, set off with pearl satin waist-coat, fine linen and lace, and shining buckles, brought out by contrast the man's strength of face and form. The fashion of Mrs. Washington's gown, and the peculiar head-dress known, according to Watson's *Annals*, as the "Queen's Nightcap," added height to her appearance, and so to the stately impression made by her gentle dignity.

The President was occupied from four o'clock in the morning—your poet might tell you that he sees the effect in Washington's character of the solemn solitary hours of dawn—until nine at night. He walked, rode, or drove every day if the weather allowed. Occasionally went to the theatre—now and then giving a theatre party—and to dancing assemblies, though he no longer danced. He called informally upon a favored few—a custom sometimes discarded by Presidents as creating jealousies. President Arthur accepted dinner invitations and made calls. President McKinley a few months ago visited his friend General Hastings, who, hurt by an accident, was ill at the Emergency Hospital in Washington. As recorded in his diary, President Washington called on Governor Clinton, Mr. Schuyler, Mrs. Dalton, Chancellor Livingston; went afoot to pay a visit to Mrs. King; with Mrs. Washington, "waited upon" the French minister and his sister on the eve of their departure to France; "drank tea with the Chief Justice of the United States;" and he frequently, with Mrs. Washington, visited Vice-President Adams and his fashionable wife, whose spicy letters and diary brighten the pages of history. President Washington accepted, also, from other than cabinet ministers, a few invitations to dinner, which invitations usually included Mrs. Washington and all the adults of the "family"—aides, secretaries, and tutor. Sundays, after going to church, he spent writing private letters.

In 1789 Christmas fell upon a Friday. This did not prevent the holding of the Drawing Room, held also on a Good-Friday, though "sparcely" attended.

On New-Year's day, in the morning the house was gay with the courtly costumes of gentlemen calling. Writes Washington in his diary:



THE OLD MCCOMB MANSION.

The Vice-President, the Governor, the Senators, Members of the House of Representatives in town, foreign public characters, and all the respectable citizens came between the hours of twelve and three o'clock, to pay the compliments of the season to me; and in the afternoon a great number of gentlemen and ladies visited Mrs. Washington on the same occasion.

It was beautiful enough within, but the Washington household suffered the discomforts of living in New York.* The streets, only one of them (partly) paved, ill lighted, and dirty, were ragged with mixed ugly and good houses. In the whole city there was one source only of drinking-water—a pump in Chatham Street. Water was hawked about in drays. There were no sewers. At a late hour of the evening dark figures filed out of Washington's gate. A swinging flat step and a sinuous movement of the body allowed not a drop to fall from the heavy tubs balanced fearfully on hard African heads. The dusky Graces, on their way

* *Memorial History, City of New York*, edited by James Grant Wilson.



"STATELINESS OF CIVILIZATION AND SAVAGE STATELINESS CONTRASTED."

11/11/12

to the river, joined long lines of other slaves bearing like burdens — moving statues of “Night” and “Placid Ignorance at Work.” They were the “sewerage system.”

The President's fine cream-colored coach arrived while he lived in the Franklin house. Capacious, it was ponderous, but beautiful*—the “Four Seasons” painted on its panels, the Washington coat of arms on the doors. Six shining bay horses drew it when he drove to Federal Hall to deliver his first message to Congress; a liveried footman stood behind; a proud coachman sat on the box; while preceding, on high-stepping white steeds, rode Colonel Humphreys and Major Jackson; Mr. Lear and young Nelson, equally well mounted, galloped in the rear. How fine to have seen them turn a corner! The Quakers were open-mouthed “dissenters,” as were very many New-Englanders. The kodak eyes of beholders, omitting no detail in paper transcript, give us opportunity still to admire the vanishing splendor, and to observe that our greatest General and most renowned President, the handsomest picture, had the prettiest framing of them all.

In the Franklin house in October, 1789, Washington wrote, at the request of Congress, the first Thanksgiving proclamation, setting apart a Thursday in November. The people of the United States have thanked God for the liberties they enjoy, and they thank Washington too.

It was in the Franklin house that the President laid before a cabinet meeting the letter from Louis XVI., written on receiving a copy of the Constitution sent him in the name of the nation. “France shall hereafter be governed by its principles,” wrote the afterwards so unfortunate King, promising what his ancestors had taken from him the opportunity to perform. Washington lived but ten months in the Franklin house—from April 23, 1789, to February 23, 1790. He paid rent for two months longer. A larger house was to be had—that lately occupied by de Moustier.

To make room for improvements, the Franklin house was demolished in 1856. Its site is near that of the publishing house of Harper and Brothers, and is marked by a bronze tablet sunk into the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge.

* *Memorial History, City of New York*, edited by James Grant Wilson.

Washington writes in his diary:

Monday, 22d [February, 1790].

Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new house. Two of the gentlemen of the family had their beds taken there, and would sleep there to-night.

We wonder if the gentlemen were Messrs. Nelson and Lewis, escaping from the poet.

The second Presidential dwelling in New York, called the Mansion House, was the Macomb residence on Broadway, a little below Trinity Church. According to Moulton and Miss Booth in their histories of New York, its site is No. 39 Broadway. Tradition declares the spot that on which Christiaensen, the adventurous Dutch voyager and fur-trader, built, in about 1615, the rude huts and redoubt that were the first buildings on Manhattan Island. It is said Benedict Arnold, during the Revolution, held one of his traitorous meetings with poor young André in the Macomb house; but this is a mistake, as the house was not erected till 1786. It was built in that year as a residence for himself, along with the adjoining houses, by Alexander Macomb, a well-known Revolutionary general, prominent in the political affairs of New York. The name is variously spelled Macomb, M'Comb, and McComb.

The house, the finest private dwelling in the city, in the most fashionable quarter, was a story higher than the Franklin—four stories high—and larger in every way. It was of double brick, the front handsome. The usual brass knocker was on the heavy entrance-door, which opened immediately upon the street but for a short flight of steps. Long glass doors led from a drawing-room to the inviting balcony, and from the rear window the eye delighted in an extended view of the Hudson and the Jersey shore.

The President engaged the house soon after the French minister's departure, waiting a short time to move into it till Otto, the *chargé d'affaires*, found another dwelling. In the mean time Washington ordered a stable to be built at his expense. The minister's furniture was for sale. The President looked at it, and bought some large mirrors in the drawing-room, a combination bookcase and writing-desk and its easy-chair, and other things as being particularly suited, he says, to the rooms in which he found them. He saved Mrs. Washington much

fatigue, personally superintending a great part of the moving and the putting up of the furniture, and made notes of it in his diary. His office was in the mansion on the entrance-floor—a front room looking on Broadway.

As scenes of signal victories in precarious peace, Washington's Presidential homes deserve to be as well preserved as have been the military headquarters where were planned his battles.

It was in the Macomb house that Washington so stoutly insisted on our treaty rights with Great Britain, and it was here that he delivered his sagacious reply to Lord Dorchester's unofficial communication through Major Beckwith. Lord Dorchester attempted to give orally a more promising meaning to a letter of his than it could hold if in evidence, but the Englishman found that the American President was no tyro in diplomacy. He was not to be deceived, and did not pretend to be satisfied with specious glossing, however well he might know that nothing but force could bring the English to right action, and that we were not ready for another fight. It was in the Presidential homes that Washington maintained the dignity of the young nation of which he was the official head, and saw to it that representatives of foreign powers were permitted no too ready access to the Executive, nor to our domestic transactions. "It being conceived," he writes in his journal, "that etiquette of this sort is essential to all foreigners, to give a respect to the Chief Magistrate and to the dignity of the government." Americans needed this lesson, for they are inclined to be civil and generous, and often fail to look after their dignity in respect to foreigners, who sometimes mistake generosity for pusillanimity and, as Senator Lodge says in his biography of Washington, "civility for servility."

But it was not only foreigners who were taught respect for the Presidential office. In April, 1790, Washington notes in his diary his decision, in which Madison agreed with him, not to consult the Senate on the wisdom of appointments, establishing a precedent. He was careful not to lessen the efficacy of his office even by seemingly harmless concessions. And yet how easily he could unbend when there was no occasion for stiffness.

In the Franklin and in the Macomb residence he invited the owners of the

houses to dine, which was no doubt a relief to their feelings. One likes—a woman especially—to see to just what extent one's tenants are fearfully abusing one's house.

More than once Washington entertained Indians. The Creeks were troublesome in the South. Experience had taught Washington the Indian's love of the trappings of personal honor, a trait in which they equal Europeans. He sent Colonel Marinus Willett semi-officially to Alabama's famous Indian chief, Alexander McGillivray. McGillivray was part Scotch, part French, part Indian, well educated, wiry, intriguing—a power in relations with Spain and with England, as well as with the United States. Willett induced McGillivray to go to New York with twenty-eight of his chiefs and warriors, to the President's "council-house," to form a treaty. Washington instructed Willett to pet and fête them the entire route to New York. It was done. The President gave them an elegant dinner in the Mansion House. Trumbull, artist-lion of the hour, had painted a full-length portrait of the President. Curious to see the effect, Washington led the full-blooded Indians suddenly into view of it. One of them advanced and touched the painted figure. "Ugh!" he grunted, with suspicion. He looked behind to see if it were really flat; discovered with disgust that it was. Not one would permit Trumbull to sketch him. The President took an amiable walk down Broadway with the Indians in their savage dress, paint, and feathers; stateliness of civilization and savage stateliness contrasted. The dignity of the unregenerate Indian was real, and yet he was tickled like a child with this opportunity for display. In the two treaties made, one of them secret, the President gained his points, though astute McGillivray made him pay what he thought was full price.

To relieve the strain of his public and official duties, Washington sometimes went fishing. On the occasion of one of these outings the happy captain of the vessel that was to bear the Presidential party let out the secret to a young man named Boardman. Boardman was promptly at the appointed wharf in the rear of the President's garden. He waited patiently. He was at last rewarded by seeing the President come through the

back yard with a member of Congress, General Cadwallader, and one or two other friends. The alert young man, eyes and ears open, was close to Washington as he entered the vessel.

"I heard some of his conversation in free and unrestrained intercourse with his companions," wrote Boardman, "but no circumstances could detract from his wonderful dignity of manner and deportment. This close and intimate inspection only added to my previous idea of his character. The tones of his voice were deep and clear, and his smile peculiarly winning and pleasant. He was in a very different costume" from that with which we are familiar. "He wore a round hat with a very large brim, a light mulberry overcoat, with an undress of corresponding color." According to the captain, Washington's luck in fishing was equal to Cleveland's.

"I asked the captain if the President was successful as a fisherman," writes Boardman.

"'Yes,' the captain said; 'all the fish come to his hook.'"

The key of the Bastille was received in the Macomb house and hung in a glass case on its walls. It was sent by Lafayette to Washington when the hated prison had been torn down by the Paris mob. It gave Tom Paine the chance he loved to turn a neat phrase. Lafayette requested Paine, then in London, to forward the key to Washington. Paine complied. He wrote, "That the principles of America opened the Bastille is not to be doubted; therefore the key comes to the right place."

It was a beneficence that seemed to Washington a misfortune that, in the first cabinet, the great minds of Hamilton and Jefferson were fired with opposite ideas. Jefferson and Hamilton personified the centrifugal and centripetal forces that hold our nation in its superb middle course between the two evils—anarchy and monarchy. We had not been the free people we are had either of the parties they founded and headed—that desiring greater centralization of power or that upholding States' rights—yielded supinely to the other. Our very existence is maintained by dividing parties and difference of opinion.

One day walked Hamilton to the cabinet meeting at the Mansion House. He was wrought up profoundly. It was dur-

ing the "Assumption" agitation. He realized what it meant to our young nation to yield to the dishonor of not paying its debts. It was not yet clear to all whether we were one nation or thirteen. In consequence of the war, certain States had incurred in their own names debts they were unable to pay. It was plain to Hamilton that the nation should assume these debts largely incurred in helping on its existence.

Hamilton came upon Jefferson, also on his way to the cabinet meeting. Steel and flint met, sparks flew. It took but a moment to plunge the two Secretaries into vital talk. It would have been impossible to convince these two men that the advocacy of their opposing views was as naturally indispensable to the welfare of the nation as positive to negative pole. Desiring the States to act as independently as possible, Jefferson opposed "Assumption." They walked up and down in front of the house, excitedly debating for half an hour before they entered.

The New York Assembly was building a Presidential mansion. Hamilton, a New-Yorker, sold New York's chances to remain the capital. He did it to secure "Assumption." Some of the Southern Senators and Representatives yielded that point in return for the promise to remove the seat of government farther South. It was agreed in the summer of 1790 that it should be transferred to Philadelphia.*

The President had built his stables, and all his household goods had been removed, as it turned out, to abide in the Macomb house but six months.

Washington was not churlish, but he had that preference for being unobserved that develops at times into a longing in a man whose life is spent in public. He quitted the Macomb house on the morning of August 30, 1790. The servants were instructed to steal away at dawn, to have the carriages and luggage over the ferry at Paulus Hook by sunrise. By candlelight, Mrs. Washington, the children, and the secretaries assembled in the morning-room.

The President entered, pleased with his stratagem. He was enjoying in prospect his concealed departure. Immediately under the window suddenly struck up on the still morning air the

* Assumption was finally secured by the agreement to remove the seat of government to what is now the city of Washington.

blaring, vigorous notes of an artillery band. From the highways and byways scurrying people appeared. To witness his first step outside the door a thousand goggling, affectionate eyes watched.

"There!" cried the General, in half-comic despair—I cannot think altogether displeased—"it's all over; we are found out. Well! well! they must have their own way."

It was the "General" they waited to see, not the President. They lined the roadway from house to barge, recording every movement in observant brains. (A distinguished man can never know which of his audience is to be his biographer. It may be one of the "supers" on the stage rolling off the carpets.) The thunder of artillery could not drown the liv-

ing shout that rose from the throats of the people as Washington was borne off with the rise and fall of the oars gleaming in the cheerful sun. His voice trembled as he bade the assembled crowd farewell. Though chary of appealing to it, the love of the people never failed to move him deeply.

Deserted of its hospitable inmates, its harried statesmen, and the flurry of publicity, the Macomb house, though more quietly, retained prosperity for a time. The echo of its glory lingered in the name when it reached the boarding-house stage. It was known for many years as "Bunker's Mansion House," a fashionable hotel frequented by Southerners when splendor was still Southern. It was "improved" out of existence.

THE PRINCESS XENIA*

A ROMANCE

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Christopher reached the capital, in the early part of the evening, having tramped all the way, he found the population in a passion of jubilation. The news of the victory of Grätz had already spread throughout the Grand-Duchy, and streams of country people poured through the gates to mingle their congratulations with those of the townsmen. The sky was still light, and the air was warm and soft; and a great concourse of people had assembled in the Platz, filling that open theatre with the sounds of shouting and singing, and gayly plucking jests with one another. The cafés did a brisk trade, and a band of students in the uniform of the Reserve, fully charged with beer, alternately played on various instruments and made sallies of mimic warfare among the bystanders. Passing through the crowds, Christopher made his way towards the Palace. At the entrance he caught a glimpse of a gay summer gown and of colored petticoats flying after high heels. It seemed to him that he should know that wanton nymph that skipped so airily between the

bright parterres; and glancing about him, he made after her.

It was Katarina, as he supposed; for his voice brought her up precipitately. She faced him with hot cheeks and with an uncomfortable and inquiring glance.

"You have heard the news, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, hastily. "And you too—you have heard the news, no doubt."

She wore an expression of anxiety upon her features; it was as if Weser-Dreiburg had been lost instead of saved. Christopher studied her curiously.

"What news?" he asked.

"The Grand-Duke is dying," said Katarina, and then, in answer to his start, she ran on more glibly: "Yes, that is why I am hurrying now. I bear instructions from her Highness. Pray excuse me," and taking to her heels, fluttered down the pathway in a gleam of colors.

Christopher stared after her, shook his head, and pursed his lips. Then shrugging his shoulders, as though he would dismiss the problem, turned and walked quickly into the Palace.

* Begun in April number, 1899.

He inquired for Baron von Puyll, but no one appeared to have any information. The Palace was at sixes and sevens, and its inmates seemed uncertain whether to laugh or weep. Christopher insisted that inquiries should be made, and was bluntly asked who he was. Happily Count Scholz, the Grand-Duke's favorite, crossed the great hall at this point, and Christopher hailed him. He appealed to the Count's knowledge of him, to his participation in the recent conspiracy, and finally begged that he might be put in the way to find von Puyll. The Count, recognizing the Englishman as one who, according to whispers, had played some part in the intrigue, was civil enough, but declared that the Chancellor was too deeply occupied to see any one. Nevertheless, on further pressure the servant was despatched, carrying Christopher's card in an envelope. Upon it he had written merely, "It is urgent that you should see me."

Von Puyll, a good-natured, irresolute, and deliberate man, received him presently in the Chancellor's private room, and Christopher lost no time in unfolding his plan.

"The army is pushing on; Salzhausen will lie at your mercy within six hours. You are masters of the two countries. The aggression gives you the right of annexation."

The Chancellor stared, his eyes opening wide.

"My dear young man," he declared, "it is unheard-of. It is against all human calculation."

"Yet it will be heard of," returned Christopher, promptly and decisively, feeling that by decision only he could carry this slow and timorous Chancellor. "The Grand-Duke assumes the reins in the Margraviate."

"The Grand-Duke is dying," said von Puyll, bluntly.

"All the better," remarked Christopher, coolly. "We shall secure the triple kingdom without two bites of the cherry."

"What do you mean?" asked the Chancellor, his jaw dropping.

"Do you not see to what we are tending?" asked Christopher. "The Prince of Erwald joins in defending the Grand-Duchy against her enemies. He is betrothed to the Grand-Duke's only child. Who, I ask you, do you suppose will suc-

ceed his Highness upon this ancient throne?"

"The heir—" began the Chancellor.

"Yes, we all know the heir," interrupted Christopher, smiling, "and we are all aware that he cannot rule."

"A regency is usual in such cases," objected the Baron, alarmed at this resolute and iconoclastic young man.

"We can dispense with the regency," said Christopher. "Why commit the country to that desperate and foolish course when the solution of the difficulty stares you in the face?"

"You mean—"

"I mean the proclamation of Prince Karl and her Highness the Princess as King and Queen of the united states of Weser-Dreiburg, Erwald, and Salzhausen."

The Chancellor gaped in his amazement, and then shook his head. "It would never do," he murmured, "it would never do." He seemed overcome by the magnificence of Christopher's impudence, and he harped upon the subject. Christopher said nothing, but suffered him to continue his reflections; finally von Puyll looked up.

"Europe would never permit it," he declared.

"Try," suggested Christopher. "You have the rights of conquest, and you might set off Austria against Germany. The friendship of the Confederation would be worth securing."

"Also there would be one neck instead of three," objected the Baron.

At that moment a knock fell on the door, and Prince Karl was announced.

"He comes in the nick of time," said Christopher. "With your permission, Baron, I will remain."

The Prince had come to beg information as to the condition of the Grand-Duke's health, and to convey his formal regrets. He stared coldly at the Englishman, who met him with equanimity, even with insolence.

"I regret to see you here, Prince," he said, airily. "I had hoped to hear of you at the head of the army in full march for Salzhausen."

Karl flushed hotly. "Sir," he said, but checking himself, would have passed out. His command was excellent. But Christopher stepped forward; it was his turn now; he felt that he had reached the highest point in his career. He was dic-

tating terms to princes, and he would bear himself as the equal of a prince. It was with a natural dignity that his hand went out towards the door.

"I must claim your attention, Prince," he said, smoothly but firmly, "if you can spare me time. We are discussing an important question—a question which is vital to both these states, I think."

Karl hesitated.

"Come," he continued, "as for what I said just now, the matter of it was harmless, and the manner was a dozen times less offensive than your welcome to me at Grätz. But to give significance to such idle quips were foolish in a time like this. Your Highness should be too proud to take offence."

"I have taken no offence at you, sir," said Karl, in his coldest voice. "We do not employ the term in that connection."

"I will ask your Highness to observe," said Christopher, with some sternness, "that I am using you as an equal. As for that, I claim the right to do so on this occasion. Away from here and in other events, I will not dispute your title of superiority. You are welcome to it. But to-day and now it is different. You stand here Prince of a petty nation, and commander of a victorious regiment. I—I hold the scales, your Highness, and into the balance I can hurl peace or war, conquest or humiliation. It is for you to choose between these opposites."

Karl's expression slowly altered; anger passed into bewilderment, and bewilderment even into a certain doubt.

"I do not understand you," he said.

"It is simple enough, your Highness," explained Christopher, gravely. "I can buy up this state or your principality with a motion of my hand, a nod of my head towards the hammer. You have had some earnest of what I say, you and his Excellency here beside me. Do you want further proofs? Well, you shall have it in the very act itself. I swear to God that I will sell your principedom into pawn if so be you cross me in this matter. I have taken my oath, and you have heard me. You will heed me now when I tell you that I speak with you as an equal. Nay, I am modest, sir; for it is as your master that I address you, the controller and director of your fortunes."

There was a momentary silence in the room. Von Puyll, his face ashen-gray, shifted his frightened eyes from one to

the other. The Prince had lifted his hand slowly from his sword hilt, and, drawn to his full height, stood a very military figure by the door. His glance, now destitute of emotion, sought Christopher's, and for thirty seconds or more the salvos of their eyes encountered. Then Karl's gaze dropped and he gave a tiny cough.

"Perhaps it would not be amiss, sir, if we were to hear what these plans of yours are," he said at last.

But that was enough for Christopher; there was concession, even surrender, in the phrasing, and certainly no part of the Prince's real feeling was betrayed in the tone. He bowed in his graceful manner (he had always the courage to be graceful, and his figure naturally aided him), and indicating a chair, begged his Highness to be seated.

"I am trespassing rudely upon your privileges, Baron," he said, smiling apologetically at von Puyll. "But pray pardon me. There is little time to lose."

Karl hesitated, still whitened about the face, and then sat down.

"My plans are brief and easy of fulfilment, Prince," said Christopher, speaking without ceremony, and fixing him with his zealous gaze. "We were discussing them as you entered. You must be proclaimed sovereign of three united states at the earliest possible date."

Karl started, agitated with emotion, and half rose from his chair.

"You will wed the Princess," pursued Christopher, quickly. "You will by that step forestall opposition—"

A sharp knock sounded on the door, and without further delay it fell open and a high official dashed into the room. It was the Chamberlain.

"His Highness—" he exclaimed.

"Is dead?" said Christopher, quickly. "So much the better, my friend. It was the one thing needful. It falls in the nick of time." The Chamberlain gazed at him in amazed horror.

"Do you not understand," said Christopher, with a little smile, "that his Highness Leopold XII. has died for his country? I believe the first Leopold did the same. History repeats itself." He turned to the Chancellor, who had listened to him with equal horror. "Baron, this news must not be known for some hours. Once it is rumored that the Prince who led the conquering armies

is in Dreiburg, there will be no holding the mob. I will see that it is known. Within two hours there will be a mass-meeting in the Platz. That is the time for our *coup d'état*."

Von Puyll opened his mouth, but looked at Karl. A deep spot of color burned on each of the Prince's cheeks. Christopher also looked at him.

"Is it agreed?" he asked, slowly.

Karl put out his hand. "It is agreed, Mr. Lambert," he answered, in a voice that trembled. The Prince Karl Augustus of Erwald, Count of Butzana, had never before in his life been excited by so unexpected and so violent an emotion.

Christopher's next thought was to see Katarina. It was impossible to intrude upon the Princess at this critical moment of grief; yet he was resolved that she should play her part, and that ere the night had fallen. It was through Katarina that he plied her, therefore, despatching an urgent letter which contained an outline of the policy he was developing. He gave her two hours to recover from her pious sorrow, and begged her to be ready and at his disposal by then. After that was accomplished he betook himself into the town and mingled with the excited and rejoicing populace. Very soon it was whispered that Prince Karl was in the Schloss, and presently after the notion was started that he should be visited. It ran over the crowd like the wind scurrying upon the face of waters. Shouts were raised for his Highness—"the Deliverer," he was called—and as the people grew merrier they grew louder.

One corner of the Platz is occupied by the great House of the Diet, built after an ancient style, and decorated and supported by huge Ionic pillars. Into this, by the suggestion of the arch-plotter, Karl, accompanied by the Chancellor, some staff-officers, and a few of the major officials, had been smuggled. There remained only the Princess to perfect Christopher's design; but the Princess tarried.

Her father was dead; he lay upon the great couch on which he had died, a thin shrunk body, pitifully white and wasted. The skull-cap still sat upon the venerable head, and the kindly eyes that seemed to look up from so great a distance feebly watched her. Poor soul! she had no one in the world that cared two straws about her for herself; at this

moment, indeed, she was but the counter used in a game of statecraft. Christopher's letter lay unheeded, barely even read. Sorrow is a very jealous mistress. She occupies the heart, and leaves no room; she floods the soul and the emotions like a tide, but in the ebb she goes down.

The clock upon the western face of the Schloss had struck nine o'clock when Christopher entered the gates once more, resolute upon achieving his end. The Princess must be fetched by persuasion or by force, or the critical moment would be lost. The Council had been hastily summoned, the news of the Grand-Duke's death had been laid before it, and unanimously the Councillors had recommended the proclamation of Prince Karl as King of the three territories. The peril in which the Grand-Duchy stood was so real, and the opportunity of relief was too obvious to allow the Councillors any choice. It was stipulated by the extreme patriots that Dreiburg should be constituted the capital of the united kingdom, a promise all the more easily given by Karl as the town was the most important, commercially as well as strategically. All was then depending on the arrival of the Princess, and Xenia did not arrive.

As Christopher hurried towards the Palace he was conscious of elation, conscious that his last obstacle was before him, and that if he could surmount this ultimate difficulty he had carried out his plans in their entirety.

As usual, it was Katarina whom he sought, and before Katarina he set his request. He desired speech of her Highness at once. Katarina replied with her inquisitive eyes, and softly shook her head.

"It is impossible," she said. "The Princess has given orders that she must not be disturbed. No one dare—"

"I tell you, mademoiselle, that it is imperative," he interrupted, but quite politely. "I ask no one to dare. But you shall tell me the room, and I will announce myself."

"Impossible! Impossible!" repeated the girl, vehemently. "You forget. Her father is dead scarcely an hour. She will see no one."

"Mademoiselle," said Christopher, gravely, "it is for me to say what is impossible. Where is the Princess?"

His accent silenced Katarina; there was something royal, as it seemed to her, in his carriage; and he issued his orders like a prince. There was no appeal from them. Yet she lowered her voice and whispered, as in protest,

"She is in the state-room—she is with the body."

"In the second corridor, is it not?" inquired Christopher, coolly, and pushed past her.

Katarina fell back, looking after him with awe. She had not yet seen her patron in his more serious moods, and they astonished her.

Christopher pushed open the door of the room in which the dead sovereign lay, and entered noiselessly. As he did so he was aware of a sound of sobbing which rose from out of the twilight. Two great candles flared above the marble table, but the room was elsewhere dark and wrapped in the fallen night. Christopher knew well enough that no pleading might avail to excuse this abominable trespass upon the sacred privacy of sorrow, and he did not intend to ask pardon. On the contrary, one argument alone was possible, and that was—to command. He stood near the door, where the white light irradiated him dimly, and spoke.

"Madame," he called, in a low, strong voice.

The Princess started with a cry.

"Madame," he pursued, "this is surely no time for tears; nay, nor for prayers."

"What do you here?" asked Xenia, recognizing his voice. "How dare you seek me here?"

"I seek you where I shall find you," returned Christopher, calmly. "I am here to save you from yourself, to prevent a weak girl from sacrificing her fatherland to her weakness."

"I do not understand you," murmured she.

Christopher lifted his hand—she could see him clearly against the door—and he pointed a finger at the dead.

"I ask you what he would have desired of you, he who lies there, now enfranchised by the grave. Weser-Dreiburg is in danger, and you alone can save her by an act, by a sign, by a slender call upon your resolution. Do you hesitate? Madame, you had a worthy sire. Think with what a sorrow he will regard this exhibition of selfish grief, and how he must

look on now with silent lips and compassionate eyes at his country's ruin."

"What can I do? What can I do?" said Xenia, wringing her hands.

"You have received my message?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she sobbed.

"Come," said Christopher, more kindly. "Obey me; follow my guidance. It will only last a few minutes, and you will have saved your country."

The Princess rose to her feet. "I will follow you," she said, quietly.

They took the back ways to the Platz, and encountered but few people, as the greater part of the town was congregated before the House, crying for the Grand-Duke and the Prince, who, according to report, were in conference within. The Princess was silent; no sign of emotion was registered upon her face; she obeyed every suggestion Christopher made. His own manner was carefully compiled of respect, sympathy, and firmness. If Xenia gave him any attention, his carriage was calculated to impress upon her the solemnity, the portentousness of these proceedings. It was not possible to suffer even the dead to obtrude upon such grave matters.

"What must be done must be done quickly," murmured Christopher to von Puyll. "Her Highness is here."

The veil fell from Xenia's face, and she stood bowing mechanically to the company. She put up a hand and set back a wisp of hair. The apparition of that pale woman was magnificent. Karl himself was moved, and, approaching, whispered with reverence in her ear. Xenia inclined her head and looked towards Christopher. The Chancellor also looked towards him. The eyes of the company waited upon him. Outside a low monotonous noise like the breaking of waters upon the sands, or the roaring of the wind through trees, rose and fell.

"Pull back the curtains," commanded the Englishman. "Show the lights."

The little party hung in silence while the order was obeyed. It seemed natural that this ardent and implacable foreigner should take control. The awe of conspirators settled upon them.

"It will fail, it will fail," muttered the Chancellor, shaking his head.

The room in which they were assembled was upon the first floor overlooking the Platz, and was flush with the piazza, with

which it communicated by bay-windows. Here it was not unusual, in the warm fine evenings, for members of the Diet to sip their coffee, take the air, and gaze upon the traffic of the city. The light flared through these long and naked windows and streamed upon the crowd outside. Torches were already lighted, and Chinese lanterns fringed the mob of eager spectators. A cheer broke from the masses below as the lights shone forth. Then Christopher himself stepped forward and opened the windows. As the little party issued upon the piazza the cheer grew louder and continuous; it surged and broke back and forward from point to point and rank to rank. The torches below threw up the faces on the balcony.

"Short and sharp, short and sharp," whispered Christopher to von Puyll.

The old man hesitated, he flushed red, and he paused and bit his lips. It was an unconscionable deed to which this ruthless stranger was committing him.

"The Deliverer! Karl! Karl!" cried the mob, recognizing the military figure of the Prince.

"Now is the time," said Christopher, impatiently.

The Chancellor hung back, the crowd roared; the conspirators, confused and bewildered, glanced at one another in silence. The opportunity was slipping by. Christopher was to accomplish one thing more. He advanced to the edge of the piazza and held up his hand. The assemblage hushed and kept its breath.

"Dreiburgers!" he shouted, in his clear penetrating voice, "his Highness the Grand-Duke is dead by the will of God. Salute now here their Majesties Karl Augustus and Xenia, the first King and Queen of the United Kingdom of Weser-Dreiburg, Erwald, and Salzhausen!"

As he spoke he indicated Karl where he stood, quiet, stalwart, flushed, and handsome; and at a signal from him Xenia stepped forward, and lifting up her proud white face, suffered the lights below to illumine her strongly.

"Behold," said Christopher again, "the King and Queen!"

For an instant after his bold cry a profound and unfathomable silence held the people; and then a great roar, swollen now into a deep volume of acclamation, rent the darkling sky and carried to the

stars. The people of the Grand-Duchy had accepted the fate which had been evolved for them.

Suddenly high above the tempestuous cries of the excited crowd broke out the sound of a deep bell booming from the cathedral tower. The resounding clangor cleft the dark night and was borne upon the gathering wind, seeming to descend from some airy pinnacle of heaven. The faces of the populace turned under the torch-lights towards the west, and the uproar subsided. A voice called loudly,

"It is the death-knell."

And upon that a murmur gathered and grew, passing from mouth to mouth. "The Grand-Duke is dead. It is for the Grand-Duke." An angry expression started on Christopher's face; he turned impatiently to the Chancellor.

"Who has done this?" he asked, furiously. "By whose instructions was the bell tolled?"

No one replied. It might have seemed to an imaginative observer that by this silence they drew away from him. His moment was over.

The bell tolled solemnly, dispassionately, drearily; and the crowd listened, hushed, as one might conceive, by this unexpected materialization of death that supervened upon its emotions. And away at the farther end of the Platz came a new sound advancing and rolling, until it passed into the terrified shrieks of women and the loud and excited oaths of men.

"The Prussians! The Prussians! The Prussians!"

The group on the balcony swayed and parted. Christopher darted forward, and thrusting his body over the coping, looked down on the moving, agitated thousands.

"The Prussians!" they cried. "They are upon us! The army is defeated."

The mob broke suddenly its continent mass; it rolled and surged into pieces; a dolorous clamor filled the air; cries of terror and pain went up; and slowly the great assemblage, scattered and struck with panic, streamed in a stampede over fallen and falling bodies down the streets.

In that instant Christopher's eyes, straining downward, alighted upon the face of Kreiss. The president stood motionless in the front ranks of the crowd, hatless, his uniform soiled and rent, his gaze riveted upon the Englishman, and

the black eyes in his white face burning with the still light of the fanatic.

He had realized that he was betrayed.

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT turned about and found himself alone upon the balcony. Through the open window figures were disappearing into the light. He ran forward, and passing by the startled company, seized von Puyl by the arm.

"You must attend to this. There is a panic. You do not believe it? It is a rumor, a mere rumor of panic, I say."

Von Puyl shook his head; he withdrew his arm gently from Christopher's eager grasp.

"I have already given orders. Lieutenant Mesurier has gone. We will do what we can to allay the alarm. No news has reached us yet."

As he spoke, the Lieutenant clattered into the room, his face speaking with excitement.

"Well?" said the Chancellor, impatiently.

"It is true, your Excellency!" exclaimed the man. "The news has come from the front. It was brought by runaways. General Schisser's army was met upon the frontier by the Third German Army Corps from Pulanger, and driven back. General Schisser is in full retreat upon the capital."

An interjection of consternation escaped von Puyl, and he turned white. The faces about him were marked with agitation and alarm. Prince Karl moved to the door.

"I go to join my army," he said. "Your Excellency will no doubt see to matters here."

He was gone next moment without the ceremony of farewell. Christopher looked round him. He rose of a sudden to the emergency. The Princess stood, in a maze of wonder and grief, near by. He offered her his arm with a fine courtesy.

"I will see your Highness to the Palace," he said, and, Xenia mutely consenting, they left the room.

No word passed between them on their passage to the Schloss, where he resigned her to the care of Katarina, and retired. Then at last, his fretful feverishness taking leave to prick him forward, he took to his heels and ran for the town.

The streets were full of noisy and vociferating groups. Knots of citizens ges-

ticulated together, and some martial songs were sounding forth. Either the military courage of the people had developed with consideration, or the potations of the evening had produced a bellicose spirit. Strangers spoke together familiarly and advised one another. The news was communicated, swollen with accretions, and polite and extravagant opinions were hazarded and exchanged.

"The Germans are one hundred thousand strong." . . . "There is no doubt but they are at Rainheim by now, the accursed pigs!" . . . "Who cares about the Prussians? You remember what Karl Fechter saw when he was in Berlin? It is a nation all of stomach." . . . "Never mind; we have a wonderful fellow in Prince Karl. He has met the swine before, and they are afraid of him. Pity he left Schisser to his own devices." . . . "They will call out the Reserve to-night. You may be sure of that. Better polish up your sword."

Christopher mingled with these speculators, gleaning the temper with which they would meet this disaster. To say the truth, he was surprised to discern that, now the first alarm was over, the Dreiburgers were taking the situation with more philosophy than himself.

The blow, indeed, had fallen upon him with terrible, with startling suddenness. He had never reckoned upon so audacious a movement as this of Germany. He had always considered that the empire would not dare to intervene in a private feud between the two small states. The feeling in Europe, which no Chancellerie could afford to ignore, would be too strong for her. Of course if the interference of Erwald had been anticipated, the question might have assumed another face. But no one outside a narrow circle knew of that, and Germany could not have been aware of it. Christopher guessed whom he must thank for this catastrophe. The Count had *not* resigned the struggle. It was not his nature to surrender until there was no more time left him in which to plot and trick. He had plotted only too well in this instance, and Christopher had now to mourn the ruins of his mighty scheme.

He sought his hotel late. The whole town was awake, and the noise of preparations echoed on the night. In a short time the Prussians would be at their gates, and the city must be ready for the invader.

Meanwhile Christopher sat down to gather the fragments of his plot, to renew and reface them, and out of his ingenuity and his wealth to piece together a new puzzle, which should yet alter the fortunes of the war.

It was three o'clock towards the dawn when he fell asleep, and in his uneasy rest the noises and clamors of the night pursued him. His brain, sodden with drowsy weariness, was yet half open to the communications of the senses. It stood like a tired sentinel between remembering and forgetting at its post, until presently a deeper, louder sound came athwart his dreams, startling his wits awake, and fetching him up in his arm-chair. Outside the window the blind flapped in the high wind of the morning; the flare of the risen sun was across the eastern sky, and struck red upon the roofs of the town. And above the voices of the dawn, the howling of dogs, the cries and shouts of the inhabitants, thundered in salvos the cannon of the Germans at the gates.

The day passed for Christopher very tardily. From that early hour the besieger cannonaded the city and threw his shot and shell into the populous streets. The remnants of General Schisser's army had secured entrance to Dreiburg during the night, had marched in with its tail down, with colors flying, indeed, but without drum or fife, and as if anxious to escape notice. Nevertheless, the defences of the city were pushed forward, and the hopes of the Dreiburgers rose high. Christopher came, however, to look upon the position with other feelings. He knew, what the Council must have known, that Germany would not set her hand to work which she did not intend to perform. Short of a miracle, nothing could save Weser-Dreiburg. Our desperate adventurer went about endeavoring to compass the miracle. He had cunning adversaries to deal with, and the longer he thought the more impervious appeared his problem. The issue of that prolonged mental colloquy was that he fell about evening-time into the refuge of despair. The sounds of the beleaguement were abroad on the air, the roaring of the cannons, the shrieking of the shells, and the horrid boom of their explosion. The streets, deserted in parts of the town, in parts were filled with a current of people that ran hither and thither recklessly,

idly, excitedly, doing nothing, not even hoping, but merely exercising the animal appetite for sensations. The defenders were heroically defying their grim enemy, and the gates of Dreiburg had till now availed to keep out the abominable German.

Christopher sat down to his dinner in the twilight. He had gone without food since the morning, and now hunger was assailing him with ferocity. The hotel had settled down into a state of placid expectation; at least the waiters kept their front of servile patience, and his customary wine was iced and ready. Here, with the windows of his private room open to the heavens, with the wind sighing through the Hofgarten across the way, with that deep roar northward, and with the multifarious voices of the evening commingling in his ears, he might have been exceedingly comfortable if it had not been for his individual connection with these public affairs. As it was, he had reached a point when thought had stopped, as if sullenly reluctant or unable to go further. The crash of the ordnance and the indefinite and irritating crackling of rifle-fire did not disturb him. He had been plunged all day in the cares of his situation, and now before him lay the plain duty of eating and drinking. In the centre of this desperate and pacific state the handle turned in the door, and Katarina came into the room abruptly, clapping to the lock behind her, and falling breathless, her brown face flushed with commotion.

"What is it? Has anything happened?" inquired Christopher, in some anxiety.

The girl's face underwent an unexpected change, as if she had quickly suppressed herself; she laughed shortly, almost hysterically, and came forward. She was in one of her usual bold dresses, and the cloak in which she was wrapped slipped from her shoulders, leaving her naked arms shining in the light. Perhaps she had employed the tiny trick deliberately.

"You can tell me," she said. "Is this true that I hear? Has Count von Straben—"

Christopher eyed her. "I know as much as yourself, I suppose," he replied, calmly. "How is it that you have only just heard? Pray honor me by taking a seat, mademoiselle. I should have thought

an inmate of the Palace would know more than I. It is I that should come to you for information."

Katarina colored. "Oh, I have not been at the Palace!" she said, indifferently. She sat down. Christopher's eyes wandered over her costume. "Yes," she said, boldly meeting his glance, "I have been elsewhere. I am not going back to the Palace," she added, recklessly.

"My dear young lady—" said Christopher, mildly.

"For God's sake, don't speak to me like that!" she said, passionately. She rose. "Supper?" she said. "It smells very good. I ate no dinner, practically. Do you admire this dress? I paid my last thaler for it." She giggled, seating herself at the table. "Let me have some supper with you."

"Certainly," said Christopher, with a start, and he set a plate before her. "There is some champagne here. You like that. I had only just begun."

Suddenly it had flashed upon him that he did not understand this woman. He watched her with curiosity, in which some new feeling was mingled.

"When you say that you are not going back to the Palace," he began, "you mean—"

"I mean what I say," interposed the girl, abruptly.

Christopher filled his glass. "I have no doubt," he said, in his old dry manner, "that you will explain all in due time if I am good."

Katarina laughed shrilly. "You are wrong," she said. "I never do explain. It is a nuisance."

"Very well," he observed, with unimpeachable good-humor. "I will guess."

The even quality of his voice attracted her notice, and in the act of drinking her wine she eyed him.

"You are pretty cool," she said. "You do not seem to mind. I cannot understand you English. You have made as nasty a mess of it as possible."

"True," he nodded, philosophically. "You say well. It has an ugly look. Yet you and I might manage to pick up the threads again if we collaborated."

Her gaze meditated on her glass, as though this thought was new to her and not unpleasant; her lips parted. "A wise man," she said, "would take warning by the failure, and leave statecraft alone."

"You are very good to advise me," he remarked, with a civil inclination of his head.

"Oh," she broke out, angrily, "I know you have a low opinion of my wits! I am fitted for a spy—no more. I am an excellent tool."

"We make a great noise, I fear," said Christopher, mildly. "They will conceive the Prussians are already here."

Katarina rose in her chair, cannonading him with savage eyes. "You are a devil!" she said. "But I shall stagger your imperturbability. I hate you! See, I throw you back the gauge of your service! I am free!" and she flung a purse in Christopher's face.

He evaded the blow with his arm, and stooping, picked the silken object from the floor, examining it studiously. "It is empty, I see, mademoiselle," he said, laconically.

Katarina made him no reply; she sank back in her chair and drained her glass eagerly. Her eyes flashed, but she recognized her defeat.

Suddenly she sprang at him again. "You have been very clever," she sneered. "Oh, so very clever! It never struck you that your plans might go astray. You told me (did you not?) to have no scruples. Learn, then, that I accepted your advice. By whose hand do you suppose is this scheme of yours broken? By whose act are you now a discredited man? Why, by mine!" She paused to greedily watch the issue of her revelation.

"I should have guessed that," observed Christopher, after a moment. "But I was too busy. Of course I see now. Count von Straben—"

"It was I informed him of the secret treaty," she interrupted, triumphantly.

Christopher nodded. "I see, I see," he answered, and he observed her narrowly. "Come," he said, going forward to lay a hand on her shoulder, "won't you tell me why you did this, and what all this means?"

He spoke quite gently, and he was sincere in his desire to know. The motive puzzled him. There was something more than the potential cocotte in this young woman. At the touch of his hand, Katarina suddenly put her head on the table and burst into a fit of weeping. She sobbed vehemently, miserably, and the man stood beside her awkwardly conscious, his finger-tips on her bare arm.

"You will have a little wine?" he ventured presently.

Katarina laughed hysterically through her sobs. "I have had too much," she murmured; and drying her face suddenly, looked at him. "What are you going to do to me?" she asked, abruptly.

Christopher left her and walked up and down. "If I had offered you better terms, if I had, so to say, made it more worth your while, you would not have betrayed me." He spoke as if considering with himself.

"You are right," said she, defiantly. "You might have made better terms."

"And yet," observed Christopher, looking at her, "I did not think them ungenerous. Consider—"

"I know," she interrupted. "You would remind me of where you found me."

"Pardon me," said Christopher. "I would only have recalled to you where you stand."

"I stand nowhere," said the girl, sullenly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I remember; I am to understand that you have resigned your post." He fixed his eyes upon her. "Mademoiselle, a very reckless piece of work. What do you propose to do?"

Katarina glanced at him askew from her eyes, but all she saw was a grave and courteous face.

"Oh," she said, hotly, "there are other things than money! I am sick of money."

A light sarcasm was on his tongue, when his gaze encountered hers. She leaned forward towards him, her angry color changing her cheeks, her eyes alight with emotion; but in a second her fury fell, her countenance was changed, and some look of timidity, even of supplication, appeared in her expression. It was this change arrested Christopher; it did more, for it instructed and illumined him. He dropped his eyes and turned away. He was conscious, for the first time, of an irritation. The discovery, which should have softened him, which might have ameliorated the rigors of another man, merely stiffened him. It was farcical that so much should have been ruined for so little. Nay, it was grotesque; and the object of this whim, this diabolical and unreasonable treachery, drew his anger. Yet he was cool enough and just enough by nature not to visit his anger upon her. He turned back to her with

a tiny laugh only, a mirthless, cynical little grin at fortune.

"Well, we have both played important parts, you and I, though they will not give us credit for it. We have been the poison and the antidote. But saving for our own personal satisfaction, we might as well have been cancelled out at the start. It would have saved the Grand-Duchy a heap of trouble."

Katarina rose. "And you take it like that?" she cried, inconsequently.

"My dear lady, it is always the most delicate part of the works which is most exposed. Compensatory philosophy, I suppose. In this case it was you."

Katarina broke out. "In this case it was the Princess!" she exclaimed, fiercely.

"What is that?" he asked, arrested by her words; but the girl was already beyond interrogation, abandoned now to the gale of her fury.

"I detest her," she said. "But there is one thing—she knows the truth now. I have set her right about you. She has not mistaken your motives now. She understands, poor fool!"

"What the devil does she understand?" demanded Christopher, in bewilderment.

"I have explained you to her," answered Katarina, reining herself in suddenly to the calm of deliberate passion. He uttered an oath, and the red grew on her face. She laughed angrily. "That is it. I guessed it," she said. "Bah! it was plain enough."

Christopher had no notion of what she was speaking; he was not now thinking of Katarina at all. His mind had flown to the Palace, but he could not have given the reason. He was vaguely discomfited.

The roll of the guns drifted to their ears, now augmented into a more booming sound; the noise of feet clattering down the street, blended with frightened cries, reached the room; and suddenly there followed a great roar and a vast upheaval from below; the walls rocked and quivered like a tuning-fork. Katarina clutched the chair against which she was thrown. A shell had burst before the hotel. Upon the top of that sensation, and ere either could thoroughly recover self-possession, the door was opened and Fritz entered. He was plainly drunken with excitement if not with liquor, and

he advanced, menacing, with an ugly sneer upon his face.

"I have caught you, my lady," he said. "So. I tracked you here. So this is what it meant. I confess I had my suspicions." He seized his revolver, and Christopher, taking in the situation, stepped hastily forward.

"You are wrong, sir," he said, sharply; "and if you be not the cur you seem, you will at once apologize to this lady and begone where you are required."

"A pretty tale!" quoth Fritz, leering at him from an inflamed countenance. "Well, I will see the bottom of it, anyhow," and he made a movement towards her. Christopher threw up his arm impatiently. "See here," he said, "you have at least the remnants of manhood, and can pity a helpless woman. Here is one whom you proposed to love—an innocent woman, by God!—and she asks your aid."

"She should ask yours," sneered Fritz, after a moment's notice.

"I—I have work elsewhere," he answered. "If you are generous, you will ask no questions; yet what questions you should ask are quickly answered. I teach you your duty only: Heaven forbid that I should have to repeat the lesson! I leave this unfortunate lady in your charge. Take her back to the Palace."

Silenced by his authoritative voice, and somewhat awed by his magnificent manner, Fritz returned no answer. Unconvinced, the fires of his evil jealousy still burning in his maudlin heart, he looked at Katarina. She was pale and trembling; the emotions through which she had passed had torn and left her; she glanced piteously at Christopher. He went to her.

"Mademoiselle," said he, bowing over her hand and speaking very gravely, "I am leaving you in the care of some one whose privilege it is, as well as duty, to protect you. I have no doubt he will see his trust discharged. And after these troubles, when we meet again, I hope that I shall see you wearing a happier face, and having achieved a more peaceful lot."

He kissed her fingers with some of his ancient grace, and turning swiftly, left the room. But as the door closed the girl, her hair ravaged from her coif, her eyes lighted with wild fires, sprang upon it.

"I have ruined him," she wailed, pas-

sionately. "I have ruined him, and he has gone to his death."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE night had now fallen thick, and the streets lay in darkness, for the lamps had not been lighted. Saving for the cannonade, a cloud of silence overhung the city, and as Christopher sped along the Leopoldstrasse it seemed to him ominous, the beginning of the Terror. Knots of passengers, worn into stillness, remained as spectators of the bombardment, or mutely exchanged their common doubts. A troop of horse galloped down the road, and a number of artillerymen followed, dragging a piece of ordnance. The stones rattled after them and sank back into silence. Over the fortifications by the Weser rose the glow of a fire, and drew the gaze of the citizens. They stared at it passively, as though its significance was nothing to them. They were incurious gossips of the struggle. The boom of an exploding mine thundered and reverberated on their ears, and one fat fellow scratched his head, looked in a puzzled fashion on his companions, but finding in them an irresponsive placidity, resumed his audience of the night without a sound. Four-and-twenty hours of cannon had blunted the sensations of these good dull people; they could not continue their active anxiety in the protracted fighting.

Christopher made for the Palace in a twilight of contending emotions, but with a definite resolution. He was twice challenged by the guard, but each time managed to get away without being stopped. Arrived at the door of the Schloss, he boldly demanded the Chancellor. Von Puyll was seated before a table in his room, and was busily engaged in writing when Christopher entered. He showed no sign that he recognized the new-comer, but continued to ply his pen, and presently handed a despatch to an orderly who was waiting. Then he laid aside his pen, and putting his finger-tips together, regarded his visitor gravely and with interrogation in his eyes. Christopher seemed to notice in that unpleasant moment that the Chancellor looked another man. The air of timidity, of doubt, had gone, and he had braced himself to the occasion. Moreover, he wore a heavier appearance of age.

"Your business, Mr. Lambert?" he said presently, and in a matter-of-fact voice.

"I am come," blurted Christopher,

struggling with his emotions, "to put the remainder of my fortune at your disposal."

"You are come, sir," replied the Baron, gravely, "to retrieve the irretrievable."

"Ah, but you are not aware how much I offer!" said the younger man, eagerly.

The Baron consulted some figures before him. "We know a good deal about you now, Mr. Lambert," he said, dryly. Christopher winced, and the Chancellor, letting his gaze fall fully upon the other's, continued: "Germany wants the Grand-Duchy. You are, no doubt, a better hand at figures than I, for you have been playing with them so long. Perhaps you can tell us what price would buy her off."

He paused. Christopher averted his face, but the blood of this Englishman was obstinate, and he had still the failings of his countrymen.

"It is not with an abstract empire I should deal, Baron, but with men. You know our old joke about corporations."

"You are a very sanguine young man," said the Baron. "Perhaps I should add that you are a very unfortunate one."

"It would be kind to add that," said Christopher, bitterly. "I have done no more than kings and princes do every day."

"You are neither a king nor a prince, Mr. Lambert," returned the Baron, calmly. "In plain language, you have simply meddled."

Christopher made no reply. This quiet philosophy rebuffed him; he could easier have faced a storm of abuse. All his courageous plans fell from him. The Chancellor fiddled with his pen.

"At all events, I have made my offer," said Christopher, moving towards the door.

"It shall be put before the Council," replied von Puyll, calmly.

Outside in the long gallery Christopher encountered Prince Karl. The eyes of the men met, and the Prince passed on without recognition. A sense of shame surged upon Christopher in a tide; he bent his head as though a blow had been struck at him. Turning, he watched the stern military figure fade into the shadows of the corridor with a bitter appreciation of his own abasement. There went a man who had not the imagination to conceive a revolution, nor the spirit to stand by it. He himself had devoted all his forces and all his resources to the campaign. He

had begotten it; he had nursed and fostered it; it breathed with his breath, and the flesh and substance of it were of his blood and vitality. He had earned his condemnation surely, since he was of a piece with what had failed; but surely also he had merited pardon, he had deserved pity. Christopher felt at that moment that he asked for no compassion; he demanded justice only. He had failed, and the puppets of that deep and perilous intrigue had broken from his hands and turned upon him. He felt as though the creatures of his own menagerie had rebelled against him. It was ludicrous; it was grotesque. That long-shanked, gloomy, guttural young man who had this instant stalked into the night, whose mind was forever plying among petty ceremonies and paltry savings; that egregiously dull Chancellor, before whom the chances of sixty years had been scattered in vain; these incompetent, toylike generals, and all the miserable artificers of a state—that these incommensurable dullards should disengage themselves from his reins and turn and kick, struck him as farcical. He could have screamed with laughter. He passed the big lackeys at the door, with their solemn and portentous faces, and all seemed of a piece. Strength was sacrificed to numbers, wit and skill to the gross weight of human bodies. He came out into the night with a lively scorn in his mind, his spirit tempered with indignant pity. In this new mood of philanthropic indifference, even, he walked down the avenue before the great gravel square and sauntered into the gardens of the Schloss. He was not at all conscious of his direction, hardly, indeed, of his movements, so closely engrossed was he by the contemptuous speculations of his mind. But presently his position interested him, and he saw that he had unwittingly wandered upon one of the lower terraces. The heavy air of that nocturnal garden hung oppressively upon him; the sky was imminent with storm; and he pushed through the trees and bushes and began to go towards the inner part of the garden that lay by the city streets. Far off a repeated booming issued from the cannon, and upon the lawns birds, startled from their rest, fluttered in and out of the bushes with screams and cries of fear.

Upon the city side the garden mounted an ascent, and hung poised, so to say,

above the elevation of the road some thirty feet or more. Here in time past had stood the fortifications of an earlier castle, dating from the Carolingian days; and the great stone blocks, abutting on the little streets and alleys in this piece of the town, still towered upon one side, so that a passenger walked at mid-day under the shadow of a great hill. Upon these rude and ancient battlements time had deposited a deep coat of earth and grass, and on the very heights themselves waved the wild vegetation of the Park. This pleasant and solitary spot neighbored by an odd chance a poorer district of the town, where the children ran barefooted all the day, and the noise of drunken quarrels rose at night. From the Palace gardens, indeed, it was possible to overlook the miseries and privations of the poor, and to keep a stern eye upon their horrid vices. As it had happened, from the direction in which the German cannon was trained the fire crossed this wretched patch of slums, and the sound of a commotion in the tenements drew Christopher's steps towards them. He halted upon the steep ramparts and looked down.

The sky to the northwest was alight with flames, and the thunder of the ordnance bellowed from the river. High in the air some distance away he saw a shell burst and descend in a noisy shower. Screams and shrieks flowed up from below. The narrow lanes upon which he looked were packed with frightened people. They shouted, and ran blindly to and fro, the women catching at the men, the children screaming in the gutters. Shell after shell tore across the horizon, accompanied with an uproar. As he stood there, moved in some way he could not yet determine by these atrocious sights and sounds, Christopher grew aware of a shadow that flitted by him. He turned abruptly, and the eyes of Princess Xenia looked forth upon him from beneath her black hood. He started away and bowed, and the Princess herself came quickly to a pause and stood silent before him.

"It is here that I might have looked to find you," she said at last, speaking with great bitterness—"here at the spot whence you might regard the destruction you have wrought."

"Your Highness—" he began, humbly.

"Nay, I will hear nothing," she said,

angrily. "I have been fooled enough, as never woman was before. I have been your tool, and the instrument of your wickedness. That is enough. I know your tongue. My God! I have suffered under its charm. And yet you appeared innocent, and I was innocent enough to deem you so."

"And yet you have condemned me unheard in my defence," said Christopher, sadly.

The Princess pointed downward to the babel in the alleys. "Those signs shall speak for themselves," she cried. "These are they that testify against you."

"You call your witnesses," he declared. "But I must be silent. I must not be heard."

"If you dare plead for yourself," she burst forth, "why, even the bones of the dead would cry out on you! Nay, sir, you have not been wanting in courage. Have this last courage, then, to confess and to repent; for I tell you that what you have done is accursed."

"You are wrong, madam," said Christopher, quietly. "I have no courage. Dare I, do you think, look down upon that and own it is my work? No; I prefer to think it (what it is) the success of a power of darkness against my own poor unaided efforts in the interests of peace and light and happiness."

The Princess laughed contemptuously. "I seem to hear a well-remembered voice," she returned—"a voice which has rung in my ears more than once." She dashed her clinched hands passionately together. "How dared you practise upon my helplessness? How dared you use the most sacred feelings of the human heart to further your private ambitions? God knows your object, but be you sure of this, that even if He in His mercy may, this people and this land will never forgive you."

"I have failed," replied Christopher, gently, "and failure is not forgiven. I ask no forgiveness, not even from you."

"From me!" she echoed, scornfully. "And why not even from me? I am instructed in the course you ran, and I have my eyes opened to your obliquity. You thrust yourself upon me to persuade me; it was at your instance that I became involved in these fatal intrigues—fatal, and, ah, how childish! You set a spy upon me to conduct your clandestine plots against me. I thought I had trusted a

man of honor, and behold he was merely a thief in the night."

"You do me wrong, madam," he protested. "What you term a spy was necessary to the scheme for your preservation. I employed no means but what would seem for the salvation of Weser-Dreiburg. My end would have been the aggrandizement of your house."

"There," she answered, with her long arm set like a pointer at the murky city—"there lies your answer, in the wreck of those poor lives and the Terror that presides in Dreiburg to-night. You know what those cannon mean. They tell me that the city cannot hold out till day-break. Mr. Lambert, every one of those wretched lives shall call upon you to answer before a high and holy bar."

"I took too great a task upon me," he murmured, bitterly. "I ask no pardon. I require no pity."

"Pity," said Xenia, more slowly, but with ineffable feeling—"pity! Ah, but you should pity the dead."

"The dead," said he, "are dead. There are more lives sacrificed in a day by what are termed the processes of social life and political conditions than in this whole war. Death is nothing. It is the living that suffer."

"You have the temper of a sophist," she derided him, "but I think your power is broken. You have brought ruin upon a peaceful state."

"And yet," he ventured, "the plan was good. If I know anything of political wisdom, it was rightly conceived."

"It was conceived by your vanity," she cried. "No man dare be so cruel save at the dictates of vanity."

"It was to have saved the Duchy," he pleaded. "Can you not think of me as one who has staked his all and lost?"

"What is it to me what you have lost?" she demanded, imperiously. And then, with a less personal note: "You have cared nothing what pain and ruin you have brought on others. That is your condemnation."

"You are right," said Christopher, slowly. "I cared nothing. I carved like the gods. I set myself up for fate. There is my condemnation truly."

"You pitted yourself against God," she said, "when you yourself were but a piece of His machinery."

"It was blasphemy," observed Christopher, with bitterness in his voice. "I

was a boy whittling a stick and playing at being Deity."

The Princess turned to him again. "See," she said, quickly, "you speak of some advantage that should have come to me out of this maelstrom. I know not what it might be. Was it aggrandizement indeed? And what gave you leave, then, to interpret for me my own desires? Who speaks of aggrandizement before me? I am myself the last of the Geisenthurms, but think you that I would not ten thousand times rather step down from my unhappy seat and live among the common pleasant lives of my father's subjects? Who taught you to judge a woman's mind? By what right would you have determined my lot for me? You, a man and a stranger, to remodel my life and my fortunes! Ah, how little you guess, who have plumed yourself upon a superior knowledge of the human heart! We are sold and bartered in the open market day after day. Every natural aspiration is denied us. When all the world is become emancipated we Princesses shall still be slaves, in bond to strict rules, incarcerated in our royal towers, and never suffered to engage in one single free and personal act. Is that a picture that attracts you; and do you suppose I would not gladly lay the honor down? Nay, but I am bound, the chains of my destiny encircle me, and here I must perish, helpless in such a storm as the intrigues and trickery of revolutionaries like yourself may call upon me. The city and its Princess are involved in the same fate, and I pray God they both be steadfast in their ruin. This, sir, is what you have achieved by your steep flight of ambition. You set yourself against a higher power, and you are fallen like Lucifer."

Christopher turned his head away as she concluded, and he himself added, in a low voice,

"Never to rise again."

A silence succeeded, a silence in which it seemed that the leaguers before the castle walls and the inanimate articles of that bloody siege took a sudden part. The city breathed deeply in her moment of rest. Then the man turned away.

"Like yourself, Princess," he said, sadly, "I seem to recognize that voice; it is the voice of truth. It has whispered in my ears too long unheeded. But now it is your hand that points the way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISTHER McCRAN OF BELFAST

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS ("MAC")

Author of "Through the Turf Smoke," etc

NOW it is not to be supposed that Tumash Dhu and I were poaching. Tumash held the threefold office of herd, steward, and gamekeeper of the Sr-u-aill hills.

For lack of cover, these were bad grouse hills, so that Mr. Cusack, the Dublin gentleman to whom they belonged, could not get the shooting of them rented. Some years he came down and shot them himself, some years his sons came down and spent their holidays on them, and again, some years he wrote to Tumash to shoot them for him.

The last was the case on this particular year; and Tumash very kindly invited me to fetch over my gun and join him.

Tumash and I, though we lived a good ten miles apart, were next-door neighbors; for whilst Tumash occupied the last house up the southern face of the Croagh Gorm, I occupied the first house down the northern slope. Our sheep-runs, then, joined half-way over the hills; and up there among the skies we frequently met when going our daily round to gather in our sheep, and treated each other to a smoke, the gossip of our respective parishes, and the marks and tokens of strayed sheep.

Tumash having good-naturedly asked me to join him, I took ten days to myself, handing over charge of my flock to Maeve. It was not the first or the twentieth time she had ranged the hills to count and gather the sheep. She knew every neuk on them as well as the lark that sang his life away amongst them, and she could scour them like a swallow.

Tumash and I had had for a week the most delightful weather. But early one morning, as we climbed the hill, he directed my attention to Croghan-na-raidh, away in the west, and to the little cloud that sat upon it.

"A nightcap on Croghan-na-raidh," said Tumash; "the weather 'll brak on us the day, as sure as gun's iron."

Now a weather prophet *is* without honor, save in his own country. I know that had I witnessed the same sky in the Glen Mor, and foretold a charming day therefrom, my reputation would not have been in the remotest degree hazarded. But when I now begged to differ with Tumash, he smiled on me with contempt—and the weather broke.

Tumash, anticipating the emergency, had confined the range of this day's expedition to within a reasonable few miles of home. Even thus, he assured me, we would be likely to get a wet hide, but nothing worse; for, as there was more than a mouthful of breeze on top, there was little fear of mist, he said.

From the top of the Croagh Gorm plateau Croaghan-airgead rises, and on Croaghan-airgead we were when, at noon, the clouds suddenly gathered and a few spitting drops warned us off. We gathered with us the few birds we had got, and started down the mountain. To our dismay, the breeze suddenly fell.

"Lord save us!" says Tumash. "Now for it, then! Throw yer feet about ye, mae boy, lake a win'mill in a hurricane, or we'll be landed in a purty pickle."

But it did not need his encouragement to press me to speed. I saw our danger as well as he. From the bottom of the mountain we were upon to the brink of the plateau was a stretch of two as ugly miles as a man could curse on a mountain. At our very best rate of progress, but allowing for the time taken to haul each other out of quagmires, it would take us three-quarters of an hour to, not run it, but jump it, from hillock to hillock, and if the mist came down upon us before the brink was reached, we might get our haunches and our heels upon one of these hillocks, and nurse our knees till it pleased her Mist-ship to lift her veil off us. The prospect was not pleasant.

"Be mae sowl an' there it comes!" said Tumash.

I looked up, and lo! the mountain had

already drawn around its head the gray hood.

"Be the powdners, yes!" I said. "An' it's comin' at the rate iv a Tawnawilly weddin'."

"Run," said Tumash, "as if the divil was reachin' for ye afore yer time. If ye br'ak yer neck, don't wait to think iv it. We're purtily caught."

So quickly did the mist come down, and so thickly, that we were but a short cry from the mountain when we were enveloped so that we could barely see a yard before us. Still, we went forward at a snail's pace, trusting to instinct to guide us to the brink of the plateau above Tumash's house. But instinct deceived us. After we had floundered about for almost two hours, sometimes on dry land and at other times in bog-holes, I suddenly threw myself down on a morsel of hard heath.

"Get up!" said Tumash, peremptorily.

"No use, Tumash. We've lost our way."

"I tell you get up an' walk!"

I could not see him, though I knew he was standing on the nearest bunch of heather, less than two yards off me.

"It's walk into kingdom-come I'd do, either by way of a bog-hole or a spink."

"Faith an' if ye irr lookin' for a short-cut to kingdom-come, ye'll soon find it if ye lie there for twelve or twenty-four hours with that dhirty mist creepin' into the very bones iv ye. Get up, I say again, or I'll help ye with mae toe!"

I knew well Tumash was perfectly right, and already the mist and the drizzle were soaking through my clothes. But a feeling of utter indifference had come over me, so that if I had not had a mentor as strong-minded as Tumash, I should have lain there passively till either the mist or my ghost went up. Spurred by Tumash, I now got up, and we crept and crawled and staggered and plunged about for another weary, weary hour, now completely wet to the skin, and still found no passage off the plateau, nor any feature of ground with which we were acquainted.

"We are lost," said Tumash. "An', God help me! I b'leeve we're in some quarther I niver set fut on afore. I don't know a sod iv the groun'."

"Where's the use, Tumash, in goin' any farther? My heart's sick iv this sort iv wandherin'."

"You're an ass," said Tumash, promptly. "That's what you irr. It's thicker the blissed fog is gettin', an' if ye sat down now ye'd niver bother sittin' down in this life more, as like as not. We'll go on, an' go on, an' go on, should we have to keep at it three days an' three nights. An' if you talk iv sittin' down again, I'm bliss'd if I don't do something I'll be sorry for. Don't temp' me any further now, for God's sake!"

I did not venture to. We fired our guns, of course, occasionally; but, as we suspected, to no purpose. For another two hours we dragged ourselves along as before, without a single word passing between us.

"Glory be to God!"

Tumash startled me with the fervency of the sudden exclamation.

"Do ye hear?" he said, staying me with his hand.

I listened, and heard faintly the trickle of a stream.

"Glory be to God!" said I.

Tumash made me stand where I was whilst he prospected till he found the stream, and then, by voice, he guided me to it.

"Be it long or be it short," said Tumash, "this is a guide we can rely on to take us off the mountain."

And it was not long. In half an hour's time, to my intense joy, the stream led us over the brink and downward through a country utterly unknown to both Tumash and me.

"I thought," Tumash said, "I knew ivery heather-bush an' ivery stone bigger nor a cobble within twinty mile iv mae own home. We must 'a' wandhered far."

"I believe," I said, "that we're gettin' down into the lower en' iv the Big Glen. I believe this is the sthram passes Hude Gildea's."

"Be mae word, an' I don't misdoubt ye. Then we've thravelled twelve long mile from home. God help poor Ellen! she'll be distracted about us."

"Here we are, thank God!" I saw the bulk of a house to our left through the mist.

"Thank God!" said Tumash.

We crossed a little potato-garden, and getting through a wicket-gate, found ourselves at the back of a low thatched cabin.

Two diminutive windows let in the

light at this side. The thatch, we noted, was badly decayed, and was held against storms by several flat scantlings stretched across it, they, in turn, being weighted by heavy limbs of trees leant against them from the ground.

"It isn't Hude Gildea's of my glen, anyhow," I said.

"It is not," said Tumash, as we moved around to the front. "Where the dickens the Lord has landed us I don't know—take care! take care iv the log across that gap; I was nearly down on it—but this is a quarther I niver was in, an' I thought I knew the mountains purty well."

Before going forward to the door we took a view of the front of the house. It impressed us more favorably than the back view. Still, it looked poor and squalid enough.

"They're not throubled with this world's wealth," said Tumash, "them lives here. But they'll have none the less welcome for the sthranger for that. Come in."

Tumash lifted the latch and, as he stepped in, passed the usual salutation—"God save all here!"

A woman was telling her beads in the corner, with her back towards the door. She bounded to her feet.

"Oh, thanks be to the good God! I thought yez was lost!"

I do not know whether Tumash or I was the more dazed. I think Tumash was. He actually put up his hands and rubbed his eyes and looked again at Ellen—for Ellen it was—and then looked around the house, before he made her answer.

"Tell me," he said, "is it you, Ellen, 's in it?"

"Virgin Mary protect ye, Tumash! What's over ye?" she cried.

Tumash looked helplessly to me. I was too much amazed to be of any assistance to him.

"In God's name, Ellen," he at length got out, "how did ye get here?"

If I had been able to give my thought expression, that was the very question I desired to ask.

"Oh, Tumash! Tumash!" Ellen said, plaintively, as she snatched from the bed head the holy-water bottle. "Bliss yerself, a *thaisge*. Bliss yerselves, both i' yez!"

We removed our hats and did as we were told. Ellen sprinkled us plentifully

with the holy water, praying in Gaelic as she did so.

"Tumash, a *mhic*," she said, "ye're away—ye're away!*" God help yez both!—yez have been it. An', oh, there's a small river runnin' from the clothes iv yez! Thank God that He heerd mae prayers! Thank God! Thank God! Pull to the fire! Sit down here a minute or two till yez come to yerselves, childhre dear! Thank God! Thank God!" and she looked upwards with fervor.

Tumash was looking around the house, seeking to recognize it. He shook his head forlornly. I recognized many objects in the house, having seen them in Tumash Dhu's a hundred times. But their general arrangement, as well as the general appearance of the kitchen, was certainly very unlike what we knew of Tumash's. We sat down.

"Ellen," said Tumash, "tell me, for God's sake, where we irr, and how ye come to be here!"

"Tumash, ye're in yer own house. An' ye're comin' back to yerself, too; ye'll soon know it."

Tumash shook his head despondingly.

"I'll niver know it, Ellen—if ye're tellin' the downright thruth that this is my house—the house we left in the mornin'?"

"It's the gospel thruth, Tumash." Ellen shook the holy water over us again.

"Besides," said Tumash, "my house doesn't face up that way," indicating the front wall of the house. "My house faces this way."

"Yis," I said, determinedly; "your house, as we left it this mornin', sartintly faced back this way. Ellen, a *chara*, are ye sartint sure it wasn't here *they*† wirr at work?"

"Oh, I'm sartint, childhre," Ellen said, tenderly. "Yez 'ill come to yerselves by-an'-by. The *sidhe*‡ i' the mist come over yez, craithurs. Let us go down on our knees an' say the Rosary."

On our knees we went promptly, and prayed fervently, Tumash himself leading the Rosary.

And when we arose again, though not yet disillusioned, we were more collected; and after we had both got into dry clothing, we did justice to a welcome supper.

* That is, under the spell of the fairies.

† The fairies.

‡ Fairies.

Neither Tumash nor I felt that there was any illusion whatever about the supper, and it reconciled us to the curious state of things that seemed to exist. We confessed that the *sidhe* of the mist had got possession of us; and though through Ellen's prayers we had got back without bodily mishap, our senses in part lingered still behind.

We had known many, many cases of unfortunate people upon the hills having been taken away with the fairies before. And we now knew that by the next morning we should find ourselves as we had been.*

"In throth," said Tumash, as our chat brightened and lightened, "we wirr in purty near as bad a plight as Misther McCran the time he believed he wasn't himself, but another."

"Misther McCran? That's not the Misther—"

"Ay, but it's jist the Misther McCran that owned Meenavalla."

"What! Ye don't mane to say the fairies tuk him away?"

"No, but the Red Poocher did."

"Oh, the Red Poocher? Tumash, *a mhic*—"

"Yis, I'm jist go'n' to reh'arse it for ye. If ye have only the good manners to offer me a shough i' that pipe."

"Beg pardon, Tumash," and I wiped the stem on my coat sleeve and passed the pipe over to him.

He nodded acknowledgment.

"Well, ye see, the Red Poocher had pooched Meenavalla, as I reh'arsed to ye afore, for three years runnin'. Well, Meenavalla then begun to get such a bad name, seein' the red scoundhril was so fond iv it, that sportsmen got shy iv it. The men that had been rentin' it not only lost their game—an' that was bad enough—but they foun' that they wirr made a laughin'-stock iv, intil the bargain. So the next year afther Hedger iv Oxfoord was so completely an' shamefully thricked the sorra man could McCran get to take the Meenavalla shootin' if he was to bestow it to them. It lay, then, that year without a sportsman levellin' a gun on it, barrin' oul' Micky Murrin. Micky

* I do not know if it is necessary to tell that when one loses one's self in a mist or in the night, he will not, on finding them, recognize fields, places, houses, that were perfectly familiar to him. And if, at discovery of these objects, he has been entertaining the idea that he is amongst other scenes, illusion has still stronger hold of him.

Murrin was the new gamekeeper McCran had got, all the way from Ards; for poor Peadhar Kittagh, like meself, got his notice to quit immaidiately the news reached him iv the Red Poocher's doin' Peadhar an' Hedger. Micky he come to him with great comme'dations entirely for bein' a cliver fella out an' out that no poocher could outwit. Well, Micky was the only Christian scathered shot on the moor that year. Sthrange to say, the Red Poocher niver showed his nose on it atween June an' Janiary. Both Micky Murrin an' Misther McCran thought this was all owin' to Micky's own good managementship; but then ye'd get others to say—meself for wan—that the Red Poocher wouldn't waste his time walkin' over both Micky Murrin an' Micky Murrin's moor when there wasn't a rich gintleman in quistion that he'd have the pleasure iv makin' a hare iv."

"Which, Tumash, is my opinion likewise."

"But, be that as it may, the Red Poocher scoured the Gweedore country that saison, an' left Meenavalla to Micky an' paice. Nixt saison it was the selfsame story. No sportsman tuk it, the Red Poocher didn't throuble it, an' Micky Murrin shot it.

"Well an' good; it lucked as if Misther McCran was niver goin' to get Meenavalla rented more. So on the followin' saison he says: 'Bad luck saize the Red Poocher! I'll go down an' shoot it meself.' An' down, accordin'ly, he sits, an' sen's Micky Murrin a letther to that effect, tellin' him about the date he'd be likely to arrive, an' givin' him full purtiklers an' diractions regardin' the preparations he was to make.

"Micky then laid out his accounts for to be prepared for his masther. An' of a mornin' about the time mentioned in the letther down the road Micky sees a Glenties car comin', with wan solitary man on it besides the dhriver, an' hauls up at the doore.

"'Hilloa!' siz the gintleman, steppin' off. 'I suppose you're Michael Murrin?'

"'Well, yis—Micky Murrin,' siz Micky, siz he. 'I dar' say you're Misther McCran?'

"'That's me,' siz he.

"'I haven't the smallest doubt iv yer honor's word; but, all the same, I know ye'll excuse me axin' for proof iv yer

identity. Ye can quite undherstan',¹ siz he, 'why I insist upon this little matther iv form.'

"'Quite right indeed ye irr, Michael,' siz he. 'Perfectly right. I can well undherstand it, an' I'm obliged to ye for bein' so sthricht even with meself. What name,' siz he to the dhriver, 'did I register under at your hotel where I spent las' night?'

"'Misther McCran iv Belfast,' siz the buck on the car.

"'Which,' siz Micky, 'is not sufficient proof, your honor.'

"'Which,' siz his honor, 'is not sufficient proof, as you very prudently remark, frien' 'Michael. So,' siz he, producin' a han'ful i' letthers from his pocket, 'have the goodness to obsarve the addhresses on these.'

"Micky took the letthers in his han', an' seen them aich an' ivery wan adhdressed 'Misther James Bartholomew McCran, No. 31 Castle Place, Belfast'; an' more iv them, 'James Bartholomew McCran, Esquire, No. 31 Castle Place, Belfast.'

"'These,' siz he, producin' wee square bits iv pasteboard with his name on them — 'these is mae cards.'

"'An' now,' siz he, 'be plaised to obsarve mae bags.'

"Micky obsarved the bags likewise, an' on aich iv them was 'J. B. McC.' prented in white letthers, ivery wan i' them the size iv a goose-egg.

"'That's all right,' siz Micky; 'an' ye're right heartily welcome, Misther McCran, to these parts.'

"Misther McCran he then paid off the carman, givin' him han'some whip-money, an' went in with Micky, who set him down at wanst, with small delay, a Meenavalla welcome—his fill to ait iv the sweetest, his fill to dhrink iv the sthrongest, lashin's an' laivin's, and pocket his thanks.

"Nixt mornin' Micky an' him, dhrawn in' the doore afther them, took ti the moor with their guns, an' had a very fine day's sport. Micky had thought that Misther McCran wouldn't be no great shakes iv a shot, an' that the best he could expect off him would be to do no harm with his gun. But when Misther McCran *yocked* to shoot, faith Micky's opinion changed as aisy as a poun' note in a public.* An' Misther McCran explained till him that,

* A public-house—a tavern.

though he niver come to shoot Meenavalla afore, he was in the habit iv shootin' Scotch moors with frien's iv his beyont the wather.

"Micky he thraited him to the heighth iv good thraitmint that night again. An' nixt day they had another splendid day upon the moors. An' as they thrudged back again in the avenin', Micky, from the top iv the hill above the house, beheld his doore open. He bethought him that maybe he forgot to dhraw it afther 'im when they wirr laivin' in the mornin'.

"But the nixt minnit he seen the shape iv a head, he believed, put out an' then pulled in again. 'Now,' thought Micky to himself, 'Long Hudie Haghie has dhropped over to bid me again for them pair i' yo lambs he was pricin' last Sunday; but, upon mae socks, onless he's ready to give me the thirty shillin's I axed, he'll niver dhrive them to Carkir at twenty-nine an' elevenpence ha'penny.'

"But, behoul' ye, the very nixt thing Micky spies, when he come a piece further, was a jauntin'-car dhrawn up be the en' i' the house. 'Then,' siz Micky, siz he till himself, 'it's jobbers for the fair iv Ard-hara has gone in to light their pipes. God luk ti their wits! they'd as likely get holy wather in an Orange lodge as a glint iv fire there.'

"But it was naither Long Hudie Haghie nor jobbers for the fair. When Micky stepped in there was four gentlemen saited at their aise; an' the minnit Micky's companion put his fut within the threshel afther him, all four i' them ups, an' there was four guns levelled at his frien's head.

"'Dhrop that gun out i' yer han' as fast as ye'd say "knife,"' siz the biggest i' the four gentlemen, with the muzzle iv his own gun not six inches from the poor fella's brains.

"It was a bad time to *yock* to arguey the quistion, so the poor fella dhropped his gun instantly, an' him the color iv the lime wall in the face.

"'Put yer han's behin' yer back now, if ye please,' siz the big fella, houldin' his gun steady.

"'Now, men,' siz the big gentleman, 'secure the scoundhril.'

"The other three, without many words, boun' his arms together behin' his back. When that was safely done the big gin-

tleman lowered his gun, an' lookin' Micky's late frien' in the eye, says:

"'It's a sayin' as thrue as it's oul', that though the fox runs long, he's caught at last. Eh, ye villain ye, is that not so?"

"The poor fella be this time had got his tongue, an'—

"'In the name i' God, gintlemen,' siz he, 'what's this? or what's the mainin' iv it at all, at all? Irr yez goin' to murder an innocent man?"

"Well, at that the four gintlemen set up a loud laugh.

"'An innocent man!' siz the big lad. 'Upon mae word ye're a cool customer—as cool as a bog-hole at Chrissmas.' Then he turns to Micky, who was standin' by waitin' his own turn, an' shakin' in his shoes to keep himself warm manewhile. 'Have I the honor,' siz he, in a way made the others laugh again—'the honor iv addhressin' Misther Michael Murrin?"

"'Yi—yi—yis,' siz poor Micky, siz he; 'that's me.'

"'Care-taker an' gamekeeper,' siz the big gintleman, 'iv Meenavalla?"

"'Yis, if ye please.'

"'For James Bartholomew McCran, iv Belfast?"

"'For Misther McCran iv Belfast,' siz Micky.

"'An' did I write ye a letther not many weeks ago, sayin' I wis comin' down here to shoot Meenavalla meself? An' be whose authority have ye taken on yerself to give this lad parmission to shoot my lan', an', moreover, to aid an' abate him yourself parsonally?"

"'What?' siz Micky, siz he, all dumfounded.

"'What's that?' siz the lad that was boun', an' he blazin' in the face. 'What's that?' siz he.

"'I'll tell ye what,' siz the big gintleman, turnin' on *him*, an' gettin' up his gun again in a thraitenin' manner. 'You'll be pleased to have the good manners—which I suppose ye're not used till—to keep yer tongue in yer jaw, an' spaik only when ye're spoken till. Observe that advice, or if ye don't, by mae faith ye'll temp' me to give ye the disarts you've long 'arned, an' whitewash that wall with yer brains,' siz he. Then turnin' again to Micky, who was just now beginnin' to get a wee glimmerin' iv the mainin' iv all this, he says:

"'I've axed ye two plain quistions, an'

I want two plain answers: Did ye or did ye not get a letther from me, sayin' I was comin' down to shoot this place meself? An' by whose ordhers are ye helpin' this gintleman here to shoot it?"

"'I-I-I-I got a letther,' Micky stammers, 'from Misther McCran, sayin' *he* was comin' down to shoot it himself.'

"'Exactly. An' might I throuble ye to tell me if this han'some gintleman we have in the corner is named Misther McCran?' siz he, lookin' at his companions with a wink.

"'Yi—yis,' siz Micky.

"'An' with that the lads laughed both loud an' long, till ye wouldn't give three ha'pence for them.

"'An', siz the gintleman, 'may I ax how ye have his name so pat?"

"'He toul' it till me himself,' siz Micky, sthraight back. An' this set them off in such another roar iv laughin' that ye'd think the ribs i' them would crack.

"'An', siz the poor fella himself, as boul' as ye please, 'Misther McCran *is* mae name!'

"All four turned an' looked at him as mad as hatters.

"'Yis, we know, we know,' siz the big gintleman then, quietly but thraitenin'ly. 'We know that,' siz he; 'but I think I obsarved to ye afore that it isn't whole-some for ye to spaik much until ye're spoken to. Shut yer jaw now, an' ax mae laive afore ye open it again.'

"'An' so,' siz he then, turnin' again to Micky, 'he toul' ye himself, did he, that he was Misther McCran?' The lads laughed again, he put it so comically to Micky. 'It's a wondher to me now he continted himself with plain Misther McCran, an' that he didn't go in for Prence i' Wales, eh?"

"'Och,' siz Micky, siz he, 'I didn't believe 'im that aisy till he showed me his letthers addhressed to Misther McCran, an' showed me bits i' pasteboord with the name prented on them, an' his bag besides, with the first letthers iv his name on it.'

"The gintleman jumped on the floore at this.

"'He did, did he?' siz he. 'Oh, the natarnal scoundhril that he is! Boys,' siz he, 's'arch 'im instantly. If he has wan i' my letthers on 'im, I'll blow out the rascal's brains without givin' 'im time ti say God bliss him! It wasn't enough

to stale me bag an' come an' thry to stale me shootin'! but for to go for to thry for to stale me very name, an' pocket me letthers to prove it, that's what I'll not stan'! siz he, goin' up an' down the house rampagin' an' swearin' lake a bad shearer, while the other three went through the buck's pockets an' turned them inside out. He too was beginnin' to swear an' to ballyrag, till the big gintleman run at 'im with the butt en' iv his gun, an' it-tuk 'is frien's all they wirr able to keep 'im from makin' a shower iv 'is brains. Then the buck soon quieted when he seen how much in airnest the big fella wis.

"There, sure enough, they got as many letthers as would stharta a wee post-office—all addressed to Misther McCran—an' a pack iv wee white cards with Misther McCran's name an' address on them; an' a bunch iv keys, moreover, that the gintleman likewise laid claim till.

"Well, hard feedin' to me,' siz he, 'if this isn't the rarest customer it has iver been me fortune to fall in with afore! Thank God,' siz he, 'that I've got as much ividence as 'ill thranspoort the vagabone. I'm only sorry I can't have 'im hung.'

"All at wanst, when Micky Murrin he seen this, it dahned on 'im how cliverly he'd been taken in.

"An' I'm sure, now,' siz Micky, siz he, 'it wasn't aisy for me to misdoubt the bla'g'ard's word when he had all that ividence. It would take a sight long-headedder man nor me to see through 'im.'

"I wisht ye wirr to see the face i' the boyo when Micky tarmed 'im a bla'g'ard; it was a frightsome sight. An'—

"Hoh, hoh, hoh!" siz he, in spite iv the gun, 'is it you, ye miserable divil, ye!' siz he, 'that's goin' to join to abuse me, too? By the good daylight, I'll be square with you, me gintleman—as well as with these other scoundhrils!' He was in an awsome rage.

"Be aisy! Didn't I tell ye be aisy, an' keep yer tongue in yer jaw?' siz the big gintleman, gettin' up the gun again. 'Ye would thrait, would ye? Would ye, ye natarnal villain, ye? Faith yer memory 'ill have purty nearas good a sthretch as yer conscience if ye keep spite into Michael Murrin till ye come back from Bottomy Bay. Give less i' yer chin-whack, now, for ye don' know how near heaven's to ye—or the other place—this minnit. Come, boys,' siz he, 'hustle the

rogue on the car, an' thrinnle 'im off to the police-office at Glenties as fast as the divil can carry yez. You, McClellan,' siz he to wan i' them, 'swear all soorts again' 'im. Give 'im up on a charge iv poochin', thievin', an' swindlin'. Then hurry back here.'

"They hustled 'im on the car, an' sthrapped the poor divil down, notwithstanding that he cursed an' swore an' ranted an' raved, for all the wurrl' lake a bad lunatic, an' threatened them an' theirs with all soorts i' vengeance. An' me boul' Micky Murrin, the cutest man ye iver seen at how he'd been taken in, he swore back at 'im, and shuk his closed fist undher his nose, an' give 'im a notion iv what he'd like to be afther doin' with 'im if he had his way; an' when the car started, Micky stud on the road hurlin' 'im back two curses again' his wan—an' two i' Micky's best curses had more venom in them than any half-score i' th' other lad's, for, more be the same token, the lad should 'a' been ashamed iv 'is cursin', for he didn't know how ti do it an' do it right.

"An', Misther McCran, yer honor,' now siz Micky to him we may call the rale Misther McCran—that is, the big gintleman i' the party—a powerful fine big fella, more be token he was iv a dark complexion, with hair an' whiskers lake a crow's wing—'how does yer honor know,' siz Micky, siz he, 'for sartint that it's the Red Poocher we have?'

"Hagh,' siz he, 'God bliss yer innocence! I know it,' siz he, 'in the first place, be his thrick. Who but the Red Poocher himself 'ud have the head to play so cliver a thrick?'

"Thru enough,' siz Micky. 'An' in the nixt place?'

"An' in the nixt place be his color, ye *gawmy*, ye!'

"But he's not red,' siz Micky.

"An' what color then?' siz he.

"Sandy, iv coorse,' siz Micky; 'but that's not—'

"Oh, it's not red, isn't it? Sandy isn't red! I wish,' siz he, 'when ye're so tarribly cute, that ye could manage to see the differ atween an honest man an' a dishonest wan. But ti plaise ye we'll call 'im the Sandy Poocher. Is yer min' aisy now?'

"The other three lads wirr gone off with the poocher, an' this gintleman now explained to Micky how he'd come as far as Glenties three nights afore, an' he'd



“IF THIS ISN'T THE RAREST CUSTOMER IT HAS EVER BEEN MY FORTUNE TO FALL IN WITH!”

been persuaded to go off on down to the Rosses, where two iv his frien's had a shootin'. He went off there, laivin' his largest bag behin' him, he explained, an' sayin' he'd be gone ten days. An' it wis only when he got down to the Rosses he missed his keys, so they had dhriven up all the way that day, himself an' his frien's, up to Glenties again till he'd get his keys. Behould ye, his bag was gone when he come back, an' they couldn't account for it nohow in the hotel. But he wasn't long till he got a wee clew that fetched himself an' his frien's on here as hard as they could gallop,—an' with what prime good luck Micky had just seen.

"Very well an' good. Ataloug bedtime that night the other three come back with the news that they had put the lad in safe-keepin', an' got him afore a magisthrate an' remanded for a week, which was well.

"As they wirr on the groun', they considered they'd remain an' take a week or ten days' shootin' out iv Meenavalla afore goin' back to their Rosses shootin' again. So, accordin'ly, nixt mornin' they wirr on the hill, an' ivery mornin' afther it for a week, dailin' mortal destruction among the birds, an' recreatin' themselves cursin' the Red Poocher an' prayin' bad prayers on 'im ivery time they sat down to dhrav their win'. An' the day afore the Red Poocher's thrial wis to come on, they wint down that night to Glenties, an' left Micky his ordhers ti be off for Glenties at an early br'ekwis-time, so as ti be sure ti be there at two o'clock, the time the magisthrates wis to sit.

"So off at an early br'ekwis-time me brave Micky starts, takin' with 'im Misther McCran's keys that he had foun' on the dhresser. But lo, sir, when he came to Dhrimnacraish, within a long mile i' Glenties, he sees a car comin' with four polismen an' the pres'ner. 'What's the mainin' i' this?' thinks Micky. But, mae sowl, he wasn't long in doubts till the car throtted up an' the polismen an' pres'ner jumped off an' surrounded 'im.

"'Hoh, hoh, hoh! ye scoundhril!' siz the pres'ner, siz he, shakin' his fist at Micky, an' tearin' to get at 'im, takin' the polis all they could do to houl' 'im back. 'Hoh, hoh, hoh! the scoundhril! He's as bad as the poochers! Saize 'im, the villain! Saize 'im, the natarnal rascal! Saize 'im, an' put the han'cuffs on 'im!' an' with the fair dint i' rage he was shakin' lake a frost-bitten frog.

"'Gintlemen,' siz Micky, siz he, 'what—what—what's the mainin' i' this at all, at all?'

"'The mainin' iv it? In troth, I'll be afther lettin' ye know the mainin' iv it afore I'm done with ye!' siz the lad, springin' ti get at 'im again.

"'The mainin' iv it is, me good man,' siz the sarjint i' polis, siz he, 'that this gintleman here, Misther McCran i' Belfast—'

"'Gintlemen,' siz Micky, in mortal alarm, 'yez is anondher a gran' mistake—'

"'I beg yer pardon,' siz the sarjint, 'till I'm finished. This gintleman here, *Misther McCran*, as I afore sayed, i' Belfast, a most daicent respectable gintleman, iv good cha-rack-ther, an' able to produce the best testimonials as to the same, has been most outrageously an' disgracefully ill-used by a pack iv rascally poochers—the leader i' the gang bein' generally known as the Red Poocher, though he can convart himself into a black poocher to suit his purposes—cruelly ill-used, I say, this gintleman has been be this vagabone pack—which it 'll take you all yer time to prove that ye haven't been in laigue with—boun' han' an' fut, carried off he has been be this party i' criminals, carried off an' blin'-folded, and bore away to a still-house in some disolate part i' the mountains, where he was forced to dhrink potteen, an' kep' dhrunk iver since. An' bore away again las' night from the still-house, with a bandage over 'is eyes, an' left dhrunk as the divil at the barrack doore in Glenties, with a placard roun' 'is neck to say that he was the Red Poocher. An' when the guard, hearin' such a thumpin' i' the doore that he thought it was the Fenian risin', turned the men out with their guns, they foun' him helpless an' speechless; an' when he was tuk in an' fetched to himself, he could tell nothin' about himself, only that he was the Red Poocher—an' that he'd swear to—till within two hours ago, when Misther O'Gara i' the hotel come in an' idintified 'im, an', afther a dail iv tough arguymint an' persuasion, got 'im convinced that he wis himself, Misther McCran i' Belfast, an' not the Red Poocher.'

"An, be cricky! I b'lieve it's a daicent bedtime. We'll be oursel's in the mornin' again, with God's help."

And we were.

TENTING ON TWO SEAS

BY JULIAN RALPH



THE glamour of India, which has cast the spell of a mystery and a dream over mankind in every age since before history was written, was always upon me. But the idea that the wonders of the East began with the voyage thither—that the Oriental splendors shone upon the journey toward their source—such a possibility was never conceived by me until I met a sailor who had often made the trip, and deemed himself as high an authority upon that subject as there could be.

He was an engineer on board the steamship *Walla Walla*, and was then on the very different route between Victoria (British Columbia) and San Francisco. That was years ago.

His text was "the P. and O."

India he had often visited, but it had apparently made no impression upon his mind. Arabia, Ceylon, Burma, and Siam were likewise as familiar to him as the spire of old Trinity to a New York banker, or the dome of St. Paul's to a London "City man," but, as compared

with the ships that sailed to them, these places were to him too commonplace to mention. "The P. and O'ers" was what he called these vessels.

To give due weight to what he said of them, I must beg the reader to understand that he was a sober man of middle age, and an officer of importance on a splendid steel ship of perhaps five thousand tons displacement. And he spoke as such a man would—as all sailors have always spoken—in so frank and hearty a manner that no one with poetry and romance in his make-up would harbor a doubt of his strict veracity. Moreover, even a mean man capable of subjecting the good things of earth to analysis would have had to wait awhile; he never could have measured this man's yarns while they were spinning.

"The P. and O'ers ain't what they was," said he, "otherwise I'd be a-runnin' on one of 'em yet. But they was the stunningest and most aristocratic and royalest boats on any ocean—before the canal went through. You can judge for yourself when I tell you it cost a hundred and twenty pounds to go to India in 'em, whereas, I believe, it only costs about that many dollars now. I don't know how much is left of the grand feeding and gorgeous decorations, though I haven't heard of any India ships to beat them, even yet.

"In the first place, you've got to imagine a big ship and a summery kind of a ship—I mean one where you live all out-of-doors on the top deck, and the saloons and cabins are all breezy and free-and-clear like, on the deck below. I ought to describe the whole of it to you, but I can only bring my mind to one part, that is, the main-deck at night, where the passengers dined like royalty, and then had everything cleared away and danced till midnight. There is always lords and generals, colonels and commissioners, judges, millionaires, and that class of people on a P. and O'er, and, as you might fancy, they dress for dinner every night as if they could not wear out their best clothes fast enough. You've got to imagine an enormous saloon, clean across the ship, all white and gold, with the long tables heaped with shining silver, and such glass as you'd be glad to wear in a ring if they didn't go to making tumblers and decanters of it. There sit the lords and army men and all the rest, every man in a swaller-tail and lookin' over a wall of white shirt, and their ladies all bare above the table-cloth, so that you might think they had all been carried in and set down in their bath-tubs (except for the jewels in their ears and round their necks); and the ship's officers rigged like they belonged to the R. N., a-blazin' with gold lace.

"Every man and woman had a waiter to themselves, standing behind each chair to hand 'em every mortal thing they wished—except the bokays set a fathom's-length along the middle of each table. The dinners lasted two hours, and was such that the richest men took to travelling to and from India just for the sake of the feeding. And drinks—well, they was free!"

Here the engineer turned and paused

to glare at me. I had not spoken, or even moved a muscle in my face, so that perhaps he suspected me of internal protest.

"Drinks was free!" he repeated, then paused again. As he looked at me a second time I saw that my failure to show either surprise or incredulity puzzled him. "Perhaps you've heard of drinks being free before?"

"I never did," said I.

"Well, I never did, either," he said, "but they was free on the P. and O'ers. And, mind you, I don't mean sherry and port and brandy—of course them things was free—but I mean champagne. That was free likewise, and all you could hold of it—all that even one o' them Indian generals could hold. If they'd put the bottles on the table, there wouldn't have been room for the food, so every waiter had a basket behind him. First he served you sherry, and then he floated you in claret; next he came along with champagne, free as the water came for Moses's rod. *You'd* have settled down on that when you saw champagne spouting like one of them Montana geysers, but the lords and generals didn't value it so particular—on account of its being free, I suppose. They passed along to the port and the brandy, and at last when the dinner was done everybody was as red as what they'd swallered. Then the saloon was cleared, and them stewards, which was also hired as musicians, they come in and played, and the dancing began.

"The curiosest thing about that was that everybody was free and equal, and I could dance with a lord's lady or with a governess, and so could every one else. I never was proud of it, or gave it any thought at the time, but I will say that if a man like myself can bring himself to talk to a lord's or a general's lady, he'll be surprised at how he'll get along. They'll come down to you, and you'll reach up to them, and you'll both find yourself standing on a level where it's man to woman and woman to man. Getting to that is like taking the sun, because then you know where you are."

Years, which buried this conversation under their accumulations of other memories, were to pass before I found myself on a wharf in Marseilles, threading my way between a line of draught-horses, each with a huge tapering and curving horn of leather above his collar, and an



PEDDLERS.

equally unfamiliar range of hills of peanuts, discharged like so much coal or gravel from a ship that came from—I wonder where! At last I was about to take passage aboard a Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship—a ship of the oldest and most famous line in the world, plying upon the oldest and most famous world's highway, whose waters had been cleaved by the keels of all the makers of Europe, their predecessors, their enemies, and perhaps their gods.

Again the gaudy picture of the *Walla Walla's* engineer rose to my mind, and I stepped upon the deck of the steamer *Peninsular* with the feelings of an imaginative man who comes upon a stone slab in unfrequented grounds, and is halted by a conflict of eager curiosity, expectancy, and doubt. Yet a ship is a ship, after all, and of this one I could only say that it met my expectation in being built to be "summery," with the result of being very "wintry" at the moment, when the breath of a genuine blizzard, screeching out-of-doors, was searching every cabin

and saloon within. The pattering, barefooted, beggarly, and dirty lascars who serve as sailors and stewards on this line surprised me; but I did not like them at first, and at last I grew to resent their being thrust among cleanly and self-respecting white passengers. Shivering in our heaviest clothing, Mr. Weldon and I went to our cabins asking ourselves why any one visited the south of France to escape the severity of a Northern winter, and whether Egypt, farther along the same circle, would be found to be heated with stoves, or not heated at all. The ship's officers were perfect types of the modern corporation servant, and answered "I dun'no'" to whatever was asked of them. The passengers were all English, which is to say that they were all veneered or shell-clad, and required to be worked at with patience before one could bore into their flesh and blood and get to know and take comfort in their society.

So miserably did that voyage begin, and yet it and the return trip were far and away the most enjoyable that I, who

have been travelling almost steadily for ten years, have ever had the delight of experiencing. Remember the time of year, you who would like to taste the cream of travel. It was January. From Egypt to India the calm of a sheltered mill-pond rested on every sea. By day and night the air was as you would have made it if you could. And to complete the fullest satisfaction that a voyage can give, we landed in some strange place on every fifth day, and betweenwhiles skirted along the edges of other regions thrown in without extra charge, as one gets icebergs, fogs, and tidal waves on the hideous Atlantic. Going or coming, we saw France, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, Crete, Egypt, Arabia, Nubia, Abyssinia, Ceylon, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Malta, and Spain. Some bits of this panorama were like gardens, some like jewels, some like white cameo cities lying on gray velvet; and some were barren, jagged, burned-out vistas that showed us what the scenery of the moon is like.

There were wrecks here and there, especially along the Red Sea, protruding like blackened teeth above the hidden saw-edged coral and reefs, to warn us that neighboring land to a seaman is a terror and a menace. But since sailors have become mere nineteenth-century servants of capital, with orders not to converse with us passengers, we can smilingly leave them to navigate us past their terrors, and can thank the gods for every glimpse of land we get over either rail of a ship. We rejoice to feel the vaguest, most distant view of terra firma sweetly jar the monotonies of sky and sea. We remember the lavish resolutions we have made on the Atlantic passage, to give half of all we possess if only we might stop ashore an hour on a bare sand reef midway between the Hotel Cecil and the Waldorf-Astoria.

Then, too, how keen is the true traveler's delight at unexpectedly seeing lands and islands not bargained for in the price of a passage! After all, the modern globe-trotter is little more than a collector with a passion for swelling the list of countries he has seen—as one friend of mine adds idols, another crucifixes, another candlesticks, and others the combs and shoes of all people and ages, to their cabinet museums.

We had only one day of trial like Noah's, chasing a fleeing rim of sky and

sea, and then up rose a half-submerged mountain-chain suggestive of a few of the Apennines wading out for a bath. Each mountain was guttered and fingered, as volcanic heaps are apt to be, and all were dominated by Stromboli. "The Cherry," who posed first as a new woman and a scholar, told us that these were the Liparis, where Vulcan spent much time as long as people paid him the respect to believe in him. And now, perhaps, The Cherry remarked, it is his spirit which keeps Stromboli bubbling and boiling with an earnestness highly commendable in so old a "crater" as he—I mean as his. We knew Stromboli at once by the little cap of smoke-discolored steam he wears.

Presently our whole prospect on every side was enclosed by land, toward which we were rushing as if we were expected to turn into a railway train and go on to India overland. We were in a riverlike passage, curved at the middle, and lying between Italy and Sicily. We investigated the farms and scanned the streets of the towns—we even compared the cost and beauty of the tombstones in a cemetery as these objects passed beside us above the yellow strands and under the rocky hills which formed the back-grounds on each side. First we saw Sicily, and when that ended in bare hills and island tatters, we turned to Italy to gloat over the fishing villages, the monasteries, farms, vineyards, groves, and here and there the seductive towns—all blue and yellow, whose houses were huddled like cows at milking-time beneath the rocky hills that formed the land. The sun was gay, but even here we were wrapped in overcoats and steamer rugs and shivering like the ruffled sea itself. It was not until we were south of Greece and approaching Crete that the north wind relented and the breath of the sea, whose polished face now flamed at the rude advances of the sun, came to us softly, warm and kindly.

The next twenty-four hours saw our express ship flying past another way station—this one Crete, famous to the ancients as the birthplace of all the Olympian gods, and notorious with us as the stewpan of those who have fallen heir to the name but not the virtues of the Greeks.

And now the ship pushes out into the unbroken sea again, and we have time to

consider it. It is not "up to date," like the Atlantic liners. There are no other ships like those. Its cabins are large, but its saloons are few and small and modest. Its ladies' saloon is a mere space at the head of the main stairs, and its smoking-room is a mockery of one, and is built over the screw. Other peculiarities an Atlantic traveller notices. The purser has lost his time-honored title, is called the steward - in - charge, and has not the rank or air of a purser. Your passage ticket is such a curio that it carries you deep into the past, and for days you wonder whether you must salute the captain when he comes on the quarter-deck, as of old; whether he still has the sole right to walk one side of the deck, as he used, and whether you will be reprimanded if you whistle, and thus call forth a gale, as sailors once believed. None of these relics remain, yet your passage ticket says you have paid your "passage and stewards' fees," and advises you that the company furnishes you your bedding. It tells you that it is not obligatory upon you to dress for dinner, and in your cabin you read that if you bring pet birds or animals aboard, you must give them *to the butcher*—of all persons—for safe-keeping.

Instead of the great cozy libraries and writing-rooms of the Atlantic fliers, with



THE PUNKAH WALA.

their bijou desks and abundance of beautiful engraved stationery, here was no writing-room or paper, and, for a library, a little closet tucked away in a dark cor-



THE CONCERT ON DECK.

ner under some stairs, and containing a few ill-chosen volumes, for access to which we were obliged to pay extra and to wait upon the librarian as if we were the servants instead of the served.

The Suez Canal is, I fancy, the ugly witch who has destroyed the pleasing picture of life on a P. and O'er which dazzled my friend of the *Walla Walla*. The tax upon one ship for passing through it was \$6000 (£1200), and upon the other one upon which I sailed it was £1500, or \$7500. To run modern engines at modern rates of speed would, I am told, leave these carriers out of the realm of profit, so the picturesque journey is made, at best, at only a little above half the speed of the Atlantic palace-ships. I told one captain the tale I had heard of these ships, and he said that at the zenith of the glory of travel Indiawards the fare was much more than £120, but the ships were large and roomy for their time, the passengers were apt to form a distinguished company, and wines were free, though champagne was served only on two evenings of the week. To-day the French line—the *Messageries Maritimes*—makes no charge for wines and liquors, but, on the other hand, one of the ten lines now running to India caters to the missionaries, and has earned the nickname of “the Temperance Line.” Whoever wishes to brave the terrors of both drink and voyaging half round the globe in ships of this line must go like a publican with a case of liquors, and be content to pose as what the total abstainers call “a horrible example.” It is said that it was the missionaries who broke up the practice of serving spirits free to Indian passengers, as the British government does to its tars. The missionaries complained that it was a hardship to see costly favors, which they could not enjoy, showered upon the erring. Their complaint had the more weight with the ship-owners because they saw a direct connection between reform and dividends.

And yet some traces of the things I had been led to expect still clung to the voyage. Everybody dressed for dinner, though it was not obligatory upon them to do so. The men looked over their walls of laundered linen, as I had been told, upon ladies who had discarded a fourth of their covering in favor of their personal charms. Generals were in the throng, a pair of noble lords were graciously pleased to become democrats

where the waves ruled and were forever equal, and I often attempted the fascinating trick of reaching up to a lord's lady while she reached down to me and we talked as man to woman—as man to very fascinating woman, in the bargain. And then there was “The Cherry,” with her rosy face framed in a pretty disorder of brown hair. She pretended at first to be sober and wise, as became one who was going out to India, practically alone, in the hope of gaining there what she had not been able to win at home. Few men aboard ship could smile at that ambition, for what else but a yearning for a settled future had sent them into exile?

Most of these fellow-passengers were exaggerated types of Englishmen, as most Englishmen get to be when they live far away from England, and set themselves to resist with all their might the foreignizing influence of the strangers with whom they dwell. For that reason Hong-kong is more intense in its allegiance to English customs and seems to be more English than London. So does Colombo. So do the white men's corners of Calcutta and Bombay. I remember how much I was struck with this, for the first time in Shanghai in 1894. Every week somebody came back from London and somebody was going there. Though the cities were five weeks apart, knowledge of the smaller and lighter features of London life and talk was never any older. Arthur Roberts's latest joke and Marie Lloyd's newest song were to the front, and the fads of the West End matrons were imitated in the drawing-rooms on the Bubbling Well Road.

“Try those plums,” your host urged at dinner; “they have just arrived from home.”

“Is this the new salad you had at the Savoy?”

“Yes. I taught my boy to make it, and they don't do it better at home.”

At home—home—home! Every five minutes some one speaks of home. To-day, I am sure, they are all saying, “Let them all come,” and “A little bit off the top,” because those are the music-hall echoes at home. They are arguing for and against Sunday newspapers just as the others are doing at home. They are copying the bonnets that stray there from home. They are reciting over and again the old, old stories of the things they saw and did the last time they were home.

Because "they do so at home" is why we shipmates all had to dress every evening as if we were going to dine at Willis's or the Prince's restaurant. Heaven knows there is discomfort so deep and in so many forms on the sea that we should be allowed to leave ashore as many as possible of the fetters of artificial existence. But the English cling, with the tenacity of death to a door-nail, to everything British, and formality is breath to the nostrils of the Briton at home.

These traits of the expatriated Angle are peculiarly interesting to us Americans, just now that we are to develop colonists, traders, colonial servants, and all the rest, who will likewise put their national traits into forcing-beds and their patriotism under glass, so that these shall wax enormous and blossom every day.

Most of those who sailed with me were in the civil service—poor chaps whom I pitied for being exiled in India and ground in the mill of bureaucracy, with a month's leave each year, and nothing so good to do with it as to save it up three years, so as to get "home" for a two months' holiday at the cost of a month on shipboard. I pitied them because I knew they detested the native Indians, whose millions brush their elbows. I pitied them because of the exhausting heat of half of every year in India, and because I knew of the manifold forms death assumes while it trails every white man's steps in that sinister land where it is mostly sudden. I pitied them because I knew of the imitation Englands they set up in their cantonments and garrison towns, and I could judge, from seeing these reflections in other lands, how thin and boresome are all such desperate efforts to realize home life by living it through the small ends of an opera-glass.

But they did not appreciate my compassion. It was wasted on them. Even their bystanders and lookers-on, like the ship's captain and the relatives who were running out to visit them, assured me that I had better save up my sympathy for more deserving subjects.

"Lord bless you!" said the captain, "they are the best-paid government servants in the world! Not only that, but they get a month in every twelve, and a year in every seven, and sick-leaves scattered through the lot. They have to leave home, but then England is so crowded that most of them could not get a bare

living there as clerks, while in India they achieve station as well as high pay. And at the end of it all they get a pension, on which they can live at home very respectably when they retire."

One of these civil servants expressed the same idea to me when we were nearing England in another ship on my return in the spring.

"There's old England," said I. "It looks as green as summer already."

"Yes, it looks well enough," said the Anglo-Indian. "And it's a good enough place while you've got money, but when that runs out we want to get back to India. It would not be half as good a place as most of us think it if it did not have India to give us our chance to live."

Once you get that key to the limitations of the parent island to its people, a wide vista of explanation of their puzzling characteristics is open to you. For instance, you had long wondered why the younger sons of gentlemen form so large a part of the Mounted Police force of Canada and share the really fearful hardships of that service. Perhaps you knew, also, that other young men of good birth are enlisted in large numbers in the constabulary forces of English Africa—in parts of which continent it is said that something like fifty per cent. of the enlisted men are certain to die of fevers or quicker foes of life. In every quarter of the globe are organizations made up of hearty and promising young Englishmen who do very hard work for very small pay. If you do not know the truth, you naturally suppose this is due to the love of adventure and of excitement of the British youth. But the circumstances that send most of them to India account for the careers of the rest. There are not enough places at home for the men who are born with an ambition above laboring and a desire beyond the mere keeping of body and soul together.

The British government uses her newer colonies to take up this overflow, and her ablest achievement in colonial work is that of making every such colony which can do so pay the salaries of all concerned in its government. In the case of India the cost of the government includes the salaries of "the best-paid government servants on earth," if the common boast of the English and the wail of the native Indians are trustworthy.

In writing about our cousins I often

dwell upon their love of formality, an admirable trait in most of its phases, because it makes men and women respect themselves, and widens the space between them and the lower animals. But a part of the Englishman's creed is to be as studiously careless, loose, and easy-going at some times as he is starched and stiff at others. All day my fellow-passengers rolled about the deck in the loosest and roughest woollens and flannels, with their hands deep in their pockets, stooping when they stood still, striding when they moved, and with a pipe or a cigarette in every mouth. Many of them had a period and state of even greater disorder. That was at bath-time in the early morning. Then they came upon deck in bare feet, pyjamas, and bath-robcs, and chatted with the junior officers, also in bare feet, and got in the way of the filthy lascars sailors, who never wear shoes or stockings. Somehow I cannot explain it satisfactorily, but it is true—the bath of a morning is raised to the status of a ceremonial and religious act on an English ship. For an hour or two you meet men in overcoats which have the look of being their sole possessions, and ladies clutching cakes of soap in rolled-up bath-towels. They are clad so you never like to look and see how, though you feel that they are weird, and you hear them move to the stuttering cadence of large slippers. Then, at breakfast, you still have the bath uppermost as the general topic—how he took his and she took hers, and how somebody had been smoking in one of the bath-rooms. This proves a grand preparation for a tour of India, where bathing in the morning really is a devotional act, instead of a mere way of keeping clean, as with us. There your first sight of a city like Benares, or Bombay, or Calcutta is of the myriad bathing; there the day's gossip gets its first impetus at the water-side ghats, or steps; there caste meets caste on an equality as we meet in church, and the mass of mankind dries itself, and puts its fresh caste marks on its millions of foreheads, so as to start each day of new life properly labelled.

Can you imagine yourself a water-spider afloat in a saucer so full of water that only the edge of the rim is in sight? As that thin ring would look to you so does Africa make its first bow when you approach it. In places the rim is nicked so as to look like the dots and dashes of a

telegrapher's alphabet greatly magnified. The water off shore is beginning to look Nile green. Presently one dot grows and grows until it takes the shape of a cluster of houses and towers, which grow more and more familiar, until Mr. Weldon cries out, "Why, it's Coney Island!"

That is precisely the second impression of Africa and the first of Port Said, the wickedest place on earth. It is French or Egyptian or English—whatever the rest of Egypt is; but it suggests that creature of whom the poet wrote, "he's only a pauper whom nobody owns," and who must have been left to his own devices.

The buildings for blocks back of the sea are not very unlike the square, galleried, wooden hotels and boarding-houses of Cape May or Atlantic City. They have a very complete assortment of shops on their ground-floors, and the gambling hells and cancan rooms are above a few of them. Above many others are the lattices—so familiar to travellers in the Moslem lands—behind which the women are not seen, yet see. The far end of the place is the Arab town where the men keep shop in holes in the walls, the teachers keep school with the same publicity and the noise of bedlam, and the married women are veiled so as to show only their eyes and the strange brass tubes they wear in front of their noses.

Out from the busy streets that lie alongside the sea came the doctor, the police, Cook's man, Gaze's man, and many peddlers in row-boats, as well as some scow-loads of men who look like sweeps and who can surpass even the Japanese at coaling a steamer quickly. The only reminders of the foreignness of the clime to which we had come were the sail-boats with immense curved booms and sails in keeping, the red fezzes on most of the men, and the turbans on the rest. The peddlers brought postage-stamps of all the neighboring lands, photographs of Egypt and the canal, Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes, and Turkish sweets—a meagre display when compared with what was shown on the same deck at other places.

We who were new to the journey underrated the value of these petty merchants in breaking the monotony of travel. We were so overpowered by the anticipated pleasures ashore, and so eager to get there, that we dealt out scant courtesy to these fezzed and turbaned figures who

stood statuelike wherever we turned. But when three hours on land had satisfied us, and we came gladly back to our floating home, we turned to these patient traders, grateful for the chance they gave us to pass the rest of the time in port with the least possible effort.

These peddlers, who came to us like tatters torn from each succeeding land, grew more and more welcome. So all of us felt except the poor little "Cherry," who had no money and was temporarily invisible whenever coin was being bandied about. The peddlers form a notable feature of the Indian trip, and when, as was the case at Aden, in Arabia, we arrived during a pitch-black night, and they climbed up among us, we rained upon them the money we would have spent on shore had it been pleasant. The Aden Arabs and Africans brought armfuls of ostrich feathers, quaint ancient weapons, gewgaws of basket-work, weird antlers, the new coinage of King Menelek, and such like curios.

At Ceylon the ladylike men of the place, with high combs in their back hair, offered luscious fruits and cheap and gaudy gems; at Ismailia negrolike Arabs brought us photographs and newspapers; at Malta slick Italians came aboard with silk lace-work and non-dutiable cigars, and at Gibraltar Spaniards fetched us photographs and the wretched trinkets with which Germany has peppered all creation.

Everywhere these peddlers plunged us, or we plunged of our own motion, into a rivalry of scoundrelism, suspicious of them, and flattering ourselves that we could deprive them of just profits. That is a queer business to which the best of us descend with something of eagerness. And stranger still it is that we persistently deceive ourselves into thinking that with only occasional practice we can fleece those who began as cheats, and are being drilled by endless armies of tourists into pastmastership in cunning.

But now the joys of the voyage were to commence. We were to begin what I call tenting on the sea. The sun was brilliant and warm, the Suez Canal lay gleaming through the limitless desert, with its low undulations of baked earth, dotted with sapless and dusty clumps of leathery vegetation. The Arabs, or whatever they were, who ran for miles beside the ship crying for "bucksheesh," carried

their few clothes in one hand pressed against their middles. We also threw off all our clothes, but put on flannels and light silks in their place. There was now nothing to do but to get acquainted, to bring out each other's gifts as entertainers, and to crowd each of the next ten days with fun.

We were obliged to have a starting and a rallying point, and this proved to be a lovely Greek bride. She had brought on board a great golden harp—so beautiful a thing, if only as a household ornament, that it is difficult to see why all who love the beautiful do not add one to the attractions of their drawing-rooms. The harp with its swanlike lines, and the bride with her shapely hand and bared arm sweeping its strings, and with her exquisite Greek face so gently set between melancholy and pleasure, brought us all into the ladies' saloon at night. And so it came about that another lady went to the piano and sang us nearly all out of the room, and the ripe and robustious "Cherry" followed and sang us all back again. If she was not wholly angelic in anything else, she was certainly angel-like in voice—and in the compassionate interest she took in retiring young men with whom she spent much time in the dark corners of the upper deck o' nights.

The opening of the first of the ten days of tent life saw every second man and woman a member of a committee—on deck sports, or concerts, or "the sweep" (or pool on the ship's run, as we should say), and on other forms of diversion. We buzzed with the noise of our affairs like a section of a stock exchange. We arranged for ladies' sports, gentlemen's sports, sailors' sports, a breach-of-promise suit, a fancy-dress ball, and for a concert which resulted in several others.

Not even a boys' school is a purer democracy than we formed. We recognized no rank or social differences whatever, but were so free and equal that among other things we one day saw an apprenticed bank clerk banging a noble lord in the face with all his strength and a loaded bag, to knock him off a rail, which was the essence of one of the games we played. The "belted" earl banged back with equal spirit, you may be sure. The relationship between us of the first saloon and the folk of the second saloon was quite as remarkable. The second-saloon people were huddled in the for-

ward part of the vessel, where they were allowed a piece of one side, where the side was merely a passage. They also had the poor right to one side of the roof of the deck-house. But they were like unto ourselves, except that they possessed a shrewder sense of the value of money. They were what, in a monarchy, would be classed as ladies and gentlemen, either by birth or station. They were captains and lieutenants in the army, and civil-service officials and their wives, sisters and aunts of other such men in India. Since the English respect all who try to save money—if they have it—and since many such persons travel second class, we invited them to our sports, looked on at theirs, and took our novels and sewing over to the second saloon when we liked, and sat with them. All that makes this mentionworthy is that I never saw the like on any other vessel—not even upon any that flew the flag of a republic.

Seven days out from Marseilles, as we broached the Red Sea, the sports and the whole of our ideal life burst upon us. The piano was moved out upon the after-deck, under the tent, so to speak, for the whole of the ship was covered with awnings, so that the breezes were free to come to us, but the sun was shut out. The punkah walas, or Indian boys who worked the punkahs to and fro to cool the dining-room, appeared upon deck in whitest, thinnest lawn, and turbans of red and gold, to pull the ropes which swayed the long fans on the dining-room ceiling—fans, by-the-way, which were clothed in linen all tucked and frilled, as if they were feminine things that had never finished dressing when we came in to dinner. Every married lady dined in décolletée, and so remained on deck until bedtime. So we presented the singular combination of a floating section of London, of the highest civilization, with electric lights, gowns fresh from Paris, triple-expansion engines, meals served in courses, and the like, with the rocks of Arabia beside us, and the Bedouins of the desert within sound of our music. The twentieth and the first centuries were side by side. The ship's officers caught the spirit of those days, and appeared in white duck trousers and black gauze coats. The sailors put on white cotton trimmed with blue, and only the ever-conspicuous lascars were unchanged. They remained as filthy as before.

One night we had the breach-of-promise suit on a stage made by partitioning a corner of the deck with sail-cloth. The "Cherry" sued a noble lord, whose counsel produced a grand sensation by proving that the "Cherry" was already the wife of the colonel, who, dressed as a jack-tar, made oath that he overheard the earl "arsking for the lady's 'and and 'art." For several nights we had concerts, recitations, and dancing, and at Aden many went ashore to buy colored silks, Oriental costumes, quaint arms, and gaudy clothes, in preparation for the grand climax—the fancy-dress ball. A wondrous ball that was! The sailors turned our after-deck part of the tent into a glorious pavilion by means of the bunting of all nations, and when we came up from a merry dinner, dressed as pirates, geishas, negroes, Indians, Arabs, tars, Marguerites, packs of cards, gypsies, and forty other sorts of chromatic characters, the effect was full as glorious as that of more than one ambitious ball I've seen ashore. One steward played the piano, and others served the ices, cake, and punch—the latter free, as all drinks used to be in the time of the voracious engineer of the *Walla Walla*. Our friends of the second saloon joined us, and danced with our lords and generals. More than that, they added to our pride and distinction, for one was a noted belle of Calcutta, and two others were more beautiful even than she.

On several nights there were two concerts on the ship, and once the stewards, second-saloon passengers, and we of the first saloon all held concerts at the same time. The daytime hours were quite as festive. Every afternoon brought its round of sports. The news of the world came aboard at each port in queer dribblets despatches, written with pen and ink on sheets pinned together, and sent with the compliments of the editors, who could as easily have sold us seven-day bundles of their journals at two shillings a bundle. We read the tidings hastily or with judicial calm, feeling ourselves apart from the march of events. All of us had ordered our personal affairs for a long freedom from care, and so long as we heard nothing of pirates in our path or of mutiny in India, we were content to make the most of an independence which comes but seldom in this restless, anxious age.

To merely enumerate the games with

which they exhibited complete familiarity will show to what a length our sport-loving cousins carry their passion for out-of-door exercise. They are as addicted to exercise as the Japanese are to childish games, as the Chinese are to gambling, as the French are to impurity. We had the ladies racing the deck with potatoes in spoons; we had both men and women at a game in which the men dashed up to the women, and each pair tried to have a needle threaded and a cigar lighted ahead of the others. We blindfolded ourselves, and tried to make a chalk-mark in the right place for an eye in a pig drawn on the deck. We set the men at trying to outreach each other while resting on one foot and hand. We had bucket quoits, and the "bull game," as well as that other ancient ship's deck game of shuffle-board. We played at deck billiards, and gave up many afternoons to cricket—or the shadow of it, for it would be silly to try to play it on a ship were it not that no Englishman's life is complete without a certain proportion of cricket. We set the ladies to driving teams of blindfolded men between and around bottles without knocking them over. And both men and women raced one another at emptying full glasses of water, by drinking the liquid a spoonful at a time. We enjoyed blind men's fights, wherein the blinded ones held each other's left hands and whacked at one another's heads with bludgeons of paper. We had hop, skip, and jump contests, and then we got the sailors to rig up a boom across the deck and put mattresses underneath it, so that we might see lords, generals, and colonels straddle the slender, slippery bridge and pommel and be pommelled by clerks and commercial travellers armed with big bags full of linen. You have to see that game to understand how funny it is. You must actually witness the violent blow that falls short and sends its deliverer upside down on the deck. You must see a valiant colonel stagger as he is hit, then hesitate in his death-throes, then smile idiotically, and suddenly show his feet where you have just seen his face. Above all, to know what fun there is in the game—for those who look on—you must see a slender man who knots his legs under the pole sent whirling round it like a button on a door.

Our second-saloon neighbors added an intellectual feature to their diversions by calling for the best rhyme containing

the sentence, "Is spooning on deck permissible?" Finally we were guilty of the error in taste of holding a bun-and-treacle contest by the stewards, tempting them by a prize of five dollars to publicly humble themselves—and us just as much. We hung up the buns by strings, and poured treacle on them. Then we saw our servants, with their hands tied behind them, beslobber their faces and clothing while trying to eat the swinging cakes. When the buns fell down, they finished their performance on their knees on the deck. Since I saw a goose-clubbing contest in Virginia, years ago, I have not had my gorge and my sense of shame so stirred as by this silly contest, with its revelations of a lack of pride on the one side, and of fine feeling on the other.

Among all the grinning faces that peeped at us from behind the sail-cloth partitions at the fancy-dress ball, none were more eloquent of enjoyment than those of the floating ayahs. Ayahs are native Indian women who serve as children's nurses, and I call these on the ship "floating ayahs" because they are sufficiently peculiar to deserve an especial classification. They go to and from England with English families whom they serve neither before, afterwards, nor in any other way. When they reach London they go to a registry office, where they wait for a job that will carry them back to India, and in Bombay and Calcutta they rest only until some one engages them to go to England with another child. One of these floating nurses was making her one-hundred-and-tenth voyage.

In all this merry crowd aboard ship there was one man whose loneliness and lack-lustre face struck a perpetually discordant note. He was our only Hindoo passenger. He hid when the rest of us were dancing or at our other night-time diversions. He was a young man with a very birdlike face, made so by his great shining eyes and his large bent nose. Though we were all going to his country, and most of us made our living there, I think I was the only passenger who addressed a word to him in all those fifteen days. Then he replied to me in good English, but with an expression of wonder on his face, as if I was breaking a rule of good manners in addressing him. There is a whole volume to be written upon the complete isolation of that Indian on that English ship, but I am not going to write it.

"Why does no one speak to that Hindoo?" I inquired of one Englishman.

"Oh, — — —!" was the reply; "we see too many millions of them."

I tried again with another Englishman.

"Do you have nothing to do with the native Indians?" I inquired.

"Oh yes; we have dealings with those who keep shops, and we take a kindly interest in them."

I tried an English lady next.

"Of course we have Indians for servants; and are as good to them as we know how to be," she said.

"Do you ever have Indians as guests or friends at your houses?"

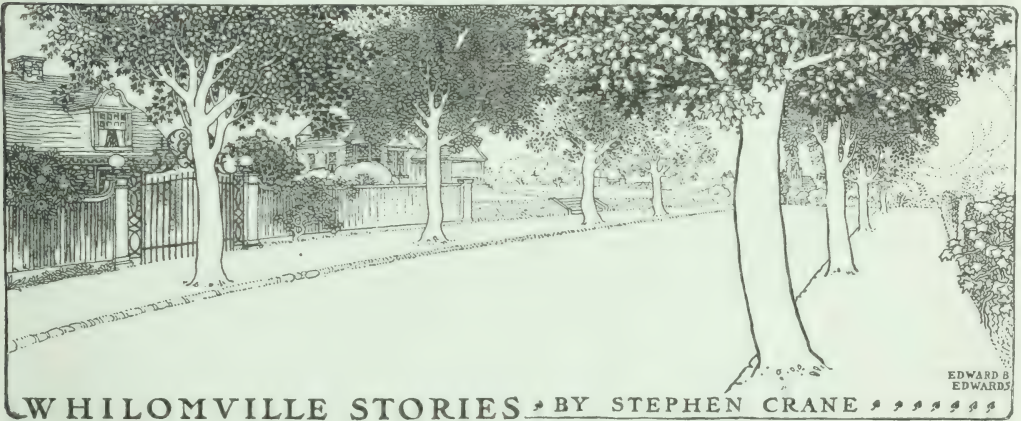
"No, indeed; they will not let us speak to their wives, so we never speak to them, except as their employers or when we have business dealings with them."

On the return voyage I talked about this with a Hindoo—one who bore the English no love, and was ready to weep over the conquest and degradation of his people. Yet on this point his voice was as the echo of the English lady's tone.

"I do not blame the English. Our re-

ligion brings about this as every other strange thing you will note in India. We cannot allow our women to be seen by men, or to have indiscriminate intercourse with foreign women. We shut our doors to the English, and, naturally, they will have no social intercourse with us."

It was evident that I was to see strange foreign conditions heaped upon all the strangeness of India. But I anticipated nothing. The sun silvered the smooth seas every day; we stopped at queer places; we turned night and day to one long festival. Blessed were we in reckoning the happiness of each day sufficient unto itself. Even so it was to the close of the last night before we reached Bombay. Then, as the climax of the fortnight's fun, one merry passenger mounted a table and began an auction—for what do you suppose? "The Cherry"; nothing less. An appreciative lord bid her up to fifteen guineas. At that point she bounded away and ended the contest, leaving us to wonder forever how much a perfect specimen of ripened fruit personified would really fetch when every bidder flung his heart in with his purse.



WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

III—THE LOVER AND THE TELLTALE

WHEN the angel child returned with her parents to New York, the fond heart of Jimmie Trescott felt its bruise greatly. For two days he simply moped, becoming a stranger to all former joys. When his old comrades yelled invitation, as they swept off on some interesting quest, he replied with mournful gestures of disillusion.

He thought often of writing to her, but of course the shame of it made him pause.

Write a letter to a girl? The mere enormity of the idea caused him shudders. Persons of his quality never wrote letters to girls. Such was the occupation of molycoddles and snivellers. He knew that if his acquaintances and friends found in him evidences of such weakness and general milkiness, they would fling themselves upon him like so many wolves, and bait him beyond the borders of sanity.

However, one day at school, in that time of the morning session when children of his age were allowed fifteen minutes of play in the school-grounds, he did not as usual rush forth ferociously to his games. Commonly he was of the worst hoodlums, preying upon his weaker brethren with all the cruel disregard of a grown man. On this particular morning he staid in the school-room, and with his tongue stuck from the corner of his mouth, and his head twisting in a painful way, he wrote to little Cora, pouring out to her all the poetry of his hungry soul, as follows: "My dear Cora I love thee with all my hart oh come bac again, bac, bac gain for I love thee best of all oh come bac again When the spring come again we'll fly and we'll fly like a brid."

As for the last word, he knew under normal circumstances perfectly well how to spell "bird," but in this case he had transposed two of the letters through excitement, supreme agitation.

Nor had this letter been composed without fear and furtive glancing. There was always a number of children who, for the time, cared more for the quiet of the school-room than for the tempest of the play-ground, and there was always that dismal company who were being forcibly deprived of their recess—who were being "kept in." More than one curious eye was turned upon the desperate and lawless Jimmie Trescott suddenly taken to ways of peace, and as he felt these eyes he flushed guiltily, with felonious glances from side to side.

It happened that a certain vigilant little girl had a seat directly across the aisle from Jimmie's seat, and she had remained in the room during the intermission, because of her interest in some absurd domestic details concerning her desk. Parenthetically it might be stated that she was in the habit of imagining this desk to be a house, and at this time, with an important little frown, indicative of a proper matron, she was engaged in dramatizing her ideas of a household.

But this small Rose Goldege happened to be of a family which numbered few males. It was, in fact, one of those curious middle-class families that hold much of their ground, retain most of their position, after all their visible means of support have been dropped in the grave. It contained now only a collection of women who existed submissively, defiantly, se-

curely, mysteriously, in a pretentious and often exasperating virtue. It was often too triumphantly clear that they were free of bad habits. However, bad habits is a term here used in a commoner meaning, because it is certainly true that the principal and indeed solitary joy which entered their lonely lives was the joy of talking wickedly and busily about their neighbors. It was all done without dream of its being of the vulgarity of the alleys. Indeed it was simply a constitutional but not incredible chastity and honesty expressing itself in its ordinary superior way of the whirling circles of life, and the vehemence of the criticism was not lessened by a further infusion of an acid of worldly defeat, worldly suffering, and worldly hopelessness.

Out of this family circle had sprung the typical little girl who discovered Jimmie Trescott agonizingly writing a letter to his sweetheart. Of course all the children were the most abandoned gossips, but she was peculiarly adapted to the purpose of making Jimmie miserable over this particular point. It was her life to sit of evenings about the stove and hearken to her mother and a lot of spinsters talk of many things. During these evenings she was never licensed to utter an opinion either one way or the other way. She was then simply a very little girl sitting open-eyed in the gloom, and listening to many things which she often interpreted wrongly. They on their part kept up a kind of a smug-faced pretence of concealing from her information in detail of the widespread crime, which pretence may have been more elaborately dangerous than no pretence at all. Thus all her home-teaching fitted her to recognize at once in Jimmie Trescott's manner that he was concealing something that would properly interest the world. She set up a scream. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Jimmie Trescott's writing to his girl! Oh! Oh!"

Jimmie cast a miserable glance upon her—a glance in which hatred mingled with despair. Through the open window he could hear the boisterous cries of his friends—his hoodlum friends—who would no more understand the utter poetry of his position than they would understand an ancient tribal sign-language. His face was set in a truer expression of horror than any of the romances describe upon the features of a

man flung into a moat, a man shot in the breast with an arrow, a man cleft in the neck with a battle-axe. He was suppedacious of the fullest power of childish pain. His one course was to rush upon her and attempt, by an impossible means of strangulation, to keep her important news from the public.

The teacher, a thoughtful young woman at her desk upon the platform, saw a little scuffle which informed her that two of her scholars were larking. She called out sharply. The command penetrated to the middle of an early world struggle. In Jimmie's age there was no particular scruple in the minds of the male sex against laying warrior hands upon their weaker sisters. But, of course, this voice from the throne hindered Jimmie in what might have been a berserk attack.

Even the little girl was retarded by the voice, but, without being unlawful, she managed soon to shy through the door and out upon the play-ground, yelling, "Oh, Jimmie Trescott's been writing to his girl!"

The unhappy Jimmie was following as closely as he was allowed by his knowledge of the decencies to be preserved under the eye of the teacher.

Jimmie himself was mainly responsible for the scene which ensued on the play-ground. It is possible that the little girl might have run, shrieking his infamy, without exciting more than a general but unmilitant interest. These barbarians were excited only by the actual appearance of human woe; in that event they cheered and danced. Jimmie made the strategic mistake of pursuing little Rose, and thus exposed his thin skin to the whole school. He had in his cowering mind a vision of a hundred children turning from their play under the maple-trees and speeding toward him over the gravel with sudden wild taunts. Upon him drove a yelping demoniac mob, to which his words were futile. He saw in this mob boys that he dimly knew, and his deadly enemies, and his retainers, and his most intimate friends. The virulence of his deadly enemy was no greater than the virulence of his intimate friend. From the outskirts the little informer could be heard still screaming the news, like a toy parrot with clock-work inside of it. It broke up all sorts of games, not so much because of the mere fact of the

letter-writing, as because the children knew that some sufferer was at the last point, and, like little blood-fanged wolves, they thronged to the scene of his destruction. They galloped about him shrilly chanting insults. He turned from one to another, only to meet with howls. He was baited.

Then, in one instant, he changed all this with a blow. Bang! The most pitiless of the boys near him received a punch, fairly and skilfully, which made him bellow out like a walrus, and then Jimmie laid desperately into the whole world, striking out frenziedly in all directions. Boys who could handily whip him, and knew it, backed away from this onslaught. Here was intention—serious intention. They themselves were not in frenzy, and their cooler judgment respected Jimmie's efforts when he ran amuck. They saw that it really was none of their affair. In the mean time the wretched little girl who had caused the bloody riot was away, by the fence, weeping because boys were fighting.

Jimmie several times hit the wrong boy—that is to say, he several times hit a wrong boy hard enough to arouse also in him a spirit of strife. Jimmie wore a little shirt-waist. It was passing now rapidly into oblivion. He was sobbing, and there was one blood-stain upon his cheek. The school-ground sounded like a pine-tree when a hundred crows roost in it at night.

Then upon the situation there pealed a brazen bell. It was a bell that these children obeyed, even as older nations obey the formal law which is printed in calf-skin. It smote them into some sort of inaction; even Jimmie was influenced by its potency, although, as a finale, he kicked out lustily into the legs of an intimate friend who had been one of the foremost in the torture.

When they came to form into line for the march into the school-room it was curious that Jimmie had many admirers. It was not his prowess; it was the soul he had infused into his gymnastics; and he, still panting, looked about him with a stern and challenging glare.

And yet when the long tramping line had entered the school-room his status had again changed. The other children then began to regard him as a boy in disrepair, and boys in disrepair were always accosted ominously from the throne.



"THEY GALLOPED ABOUT HIM SHRILLY CHANTING INSULTS."

Jimmie's march toward his seat was a feat. It was composed partly of a most slinking attempt to dodge the perception of the teacher and partly of pure braggadocio erected for the benefit of his observant fellow-men.

The teacher looked carefully down at him. "Jimmie Trescott," she said.

"Yes'm," he answered, with business-like briskness, which really spelled out falsity in all its letters.

"Come up to the desk."

He rose amid the awe of the entire school-room. When he arrived she said, "Jimmie, you've been fighting."

"Yes'm," he answered. This was not so much an admission of the fact as it was a concessional answer to anything she might say.

"Who have you been fighting?" she asked.

"I dunno', 'm."

Whereupon the empress blazed out in wrath. "You don't know who you've been fighting?"

Jimmie looked at her gloomily. "No, 'm."

She seemed about to disintegrate to mere flaming fagots of anger. "You don't know who you've been fighting?" she demanded, blazing. "Well, you stay in after school until you find out."

As he returned to his place all the children knew by his vanquished air that sorrow had fallen upon the house of Trescott. When he took his seat he saw gloating upon him the satanic black eyes of the little Goldege girl.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

PART X

LVII.

KENBY did not come to the Swan before supper; then he reported that the doctor had said Rose was on the verge of a nervous collapse. He had overworked at school, but the immediate trouble was the high, thin air, which the doctor said he must be got out of at once, into a quiet place at the sea-shore somewhere. He had suggested Ostend, or some point on the French coast; Kenby had thought of Scheveningen, and the doctor had said that would do admirably.

"I understood from Mrs. Adding," he concluded, "that you were going there for your after-cure, Mr. March, and I didn't know but you might be going soon."

At the mention of Scheveningen the Marches had looked at each other with a guilty alarm, which they both tried to give the cast of affectionate sympathy; but she dismissed her fear that he might be going to let his compassion prevail with him to his hurt when he said: "Why, we ought to have been there before this, but I've been taking my life in my hands in trying to see a little of Germany, and I'm afraid now that Mrs. March has her mind too firmly fixed on Berlin to

let me think of going to Scheveningen till we've been there."

"It's too bad!" said Mrs. March with real regret. "I wish we were going." But she had not the least notion of gratifying her wish; and they were all silent till Kenby broke out:

"Look here! You know how I feel about Mrs. Adding! I've been pretty frank with Mr. March myself, and I've had my suspicions that she's been frank with you. There isn't any doubt about my wanting to marry her, and up to this time there hasn't been any doubt about her not wanting to marry me. But it isn't a question of her or of me, now. It's a question of Rose. I love the boy," and Kenby's voice shook and he faltered a moment. "Pshaw! You understand."

"Indeed I do, Mr. Kenby," said Mrs. March. "I perfectly understand you."

"Well, I don't think Mrs. Adding is fit to make the journey with him alone, or to place herself in the best way after she gets to Scheveningen. She's been badly shaken up; she broke down before the doctor; she said she didn't know what to do; I suppose she's frightened—"

Kenby stopped again, and March asked, "When is she going?"

* Begun in January number, 1899.



"AND I'VE HAD MY SUSPICIONS THAT SHE'S BEEN FRANK WITH YOU."

"To-morrow," said Kenby, and he added, "And now the question is, why shouldn't I go with her?"

Mrs. March gave a little start, and looked at her husband, but he said nothing, and Kenby seemed not to have supposed that he would say anything.

"I know it would be very American, and all that, but I happen to be an American, and it wouldn't be out of character for me. I suppose," he appealed to Mrs. March, "that it's something I might offer to do if it were from New York to Florida—and I happened to be going there? And I did happen to be going to Holland."

"Why of course, Mr. Kenby," she responded, with such solemnity that March gave way in an outrageous laugh.

Kenby laughed, and Mrs. March laughed too, but with an inner note of protest.

"Well," Kenby continued, still addressing her, "what I want you to do is to stand by me when I propose it."

Mrs. March gathered strength to say, "No, Mr. Kenby, it's your own affair, and you must take the responsibility."

"Do you disapprove?"

"It isn't the same as it would be at home. You see that yourself."

"Well," said Kenby, rising, "I have to arrange about their getting away to-morrow. It won't be easy in this hurly-burly that's coming off."

"Give Rose our love; and tell Mrs. Adding that I'll come round and see her to-morrow before she starts."

"Oh! I'm afraid you can't, Mrs. March. They're to start at six in the morning."

"They are? Then we must go and see them to-night. We'll be there almost as soon as you are."

March went up to their rooms with his wife, and she began on the stairs:

"Well, my dear, I hope you realize that your laughing so gave us completely away. And what *was* there to keep grinning about, all through?"

"Nothing but the disingenuous, hypocritical passion of love. It's always the most amusing thing in the world; but to see it trying to pass itself off in poor old Kenby as duty and humanity, and disinterested affection for Rose, was more than I could stand. I don't apologize for laughing; I wanted to yell."

His effrontery and his philosophy both helped to save him; and she said from the point where he had side-tracked her

mind: "I don't call it disingenuous. He was brutally frank. And it's made it impossible to treat the affair with dignity. I want you to leave the whole thing to me, from this out. Now, will you?"

On their way to the Spanischer Hof she arranged in her own mind for Mrs. Adding to get a maid, and for the doctor to send an assistant with her on the journey, but she was in such despair with her scheme that she had not the courage to right herself when Mrs. Adding met her with the appeal:

"Oh, Mrs. March, I'm so glad you approve of Mr. Kenby's plan. It does seem the only thing to do. I can't trust myself alone with Rose, and Mr. Kenby's intending to go to Scheveningen a few days later anyway. Though it's too bad to let him give up the manœuvres."

"I'm sure he won't mind that," Mrs. March's voice said mechanically, while her thought was busy with the question whether this scandalous duplicity was altogether Kenby's, and whether Mrs. Adding was as guiltless of any share in it as she looked. She looked pitifully distracted; she might not have understood his report; or Kenby might really have mistaken Mrs. March's sympathy for favor.

"No; he only lives to do good," Mrs. Adding returned. "He's with Rose; won't you come in and see them?"

Rose was lying back on the pillows of a sofa, from which they would not let him get up. He was full of the trip to Holland, and had already pushed Kenby, as Kenby owned, beyond the bounds of his very general knowledge of the Dutch language, which Rose had plans for taking up after they were settled in Scheveningen. The boy scoffed at the notion that he was not perfectly well, and he wished to talk with March on the points where he had found Kenby wanting.

"Kenby is an encyclopædia compared with me, Rose," the editor protested, and he amplified his ignorance for the boy's good to an extent which Rose saw was a joke. He left Holland to talk about other things which his mother thought quite as bad for him. He wished to know if March did not think that the statue of the bishop with the sparrow on its finger was a subject for a poem; and March said gayly that if Rose would write it he would print it in *Every Other Week*.

The boy flushed for pleasure at his banter. "No, I couldn't do it. But I wish

Mr. Burnamy had seen it. *He could. Will you tell him about it?* He wanted to know if March had heard from Burnamy lately, and in the midst of his vivid interest he gave a weary sigh.

His mother said that now he had talked enough, and bade him say good-by to the Marches, who were coming so soon to Holland, anyway. Mrs. March put her arms round him to kiss him, and when she let him sink back her eyes were dim.

"You see how frail he is!" said Mrs. Adding. "I shall not let him out of my sight, after this, till he's well again."

She had a kind of authority in sending Kenby away with them which was not lost upon the witnesses. He asked them to come into the reading-room a moment with him, and Mrs. March wondered if he were going to make some excuse to her for himself; but he said: "I don't know how we're to manage about the Triscoes. The general will have a room to himself, but if Mrs. Adding takes Rose in with her, it leaves Miss Triscoe out, and there isn't a room to be had in this house for love or money. Do you think," he appealed directly to Mrs. March, "that it would do to offer her my room at the Swan?"

"Why, yes," she assented, with a reluctance rather for the complicity in which he had already involved her, and for which he was still unpunished, than for what he was now proposing. "Or she could come in with me, and Mr. March could take it."

"Whichever you think," said Kenby so submissively that she relented, to ask:

"And what will you do?"

He laughed. "Well, people *have* been known to sleep in a chair. I shall manage somehow."

"You might offer to go in with the general," March suggested, and the men apparently thought this was a joke. Mrs. March did not laugh in her feminine worry about ways and means.

"Where is Miss Triscoe?" she asked. "We haven't seen them."

"Didn't Mrs. Adding tell you? They went to supper at a restaurant: the general doesn't like the cooking here. They ought to have been back before this."

He looked up at the clock on the wall, and she said, "I suppose you would like us to wait."

"It would be very kind of you."

"Oh, it's quite essential," she returned, with an airy freshness which Kenby

did not seem to feel as painfully as he ought.

They all sat down, and the Triscoes came in after a few minutes, and a cloud on the general's face lifted at the proposition Kenby left Mrs. March to make.

"I *thought* that child ought to be in his mother's charge," he said. With his own comfort provided for, he made no objections to Mrs. March's plan; and Agatha went to take leave of Rose and his mother. "By-the-way," the general turned to March, "I found Stoller at the restaurant where we supped. He offered me a place in his carriage for the manoeuvres. How are you going?"

"I think I shall go by train. I don't fancy the long drive."

"Well, I don't know that it's worse than the long walk after you leave the train," said the general from the offence which any difference of taste was apt to give him. "Are you going by train, too?" he asked Kenby with indifference.

"I'm not going at all," said Kenby. "I'm leaving Würzburg in the morning."

"Oh, indeed," said the general.

Mrs. March could not make out whether he knew that Kenby was going with Rose and Mrs. Adding, but she felt that there must be a full and open recognition of the fact among them. "Yes," she said, "isn't it fortunate that Mr. Kenby should be going to Holland, too! I should have been so unhappy about them if Mrs. Adding had been obliged to make that long journey with poor little Rose alone."

"Yes, yes; very fortunate, certainly," said the general, colorlessly.

Her husband gave her a glance of intelligent appreciation; but Kenby was too simply, too densely content with the situation to know the value of what she had done. She thought he must certainly explain, as he walked back with her to the Swan, whether he had misrepresented her to Mrs. Adding, or Mrs. Adding had misunderstood him. Somewhere there had been an error, or a duplicity which it was now useless to punish; and Kenby was so apparently unconscious of it that she had not the heart to be cross with him. She heard Miss Triscoe behind her with March laughing in the gayety which the escape from her father seemed to inspire in her. She was promising March to go with him in the morning to see the Emperor and Empress of Germany arrive at the station, and he was warning her that if she laughed there,

like that, she would subject him to fine and imprisonment. She pretended that she should like to see him led off between two gendarmes, but consented to be a little careful when he asked her how she expected to get back to her hotel without him, if such a thing happened.

LVIII.

After all, Miss Triscoe did not go with March; she preferred to sleep. The imperial party was to arrive at half past seven, but at six the crowd was already dense before the station, and all along the street leading to the Residenz. It was a brilliant day, with the promise of sunshine, through which a chilly wind blew, for the manœuvres. The colors of all the German states flapped in this breeze from the poles wreathed with evergreen which encircled the square; the workmen putting the last touches on the bronzed allegory hurried madly to be done, and they had scarcely finished their labors when two troops of dragoons rode into the place and formed before the station, and waited as motionless as their horses would allow.

These animals were not so conscious as lions at the approach of princes; they tossed and stamped impatiently in the long interval before the Regent and his daughter-in-law came to welcome their guests. All the human beings, both those who were in charge and those who were under charge, were in a quiver of anxiety to play their parts well, as if there were some heavy penalty for failure in the least point. The policemen keeping the people in line behind the ropes which restrained them trembled with eagerness; the faces of some of the troopers twitched. An involuntary sigh went up from the crowd as the Regent's carriage appeared, heralded by outriders, and followed by other plain carriages of Bavarian blue with liveries of blue and silver. Then the whistle of the Kaiser's train sounded; a trumpeter advanced and began to blow his trumpet as they do in the theatre; and exactly at the appointed moment the Emperor and Empress came out of the station through the brilliant human alley leading from it, mounted their carriages, with the stage trumpeter always blowing, and whirled swiftly round half the square and flashed into the corner toward the Residenz out of sight. The same hollow groans of *Ho-o-o-oh* greeted and followed them from the spec-

tators as had welcomed the Regent when he first arrived among his fellow-townsmen, with the same effect of being the conventional cries of a stage mob behind the scenes.

The Emperor was like most of his innumerable pictures, with a swarthy face from which his blue eyes glanced pleasantly; he looked good-humored if not good-natured; the Empress smiled amiably beneath her deeply fringed white parasol, and they both bowed right and left in acknowledgment of those hollow groans; but again it seemed to March that sovereignty gave the popular curiosity, not to call it devotion, a scantier return than it merited. He had perhaps been insensibly working toward some such perception as now came to him that the great difference between Europe and America was that in Europe life is histrionic and dramatized, and that in America, except when it is trying to be European, it is direct and sincere. He wondered whether the innate conviction of equality, the deep, underlying sense of a common humanity transcending all social and civic pretences, was what gave their theatrical effect to the shows of deference from low to high, and of condescension from high to low. If in such encounters of sovereigns and subjects the prince did not play his part so well as the people, it might be that he had a harder part to play, and that to support his dignity at all, to keep from being found out the sham that he essentially was, he had to hurry across the stage amidst the distracting thunders of the orchestra. If the star staid to be scrutinized by the soldiers, citizens, and so forth, even the poor supernumeraries and scene-shifters might see that he was a tallow candle like themselves.

In the censorious mood induced by the reflection that he had waited an hour and a half for half a minute's glimpse of the imperial party, March now decided not to go to the manœuvres, where he might be subjected to still greater humiliation and disappointment. He had certainly come to Würzburg for the manœuvres, but Würzburg had been richly repaying in itself; and why should he stifle half an hour in an overcrowded train, and struggle for three miles on foot against that harsh wind, to see a multitude of men give proofs of their fitness to do manifold murder? He was, in fact, not the least curi-

ous for the sight, and the only thing that really troubled him was the question of how he should justify his recreance to his wife. This did alloy the pleasure with which he began, after an excellent breakfast at a neighboring café, to stroll about the streets, though he had them almost to himself, so many citizens had followed the soldiers to the manœuvres.

It was not till the soldiers began returning from the manœuvres, dusty-footed, and in white canvas overalls drawn over their trousers to save them, that he went back to Mrs. March and Miss Triscoe at the Swan. He had given them time enough to imagine him at the review, and to wonder whether he had seen General Triscoe and the Stollers there, and they met him with such confident inquiries that he would not undeceive them at once. He let them divine from his inventive answers that he had not gone to the manœuvres, which put them in the best humor with themselves, and the girl said it was so cold and rough that she wished her father had not gone, either. The general appeared just before dinner and frankly avowed the same wish. He was rasping and wheezing from the dust which filled his lungs; he looked blown and red, and he was too angry with the company he had been in to have any comments on the manœuvres. He referred to the military chiefly in relation to the Miss Stollers' ineffectual flirtations, which he declared had been outrageous. Their father had apparently no control over them whatever, or else was too ignorant to know that they were misbehaving. They were without respect or reverence for any one; they had talked to General Triscoe as if he were a boy of their own age, or a dotard whom nobody need mind; they had not only kept up their foolish babble before him, they had laughed and giggled, they had broken into snatches of American song, they had all but whistled and danced. They made loud comments in Illinois English on the cuteness of the officers whom they admired, and they had at one time actually got out their handkerchiefs. He supposed they meant to wave them at the officers, but at the look he gave them they merely put their hats together and snickered in derision of him. They were American girls of the worst type; they conformed to no standard of behavior; their conduct was personal. They ought to be taken home.

Mrs. March said she saw what he meant, and she agreed with him that they were altogether unformed, and were the effect of their own ignorant caprices. Probably, however, it was too late to amend them by taking them away.

"It would hide them, at any rate," he answered. "They would sink back into the great mass of our vulgarity, and not be noticed. We behave like a parcel of peasants with our women. We think that if no harm is meant or thought, we may risk any sort of appearance, and we do things that are scandalously improper simply because they are innocent. That may be all very well at home, but people who prefer that sort of thing had better stay there, where our peasant manners won't make them conspicuous."

As their train ran northward out of Würzburg that afternoon, Mrs. March recurred to the general's closing words, "That was a slap at Mrs. Adding for letting Kenby go off with her."

She took up the history of the past twenty-four hours, from the time March had left her with Miss Triscoe when he went with her father and the Addings and Kenby to see that church. She had had no chance to bring up these arrears until now, and she atoned to herself for the delay by making the history very full, and going back and adding touches at any point where she thought she had scanted it. After all, it consisted mainly of fragmentary intimations from Miss Triscoe and of half-uttered questions which her own art now built into a coherent statement.

March could not find that the general had much resented Burnamy's clandestine visit to Carlsbad when his daughter told him, or that he had done more than make her promise that she would not keep up the acquaintance upon any terms unknown to him.

"Probably," Mrs. March said, "as long as he had any hopes of Mrs. Adding, he was a little too self-conscious to be very up and down about Burnamy."

"Then you think he was really serious about her?"

"Now my dear!"

"Oh—all right! I apologize."

"He was so serious that I suppose he was never so completely taken aback in his life as when he met Kenby in Würzburg and saw how she received him. Of course, that put an end to the fight."

"The fight?"

"Yes—that Mrs. Adding and Agatha were keeping up to prevent his offering himself."

"Oh! And how do you know that they were keeping up the fight together?"

"How do I? Didn't you see *yourself* what friends they were? Did you tell him what Stoller had said about Burnamy?"

"I had no chance. I don't know that I should have done it, anyway. It wasn't my affair."

"Well, then, I think you might. It would have been everything for that poor child; it would have completely justified her in her own eyes."

"Perhaps *your* telling *her* will serve the same purpose."

"Yes, I did tell her, and I am glad of it. She had a right to know it."

"Did she think Stoller's willingness to overlook Burnamy's performance had anything to do with its moral quality?"

Mrs. March was daunted for the moment, but she said: "I told her you thought that if a person owned to a fault they disowned it, and put it away from them just as if it had never been committed; and that if a person had taken their punishment for a wrong they had done, they had expiated it so far as anybody else was concerned. And hasn't poor Burnamy done both?"

As a moralist March was flattered to be hoist with his own petard, but as a husband he was not going to come down at once. "I thought probably you had told her that. You had it pat from having just been over it with me. When has she heard from him?"

"Why, that's the strangest thing about it. She hasn't heard at all. She doesn't know where he is. She thought we must know. She was terribly broken up."

"How did she show it?"

"She *didn't* show it. Either you want to tease, or you've forgotten how such things are with young people—or at least girls."

"Yes, it's all a long time ago with me, and I never was a girl. Besides, the frank and direct behavior of Kenby and Mrs. Adding has been very obliterating to my early impressions of love-making."

"It certainly hasn't been ideal," said Mrs. March with a sigh.

"Why hasn't it been ideal?" he asked.

"Kenby is tremendously in love with her; and I believe she's had a fancy for him from the beginning. If it hadn't

been for Rose, she would have accepted him at once; and now he's essential to them both in their helplessness. As for Papa Triscoe and his Europeanized scruples, if they have any reality at all they're the residuum of his personal resentment, and Kenby and Mrs. Adding have nothing to do with their unreality. His being in love with her is no reason why he shouldn't be helpful to her when she needs him, and every reason why he should. I call it a poem, such as very few people have the luck to live out together."

Mrs. March listened with mounting fervor, and when he stopped, she cried out: "Well, my dear, I do believe you are right! It *is* ideal, as you say; it's a perfect poem. And I shall always say—"

She stopped at the mocking light which she caught in his look, and perceived that he had been amusing himself with her perennial enthusiasm for all sorts of love-affairs. But she said that she did not care; what he had said was true, and she should always hold him to it.

They were again in the wedding-journey sentiment in which they had left Carlsbad, when they found themselves alone together after their escape from the pressure of others' interests. The tide of travel was towards Frankfort, where the grand parade was to take place some days later. They were going to Weimar, which was so few hours out of their way that they simply must not miss it; and all the way to the old literary capital they were alone in their compartment, with not even a stranger, much less a friend, to molest them. The flying landscape without was of their own early autumnal mood, and when the vineyards of Würzburg ceased to purple it, the heavy after-math of hay and clover, which men, women, and children were loading on heavy wains, and driving from the meadows everywhere, offered a pastoral and pleasing change. It was always the German landscape; sometimes flat and fertile, sometimes hilly and poor; often clothed with dense woods, but always charming, with castled tops in ruin or repair, and with levels where Gothic villages drowsed within their walls, and dreamed of the mediæval past, silent, without apparent life, except for some little goose-girl driving her flock before her as she sallied out into the nineteenth century in search of fresh pasturage.

As their train mounted among the Thuringian uplands they were aware of a finer, cooler air through their open window. The torrents foamed white out of the black forests of fir and pine, and brawled along the valleys, where the hamlets roused themselves in momentary curiosity as the train roared into them from the many tunnels. The afternoon sunshine had the glister of mountain sunshine everywhere, and the travellers had a pleasant bewilderment in which their memories of Switzerland and the White Mountains mixed with long-dormant emotions from Adirondack sojourns. They chose this place and that in the lovely region where they lamented that they had not come at once for the after-cure, and they appointed enough returns to it in future years to consume all the summers they had left to live.

LIX.

It was falling night when they reached Weimar, where they found at the station a provision of omnibuses far beyond the hotel accommodations. They drove first to the Crown-Prince, which was in a promising state of reparation, but which for the present could welcome them only to an apartment where a canvas curtain cut them off from a freshly plastered wall. The landlord deplored the fact, and sent hospitably out to try and place them at the Elephant. But the Elephant was full, and the Russian Court was full too. Then the landlord of the Crown-Prince bethought himself of a new hotel, of the second class, indeed, but very nice, where they might get rooms, and after the delay of an hour they got a carriage and drove away from the Crown-Prince, where the landlord continued to the last as benevolent as if they had been a profit instead of a loss to him.

The streets of the town at nine o'clock were empty and quiet, and they instantly felt the academic quality of the place. Through the pale night they could see that the architecture was of the classic sentiment which they were destined to feel more and more: at one point they caught a fleeting glimpse of two figures with clasped hands and half embraced, which they knew for the statues of Goethe and Schiller; and when they mounted to their rooms at the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, they passed under a fresco representing Goethe and four other world-famous

poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Tasso, and Schiller. The poets all looked like Germans, as was just, and Goethe was naturally chief among them; he marshalled the immortals on their way, and Schiller brought up the rear and kept them from going astray in an Elysium where they did not speak the language. For the rest, the hotel was brand-new, of a quite American freshness, and was pervaded by a sweet smell as of straw matting, and provided with steam-radiators. In the sense of its homelikeness the Marches boasted that they were never going away from it.

In the morning they discovered that their windows looked out on the grand-ducal museum, with a garden space before and below its classicistic bulk, where, in a whim of the weather, the gay flowers were full of sun. In a pleasant illusion of taking it unawares, March strolled up through the town; but Weimar was as much awake at that hour as at any of the twenty-four, and the tranquillity of its streets, where he encountered a few passers several blocks apart, was their habitual mood. He came promptly upon two objects which he would willingly have shunned: a *denkmal* of the Franco-German war, not so furiously bad as most German monuments, but antipathetic and uninteresting, as all patriotic monuments are; and a woman-and-dog team. In the shock from this he was sensible that he had not seen any woman-and-dog teams for some time, and he wondered by what civic or ethnic influences their distribution was so controlled that they should have abounded in Hamburg, Leipsic, and Carlsbad, and wholly ceased in Nuremberg, Ansbach, and Würzburg, to reappear again in Weimar, though they seemed as characteristic of all Germany as the ugly *denkmals* to her victories over France.

The Goethe and Schiller monument which he had glimpsed the night before was characteristic too, but less offensively so. German statues at the best are conscious; and the poet-pair, as the inscription calls them, have the air of showily confronting posterity with their clasped hands, and of being only partially rapt from the spectators. But they were more unconscious than any other German statues that March had seen, and he quelled a desire to ask Goethe, as he stood with his hand on Schiller's shoulder, and looked serenely into space far above one of the typical equipages of his

country, what he thought of that sort of thing. But upon reflection he did not know why Goethe should be held personally responsible for the existence of the woman-and-dog team. He felt that he might more reasonably attribute to his taste the prevalence of classic profiles which he began to note in the Weimar populace. This could be a sympathetic effect of that passion for the antique which the poet brought back with him from his sojourn in Italy; though many of the people, especially the children, were bow-legged. Perhaps the antique had begun in their faces and had not yet got down to their legs; in any case they were charming children, and as a test of their culture, he had a mind to ask a little girl if she could tell him where the statue of Herder was, which he thought he might as well take in on his ramble, and so be done with as many statues as he could. She answered with a pretty regret in her tender voice, "That I truly cannot," and he was more satisfied than if she could, for he thought it better to be a child and honest, than to know where any German statue was.

He easily found it for himself in the place which is called the Herder Platz after it. He went into the Peter and Paul Church there, where Herder used to preach sermons, sometimes not at all liked by the nobility and gentry for their revolutionary tendency; the sovereign was shielded from the worst effects of his doctrine by worshipping apart from other sinners in a glazed gallery. Herder is buried in the church, and when you ask where, the sacristan lifts a wooden trap-door in the pavement, and you think you are going down into the crypt, but you are only to see Herder's monumental stone, which is kept covered so to save it from passing feet. Here also is the greatest picture of that great soul Luke Kranach, who had sincerity enough in his painting to atone for all the swelling German sculptures in the world. It is a crucifixion, and the cross is of a white birch log, such as might have been cut out of the Weimar woods, shaved smooth on the sides, with the bark showing at the edges. Kranach has put himself among the spectators, and a stream of blood spurts from the side of the Saviour and falls in baptism upon the painter's head. He is in the company of John the Baptist and Martin Luther, and Luther stands with

his Bible open, and his finger on the line, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth us."

Partly because he felt guilty at doing all these things without his wife, and partly because he was now very hungry, March turned from them and got back to his hotel, where she was looking out for him from their open window. She had the air of being long domesticated there, as she laughed down at seeing him come; and the continued brilliancy of the weather added to the illusion of home.

It was like a day of late spring in Italy or America; the sun in that gardened hollow before the museum was already hot enough to make him glad of the shelter of the hotel. The summer seemed to have come back to oblige them, and when they learned that they were to see Weimar in a festive mood because this was Sedan Day, their curiosity, if not their sympathy, accepted the chance gratefully. But they were almost moved to wish that the war had gone otherwise when they learned that all the public carriages were engaged, and they must have one from a stable if they wished to drive after breakfast. Still it was offered them for such a modest number of marks, and their driver proved so friendly and conversable, that they assented to the course of history, and were more and more reconciled as they bowled along through the grand-ducal park beside the waters of the classic Ilm.

The waters of the classic Ilm are sluggish and slimy in places, and in places clear and brooklike, but always a dull dark green in color. They flow in the shadow of pensive trees, and by the brinks of sunny meadows, where the after-math wanders in heavy windrows, and the children sport joyously over the smooth-mown surfaces in all the freedom that there is in Germany. At last, after immemorial appropriation the owners of the earth are everywhere expropriated, and the people come into the pleasure if not the profit of it. At last, the prince, the knight, the noble finds, as in his turn the plutocrat will find that his property is not for him, but for all; and that the nation is to enjoy what he takes from it and vainly thinks to keep from it. Parks, pleasaunces, gardens, set apart for kings, are the play-grounds of the landless poor in the Old World, and perhaps yield the sweetest joy of privilege to some state-sick ruler, some world-weary princess, some lonely child born to the solitude of

sovereignty, as they each look down from their palace windows upon the leisure of overwork taking its little holiday amidst beauty vainly created for the perpetual festival of their empty lives.

March smiled to think that in this very Weimar, where sovereignty had graced and ennobled itself as nowhere else in the world by the companionship of letters and the arts, they still were not hurrying first to see the palace of a prince, but were involuntarily making it second to the cottage of a poet. But in fact it is Goethe who is forever the prince in Weimar. His greatness blots out its history, his name fills the city; the thought of him is its chiefest invitation and largest hospitality. The travellers remembered, above all other facts of the grand-ducal park, that it was there he first met Christiane Vulpius, beautiful and young, when he too was beautiful and young, and took her home to be his love, to the just and lasting displeasure of Frau von Stein, who was even less reconciled when, after eighteen years of due reflection, the love of Goethe and Christiane became their marriage. They wondered just where it was he saw the young girl coming to meet him as the Grand-Duke's minion with an office-seeking petition from her brother, Goethe's brother author, long famed and long forgotten for his romantic tale of *Rinaldo Rinaldini*. They had indeed no great mind, in their American respectability, for that rather matter-of-fact and deliberate *liaison*, and little as their sympathy was for the passionless intellectual intrigue with the Frau von Stein, it cast no halo of sentiment about the Goethe cottage to suppose that there his love-life with Christiane began. Mrs. March even resented the fact, and when she learned later that it was not the fact at all, she removed it from her associations with the pretty place almost indignantly.

In spite of our facile and multiple divorces we Americans are worshippers of marriage, and if a great poet, the minister of a prince, is going to marry a poor girl, we think he had better not wait till their son is almost of age. Mrs. March would not accept as extenuating circumstances the Grand-Duke's godfatherhood, or Goethe's open constancy to Christiane, or the tardy consecration of their union after the French sack of Weimar, when the girl's devotion had saved him from the rude-

ness of marauding soldiers. For her New England soul there were no degrees in such guilt, and perhaps there are really not so many as people have tried to think, in their deference to Goethe's greatness. But certainly the affair was not so simple for a grand-ducal minister of world-wide renown, and he might well have felt its difficulties, for he could not have been proof against the censorious public opinion of Weimar, or the yet more censorious private opinion of Frau von Stein.

On that lovely Italo-American morning no ghost of these old dead embarrassments lingered within or without the Goethe garden-house. The trees which the poet himself planted flung a sun-shot shadow upon it, and about its feet basked a garden of simple flowers, from which the sweet lame girl who limped through the rooms and showed them gathered a parting nosegay for her visitors. The few small living-rooms were above the ground-floor, with kitchen and offices below in the Italian fashion; in one of the little chambers was the camp-bed which Goethe carried with him on his journeys through Italy; and in the larger room at the front stood the desk where he wrote, with the chair before it from which he might just have risen.

All was much more livingly conscious of the great man gone than the proud little palace in the town, which so abounds with relics and memorials of him. His library, his study, his study table, with everything on it just as he left it when

"Cadde la stanca man,"

are there, and there is the death-chair facing the window, from which he gasped for "more light" at last. The handsome, well-arranged rooms are full of souvenirs of his travel, and of that passion for Italy which he did so much to impart to all German hearts, and whose modern waning leaves its records here of an interest pathetically, almost amusingly, faded. They intimate the classic temper to which his mind tended more and more, and amidst the multitude of sculptures, pictures, prints, drawings, gems, medals, autographs, there is the sense of the many-mindedness, the universal taste, for which he found room in little Weimar, but not in his contemporaneous Germany. But it is all less keenly personal, less intimate than the simple garden-house, or else, with the

great troop of people going through it, and the custodians lecturing in various voices and languages to the attendant groups, the Marches had it less to themselves, and so imagined him less in it.

LX.

All palaces have a character of tiresome unlivableness which is common to them everywhere, and very probably if one could meet their proprietors in them one would as little remember them apart afterwards as the palaces themselves. It will not do to lift either houses or men far out of the average; they become spectacles, ceremonies; they cease to have charm, to have character, which belong to the levels of life, where alone there are ease and comfort, and human nature may be itself, with all the little delightful differences repressed in those who represent and typify.

As they followed the custodian through the grand-ducal Residenz at Weimar, March felt everywhere the strong wish of the prince who was Goethe's friend to ally himself with literature, and to be human at least in the humanities. He came honestly by his passion for poets; his mother had known it in her time, and Weimar was the home of Wieland and of Herder before the young Grand-Duke came back from his travels bringing Goethe with him, and afterwards at-

tracting Schiller. The story of that great epoch is all there in the Residenz, told as articulately as a palace can. There are certain Poets' Rooms, frescoed with



"SHE ANSWERED WITH REGRET IN HER TENDER VOICE."

illustrations of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland; there is the room where Goethe and the Grand-Duke used to play chess together; there is the conservatory opening from it where they liked to sit and chat; everywhere in the pictures and sculptures, the engravings and intaglios, are the witnesses of the tastes they shared, the love they both had for Italy

and for beautiful Italian things. The prince was not so great a prince but that he could very nearly be a man; the court was perhaps the most human court that ever was; the Grand-Duke and the grand poet were first boon companions, and then monarch and minister working together for the good of the country; they were always friends, and yet, the American saw in the light of the New World, which he carried with him, how far from friends! At best it was make-believe, the make-believe of superiority and inferiority, the make-believe of master and man, which could only be the more painful and ghastly for the endeavor of two generous spirits to reach and rescue each other through the asphyxiating unreality; but they kept up the show of equality faithfully to the end. Goethe was born citizen of a free republic, and his youth was nurtured in the traditions of liberty; he was one of the greatest souls of any time, and he must have known the impossibility of the thing they pretended; but he died and made no sign, and the poet's friendship with the prince has passed smoothly into history as one of the things that might really be. They worked and played together; they dined and danced, they picnicked and poetized, each on his own side of the impassable gulf, with an air of its not being there which probably did not deceive their contemporaries so much as posterity.

A part of the palace was of course undergoing repair; and in the gallery beyond the conservatory a company of workmen were sitting at a table where they had spread their luncheon. They were somewhat subdued by the consciousness of their august environment; but the sight of them was charming; they gave a kindly interest to the place which it had wanted before; and which the Marches felt again in another palace where the custodian showed them the little tin dishes and saucepans which the German Empress Augusta and her sisters played with when they were children. The sight of these was more affecting even than the withered wreaths which they had left on the death-bed of their mother, and which are still mouldering there.

This was in the Belvedere, the country house on the height overlooking Weimar, where the grand-ducal family spend the month of May, and where the stran-

ger finds himself amid overwhelming associations of Goethe, although the place is so full of relics and memorials of the owners. It seemed in fact to be a storehouse for the wedding-presents of the whole connection, which were on show in every room; Mrs. March hardly knew whether they heightened the domestic effect or took from it; but they enabled her to verify with the custodian's help certain royal intermarriages which she had been in doubt about before. Her zeal for these made such favor with him that he did not spare them a portrait of all those which March hoped to escape; he passed them over, scarcely able to stand, to the gardener, who was to show them the open-air theatre where Goethe used to take part in the plays.

The Natur-Theater was of a classic ideal, realized in the trained vines and clipped trees which formed the *coulisses*. There was a grassy space for the chorus and the commoner audience, and then a few semi-circular gradines cut in the turf, one above another, where the more honored spectators sat. Behind the seats were plinths bearing the busts of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder. It was all very pretty, and if ever the weather in Weimar was dry enough to permit a performance, it must have been charming to see a play in that open day to which the drama is native, though in the late hours it now keeps in the thick air of modern theatres it has long forgotten the fact. It would be difficult to be Greek under a German sky, even when it was not actually raining, but March held that with Goethe's help it might have been done at Weimar, and his wife and he showed themselves such enthusiasts for the Natur-Theater that the walnut-faced old gardener who showed it put together a sheaf of the flowers that grew nearest it and gave them to Mrs. March for a souvenir.

They went for a cup of tea to the café which looks, as from another eyebrow of the hill, out over lovely little Weimar in the plain below. In a moment of sunshine the prospect was very smiling, but their spirits sank over their tea when it came; they were at least sorry they had not asked for coffee. Most of the people about them were taking beer, including the pretty girls of a young ladies' school, who were there with their books and needle-work, in the care of one of the teachers, apparently for the afternoon.

Mrs. March perceived that they were not so much engaged with their books or their needle-work but they had eyes for other things, and she followed the glances of the girls till they rested upon the people at a table somewhat obliquely to the left. These were apparently a mother and daughter, and they were listening to a young man who sat with his back to Mrs. March, and leaned low over the table talking to them. They were both smiling radiantly, and as the girl smiled she kept turning herself from the waist up, and slanting her face from this side to that, as if to make sure that every one saw her smiling.

Mrs. March felt her husband's gaze following her own, and she had just time to press her finger firmly on his arm and reduce his cry of astonishment to the hoarse whisper in which he gasped: "Good gracious! It's the pivotal girl!"

At the same moment the girl rose with her mother, and with the young man, who had risen too, came directly toward the Marches on their way out of the place without noticing them, though Burnamy passed so near that Mrs. March could almost have touched him.

She had just strength to say: "Well, my dear! That was the cut direct."

She said this in order to have her husband reassure her. "Nonsense! He never saw us. Why didn't you speak to him?"

"*Speak* to him? I *never* shall speak to him again. No! This is the last of Mr. Burnamy for *me*. I shouldn't have minded his not recognizing us, for, as you say, I don't believe he saw us; but if he could go back to such a girl as that, and flirt with her, after Miss Triscoe, that's all I wish to know of him. Don't you try to look him up, Basil! I'm glad—yes, I'm *glad*—he doesn't know how Stoller has come to feel about him; he *deserves* to suffer, and I hope he'll keep on suffering. You were quite right, my dear—and it shows how true your instinct is in such things (I don't call it *more* than instinct)—not to tell him what Stoller said, and I don't want you ever should."

She had risen in her excitement, and was making off in such haste that she would hardly give him time to pay for their tea, as she pulled him impatiently to their carriage.

At last he got a chance to say, "I don't think I can quite promise that; my mind's

been veering round in the other direction. I think I shall tell him."

"What! After you've seen him flirting with that girl? Very well, then, you *won't*, my dear; that's all! He's behaving very basely to Agatha."

"What's his flirtation with all the girls in the universe to do with my duty to him? He has a right to know what Stoller thinks. And as to his behaving badly toward Miss Triscoe, how has he done it? So far as you know, there is nothing whatever between them. She either refused him outright, that last night in Carlsbad, or else she made impossible conditions with him. Burnamy is simply consoling himself, and I don't blame him."

"Consoling himself with a pivotal girl!" cried Mrs. March.

"Yes, with a pivotal girl. Her pivotality may be a nervous idiosyncrasy, or it may be the effect of tight lacing; perhaps she has to keep turning and twisting that way to get breath. But attribute the worst motive: say it is to make people look at her! Well, Burnamy has a right to look with the rest; and I am not going to renounce him because he takes refuge with one pretty girl from another. It's what men have been doing from the beginning of time."

"Oh, I dare say!"

"Men," he went on, "are very delicately constituted; very peculiarly. They have been known to seek the society of girls in general, of any girl, because some girl has made them happy; and when some girl has made them unhappy, they are still more susceptible. Burnamy may be merely amusing himself, or he may be consoling himself, but in either case I think the pivotal girl has as much right to him as Miss Triscoe. She had him first; and I'm all for her."

LXI.

Burnamy came away from seeing the pivotal girl and her mother off on the train which they were taking that evening for Frankfurt and Hombourg, and strolled back through the Weimar streets little at ease with himself. While he was with the girl and near her he had felt the attraction by which youth impersonally draws youth, the charm which mere maid has for mere man; but once beyond the range of this he felt sick at heart and ashamed. He was aware of having used her folly as an anodyne for the pain

which was always gnawing at him, and he had managed to forget it in her folly, but now it came back, and the sense that he had been reckless of her rights came with it. He had done his best to make

Agatha Triscoe in Carlsbad; he could not even get back to the resentment with which he had been staying himself somewhat before the pivotal girl unexpectedly appeared with her mother in Weimar.



"HE CAME IN AT BREAKFAST WITH HIS WELL-REMEMBERED SMILE."

her think him in love with her, by everything but words; he wondered how he could be such an ass, such a wicked ass, as to try making her promise to write to him from Frankfort; he wished never to see her again, and he wished still less to hear from her. It was some comfort to reflect that she had not promised, but it was not comfort enough to restore him to such fragmentary self-respect as he had been enjoying since he parted with

It was Sedan Day, but there was apparently no official observance of the holiday, perhaps because the Grand-Duke was away at the manœuvres, with all the other German princes. Burnamy had hoped for some voluntary excitement among the people, at least enough to warrant him in making a paper about Sedan Day in Weimar, which he could sell somewhere; but the night was falling, and there was still no sign of popular rejoicing over the

French humiliation twenty-eight years before, except in the multitude of Japanese lanterns which the children were everywhere carrying at the ends of sticks. Babies had them in their carriages, and the effect of the floating lights in the winding, up-and-down-hill streets was charming even to Burnamy's lack-lustre eyes. He went by his hotel and on to a café with a garden, where there was a patriotic concert promised; he supped there, and then sat dreamily behind his beer, while the music banged and brayed round him unheeded.

Presently he heard a voice of friendly banter saying in English, "May I sit at your table?" and he saw an ironical face looking down on him. "There doesn't seem any other place."

"Why, Mr. March!" Burnamy sprang up and wrung the hand held out to him, but he choked with his words of recognition; it was so good to see this faithful friend again, though he saw him now as he had seen him last, just when he had so little reason to be proud of himself.

March settled his person in the chair facing Burnamy, and then glanced round at the joyful jam of people eating and drinking, under a firmament of lanterns. "This is pretty," he said, "mighty pretty. I shall make Mrs. March sorry for not coming, when I go back."

"Is Mrs. March—she is—with you—in Weimar?" Burnamy asked stupidly.

March forbore to take advantage of him. "Oh, yes. We saw you out at Belvedere this afternoon. Mrs. March thought for a moment that you meant not to see us. A woman likes to exercise her imagination in those little flights."

"I never dreamed of your being there—I never saw—" Burnamy began.

"Of course not. Neither did Mrs. Etkins, nor Miss Etkins; she was looking very pretty. Have you been here some time?"

"Not long. A week or so. I've been at the parade at Würzburg."

"At Würzburg! Ah, how little the world is, or how large Würzburg is! We were there nearly a week, and we pervaded the place. But there was a great crowd for you to hide in from us. What had I better take?" A waiter had come up, and was standing at March's elbow. "I suppose I mustn't sit here without ordering something?"

"White wine and selters," said Burnamy vaguely.

"The very thing! Why didn't I think of it? It's a divine drink: it satisfies without filling. I had it a night or two before we left home, in the Madison Square Roof Garden. Have you seen *Every Other Week* lately?"

"No," said Burnamy, with more spirit than he had yet shown.

"We've just got our mail from Nuremberg. The last number has a poem in it that I rather like." March laughed to see the young fellow's face light up with joyful consciousness. "Come round to my hotel, after you're tired here, and I'll let you see it. There's no hurry. Did you notice the little children with their lanterns, as you came along? It's the gentlest effect that a warlike memory ever came to. The French themselves couldn't have minded those innocents carrying those soft lights on the day of their disaster. You ought to get something out of that, and I've got a subject in trust for you from Rose Adding. He and his mother were at Würzburg; I'm sorry to say the poor little chap didn't seem very well. They've gone to Holland for the sea air." March had been talking for quantity in compassion of the embarrassment in which Burnamy seemed bound; but he questioned how far he ought to bring comfort to the young fellow merely because he liked him. So far as he could make out, Burnamy had been doing rather less than nothing to retrieve himself since they had met; and it was by an impulse that he could not have logically defended to Mrs. March that he resumed: "We found another friend of yours in Würzburg—Mr. Stoller."

"Mr. Stoller?" Burnamy faintly echoed.

"Yes; he was there to give his daughters a holiday during the manœuvres; and they made the most of it. He wanted us to go to the parade with his family; but we declined. The twins were pretty nearly the death of General Triscoe."

Again Burnamy echoed him. "General Triscoe?"

"Oh, yes: I didn't tell you. General Triscoe and his daughter had come on with Mrs. Adding and Rose. Kenby—you remember Kenby, on the *Norumbia*?—Kenby happened to be there, too; we were quite a family party; and Stoller got the general to drive out to the manœuvres with him and his girls."

Now that he was launched, March rather enjoyed letting himself go. He did not know what he should say to Mrs. March when he came to confess having told Burnamy everything before she got a chance at him; he pushed on recklessly, upon the principle, which probably will not hold in morals, that one may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. "I have a message for you from Mr. Stoller."

"For me?" Burnamy gasped.

"I've been wondering how I should put it, for I hadn't expected to see you. But it's simply this: he wants you to know—and he seemed to want me to know—that he doesn't hold you accountable in the way he did. He's thought it all over, and he's decided that he had no right to expect you to save him from his own ignorance where he was making a show of knowledge. As he said, he doesn't choose to plead the baby act. He says that you're all right, and your place on the paper is open to you."

Burnamy had not been very prompt before, but now he seemed braced for instant response. "I think he's wrong," he said, so harshly that the people at the next table looked round. "His feeling as he does has nothing to do with the fact, and it doesn't let me out."

March would have liked to take him in his arms; he merely said: "I think you're quite right, as to that. But there's such a thing as forgiveness, you know. It doesn't change the nature of what you've done; but as far as the sufferer from it is concerned, it annuls it."

"Yes, I understand that. But I can't accept his forgiveness if I hate him."

"But perhaps you won't always hate him. Some day you may have a chance to do him a good turn. It's rather *banal*; but there doesn't seem any other way. Well, I have given you his message. Are you going with me to get that poem?"

When March had given Burnamy the paper at his hotel, and Burnamy had put it in his pocket, the young man said he thought he would take some coffee, and he asked March to join him in the dining-room where they had stood talking.

"No, thank you," said the elder, "I don't propose sitting up all night, and you'll excuse me if I go to bed now. It's a little informal to leave a guest—"

"You're not leaving a guest! I'm at home here. I'm staying in this hotel too."

March said, "Oh!" and then he added abruptly, "Good-night," and went up stairs under the fresco of the five poets.

"Whom were you talking with below?" asked Mrs. March through the door opening into his room from hers.

"Burnamy," he answered from within. "He's staying in this house. He let me know just as I was going to turn him out for the night. It's one of those little uncandors of his that throw suspicion on his honesty in great things."

"Oh! Then you've been telling him," she said, with a mental bound high above and far beyond the point.

"Everything."

"About Stoller, too?"

"About Stoller and his daughters, and Mrs. Adding and Rose and Kenby and General Triscoe and Agatha."

"Very well. That's what I call shabby. Don't ever talk to me again about the inconsistency of women. But now there's something perfectly fearful."

"What is it?"

"A letter from Miss Triscoe came after you were gone, asking us to find rooms in some hotel for her and her father to-morrow. He isn't well, and they're coming. And I've telegraphed them to come here. Now what do you say?"

LXII.

They could see no way out of the trouble, and Mrs. March could not resign herself to it till her husband suggested that she should consider it providential. This touched the lingering superstition in which she had been ancestrally taught to regard herself as a means, when in a very tight place, and to leave the responsibility with the moral government of the universe. As she now perceived, it had been the same as ordered that they should see Burnamy under such conditions in the afternoon that they could not speak to him, and hear where he was staying; and in an inferior degree it had been the same as ordered that March should see him in the evening and tell him everything, so that she should know just how to act when she saw him in the morning. If he could plausibly account for the renewal of his flirtation with Miss Etkins, or if he seemed generally worthy apart from that, she could forgive him.

It was so pleasant when he came in at breakfast with his well-remembered smile that she did not require from him any

explicit defence. While they talked she was righting herself in an undercurrent of drama with Miss Triscoe, and explaining to her that they could not possibly wait over for her and her father in Weimar, but must be off that day for Berlin, as they had made all their plans. It was not easy, even in drama where one has everything one's own way, to prove that she could not without impiety so far interfere with the course of Providence as to prevent Miss Triscoe's coming with her father to the same hotel where Burnamy was staying. She contrived, indeed, to persuade her that she had not known he was staying there when she telegraphed them where to come, and that in the absence of any open confidence from Miss Triscoe she was not obliged to suppose that his presence would be embarrassing.

March proposed leaving her with Burnamy while he went up into the town and despatched some odds and ends of sight-seeing which had remained over, and as soon as March got himself away she came to business, breaking altogether from the inner drama with Miss Triscoe and devoting herself to Burnamy. They had already got so far as to have mentioned the meeting with the Triscoes in Würzburg, and she said: "Did Mr. March tell you they were coming here? Or, no! We hadn't heard then. Yes, they are coming to-morrow. They may be going to stay some time. She talked of Weimar when we first spoke of Germany on the ship." Burnamy said nothing, and she suddenly added, with a sharp glance, "They wanted us to get them rooms, and we advised their coming to this house." He started very satisfactorily, and "Do you think they would be comfortable, here?" she pursued.

"Oh, yes, very. They can have my room; it's southeast; I shall be going into other quarters." She did not say anything; and "Mrs. March," he began again, "what is the use of my beating about the bush? You must know what I went back to Carlsbad for, that night—"

"No one ever told—"

"Well, you must have made a pretty good guess. But it was a failure. I ought to have failed, and I did. She said that unless her father liked it— And apparently he hasn't liked it." Burnamy smiled ruefully.

"How do you know? She didn't know where you were!"

"She could have got word to me if she had had good news for me. They've forwarded other letters from Pupp's. But it's all right; I had no business to go back to Carlsbad. Of course you didn't know I was in this house when you told them to come; and I must clear out. I had better clear out of Weimar, too."

"No, I don't think so; I have no right to pry into your affairs, but—"

"Oh, they're wide enough open!"

"And you may have changed your mind. I thought you might, when I saw you yesterday at Belvedere—"

"I was only trying to make bad worse."

"Then I think the situation has changed entirely through what Mr. Stoller said to Mr. March."

"I can't see how it has. I committed an act of shabby treachery, and I'm as much to blame as if he still wanted to punish me for it."

"Did Mr. March say that to you?"

"No; I said that to Mr. March; and he couldn't answer it, and you can't. You're very good, and very kind, but you can't answer it."

"I can answer it very well," she boasted, but she could find nothing better to say than, "It's your duty to her to see her and let her know."

"Doesn't she know already?"

"She has a right to know it from you. I think you are morbid, Mr. Burnamy. You know very well I didn't like your doing that to Mr. Stoller. I didn't say so at the time, because you seemed to feel it enough yourself. But I did like your owning up to it," and here Mrs. March thought it time to trot out her borrowed battle-horse again. "My husband always says that if a person owns up to an error, fully and faithfully, as you've always done, they make it the same in its consequences to them as if it had never been done."

"Does Mr. March say that?" asked Burnamy with a relenting smile.

"Indeed he does!"

Burnamy hesitated; then he asked, gloomily again: "And what about the consequences to the other fellow?"

"A woman," said Mrs. March, "has nothing to do with *them*. And besides, I think you've done all you could to save Mr. Stoller from the consequences."

"I haven't done anything."

"No matter. You would if you could. I wonder," she broke off, to prevent his

persistence at a point where her nerves were beginning to give way. "what can be keeping Mr. March?"

Nothing much more important, it appeared later, than the pleasure of sauntering through the streets on the way to the house of Schiller, and looking at the pretty children going to school, with books under their arms. It was the day for the schools to open after the long summer vacation, and there was a freshness of expectation in the shining faces which, if it could not light up his own graybeard visage, could at least touch his heart.

When he reached the Schiller house he found that it was really not the Schiller house, but the Schiller flat, of three or four rooms, one flight up, whose windows look out upon the street named after the poet. The whole place is bare and clean; in one corner of the large room fronting the street stands Schiller's writing-table, with his chair before it; with the foot extending toward this there stands, in another corner, the narrow bed on which he died: some withered wreaths on the pillow frame a picture of his death-mask, which at first glance is like his dead face lying there. It is all rather tasteless and all rather touching, and the place with its meagre appointments, as compared with the rich Goethe house, suggests that personal competition with Goethe in which Schiller is always falling into the second place. Whether it will be finally so with him in literature it is too early to ask of time, and upon other points eternity will not be interrogated. "The great Goethe and the good Schiller," they remain; and yet, March reasoned, there was something good in Goethe and something great in Schiller.

He was so full of the pathos of their inequality before the world that he did not heed the warning on the door of the pastry-shop near the Schiller house, and on opening it he bedaubed his hand with the fresh paint on it. He was then in such a state that he could not bring his mind to bear upon the question of which cakes his wife would probably prefer, and he stood helplessly holding up his hand till the good woman behind the counter discovered his plight, and uttered a loud cry of compassion. She ran and got a wet napkin, which she rubbed with soap, and then she instructed him by word and gesture to rub his hand upon it, and she did not leave him till his rescue was com-

plete. He let her choose a variety of the cakes for him, and came away with a gay paper bag full of them, and with the feeling that he had been in more intimate relations with the life of Weimar than travellers were often privileged to be. He argued from the instant and intelligent sympathy of the pastry woman a high grade of culture in all classes; and he conceived the notion of pretending to Mrs. March that he had got these cakes from a descendant of Schiller.

His deceit availed with her for the brief moment in which she always, after so many years' experience of his duplicity, believed anything he told her. They dined merrily together at their hotel, and then Burnamy came down to the station with them and was very comfortable to March in helping him to get their tickets and their baggage registered. The train which was to take them to Halle, where they were to change for Berlin, was rather late, and they had but ten minutes after it came in before it would start again. Mrs. March was watching impatiently at the window of the waiting-room for the dismounting passengers to clear the platform and allow the doors to be opened: suddenly she gave a cry, and turned and ran into the passage by which the new arrivals were pouring out toward the superabundant omnibuses. March and Burnamy, who had been talking apart, mechanically rushed after her and found her kissing Miss Triscoe and shaking hands with the general amidst a tempest of questions and answers, from which it appeared that the Triscoes had got tired of staying in Würzburg, and had simply come on to Weimar a day sooner than they had intended.

The general was rather much bundled up for a day which was mild for a German summer day, and he coughed out an explanation that he had taken an abominable cold at that ridiculous parade, and had not shaken it off yet. He had a notion that change of air would be better for him; it could not be worse.

He seemed a little vague as to Burnamy, rather than inimical. While the ladies were still talking eagerly together in proffer and acceptance of Mrs. March's lamentations that she should be going away just as Miss Triscoe was coming, he asked if the omnibus for their hotel was there. He by no means resented Burnamy's assurance that it was, and he did not re-

fuse to let him order their baggage, little and large, loaded upon it. By the time this was done, Mrs. March and Miss Triscoe had so far detached themselves from each other that they could separate after one more formal expression of regret and forgiveness. With a lament into which she poured a world of inarticulate emotions, Mrs. March wrenched herself from the place, and suffered herself to be pushed toward her train. But with the

last long look which she cast over her shoulder, before she vanished into the waiting-room, she saw Miss Triscoe and Burnamy transacting the elaborate politenesses of amiable strangers with regard to the very small bag which the girl had in her hand. He succeeded in relieving her of it; and then he led the way out of the station on the left of the general, while Miss Triscoe brought up the rear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEWARD'S PROPOSITION OF APRIL 1, 1861,*

FOR A FOREIGN WAR AND A DICTATORSHIP

BY FREDERIC BANCROFT

NOT until about a quarter of a century afterward was it known that on April 1, 1861, Seward had passed a formal criticism on the way Lincoln's administration had been conducted since the inauguration, and had proposed that the whole policy be changed; that a course be adopted that would surely have stirred up a war between two hemispheres, and that he, the Secretary of State, be made practical dictator. But no biographer of either Lincoln or Seward has ever explained how Seward advanced, step by step, to this astounding proposition. It was evident that Seward's aim was to rule the administration, but just why he made this proposition, and how much or little there was in our foreign relations to warrant it, are questions that have never been answered; yet, without knowing the answer to them, one cannot fully understand either Seward or Lincoln at the most critical time in their lives.

Up to 1861, Seward was the truest exponent of the Republican party as an effective political organization. Although he was defeated for the presidential nomination in 1860, his prestige was hardly at all lessened. He was the chief feature on the Republican side during the subsequent campaign. Shortly after Lincoln's election he was invited to become Secretary of State in the new administration. In the winter of 1860-61, when States were seced-

ing and Southerners were planning the destruction of Federal authority south of Mason and Dixon's line, when most of the Northern Democrats were unwilling to do anything that would encourage Buchanan to prevent the seizure of Federal property in the South, and when the Republicans were divided in opinion and were in a helpless minority, Seward assumed what he called "a sort of dictatorship for defence." This referred especially to his zealous efforts, more or less in conjunction with General Scott and Attorney-General Stanton, to have Washington quietly guarded against invasion from Maryland or Virginia, and to keep a close watch on the movements of the secessionists both in the administration and in Congress. Seward's more extensive aim was to unite all men who were opposed to secession, and to allay the fears of the Southerners that the Republicans intended to attack slavery within the States. He did not favor forcible resistance to what was occurring, but he displayed a cheerful confidence that secession would not be successful. He announced that he would support a constitutional amendment prohibiting interference with slavery in the States on the part of Congress, and would help forward a movement for a constitutional convention where grievances might be heard and corrected. By showing the advantage and necessity of the Union he undertook to bring all Unionists into friendly and sympathetic relations. He opposed everything that he thought would hinder these

* This subject is treated more fully, and the authorities are cited, in the author's *Life of William H. Seward*, which is to be published presently.

aims and create excitement, and precipitate violent action on the part of the Confederate government, which began to take shape early in February.

This policy was not what one would have expected from his previous opinions, but the necessities of the time and the results of his action have justified it. There was need that he—the Republican leader past, present, and prospective—should adopt some general course of action, and no one has ever suggested what course he might have taken that would make the status better on March 4, 1861.

If Buchanan had dared to follow the example of Jackson when dealing with nullification, it would have been Seward's plain duty to support a policy of vigorous repression of disunion; but without Buchanan's lead a demand on Seward's part for coercion would have warned the secessionists to make haste while the Republicans were still helpless. As it was, Seward had at least encouraged the Southern Unionists outside of the cotton States; he had materially helped to prevent the spread of secession, and he had also brought about more friendly relations between the milder men of each section, and had thereby kept open for the new administration the question of war or peace. And there was as much truth as egotism in his declaration to Lincoln, on February 24: "Only the soothing words which I have spoken have saved us and carried us along thus far. Every loyal man, and indeed every disloyal man, in the South will tell you this."

He had found a *modus vivendi*. Otherwise there would have remained no Union that Lincoln could save.

I.

After March 4, 1861, the Republicans had possession of the executive branch of the government and practical control of Congress, and therefore they were bound to adopt a vigorous and definite policy.

The inhabitants of the city of Washington were opposed to coercion, and many of them were in sympathy with secession. The well-organized and determined Confederacy of seven States was not immediately in front of the national capital, but it rested safely behind a double row of States, which promised to serve the purpose of a vast series of defensive fortifications. If the Confederacy had gained possession of all the forts

within its territory, as it had of the post-offices and custom-houses, there would probably have been no war except as a result of the secession of States farther north. But Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor and in sight of the fountain of secession, was still held by United States troops. They also retained possession of Fort Pickens, off Pensacola, Florida, which was the chief stronghold of the Gulf. Neither Fort Sumter nor Fort Pickens could be surrendered or evacuated voluntarily without national humiliation and a confession of inability or fear to resist disunion. Nor could the Confederacy consent to the retention of these forts by the United States without inviting the reproach that the new government had not the courage to assert the sovereignty it claimed. Hence the chiefs on each side calculated that if there was to be a war it would begin at one of these points. So far a conflict had been avoided by means of mutual agreements. The Confederates in each locality had promised not to attack the neighboring fort on condition that Buchanan would not endeavor to re-enforce it. The effect of this was highly beneficial to the secessionists. Every day the resources of Major Anderson, who was in command of Fort Sumter, became less, while South Carolina was surrounding the harbor with forts and obstructing the channel. Although the *Brooklyn* and other war-ships, with hundreds of troops aboard, hovered about Fort Pickens, and might have re-enforced it and removed all danger of its seizure, this ill-balanced truce, so stupid and cowardly on Buchanan's part, tied the hands of the United States officers, while the Confederates planted batteries and prepared for offensive warfare. There is no positive evidence that Lincoln ever said directly that Sumter would be evacuated, but there are many signs that he thought such an outcome likely. However, he continued to make inquiries and to study the great national crisis.

Seward really believed that his assurances, in December, that in sixty days the skies would be brighter, had been warranted, and that he had "brought the ship off the sands." When Southerners and their friends had questioned his ability to make his policy that of the Republican administration, he had pointed to his influence over General Scott, the head of the army, and, until recently, the chief of the coercionists. To those

who still doubted he was able to show a letter which the general had addressed to him on March 3, as if the Secretary of State, instead of the President, were to choose the line of action for the incoming administration. Lincoln had followed Seward's suggestions about changing passages in the draft of the inaugural address; and although he had not allowed Seward's friends to have undue influence in the selection of the cabinet, he had declined to accept Seward's consequent request to be excused from becoming Secretary of State, saying that the public interests demanded he should take that office. Seward's importance and experience in the past were the best preparation for the time when the new administration could meet, with charity and patience, what was declared to be groundless fear, when rewards and punishments could be substituted for warnings and promises.

On March 15 Lincoln requested each member of his cabinet to give a written opinion on this question: "Assuming it to be possible now to provision Fort Sumter, under all the circumstances is it wise to attempt it?" Seward answered in the negative, because he thought that such an attempt would probably initiate a civil war, which he regarded "as the most disastrous and deplorable of national calamities." Therefore he had studied how to save the Union without war. He believed that even in South Carolina there was a "profound and permanent national sentiment" that "could ultimately be relied upon to rally the people of the seceding States to reverse, upon due deliberation, all the popular acts of legislatures and conventions by which they were hastily and violently committed to disunion." His policy was to try conciliation so as to strengthen the Southern Unionists, and thereby peaceably secure the continuance of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas in the Union. "It is through their good and patriotic offices," he said, "that I look to see the Union sentiment revived and brought once more into activity in the seceding States, and through this agency those States themselves returning into the Union." Because all the slave States believed in the right of secession, it was well known that they would regard any attempt to coerce the cotton States as positive evidence that the Republicans intended to disregard the

Constitution and make an attack upon slavery. As it was foreseen that the Union was to be saved or lost according to the action of the border slave States, they must be treated so as to prevent their joining the Confederacy. Seward believed that the evacuation of Fort Sumter would be taken as the best evidence of the peaceful intentions of the administration, and that, as a result, several of the loyal slave States would come out positively and finally against secession.

Virginia was regarded as the most important and promising of the doubtful States. She had led in the movement that brought about a peace conference in Washington. And although this conference failed to accomplish its purpose, it discouraged violent action, and for a time greatly strengthened the large majority of Unionists in the Virginia State convention, which had been in session since February 13, 1861. Seward's expectation was that by the evacuation of Fort Sumter and the avoidance of all signs of coercion this convention could be induced to adjourn. This was the main question, and all others were considered in regard to their effect upon it. Getting rid of the Virginia convention would make the immediate secession of the State impossible. Then the next dangerous question could be taken up, and perhaps a movement for a convention of the loyal slave States, probably at Frankfort, Kentucky, could be begun; and it was hoped that this convention would be followed within a few months by a constitutional convention for the settlement of all the difficulties. The members of the Virginia convention continued their debates while the administration was considering what policy to adopt.

Excepting some phases of the purely military question, all the conclusions that Seward had urged for the evacuation of Fort Sumter applied with about equal force to Fort Pickens. Even on the military side of the question, the difference, which was chiefly one of time and degree, would disappear with the carrying out of Seward's plan. His attitude meant a waiving of sovereign rights, a voluntary paralysis in administration, and the acceptance temporarily of whatever might be necessary to avoid war. The prejudices and fears of the Southerners must be allowed to wear off in quiet. But as yet Fort Sumter was the only very urgent

question, for it was known that the garrison would be starved out unless reprovisioned by the middle of April. Seward's opinion in favor of evacuation was supported by the highest military authority, and by all the members of the cabinet except Chase and Montgomery Blair. But the Republicans of the Senate, then in extra session, were urgent for vigorous measures for the protection of Federal rights and property. Lincoln remained undecided, while he was making inquiries by two or three independent means as to the status in South Carolina.

II.

Meantime a very annoying collateral question had arisen. On February 27, Martin J. Crawford, John Forsyth, and A. B. Roman had been appointed Confederate Commissioners to the United States, in the hope that they could obtain a recognition of the independence of their government. In case the President of the United States should refuse to receive them, or to open negotiations, but be willing to refer the subject to the Senate, they were instructed to accede. Or if he should propose to withhold a reply to their communication until Congress assembled and pronounced a decision in the premises, they were to oppose no obstacle, provided, in either case, they received from him satisfactory assurances that the existing peaceful status as between the two governments should be rigidly maintained, and that no attempt should be made under any pretext whatever by the United States to exercise any jurisdiction, whether civil or military, within the limits of the Confederacy. It was of the greatest importance that they should secure the maintenance of the status pending negotiations.

Dr. William Gwin, whose term as Senator from California expired on March 4, 1861, had already been used by Seward as a means of letting the President of the Confederacy know that the intentions and expectations of the prospective Secretary of State were all favorable to a peaceful solution of the difficulties. Seward was barely installed in his new office when Gwin, in the capacity of agent for the commissioners, called and represented it as his own opinion that the commissioners were ready to accept war, and could not admit of delay unless they should receive a most reliable guaranty as to the

peaceful intentions of the government. Finally it was agreed that the agent should bring to Seward a memorandum stating the terms on which the commissioners would consent to a delay, for a satisfactory answer could not be given by Seward at this time. Accordingly, the agent with the memorandum called at the Department of State on the morning of March 8. It stated that the commissioners would postpone the consideration of the subject of their mission for a period not exceeding twenty days, provided that the existing military status should be preserved in every respect. But Seward was at home, and too ill to transact any business. Gwin became dissatisfied and dropped out of the negotiations.

Seward soon recovered, and Senator Hunter of Virginia became the go-between. The commissioners represented to their government that Seward was "perceptibly embarrassed and uneasy" when Hunter appeared at the Department of State, March 11; for the Secretary "seemed to apprehend the formal presentation of the issue we have in charge." Because it was believed that the evacuation of Sumter had been decided upon, the commissioners concluded to forego the demand for the preservation of the military status and to insist upon an informal interview. In reply Seward said that before he could consent he would have to consult the President, and that he would give Hunter an answer the next day. But the President would not permit the interview. So Seward replied, March 12: "It will not be in my power to receive the gentlemen of whom we spoke yesterday. You will please explain to them that this decision proceeds solely on public grounds, and not from any want of personal respect."

Discouraged by the failure of indirect methods, the commissioners, on March 13, made a written request for an official audience with the Secretary of State, so that they might state the object of their mission. They asked for an answer on the following day. When their messenger called for it, he was told that it would be sent to their hotel on the succeeding day. But none came; so the messenger was sent to the department to make inquiries. He was informed that a reply was then preparing.

The immediate rejection of the request of the commissioners seemed to be inevi-

table. Whenever it should come, they would have to withdraw. Then the channel of amicable communication between the two governments would close, and warlike demonstrations must soon follow. This would mark the end and utter failure of Seward's policy. During his whole career there had been no idea or course of action to which he had clung so fondly. He had a great reputation as a political seer, and his pride did not lag behind his reputation.

While still distressed by the dilemma on March 15, Justice Nelson of the Supreme Court laid before him some opinions to the effect that there were serious constitutional objections to the employment of coercive measures against the Confederacy. Shortly afterward Nelson met his colleague, Judge John A. Campbell, and took him to Seward, hoping that he might help to overcome the immediate difficulties. According to agreement, Campbell immediately reported to the commissioners Seward's desire to preserve the peace, and left with them a written statement expressing "perfect confidence" that Sumter would be evacuated in the next five days; "that no measure changing the existing status of things prejudicially to the Southern Confederate States is at present contemplated;" that an immediate demand for an answer to their communication would "be productive of evil and not of good"; and he asked for a delay of ten days until the effect of the evacuation of Fort Sumter could be ascertained. Of course the commissioners understood that Campbell obtained his information from Seward; in fact, all concerned must have known that there was no other source for such assurances. The same day Campbell sent Seward a careful account of what had been done.

Heretofore it has been claimed that Campbell said more to the commissioners than he was authorized to do, and that Seward knew nothing about it. But only a few hours after he received his instructions he reported to Seward that he had told Crawford "that no measure changing the existing status of things prejudicially to the Confederate States is at present contemplated by the administration." This covered Fort Pickens as positively as if that fort had been expressly named. Moreover it was avowed, and thoroughly understood on all sides, that the Confederacy would violently

resist any attempt to re-enforce United States troops at any point within the boundary of the seven seceded States.

After the expiration of the five days within which Sumter was to be evacuated, Campbell was requested to make inquiries about the delay. On March 21 he conferred with Seward, and again gave the commissioners a written statement that his "confidence" was "unabated" as to the facts stated on March 15; "second, that no prejudicial movement to the South is contemplated as respects Fort Pickens. I shall be able to speak positively to-morrow afternoon."

After a long consultation with Seward on March 22, Campbell made a third record of his "unabated confidence" that there was no ground for distrust as to Sumter, and that the condition of things at Fort Pickens was not to be altered prejudicially to the Confederacy. He advised against making any demands upon the United States, and said he should have knowledge of any change in the existing status. Justice Nelson was present at each of the three interviews, and Campbell showed the statements to him, and obtained his sanction before giving them to the commissioners, and Campbell published the fact only a few weeks later. Nelson's loyalty would have made it morally obligatory to deny Campbell's account if it had not been correct.

Until the last days of March, Seward's general influence over the administration seemed to be undisturbed. Although Lincoln had not adopted his recommendations, he so carefully avoided direct antagonism to them that Seward and his friends continued to believe that they would prevail.

III.

On March 28 the extra session of the Senate came to an end. This was a promise that the Republican members who had urged a vigorous policy of national defence would in the future have less weight with the administration. By this time, too, Lincoln had received answers to his different inquiries as to the conditions in South Carolina. This was also the last day of the period of delay the commissioners had been authorized to make. The general indications were, moreover, that the Confederate government would not much longer remain patient, or be able to prevent an outbreak of violence at

Fort Sumter or Fort Pickens, or both. But what was of the greatest immediate importance was the sensational and true announcement made by the *New York Tribune*, also on March 28, that an order had been issued two weeks before to re-enforce Fort Pickens with the 400 men on the *Brooklyn*. This announcement, if confirmed, was sure to excite the Confederates, and was likely to compel the administration to decide within a few days upon a definite policy.

Late that evening Lincoln called the members of his cabinet into consultation, to inform them that General Scott had recommended that Fort Pickens, as well as Fort Sumter, should be evacuated. Lincoln showed considerable emotion in making the announcement. A painful silence followed, until Postmaster-General Blair began to denounce Scott for "playing politician," in recommending the surrender of a fort that was regarded as impregnable. Those present understood that the remarks were aimed at Seward; and in after-years both Blair and Welles recorded their belief that Scott was acting at Seward's instigation.

The intimacy between Scott and Seward since December—Scott had been Seward's right arm in the "sort of dictatorship for defence"—makes it seem likely that they were in touch in military questions much as Seward and Weed were in political ones, and that Scott's recommendation was really Seward's, adroitly and tentatively made in this way in order to avoid hazarding the influence of the Secretary of State. Repeatedly since 1839, when Seward and Weed used Scott as one of the means of preventing the nomination of Henry Clay, the general had been a very convenient figure-head for the shrewd New York leaders. They had acted together for the defence of Washington against invasion and conspiracy; they planned how Lincoln could escape the alleged plot to assassinate him in passing through Baltimore. It has been noticed how Seward pointed to his influence over Scott. No one has ever explained why Scott's letter of March 3 was addressed to Seward rather than to the President or the Secretary of War; for it claimed to be only a repetition in writing of what had been expressed in conversation. Rumor said that Weed had a hand in the matter. It is at least strange that just the opinions expressed

in it that Seward would have wanted the Confederates to know, as evidence that Scott fully agreed with him in opposition to coercion, were within three days reported to Montgomery by the commissioners. In later years Welles asserted that when the Sumter question first came before the new cabinet Seward recommended that it be referred to Scott for final decision, that his report be conclusive, and that Seward was as yet the only member who was aware that Scott had ceased to be a coercionist. On the night of the 5th of March Scott wrote for the President a lengthy opinion in entire harmony with Seward's ideas as to evacuating Sumter. On March 6 Seward carried it away from the White House before the President had examined it, and lent it to Stanton, to be shown to Dix. On the 7th Lincoln requested Seward to return the paper so that he could study it.

This opinion of March 5 referred also to a truce as to Fort Pickens between the previous administration and some of the Confederates. On the same day the President had requested General Scott to use "all possible vigilance for the maintenance of all the places." On the 9th he learned that nothing had been done toward re-enforcing Fort Pickens; so, on the 11th, he put the order in writing. Welles has recorded that on that day Scott was very eager to have a naval vessel (because overland communications were unreliable) take an army officer, who should be bearer of despatches instructing Captain Vodges of the *Brooklyn*, lying off the harbor of Pensacola, to disembark his men so as to strengthen Fort Pickens; but that by the 12th Scott had lost his "earnest zeal," and had concluded that it would suffice to send merely a written order to Vodges. So this was done on March 12. It was on the 11th of March that Hunter called on Seward in behalf of the commissioners. Everybody knew that a continuation of the truce at Fort Pickens, as well as at Fort Sumter, was a *sine qua non* of delay and friendly intercourse on the part of Crawford, Forsyth, and Roman. We have seen how Seward encouraged Hunter to believe that he would receive the commissioners, and how, when he had to withdraw this encouragement, he soon gave Campbell assurances incorrectly declaring that there was no intention to change the status. This, with reassurances at differ-

ent times, as has been noticed, kept the Confederates in repose for two weeks. The *Tribune's* disclosure of March 28 about the order for re-enforcing Fort Pickens was undoubtedly known to Seward and Scott before the hour when Scott made his startling recommendation to evacuate Fort Pickens. Whether this recommendation was the result of fear lest the report of Scott's order might precipitate a war cannot be affirmed; it is only certain that the report did not bring war because it was discredited. It is now certain that by the evening of March 28 Seward knew that his assurances about there being no intention to change the status were incorrect. As a man of honor he was bound either to tell Campbell the truth or to counteract the possible effects of the order to re-enforce Fort Pickens, so as to make the change of status not "prejudicial" to the Confederacy. This could be done only by inducing the Federal government to withdraw from Fort Pickens, which Scott now urged.

But there is still another mysterious thread. It should be remembered that Lincoln was calm in the belief that Vodges had landed the troops according to the order of the 12th, and that Fort Pickens was absolutely safe. But, as a matter of fact, the commandant had failed to obey instructions, as the administration learned a few days later. If Seward expected such an outcome, that would explain both why he had dared to give Campbell the assurances at different times since March 15, and why he had not hastened to undeceive him and the commissioners after March 28. Whether Seward had any reason to expect that the order to re-enforce Fort Pickens would not be obeyed is unknown, but we know positively that there was no chance for him to get free from his embarrassment unless Lincoln should withdraw the troops from Fort Pickens and thereby close the whole question as speedily as possible.

When the cabinet met again at noon, March 29, Chase, Blair, and Welles agreed that Fort Sumter should be relieved. Bates was non-committal on this point. Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, was the only one who still stood with Seward in regard to Sumter, and Smith's advice plainly rested upon the presumption that the evacuation of Sumter would be compensated for by rigorous measures

elsewhere. The logic of Seward's former attitude meant that Pickens should not be held at the cost of peace. It was well known that the Confederates had several days before begun to apply to Pensacola Harbor the choking-off policy that had been so successful in the neighborhood of Charleston. The adverse reception of Scott's recommendation regarding Fort Pickens was sufficient to warn any one that it would be folly to come out positively in favor of it now. With these thoughts in mind, it is interesting to notice the exact wording of Seward's opinion given to the President on the 29th:

First. The dispatch of an expedition to supply or re-enforce Sumter would provoke an attack, and so involve a war at that point.

The fact of preparation for such an expedition would inevitably transpire; and would therefore precipitate the war—and probably defeat the object. I do not think it wise to provoke a civil war beginning at Charleston and in rescue of an untenable position.

Therefore I advise against the expedition in every view.

Second. I would call in Captain M. C. Meigs forthwith. Aided by his counsel, I would at once, and at every cost, prepare for a war at Pensacola and Texas, *to be taken, however, only as a consequence of maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States.* [Italics not in the original.]

Third. I would instruct Major Anderson to retire from Sumter forthwith.

Because war would as certainly be brought on by the re-enforcement of Pickens as by the resupplying of Sumter, it seems fair to infer that Seward did not at this time intend to do either, but merely to continue to hold Pickens and to be ready for war, "to be taken, however, only as a consequence of maintaining the possessions and authority of the United States." Nevertheless, he must have begun to realize that the mastery of affairs was slipping out of his hands. Undoubtedly he hoped to continue his policy of peace and procrastination by means of negotiation, but he saw the importance of being ready for action, so as to keep the lead in whatever course might be adopted. That afternoon or evening he took Captain Meigs to the White House and urged Lincoln to put him in command of the three great Florida fortresses—Pickens, Taylor, and Jefferson. Lincoln said he would consider it and give a reply in a day or two. About the same time he ordered the preparation of an expedition

that should be ready to leave for Sumter by April 6, if the relief of Sumter should finally be decided on. This made it almost certain that Seward's policy of evacuating Sumter was not to be accepted, and that, therefore, in ordinary circumstances, he must take a subordinate position.

On Sunday, the 31st, Seward requested Meigs and Colonel Keyes, Scott's military secretary, to go to Scott and prepare a project for the relief of Fort Pickens, and bring it to the President before four o'clock. They made their report without having had time to see Scott; and Lincoln, through Seward, gave positive orders for Scott to carry it out. On April 1 Lincoln directed Lieutenant David D. Porter to proceed to New York and with the least possible delay take command of the *Powhatan*, or any other United States steamer available, and at any cost or risk prevent any hostile force from reaching Fort Pickens. The matter was ordered to be kept a profound secret—not to be made known even to the Secretaries of War and of the Navy. Seward had general supervision of the whole movement. He had given Lincoln's verbal order to Scott; he had recommended Porter's appointment and instructions. Keyes, Meigs, and Porter made the preparations under his advice and that of Scott, and Scott prepared and gave to him, for the President's signature, the order for the departure of the expedition. When the movement seemed to be endangered from lack of available money, Seward went to his department and took from the secret-service fund \$10,000 in gold, which was put at Meigs's disposal.

IV.

For months Seward had firmly believed that he was the only man who could save his country from disunion and countless disasters. Now a new and bold course of action was about to begin. In fact, expeditions for the relief of the two critical points were already preparing, and Lincoln had given peremptory instructions to strengthen Fort Pickens. If the Sumter expedition should also be ordered forward, the world would understand that Seward's counsel had been rejected and that he had lost his power. It would humiliate him by making it plain that either he himself had been deceived or that he had tried to deceive others, and perhaps both. A civil

war, which he confidently believed would end in disunion and the overthrow of his party, was about to be precipitated by a movement exactly the reverse of the one that he had repeatedly announced. Was there no way to avert these calamities? No chance to save his leadership, and prevent the departure of either expedition until an entirely new question could be made paramount?

Evidently as a last, desperate effort he laid this novel, elaborate, and startling programme before the President:

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CONSIDERATION, APRIL 1, 1861.

First. We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy either domestic or foreign.

Second. This, however, is not culpable, and it has even been unavoidable. The presence of the Senate, with the need to meet applications for patronage, have prevented attention to other and more grave matters.

Third. But further delay to adopt and prosecute our policies for both domestic and foreign affairs would not only bring scandal on the administration, but danger upon the country.

Fourth. To do this we must dismiss the applicants for office. But how? I suggest that we make the local appointments forthwith, leaving foreign or general ones for ulterior and occasional action.

Fifth. The policy at home. I am aware that my views are singular, and perhaps not sufficiently explained. My system is built upon this idea as a ruling one, namely, that we must

CHANGE THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PUBLIC FROM ONE UPON SLAVERY, OR ABOUT SLAVERY, FOR A QUESTION UPON UNION OR DISUNION.

In other words, from what would be regarded as a party question to one of patriotism or union.

The occupation or evacuation of Fort Sumter, although not in fact a slavery or a party question, is so regarded. Witness the temper manifested by the Republicans in the free States, and even by the Union men in the South.

I would therefore terminate it as a safe means for changing the issue. I deem it fortunate that the last administration created the necessity.

For the rest, I would simultaneously defend and reinforce all the ports in the Gulf, and have the navy recalled from foreign stations to be prepared for a blockade. Put the Island of Key West under martial law.

This will raise distinctly the question of union or disunion. I would maintain every fort and possession in the South.

FOR FOREIGN NATIONS.

I would demand explanations from Spain and France, categorically, at once.

I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico, and Central America to rouse a vigorous continental spirit of independence on this continent against European intervention.

And, if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France,

Would convene Congress and declare war against them.

But whatever policy we adopt, there must be an energetic prosecution of it.

For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

Either the President must do it himself, and be all the while active in it, or

Devolve it on some member of his cabinet. Once adopted, debates on it must end, and all agree and abide.

It is not in my especial province ;

But I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility.

Even if Seward had not supplemented these propositions by obtaining the President's signature to orders transferring certain naval officers so that they came into Seward's plans, we should have no doubts as to who expected to take command. Lincoln had as yet given few, if any, public indications of possessing greater abilities than such men as Bates, Smith, and Welles. Now that we know how extensive Seward's activity had been during this month, and how much Lincoln had either intrusted to him or permitted him to do, it seems likely that an impartial third person would then have been much less shocked by Seward's plain suggestion that he himself should be put at the helm than by some other features of the programme.

It was the foreign policy that was most amazing. It resembled the incoherent visions of a mind driven to desperate expedients rather than a serious outline for a national and international policy. Two or three days before the "Thoughts" were written, the newspapers had reported that a revolution had overthrown the Dominican Republic and had raised the flag and proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain. For some time, too, it had been notorious that France, Spain, and Great Britain were considering the question of intervening in Mexico in order to redress and end the wrongs that their subjects had suffered on account of the anarchy and violence there. Rumors also said that a plan was developing to put a European prince upon a Mexican throne. The three European powers had not yet reached any agreement whatever, and it was wholly

unwarrantable for the United States to assume that they intended to do more than enforce their just claims. As to Russia, the basis for demanding an explanation was to be found in the groundless reports in Southern newspapers and in political circles in Washington that she was about to open diplomatic relations with the Confederacy.

Seward's theory of the unifying effect of a foreign war had long been revolved in his mind. At the dinner of the New England Society, in New York city in December, he had declared that if New York should be attacked by any foreign power, "all the hills of South Carolina would pour forth their population to the rescue." During the war of 1812, Jefferson had maintained, Seward said in his great speech of January 12, 1861, "that States must be kept within their constitutional sphere by impulsion, if they could not be held there by attraction. Secession was then held to be inadmissible in the face of a public enemy." Probably it was the news about Santo Domingo, coming at a time when he found himself in most distressing circumstances, that suggested to Seward the desirability of testing his theory.

A third person, viewing the problem as it seemed to be laid before the President, would probably have guessed that Seward's exit from the cabinet would soon follow. But Lincoln had already made up his mind that the welfare of the nation demanded that he should keep all the factions of the Republican party together. So with the most placid self-possession he replied that, in domestic affairs, he had pursued "the exact domestic policy you now urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter"; and added:

Again, I do not perceive how the re-enforcement of Fort Sumter would be done on a slavery or party issue, while that of Fort Pickens would be done on a more national and patriotic one.

The news received yesterday in regard to St. Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy; but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

To the recommendation about adopting an energetic policy and having some one for an absolute leader, Lincoln replied:

I remark that if this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and I suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet.

Of course Seward's "Thoughts" in no way interrupted the preparation of the two expeditions to go South. The ships of the Sumter expedition left New York on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, but before they could offer any assistance—owing to a storm and the fact that the *Powhatan*, which was intended to be the flag-ship of the fleet, had gone with the Pickens expedition—Fort Sumter had to surrender to the Confederates. This was the beginning of the civil war, as Seward and many others had foretold. Except for the storm and Seward's mistaken order, which left the expedition practically headless, the fort might have been held.

At Fort Pickens all the circumstances were favorable. A second order to land the troops already there had been issued and obeyed before Seward's expedition reached Pensacola Harbor. The arrival of the ships with supplies and re-enforcements made it possible to put the fort on a war-footing; and thenceforth, throughout the war, the stars and stripes defied the neighboring Confederate batteries.

V.

Lincoln's rejection of the programme of April 1 rid it of its dangerous features, yet Seward continued to experiment with some parts of it. But what became of the offences—then considered to be so serious—of Spain, of France, of Great Britain, and of Russia? Strange to say, no one has ever explained.

As has been mentioned, a revolution under Spanish influences had overthrown the republic of Santo Domingo, and had proclaimed the supremacy of the mother-country. On April 2, 1861, and before official information of this fact had been received in Washington, Seward wrote to Tassara, the Spanish minister there, saying that this reported attempt "cannot fail to be taken as a first step in a policy of armed intervention by the Spanish government in the American countries which once constituted Spanish America." There was grave significance in the following sentence:

I am directed to inform you and the government of her Catholic Majesty, in a direct manner, that if they [the revolutionary acts] shall be found to have received at any time the sanction of that government, the President will be obliged to regard them as manifesting an unfriendly spirit towards the United States, and to meet the further prosecution of enterprises of that kind in regard to either the Dominican Republic, or any part of the American continent or islands, with a prompt, persistent, and, if possible, effective resistance.

Two days later Minister Tassara made a discreet and soothing response which did not especially change the aspect of the incident. Subsequently Spain replied so evasively that Seward anticipated that she would "in the end decide to recognize the revolution, and to confirm the authority proclaimed in the Island of Santo Domingo in her name." Thereupon he instructed our chargé at Madrid to enter a protest against this assumption or exercise of authority—"a protest which in every case we shall expect to maintain." Our new minister, Carl Schurz, soon asked if the administration would have approved the action if his predecessor had broken off diplomatic relations with Spain on account of what had taken place. Seward directed Schurz to confine his action to a protest. On June 22 Seward wrote again, saying that he did "not think it would be expedient to divert its [Congress's] attention from the domestic subjects for which it is convened." About a week later the Spanish minister read to him the royal decree pronouncing the annexation of Santo Domingo to Spain; but the Secretary concluded that no further action on the part of our government would be necessary. When Schurz requested an explicit statement of the ulterior policy of the government, he was informed by the Secretary that there had been so many important questions demanding the attention of the administration that time had not been found for the full consideration of this one; so the subject was left to the consideration of Congress at its next regular session, beginning in December. This was Seward's graceful way of escape from making good the direct threats of a few months before.

Spain pursued her own course in Santo Domingo. Instead of being a menace to the United States, although they were in civil war, she could not consummate this little undertaking. For four years and in vain she poured out her money and

squandered the lives of her soldiers in trying to get a permanent hold upon Santo Domingo; but in 1865 her rule was thrown off and the black republic revived.

France was the other power from which Seward had urged that explanation should be demanded "categorically, at once." Lincoln's rejection of the plan seems to have had a magical effect. The instructions to our minister and the notes to the French legation show no trace of any except the most cordial relations between the two countries. Within one day of the time when it was suggested that France must be called to account, Seward "confidentially" sent to Mercier, the French minister at Washington, a copy of the note just written to Tassara! The Secretary hoped to induce France to join us in the protest; for, he wrote, she has "an interest in the preservation of peace and order scarcely less than that which has induced this protest on the part of the United States!" France ignored his letter.

Seward also solicited the co-operation of Great Britain in opposing the annexation of Santo Domingo, and he made not the slightest allusion to the offences of Great Britain that he had in mind on April 1. The British government reluctantly accepted what Spain had done, after the latter had declared that slavery should not be established in the new territory.

As to Russia, the records of the department do not indicate that as much as a whisper of complaint was made against her. "That power," Seward wrote to our new minister, Cassius M. Clay, "was an early, and it has always been a constant friend. This relationship between

two nations so remote and so unlike has excited much surprise." Instead of inviting the disfavor of Russia by demanding an explanation of a not serious indiscretion on the part of her minister, Seward instructed Clay to inquire "whether the sluggish course of commerce between the two nations cannot be quickened and its volume increased." So Russia continued to be our warmest friend.

How very different are these results from those contemplated in the "Thoughts for the President's Consideration"! We see how slight was the occasion for his gorgeous plan to make both hemispheres blaze with war. There is, in fact, nothing to indicate that he would ever even have thought of such a thing, if he could have devised any other course that promised to save his supposed leadership in the cabinet, and at the same time avert a civil war which he had promised to prevent.

The numerous complications in which he so strangely involved himself seem to have been the outgrowth of two supreme illusions. The first was that the Southerners had stronger ties to the Union than to slavery, and that, if given time to reflect, they would not go to war. The second was that he alone could furnish and direct the policy, whether of peace or of war, by which the country was to be saved. His ambition was for the Union vastly more than for himself. He sought power and mastery of the administration and of all difficulties not because he wanted the glory of a semi-dictatorship, but because he honestly believed that that was the way for him to serve and to save the nation.

THE CAGE

BY ROBERT LOVEMAN

WHEN song-bird thoughts within his heart
 Make melody sublime,
 The Poet snares them by his art
 Into a cage of rhyme.

And there the captive fancies beat
 Their wings against the bars,
 The music, soft and low and sweet,
 Ascending to the stars.

Yet evermore they long to be
 Back where the surges roll,
 Untamed, unfettered, wild, and free,
 Within the Poet's soul.

FRANCE AS AFFECTED BY THE DREYFUS CASE

BY G. W. STEEVENS

Author of "With Kinchen on Khamti," etc.

I SAT in the humble back seat of the Anglo-Saxon at the second court martial on Captain Dreyfus. Somebody at the top of the hall was reading a technical document in an inaudible voice. As I blinked, the scene before me was like one of the key-pictures that illustrated papers publish—a sheet of heads where every face is a numbered blank and every number stands for a notable person. Almost every head in court had its name. Almost everybody there was a French celebrity; almost every French celebrity was there.

At the centre of the long judges' table sat Colonel Jouaust, the president, a small ruddy face supporting a huge white mustache and imperial. Two months before, nobody knew there was such a man; to-day, he was the most momentous man in France. Another mustache, less martial but hardly shorter, decorated M. Casimir-Périer, ex-President of the French Republic. There was General Mercier—all eyelid and cheek, like a mummy—General Billot, General Zurlinden, General Chanoine; each had been in his turn at the head of the French army. M. Godefroi Cavaignac was also Minister of War: ever since he refused as a schoolboy to take a prize from the hands of the Prince Imperial he has been a professional pocket Brutus, mouthing noble sentiments; he stoops, his features are sharp and small, his chest narrow and shallow. Colonel Picquart, who suffered eleven months' solitary confinement for saying what he believed to be true, is hardly more imposing—a pleasant, sensible face enough over the shapeless production of a ready-made-clothing establishment; he might be an English provincial builder. Here too are Generals de Boisdeffre and Gonse, the chiefs of the General Staff who persecuted him—the one tall and of an aristocratic air, the other not. There

are a score of others—Matthieu Dreyfus, Madame Henry, Captain Lebrun-Renaud, Lieutenant Bernheim, Maitres Demange and Labori, Judge Bertulus, M. Bertillon, Major Forzinetti, Captain Freystaetter—every name as familiar to every Frenchman and to many foreigners as his own. All household words—and all by accident. All but one, and to him—Casimir-Périer—the same accident brought his cataleptic notability to life again. Not one of them all would ever have been famous within France or heard of outside it but for the sheer chance that their destinies crossed that of one other person in the hall whom many of them now saw and heard for the first time in life.

This person was a short, thick-shouldered, silver-haired young man, his face clinched between suffering and pride, his voice tumbling about uncontrollably between passion and rusty disuse—Alfred Dreyfus. For four years a prisoner in a feverish island off the coast of Guiana, he had been shaping the destinies of France. He had altered the laws, set up and thrown down governments, made and unmade men, knit close friendships, ripped asunder the dearest ties of blood. At last, like an avenging ghost, he seemed about to drive the France that murdered him into frenzied self-destruction. And, to pile irony on irony, of Alfred Dreyfus himself the world, even France, would probably never have heard a word had he lived to be a hundred but for mere chance again. The jealousy of a fellow, the offence of a moment, the accident of his creed—anything—nothing—has turned him from an utterly obscure captain of artillery into the most famous name in the world. Others, obscure as he was, have changed name and abode, trade, and even country, because they also happened to be called Dreyfus. So much for the scene within the chamber.

Out-of-doors, under the baking sun of August, lie the somnolent streets of Rennes. The tall yellow-plastered houses, all with their yellow-painted blinds hermetically shut, are faultlessly clean. You could eat off the square cobbles of the streets. But Rennes is clean because it is asleep, and never wakes enough to smirch itself with the avocations of modern life. You look down the long vista of a speckless street, and it is empty. Perhaps one, two, at most half a dozen, heavy-booted Breton men or women clack over the ringing pavements. The bile-green river through the town might be Lethe. The shops doze; the market square snores: you wonder how the place exists.

The mind could imagine no completer contrast. Within, the court is all passion; without, the town is all lethargy. Inside the Lycée is being played the last act of the drama that has convulsed France and staggered the world. Outside it, touching it, France is utterly unaware of it.

Eight hours after the court has adjourned for the day, the good people of Rennes, appearing at their doors in shirt sleeves, can with difficulty be persuaded that the report of the sitting is already in the evening paper. At length persuaded, they deliberate thoroughly over ways and means before they decide to buy. At last decided, they read with effort, wonder who are Mercier and Picquart that they talk so much about, and come to no conclusion.

On the walls moulder posters—appeals to friends of liberty, to law-abiding Catholics, to haters of Jews; but Rennes passes them without lifting the eyes. Meetings are held to denounce Gallifet, to denounce the army, to denounce the Church, the Jews—anything; a score of young hooligans smoke dirty tobacco, yell when it seems expected of them, go out and do nothing. The more electric Dreyfus, the less conductive is Rennes. The most explosive trial of the century is packed in impenetrable sand-bags of apathy. All of which things, you would naturally suppose, make a parable. It is of a piece with the irony of the whole affair that the return of Dreyfus to France, which ought to have been a match to set faction detonating, seemed instead the signal for a sudden, immense, and mostly holy calm.

It is easy to draw inferences from that. It goes to show that the whole affair, the whole importance and notoriety of Dreyfus, was accidental and artificial. As soon as he left the Devil's Island he almost ceased to agitate France. Indeed, when, in 1895, M. Dupuy and General Mercier took the trouble to pass a special law to relegate Dreyfus to the Devil's Island, they did the worst day's work of their lives. Had he been sent in the natural course to New Caledonia, it is possible that he might be there still, forgotten. "Possible," I say, because he is a Jew, and Jews do not readily forget or cast off their own people; had he been a Gentile, he had almost certainly been forgotten in New Caledonia. But the chance of combining ferocity with theatrical display was too much for a French ministry.

The public degradation of Dreyfus, with its blended accompaniments of imposing ceremonial and heart-rending torture, was, after all, not too severe for the crime of which all Frenchmen then honestly believed him guilty. But the added cruelty of making a special law for him, sending him to a special place of banishment, tormenting him with every special penalty or deprivation that could make life a hell—that recoiled on its authors. The stage-management was too good, the situation was too dramatic, to be forgotten. Dreyfus on his own island—the very name of the Devil's Island was a melodrama in itself—sitting in the sun within his palisade, in irons, asking his guards for news, and met always with dead silence, informed—as we now know—that his wife had borne a child two years after he last saw her; who could ever get the picture of such a purgatory out of his head? Under the last blow a Frenchman would have killed himself; but the Alsatian Jew was made of stiffer fibre. He lived on, and his countrymen, with the spectacle of that awful agony ever before their eyes, first exulted, then came to doubt, insisted, disputed, reviled, lied, forged, fought, forgot friendship, kinship, party, religion, country—everything except the silent man in irons under the sun of the Devil's Island.

But when he was brought back—when he was once more Alfred Dreyfus, captain of artillery, in the cell of the military prison at Rennes, charged with hav-

ing communicated to a foreign power documents concerning the national defence, tried on that charge before a court martial of his peers—then France was no longer haunted by him. The avenging ghost was laid. Calm overspread the land. Many men had openly declared that Dreyfus ran an excellent chance of being shot between his point of debarkation and the prison of Rennes; he was not even hissed. There has not been a single demonstration outside his prison worthy of ten lines in a newspaper. And—lest you should put down that fact to the congenital torpor of Rennes—in the excitable south, in the great military centres, in the manufacturing centres, in volcanic Paris itself, Dreyfus has not been the occasion of a single disturbance of any significance since he was landed in France.

Language remains violent enough and vile enough, it is true; such a furious habit of blackguarding opponents as has grown up with the Dreyfus case in France could hardly be stilled in a day. But everybody has felt more at ease. The politicians and journalists have enjoyed the affair, no doubt, but even in Paris man cannot live on renown alone. From them and still more from the half-indifferent, wholly perplexed mass of the people, went up a great "Ouf!" of relief. Now at last, said they, we shall have the truth, we shall have finality in this wretched affair; thereafter we shall have peace.

It might re-enforce that hope to consider how wholly irrelevant to all great material issues the Dreyfus case has been. At the first glance it seems that France has chosen to lose her head over a matter which she might just as well have let alone, which is over now, and has left her where she was before. Whether Dreyfus or Esterhazy betrayed documents, or both, or neither, it is certain that no other French officer will be tempted to do the same for years enough to come. Even if wrong has been done—if the innocent has been punished and the guilty has gone free, after all, it is only one man. And it is expedient that one man should suffer for the whole people.

So argued, and would argue again, more than half of France. And just because they argue thus, they are utterly and fatally wrong. It may be expedient to

sacrifice one man for a country—when the detection of sacrifice and of expediency is left to others. But when the country argues thus itself, when it sacrifices the innocent one with its eyes open, then the sacrifice is not expedient, but ruinous. It is this truth that Colonel Picquart saw and proclaimed three years ago. When Dreyfus was first condemned it is probable that everybody concerned—even Colonel du Paty de Clam, who examined him, and General Mercier, who procured his conviction by communicating to his judges secret documents behind his back—honestly believed him guilty. But in 1896 Picquart found reason to think that the treachery for which he was condemned had been committed by Esterhazy.

On this he wrote as follows to General Gonse: "The moment is at hand when those who are convinced that a mistake has been made with regard to them will make a desperate effort to have it rectified. . . . I think I have taken all the steps necessary for the initiative to come from ourselves. If we lose too much time the initiative will be taken by outsiders, and that, apart from higher considerations, will put us in an odious light. . . . It will be a troublesome crisis, useless, and one which we can avoid by doing justice in time." Up to that moment one man had suffered for the people, they not knowing it, and it was not altogether expedient. But from the moment the people knew and still let him suffer—from that moment began the convulsion, the dissensions, the moral putrefaction, and all the rest of the discovered distempers of France.

It was known in widening circles, first to a few soldiers, then to journalists and politicians, then to everybody who cared to be convinced, then—after the detection of Henry's forgeries—to everybody with ears to hear, that Dreyfus, if not innocent, had not yet been proved guilty. In the face of that knowledge France still howled, "Let him suffer!" It is—to Anglo-Saxon eyes, at least—at once the grimmest and grotesque spectacle in history—a whole nation, knowing that justice has not been done, keenly excited about the question, and yet not caring a sou whether justice is done or not. What matter, cried France, whether he is justly condemned or not? Shoot him rather than discredit the army. There is no doubt that the

judgment of the Court of Cassation was received with disappointment, not to say fury, by the majority of the French people. And even of the minority—of the Dreyfusards who clamored for revision—who shall say how few cared for doing justice to a man who might be innocent, and how many gave tongue merely because they hated the army, or the Roman Church, or Christianity, or France herself? All but the whole nation—the nation which professes itself the most civilized in the world—publicly proclaimed that it cared nothing for the first essential of civic morality. Partly the petulance of a spirited child which will not see the patent truth, partly the illogical logic of French intelligence which will commit any insanity that is recommended in the form of a syllogism, partly the sheer indifference of a brute that knows neither right nor wrong.

But why try to analyze a phenomenon so despicable? One thing is certain, common justice is the first and most indispensable condition of a free country's existence. It is absurd to think that any cause which has led to so deliberate a jettison of justice from the national cargo can be irrelevant—can be anything but most portentous and most disastrous to the nation.

From henceforth every reflecting Frenchman knows that he may be accused of any crime, condemned on evidence he has never heard of, banished, tormented in body and mind, and that hardly a soul among his countrymen will care whether he is getting justice or injustice. They happened to take sides about Dreyfus; he may have no such luck. Dreyfus, for the rights of whose case friends and foes cared nothing, happened to be a convenient stick for anti-Semites and anti-militarists to thump the other side with; he may not. Reasoning thus, will the reflective Frenchman cultivate independence of thought, civic courage, political honesty? Not he. He will make it his business in life to cultivate a safe obscurity, and shout, if shout he must, always with the largest crowd.

The results of such a lesson upon the public life of a nation are not easy to detect at once and in glaring cases; but you may be very sure they are there, and in the long-run they will show themselves. The French citizen was fearful

of unpopularity before; he will not be bolder now. The punishment of the eminent biologist Grimaux, who lost his professorship because he gave evidence for Zola, will not be lost on him. The timidity of a Casimir-Périer, a Mercier, a Gonse, a Delegorgue—of the President of the republic, the Minister of War, the sub-chief of the General Staff, the judge who tried Zola, who all suspected the truth and dared not discover it—will be emulated by lesser men. Cowardice will become a principle of public life.

In one respect alone can France claim pity—that she became bankrupt in justice through honoring too large a draft of her darling child, the army. The army is the adored of France. A few of the younger men, still smarting from the petty brutalities of sergeants who delight to bully boys of a better class than their own, hate it bitterly; but to France as a whole her army is her dearest treasure. In a conscriptive country the sight of troops in the street is as familiar as that of policemen on Broadway. In Germany or Austria a regiment will march past with drum and colors and hardly a head turns to follow it. But in France the passage of the regiment empties every shop, and leaves the whole street tingling with pride and enthusiasm and love. It does not diminish this affection that the last time the army took the field it was beaten and crumpled up, shot down by battalions, and carried into captivity by brigades. Quite the reverse. France feels a sort of yearning to comfort her army as a mother might comfort an unsuccessful son. And the hope of revenge for that humiliation, in which she has lived for near a generation, rests in the army alone. The army—as they have said so often—the army is France. Everybody has served in it; everybody depends on it. The army is France.

Only that unlucky gift of bad logic led France astray again. The army being France, they argue, the honor of the army is the honor of France. Thence they pushed on to the facile fallacy. The honor of the heads of the army is the honor of the army, and therefore of France. Honor, in that sense, apparently means reputation for honor, which comes, when you work it out, to the dictum that an officer can do no

wrong—or at least, if he does, nobody may say so.

The principle does not apply, apparently, to a retired general, like de Galliffet. It does not apply to a mere captain, like Dreyfus. It appears to apply to some lieutenant-colonels, such as Esterhazy, but not to others, such as Picquart.

When Esterhazy refused at the Zola trial to answer questions relative to his alleged connection with the German military attaché, the judge, M. Delegorgue, protected him. "There is something," said he, "more important than a court of justice—the honor and security of the country." "I gather," tartly replied Zola's counsel, "that the honor of the country allows an officer to do such things, but does not allow them to be spoken of."

Precisely. It came, of course, in practice to the divine right of generals. If a general's act was questioned, he responded that the interests of the national defence demanded it, and said no more.

France for the most part was quite satisfied. She had invented a new kind of government—Cesarism without a Caesar.

No general was able or resolute enough to impose his authority on his fellows. There was not even a recognized clique of generals. Any general would do. De Pellieux was neither Minister of War nor Governor of Paris; yet it was really he, and not the judge and jury, who tried and condemned Zola. De la Roque was not even on the active list, yet an open letter from him to the judges and witnesses at the Rennes court martial was paraded in almost every newspaper in France as if it had come down from Sinai. Had any Minister of War desired to make himself dictator or bring in a Pretender, such was the all-accepting meekness of the country that he could have done it. None dared, and none of the Pretenders thought the sceptre worth picking up out of the gutter. The result was that nobody knew who was ruling France at any given moment, or, indeed, knew anything at all—except that, whoever was ruling, it certainly was not the President nor the ministry of the republic. Summarily the republic, during the three years of the Dreyfus agitation, abdicated.

There was nothing surprising in that; the corruption and cowardice of ministers, Senators, and Deputies had been amply demonstrated by the scandal of Panama.

It only finally shook what was already tottering.

But the effects of government by generals were new and dismal. It was bad enough that they should arrogate power to override every authority in the state; yet to usurp is a generous crime, and to permit the usurpation of the army was in France a generous weakness. The dismal portent was the utter incapacity which the generals displayed. The Dreyfus case was their own game, and they had all the cards; but for the life of them they could not play a single one correctly. Wherever it was possible to bungle or vacillate, they bungled and vacillated.

They first admitted in the press that Dreyfus was condemned on secret documents—that is, illegally—and then denied it in the chamber. They first contended that Dreyfus wrote the incriminating *bordereau* because it was like his natural handwriting, then that he traced it, because it was more like Esterhazy's. They tried to entrap Picquart by bogus cryptograms that would have been childish in a comic opera. They filled the air with asseverations of their loyalty to the republic while they were openly violating its fundamental principles. They declared that for the paramount honor of the country they would prefer a revolution to the revision of the Dreyfus case; then, when it came to the point, submitted in tame silence to the Cour de Cassation and General de Galliffet's orders. Worst of all was their behavior, where at least you might have expected dignity and spirit, in regard to foreign powers. They withdrew from Fashoda and renounced Egypt forever rather than fight Great Britain, although Marchand's appearance there was the hoped-for climax of the deliberate policy of years. One day they inspired impertinent fables about the Kaiser's communications with Dreyfus; the next they sheepishly denied them on the threats of his ambassador. The great international result of three years of government by generals is that France has virtually showed herself unfit for war by sea or land—afraid of England, terrified by Germany, the vassal of Russia—all but a second-rate power.

"What is to become of your army in the day of danger?" cried General de Pellieux at the trial of Zola. "What would you have your unhappy soldiers do, led under fire by officers whom others have

striven to discredit in their eyes? . . . It is to a mere butchery they are leading your sons." It is—or would be, if France were mad enough to fight. There would be as ruinous a collapse as in 1870. Only that would not be the work of "others," but of the leaders of the army itself. They are indeed discredited—by their own folly. Few people yet believe in their honesty, and now none in their capacity. Every man in France who knows anything of the last three years' history, in his heart distrusts his beloved army utterly. That is the sum of what the generals, with everything in their favor, have been able to do for France, for the army, and for themselves.

The degradation of politics and of the army has been equalled by that of the press. France has never had a journal—unless we except the *Temps* and the present incarnation of the *Matin*—which an Anglo-Saxon public would call a newspaper; but then she does not want one. She has had journals which supply what she wants—well-considered and elegantly written essays on the subjects of the day. Such she still finds in organs like the *Figaro* and the *Journal des Débats*; but in the lower ranks of the press the fatal influence of the Dreyfus case has told vilely. American papers appear to an Englishman free-spoken in their attacks on opponents; but the cheapest rag in New York would blush for the recklessness, gullibility, and foulness of the baser French press. Restraints of good taste and decency are quite obsolete. You call your political opponent "a prodigy of corruption both in public and in private life; with thirty years of lies, debauchery, bribery, defamation, and calumny behind him." The Prime Minister, if you dislike his policy, you describe as "only half cleansed of the murder of Carnot, the butcher of Madagascar. Hanotaux's accomplice in the extermination of the Armenians." You never speak of General de Galliffet by name, but as "the assassin of May;" they will know whom you mean. M. Cavaignac being personally irreproachable, it is well to hark back to his ancestors, and call him the heir of two generations of murderers. Never say your opponent published his opinions; say that he vomited them. You can hardly go wrong in describing anything you

dislike as ordure. With foulness go intimidation, obtuseness, spiritlessness. During the trial of Zola many newspapers headed their issues for days with the names and addresses of the jurors, accompanied by suitable instigations to violence. During the second court martial on Dreyfus an ingenious little paper in Rennes ran a serial, giving the story of an Alsacian spy in 1870 named Deutschfus, who seduced an honest girl, and then returning as an uhlan, shot her, and kidnapped her child. The credulity of such newspapers equals their violence, and they readily gulp down the wildest stories and clumsiest forgeries. And when an occasion comes, like the Fashoda crisis, in which a strong lead might fitly have been given to the nation, nothing was forth-coming except alternate bluster and puling. With one breath they thundered out what things they would do if they could; with the next they wailed for compassion because they could not do them. They inquired into the possible cause of the national decadence quite openly, and wound up with "Poor France!"

Poor France indeed! The government paralytic, her army cankered, her press putrid—what remains to her? The Church? The Church remains, but the influence of the Catholic leaders and the Catholic clergy in the cause of anti-Semitism has discredited her among all fair-minded men. The law? The law has been broken and mended to order for the advantage or the disadvantage of individuals; and while the Cour de Cassation has done its duty most honorably under difficult circumstances, lesser magistrates have been found to surrender the law to partisanship or to fear. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire was one of the highest judges in France, and his silly spitefulness has made him the unpitied laughing-stock of the world.

Then what remains? Why, Rennes! The storm of party bitterness, folly, weakness, knavery, has swept over from Paris into its own Lycée; yet Rennes basks unmoved under its sun. Walk down the drowsy streets. Look at the Breton people—the shopkeepers, the blue blouses, the little lace caps over women's faces bronzed with field-work. There are yet people in France who are courteous and kindly, simple and frugal and brave,

who earn their living, and love their kin, and do what the priest tells them, and are ready to die for France. There are millions more of them all over the provinces. Paris looks down upon them, and the whole world outside hardly knows of them; but they are the real strength of France. It is theirs to work while Paris talks, to earn what Paris squanders, to heal when Paris wounds.

The Dreyfus case is the deepest cut which Paris has scored on the nation's body since 1870—perhaps since 1789. But it has not reached the vitals, and the provinces may heal it as they have done again and again before. The recuperative power of France has ever amazed the world, merely because the world has thought that France spelled only Paris. The provinces do nothing else but recuperate.

Only that process, especially with a

dwindling population, cannot go on forever. There will come in the end a day—and sooner, perhaps, than we think—when Paris will have sucked the nation dry, and the provinces will have no more to give. France will still be France, but no longer a great power. And in some ways the demand which these three years of factional frenzy have made on France is more exhausting than any of those from which she has recovered. In 1815 and 1871 it was comparatively easy for a united people to revive after foreign war. After the Revolution, when the whole fabric of society was swept away, there was a great faith wherewith to build up everything anew; and after that the miracle of Napoleon. In 1899, after the Dreyfus case, the great institutions of France still stand; but everybody knows them rotten. There is no faith; and because there is no faith, there will be no miracle.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S CAIRN

BY ETHNA CARBERY

*Blow softly down the valley,
O wind, and stir the fern
That waves its green fronds over
The King of Ireland's Cairn.*

Here in his last wild foray
He fell, and here he lies—
His armor makes no rattle,
The clay is in his eyes.

His spear, that once was lightning
Hurled with unerring hand,
Rusts by his fleshless fingers
Beside his battle-brand.

His shield, that made a pillow
Beneath his noble head,
Hath mouldered, quite forgotten,
With the half-forgotten dead.

Say, doth his ghost remember
Old fights—old revellings,
When the victor-chant re-echoed
In Tara of the Kings?

Say, in those Halls of Silence
Hath he sought his shadowy Queen,
Or doth he sleep contented
To dream of what has been?

Nay, nay, he still is kingly—
He wanders in a glen
Where Fionn goes by a-hunting
With misty Fenian men.

He sees the Hounds of Wonder
Bring down their fleeting prey—
He sees the swift blood flowing
At dawning of the day.

At night he holds his revels
Just as a King might do—
But all the guests are ghostly,
And all the lights burn blue.

And he who crowns the feasting,
His pale Queen by his side,
Is cold as when they stretched him
That bitter eve he died.

'Tis well he seeks no tidings—
His heart would ache to know
That all is changed in Ireland,
And Tara lieth low.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

BY JOHN BARRETT

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY will occupy a unique place in history. He will stand out clearly as the first figure among the commanders and generals of the Spanish-American war. But his fame will not rest merely on the victory of May 1, 1898, in Manila Bay, for he is not only a distinguished naval hero; he is a great man in the true significance of the term.

His thorough preparation for the battle before leaving Hong-kong, his courage and confidence in attacking the Spanish ships in their home waters under their own land-batteries, his rare tact, diplomacy, and executive capacity during the year following the victory, his marvelous devotion to duty under trying conditions of war and climate, and also his unselfish, modest demeanor in the face of the unlimited praise and love of the American people, support conclusively his right not only to primary position among the leaders of the war, but to be classed among the truly great Americans of the closing days of this century. These inferences are drawn from the best of

premises, and I hope that I tell the truth in attempting to discuss Admiral Dewey only as I saw him and knew him from May, 1898, to March, 1899.

The beginning and development of this acquaintance with the great Admiral can be attributed to a series of most interesting experiences. Although I had exchanged official letters with him while United States Minister at Bangkok, it was reserved for me to know him well first at Manila after his triumph, which had set the Asiatic world agog at the same time that it roused the enthusiasm of America. It was my intention, on leaving Siam, to return with all speed to the United States and volunteer for the army. In fact I did proffer my services to the government by special letter through the State Department, but either I was not needed or I did not bring the necessary influence to bear.

When I reached Hong-kong in early May, 1898, I was asked, to my surprise, but pleasure, to go to Manila as the correspondent of a prominent New York daily, acting in connection with other

representative papers of leading cities. I took up this task with some misgivings as to my capabilities after four years of diplomatic service, but did my best until the fall of Manila in August, when I resigned, to devote my entire time to study of the general situation. By special permission and courtesy of the Admiral I proceeded to Manila in May, 1898, on the United States auxiliary despatch-boat *Zafiro*, and was practically his guest aboard different vessels of the squadron for nearly three months. During this period I saw him frequently, and even every day in times of special excitement. After the fall of Manila I did not see so much of him, but still enough to feel his remarkable influence and note the principal traits of his character and their practical workings.

I should not fail to mention that the first directing agency that brought me into more than usual acquaintance with him was the fact that I was a fellow-Vermont; the second was my experience in the diplomatic service, which he held should have taught me to be cautious and discriminating, and hence worthy of his confidence and trust.

To those who were associated with the Admiral during the days that Hong-kong was the rendezvous of the squadron, before the descent on Manila, his preparedness for the battle was in no sense a surprise, but well known. His captains and staff had absolute confidence in him and his mastery of the situation. This remarkable trust in their commander was shared not only by the ward-room officers, but by the petty officers and sailormen of every ship. When the signal was run up to weigh anchor in Mirs Bay and make the course for the coast of Luzon, there was not a faint heart at muster. The *Olympia* was leading and the Admiral was aboard. That was ample inspiration for all.

The people of the United States may not have realized until May 1 what a strong character Dewey possessed, but the officers who were to execute his commands and the men behind the guns knew. This must be remembered as a most helpful influence in the successful consummation of his plans. If you would arouse the indignation of any of the officers or men under Dewey's command who came to Manila with him, suggest by even mild intimation that the complete-

ness of the victory, or the Admiral's skilful management of affairs that followed, was unexpected or in a measure surprising.

Standing one day on the superstructure of the *Olympia*, I said to the gunner who had charge of one of the big eight-inch rifles of the forward turret,

"Where did you think you were going and what did you expect to do when you sailed away from Mirs Bay?"

"Go and do?" he replied, with a scornful expression and tone that made me feel quite insignificant and ashamed for asking such a foolish question.

"Damn little did I or any one else on this ship care, as long as the old man was ordering it. We knew we were going to a hot place, and meant to make it hotter still for the Spaniards. But, man, we would have sailed straight into hell after him!"

In my note-book, where this incident is recorded, are several other sentences and phrases of the answer to my question, which, on account of the strong sailor language used, I will, for obvious reasons, omit. But they all served in their way to demonstrate the full trust of this gunner and his gun's crew in the Admiral.

Possibly no better evidence of Admiral Dewey's capability of inspiring confidence among those who came in contact with him can be found than the influence he exerted over the British captains of the two auxiliary vessels, the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro*, purchased at Hong-kong to accompany the squadron to Manila and carry coal and supplies. Both of them told me that while they fully realized the great risk they were running and the certainty of being put to death if captured, they left their first conference with the Admiral supremely impressed with the idea that such a man knew what he was about, and could not be beaten. Therefore they would be safe in continuing commanders of their steamers. They were paid double what they received in times of peace, but even that inducement would not have sufficed if they had not been moved by reliance on the Admiral's judgment and courage. These remarks were not merely post-bellum comment swelling the tide of popular adulation. It so happened that skippers of ships coming to Bangkok before the battle used to me almost the same words as these captains, in explanation of their willingness to remain with the Americans, which the lat-

er employed in discussing the matter with me soon after the great combat.

I would lay special stress on these actual ante-bellum conceptions of Dewey in order to show that his qualities of successful leadership and true greatness were demonstrated before the fight—while, however, they were not appreciated at home—as much even as in the long, trying period that ensued until and after the fall of Manila. In several letters which I received from British army and naval friends at Hong-kong, and from Americans stopping or living there, written in March and April, 1898, some of which I now have before me, I find without exception this expression of the same sentiment: Dewey is the right man for the peculiar and difficult situation; no American need have any fear of the outcome of a fight in Philippine waters with him in command. General Wilsone Black, military

commander-in-chief and acting Governor of Hong-kong, who has all the keenness of perception and judgment of men which characterize typical Scotchmen of his kind, was an ardent admirer of Dewey, and yet the only time he saw and knew him was during the exacting period when the American squadron was anchored in sight of Government House preparing to fight.

Possibly this regard for Dewey may have had its influence in persuading the Governor that it was not against the neutrality laws that several hundred tons of "delicacies" for the Admiral should be shipped every few weeks from Hong-kong to Manila! By careful comparison of what one man could consume with the total export of "delicacies" on United

States despatch-boats during the time of war, every man in Dewey's squadron must have been an admiral! Thus, assisted by some other notable incidents which are a part of history, certainly had the effect to make every Jackie at Manila an advocate of an Anglo-American alliance.

It is often said that the way to get at an Asiatic is through his stomach, from

what I saw at Manila I think that rule applies even to Americans and Europeans. To go further and still continue telling the truth: When Admiral Dewey wanted to make Admiral von Diederichs, the German commander, penitent, he sent him over a leg of frozen mutton, and straightway there was a temporary lull in German activity; when he wanted to show his appreciation of the hearty sympathy of Captain Chichester, he sent him over a leg of mutton, and forthwith Sir Edward strode from his cabin and took his bear-



Photograph by Blanchard, Montpelier, Vermont.

DR. JULIUS Y. DEWEY, FATHER OF THE ADMIRAL.

ings to see if the *Immortalité* lay between the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and the *Olympia*! All of which at the same time goes to prove that Dewey was an eminently practical as well as theoretical diplomatist.

"This battle was won in Hong-kong Harbor," said Admiral Dewey to me when I first saw him in May, 1898, and heard him describe the great fight. 'Many times since then have I heard him repeat the same sentiment, and the more the truth of it is considered the more light it sheds on his character. While he was brave, strong, prompt, and decisive in action, he was thoughtful, cautious, deliberate, and sure in preparation. Day after day he summoned his captains to

Journal of a Cruise in the
U. S. Steam Tugate "Wabash."

Bearing the Flag of Flag Officer E. A. S. Dashiell

Capt. Lewis Hanson

July 13th 1858

Commanding

Geo. Dewey
Master.

Dominical Cruise.

THE FIRST PAGE OF DEWEY'S LOG ON THE "WABASH."

discuss all the possibilities and eventualities of a conflict with the enemy. He gave them an opportunity to say when, where, and how the battle should be fought. From junior to senior he called upon them to express their opinions freely. If any man had a novel idea, it was given careful consideration. If it was an old one with improvements, it was viewed in all phases. After the Admiral had patiently heard his captains and duly interrogated them, he quietly told them his own exact plan of battle and just what he expected of each man. Whether this was made up originally out of his own ideas, or from such in union with the best points advanced by his captains, it was reached only after thorough deliberation, and was final.

His details of preparedness also included obtaining all data and information possible, not only of the Spanish fleet, forts, mines, the depths and location of channels and entrances to Manila and Subig bays, the state of tides, currents, and winds, but the constant training of his men at target practice, in preparing for action, in landing, in fire drill, and in all other possible conditions of actual battle, until every officer and man could imagine himself a veteran in advance, and knew his precise station and rank, as

well as his own and his neighbors' capability of doing their duty. Admiral Dewey's squadron, when it sailed out of Mirs Bay, may be compared to a thoroughbred horse trained to the hour by an expert who knew not only his animal, but its competitors and the conditions of the race.

I am often vexed when I hear critics who do not understand the situation as it then existed endeavor to belittle Dewey's victory by emphasizing the weakness of the enemy; but while I do not admit that they were weak—considering the strong land-batteries at Cavite, Manila, and those at Corregidor, which had first to be passed or silenced, and the number of their vessels, having the advantage of location, home waters, and land support—I claim that under the leadership of Admiral Dewey, and the perfect condition for fighting which characterized both ships and men, a much larger, stronger force would likewise have been defeated—not without loss of lives and possibly of a ship or more, but with absolute, unquestioned triumph for the Americans. With everybody and everything in that squadron working as a unit for one purpose under the guidance of one hand, with no bickerings and no jealousies in its living energy, and with no engines and no guns untested in its inanimate power,

it formed within its limits an irresistible force that would have gained victory with any foe, or left no ship nor man to mark its defeat.

The supreme incident in the train of events, beginning with his first coming to Hong-kong up to the hour of the battle, which showed this remarkable deliberation and readiness, was the giving of the

situation that faced him will support the correctness of my argument.

In Hong-kong, although the sympathy of the British naval and army men was with us, there was a strong tendency to exaggerate unintentionally the dangers of an isolated movement on Manila, to describe and picture the Spanish fleet as

<i>Flag Officer E. A. S. L. Smith</i>						<i>Capt. Louis Barrow Commanding</i>	
Hour	R	F	Course	Wind	Time		
1	7	4	N/2W	10/4W	3	At 10.00 Saturday July 24. 1878 Made on for old San Carlos Islands and made. At daylight checked the pins and made out to 1000 feet and flying jib. Passed several small coral islands, found one close to a Spanish Bark and spoke the English Brig "Harris". At 9.40 found the first jib up. At 10.00 struck by a squall, came away the flying jib boom and put me up against the flying jib from the yard. In the afternoon at Spanish Islands got up flying jib boom and bent flying jib. 10.20. Then 10.00.	
2	8		"	"	3		
3	7	4	"	"	3		
4	8	4	"	"	4		
5	7	4	"	West	"		
6	10	4	"	"	"		
7	11		"	"	"		
8	11		"	"	5		
9	10		"	W 1/2 N	6		
10	8	4	"	"	5		
11	10	4	"	"	6		
12	10	4	N/2E	West	6		
1	5		N/2E	"	4	Lat 11. 00. 00. N D. R. 31. 33. 00 Long. 128. 21. 00 D. R. 78. 32. Course N 45° E Distance 170 miles.	
2	10		"	"	4		
3	9	4	"	"	4		
4	9	4	"	"	4		
5	9	4	"	"	6		
6	10		"	"	6		
7	9		"	N 2 W	5		
8	8	4	"	"	5		
9	5		N 2 E	"	3		
10	6	4	"	"	3		
11	7		"	"	12		
12	8		"	"	4		

A PAGE OF DEWEY'S LOG ON THE "WABASH" RECORDING HIS FIRST SALUTE TO A SPANISH SHIP.

Written just after graduating from Annapolis, when the Admiral was on his practice cruise in the Mediterranean.

famous command, "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley." There you have the man. What composure and yet what strength, what confidence and yet what decision of character, are shown in those words, which must be as immortal as the memory of the man who uttered them.

But with all this deliberation, care, and masterly perfection of force there were mingled the influences of profound courage supported by intensity and tenacity of purpose. Otherwise even with his excellence of arrangement he might have quailed at the outlook. Here, again, in estimating the greatness of the Admiral and of his victory, much must be taken into consideration. A brief review of some of the depressing features of the

overmatching the American, and generally to impress on the Admiral, his officers, and his men the extremely hazardous undertaking before them. Spanish agents were hard at work spreading open and mysterious reports about channels mined and forests of torpedoes laid in both the Boca Chica and the Boca Grande, respectively between Corregidor and Marivales on the north and Corregidor and El Fraile on the south, and in those portions of Manila Bay where it would be necessary for an invading fleet to manoeuvre. Among all the marvellous stories that were told and retold, it was exceedingly difficult to obtain exact and reliable information. There seemed to be nothing definite. And yet the Admiral discrimi-

nated so carefully in sifting out what was reliable that, later, he found conditions to be approximately as he finally concluded when making his ultimate plans.

Another discouraging feature of the problem before him was the knowledge that not only no reinforcements nor assistance of any kind had been despatched by the government to support him in case of need, but that probably none would come for nearly two months, either naval or military. In this connection it is well to remember that Dewey had long before this advised the government to send him more and stronger ships and be ready for developments in the Far East. Finally there was the desperate necessity before him of being obliged to retire, if the battle was not decisive, to some point for repairs—but where? Neutrality laws were against him in all the ports of Asia, and America was 8000 miles away!

To use a land phrase in treating a naval subject, Dewey, in going to Manila, was burning all his bridges behind him, and he had to succeed. If he failed, his alternatives were defeat ending in hopeless retreat, or the utter annihilation of his squadron. If there ever was in history a situation requiring more courage in a commander than this, it certainly has not been recorded. If Dewey had lost in-

stead of won under such discouragements, history would have ultimately done him justice even if the people had been temporarily ungrateful. In the light of what actually happened, he is personally

deserving of exclusive credit for the success of the descent on Manila. All that the government did was to tell him that he might go—to loosen the leash, as it were, and to release him from the immediate control of the Navy Department.

Then, when he sailed down the coast of the Philippines, nothing daunted him and his brave captains. He was ready to fight in open sea, in Subig, or before Manila under the land-batteries. He made a bold reconnaissance of Subig Bay with the *Boston* and *Concord* as if it were San Francisco Harbor; but when he reached the entrance to Manila Bay, and knew that the enemy must be awaiting him there, he took the lead himself with the *Olympia*, despite the hazard

of first contact with mines and the fact that her high freeboard and superstructure formed a shining mark even for Spanish gunners. Some commanders would not have sailed in; others would have at least tarried while a reconnaissance was made.

In concluding my observations on these conditions before the battle I must cite the crowning proof of his prepared-



DEWEY AS A LIEUTENANT.

About 1863, age twenty-six.

ness and accuracy of judgment. I will quote his own words from my notebook, but preface them with the statement that they were well corroborated by what from time to time I was told by his able captains—Wildes, Gridley, Dyer, Coghlan, Lamberton, Walker, Wood—as well as Flag-Lieutenant Brumby and Secretary Ensign Caldwell. He said:

“I told you that this battle was won in Hong-kong Harbor. To show you more plainly what I mean I will say that we—that is, my captains and staff-officers working with me—so planned out this fight with reference to all possible contingencies that we were fully prepared for exactly what happened. Although I recognized the alternative, from reports that reached me, that the Spanish Admiral Montojo might meet me at Subig, or possibly near Corregidor, I had finally made up my mind that the battle would be fought right here that very morning at the same hour with nearly the same position of opposing ships. That is why and how, at break of day, we formed in perfect line, opened fire, and kept our position without mistake or interruption until the enemy's ships were practically destroyed and the order was given to cease firing and retire from action.”

These are essentially the words of a conversation which took place with-

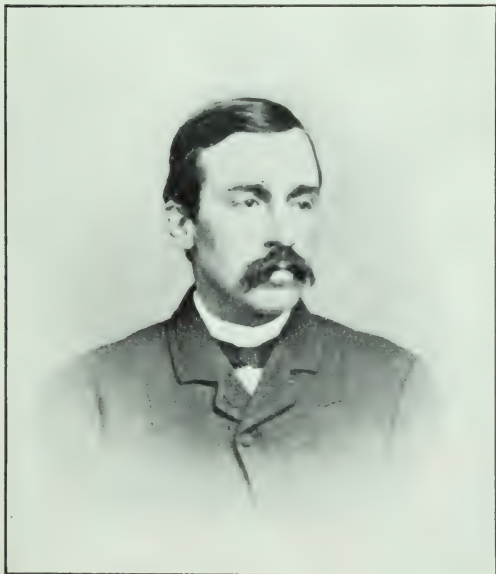


DEWEY AS A LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER.

About 1865—age twenty-eight.

in a few weeks after the battle. They were modestly told in ordinary discussion, but disclosed a marvellous precision of plan and judgment, which alone would enable him to rank with the great naval commanders of history.

If there was any criticism of the Admiral and his movements implied in what was written and said in America which annoyed him and those under him, it was the repetition of the observation, If Dewey had only sailed away! or, Why did not Dewey sail away? The best answer that can be given, in the opinion not only of those at Manila, but of naval experts everywhere, is that it was so nearly impracticable and impossible for him to sail away that under the conditions it amounted to a prohibition. In the first place, he had not sufficient coal or coal capacity to undertake the long voyage across the Pacific, nor could he venture



DEWEY AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

the hazard of coaling in the open sea; he could not have coaled at any Japanese port, and it is doubtful if at that critical period in the early part of the war he would have been allowed to coal at Hong-kong, even with the favoring feature of British friendliness, for only shortly before he had been ordered away from there to Mirs Bay; the fastest speed of his squadron would have been that of the slowest vessel, the collier *Nanshan*, as a result of which it would have taken him nearly two months to reach America, if he could have gone, and in the mean time another Spanish squadron might have been fitted out, come to the Philippines, and completely controlled the Asiatic situation, and even prepared to descend on our Pacific coast cities. If he had sailed away and met disaster, the whole world would have condemned him as a naval commander and strategist, for there was no other neighboring haven whatever that he could seek, and he would have abandoned one where he was safe and in control. If he had departed and left not only the Spanish non-combatants, but foreigners, to the mercy of conditions which would arise with all naval protection gone, he would have been likewise censured; or, if by going away he had allowed the Spaniards to recoup and thereby have prolonged the war, everybody would have said now, Why did not Dewey stay? Finally, if it be true that by a canon of international law a dependency—after the overthrow of the power that held it—cannot be abandoned and left a prey to some other ambitious power, or to the unrestrained influences of native control, but is entitled at least to the temporary protection of the conqueror, what would the world have said if Admiral Dewey had violated this sacred duty and responsibility by sailing away?

Possibly in no way did Admiral Dewey's traits of character show to better advantage than in his treatment of newspaper men. Never seeking their attention or suggesting any references to himself, he was invariably courteous and firm, but often more considerate of them and their wishes than they had a right to expect. I never heard any newspaper man at Manila—and I knew them all well—speak otherwise, even in private, than in most respectful terms of the Admiral. They agreed that he personally was the fairest

and best press censor of all those who held sway over their telegrams from the opening of hostilities to the present. I would cast no reflection on Lieutenant Brumby, to whom the Admiral soon turned over the responsibilities of censorship, but neither he nor any one else in navy or army could rival the Admiral in quick perception of what was permissible news and what was not, together with the rare faculty of showing to the correspondent with unfailing urbanity why this or that sentence should be changed or omitted. But he did not stop there. If he saw that an important item was missing, either from lack of information or fear of its being cut out, he would suggest that it be inserted, thus saving many correspondents the unhappy experience of being "scooped." He was not harsh in his restrictions; in fact, he was inclined to be more liberal than Brumby, and certainly far more tolerant than Colonel Thompson of the army.

The best evidence of the success of his method is that during the long period from May 1 to August 13, when the censorship was controlled on the *Olympia*, not one correspondent took unfair advantage of the simple rules that governed despatches. It would have been possible at any time to send different telegrams from those which were inspected, for two reasons—first, the despatches were never viséd by any mark or stamp, but merely read; second, they were all sent under personal cover to Hong-kong, there to be forwarded.

The Admiral's code for newspaper men was brief, but comprehensive and expressive. He said: "Gentlemen, you are left largely to your own good and experienced judgment not only as correspondents, but as American citizens; but you will always bear in mind that you must not send what will give actual aid and comfort to the enemy, or that which will unduly excite and disturb the people at home."

If he made up his mind that certain statements should not be sent, there was nothing to be gained by arguing the question; but if he entertained the slightest doubt, he would listen carefully to the correspondent's prayer, and, if convinced, pass the despatch. In the Admiral's dealings with the newspaper correspondents the traits of character that emphasized themselves were tact and urbanity, mingled with due dignity and firmness.

These supreme qualities of diplomacy, which were brought out so fully later not only in his dealings with the German admiral, but with Aguinaldo and his leaders, were first plainly evinced in his treatment of newspaper men.

One incident, which I particularly remember, will illustrate his methods, and his high motives as well. There had been an occurrence which was fairly pregnant with sensational possibilities. It was assuredly teeming with news. It concerned, as such items usually did for a considerable period, the German squadron's movements. All the correspondents prepared vivid but even then accurate descriptions. Brumby referred so important a subject to the Admiral. Quoting again from notes made at the moment, I find that the Admiral said, in substance:

"If you gentlemen wish, you can send these telegrams just as you have written them, but I hope you will not. If you forward your despatches at this time, when our people are excited to the fever-point, your news may be the influence that will inspire them to demand action on the part of the government that would not only seriously embarrass it at Washington, but me right here, and might lead to further serious complications or war. Now if you will let the matter all alone and leave it to me, I will settle it all right, we will save great excitement at home, and avoid all chances of war. Do just as you think best."

It is needless to add that there was no further argument, and even to-day that affair has not been fully described. In some further treatment of the subject I may call on my note-book to tell the story

of one of the most exciting little incidents of the war, unless in the mean time it is told by others who remember it.

The Admiral's forbearance under most trying circumstances aroused the respect



THE HOUSE IN WHICH DEWEY WAS BORN, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

of all who witnessed his self-control where any man would have been forgiven for losing his temper. I would not imply that the Admiral did not ever give way to the impulses of righteous wrath. He did, as he himself often acknowledged, and as those with and under him were now and then aware. He had the quality of "getting mad," but the same temperament which fostered at times such a spirit made him, in the supreme hour of battle, a most dangerous and powerful enemy. On the other hand, if he ever was actuated by anger he never allowed his expression of it to interfere in any way with the individual discipline of the squadron or with its general interests in connection with other forces either of our army or those of foreign navies at Manila. There is no denying the fact that he employed, on certain occasions, vigorous language in referring to the tactics of those whose methods were irritating, but at the moment when firmness of purpose had to accomplish its chief end and nothing must interfere with suc-



THE STATE-HOUSE, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

The House in which Dewey was born stands opposite the State-House. The statue in the Portico is of Ethan Allen, and a Statue of Dewey is to face it.

successful achievement, his calmness and forbearance were extraordinary. These qualities were manifested at the critical hour without weakening his strength as a great commander or lessening the respect of those who tried his patience the most.

At this point I must relate a historical fact which may have been told, but which I have not seen in print. It is conclusive illustration of the unselfishness and self-restraint of the Admiral which those who witnessed what I describe will never forget. Before the fall of Manila, on August 13, 1898, the navy, under the Admiral, and the army, under General Merritt, made elaborate preparations for the capture of the city. Negotiations followed with General Jaudenes for the surrender, but an informal compromise was finally arranged, with the understanding that the American land and sea forces should make a mild attack on the southern defences of Manila "to satisfy Spanish honor" before the white flag was raised. Due notice was given of the proposed engagement so that there need be no loss of life among non-combatants. At the same time Admiral Dewey sent

formal notice to the commanders of the British, German, French, and Japanese squadrons in the bay that he was about to attack the defences of Manila, and requested them to withdraw to such distance as would leave the water in front of Manila free for the movements of his ships. They weighed anchor and complied with his wishes.

It was understood that in the advance on Manila the army and navy were to move together at a given signal—the army from trenches at Pasay and Malate, and the navy along the entire waterfront. Everything being apparently in readiness, and the required time of waiting having passed, the Admiral ran up the signal on the *Olympia* for all ships to prepare for action. In a short time these fighting-machines were in perfect shape for battle, with guns shotted, decks stripped, and battle-flags flying. Every man was keyed to the point of action. The foreign ships looked on with expectant interest, and even the Spaniards crowded the old walls of Manila to see the approach of the American vessels. Suddenly, as we all waited for the signal to start, Lieutenant Brumby came from

the Admiral's cabin and ordered young Scott to run up the signal to bank fires and await further orders. Imagine the chagrin not only of every officer and Jackie in the squadron, but of the Admiral, who was compelled to withdraw his order. What was the matter? All we knew was that General Merritt had been alongside a few minutes before the last order was given. It did not take long to ascertain the truth—the army was not ready.

Had this occurred only once, it might not have made a lasting impression upon us who saw it, but the feelings of the officers and men of the navy, from Admiral down, can be appreciated when it is known that the next day this remarkable experience was in the main repeated, and not until a day later was the army formally announced as ready. Then, after the unfortunate delays of the past few days, the Admiral, in supreme patience and forbearance, ordered his ships to prepare for action, weighed anchor, and steamed over opposite the defences of Manila.

It is not my purpose to reflect on the army in general, or upon General Merritt and General Greene in particular. Their records as skilful commanders speak for themselves. Nor would I wish to do other than give well-deserved credit to such able officers as Generals Anderson and MacArthur, whom everybody trusted. The army may have had the best reasons in the world for being unprepared when they first thought they would be ready, and when the Admiral had been led to suppose they would be prepared. The fact is, however, they were not, and the Admiral and his men suffered the great annoyance of delay.

In the presence of the commanders of the foreign squadrons and of the officers of the Spanish army, looking respectively from the decks of their ships and the walls of their town, he had been forced twice to revoke his own orders, and haul down his own battle-flags without a battle! Can anything more trying to a man's spirit be imagined than this, especially when the fault was in no way his?

When in a fortunate moment I was discussing the general situation with the Admiral, not more than half an hour after he had revoked a second time his order to prepare for action, I asked him directly what was the cause of the ex-

traordinary delay. Without the slightest sign of passion or displeasure, but with extreme composure, he replied at once,

"Because the army, after doing its best, is not quite ready, and of course we must act together."

"Is it not," I continued, "rather disappointing, in the sight of all these foreign vessels, to prepare for action and then take no further steps?"

"That does not matter. We are not making war for them. If they care to watch us, they must take things as they find them."

By this conversation it can be seen that he completely forgot himself and blamed no one. He would not even admit that the army officers whose business it was to do such things should have at least informed him a few hours earlier that they would not be ready, and so have saved him the necessity of recalling his orders on two separate occasions.

Although every other officer on the *Olympia*, as well as on the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, *Charleston*, *Monterey*, *Petrel*, and even little *Callao*, was indignant at the delay, and so expressed himself without reserve, the Admiral never uttered one word of complaint, unless he may have given voice to his feelings in private to Captain Lambertson, Lieutenant Brumby, or Ensign Caldwell.

The American people cannot be too grateful to Admiral Dewey for his successful direction of relations with the German Admiral von Diederichs at Manila. Those of us who were there will never forget his mingled diplomacy and courage in dealing with a troublesome situation that might have led to war with a less brave and tactful man in charge. There were times when his patience was sorely taxed, and to those whom he could trust he made observations that cannot be published. It may cover the ground if I say that I know that he was vexed by the movements of the ships of the German squadron and the attitude of the German admiral; but I must add that he was invariably confident as to the outcome, and believed that if left to himself and hampered by no instructions from Washington, he could settle the little unpleasantness to the complete satisfaction of all concerned. From the beginning to the end of the German epi-

sode he endeavored in every dignified way to avoid a collision, and would seek in his consideration of the activity of the German ships some other motive than intentional hostility to himself and the United States. While he deplored their seeming disregard of the courtesies due a blockading squadron, he never, to my knowledge, said that he believed that they were really planning and hoping for trouble with him. When any discussion arose in a gathering of persons or officers where he was present, over the conduct of the German ships, he strove to minimize the matter and allay any excitement. There was a certain limit beyond which the German admiral could not have gone. Up to that limit Dewey chose to use diplomatic methods to check his restless visitor, rather than foster a feeling of resentment at home towards the Germans which might develop into a wave of popular remonstrance and bring unfortunate complications.

Judging from notes which I made at the time, Admiral Dewey apparently reasoned as follows:

"The United States does not want war with Germany, and Germany does not want war with the United States. War might result from conditions here in the Philippines, but it can be avoided. War will not come on our part except on my initiative. It is therefore my duty to do all in my power to prevent complications which might help to bring on war, even if I must submit to some irregularities of action on the part of the German admiral."

Dewey moreover appreciated, up to the time when the *Monterey* arrived, that the German squadron was stronger in ships, equipment, and armored protection than his own squadron, and that it would be folly to think of fighting until he was re-enforced.

Instead, then, of assuming a belligerent attitude, he took a firm stand for his rights without bullying or boastfulness, which had the desired effect. When the Germans realized that he objected to their activity in and around Manila Bay, and that he intended to check it, not by war or threats of war, but by forceful diplomatic insistence on his undoubted rights, they began to mend their course, and finally ceased to be a source of irritation.

Hale and hearty Captain Sir Edward

Chichester, of the *Immortalité*, said to me last November in Hong-kong:

"Your Admiral accomplished by tact, firmness, and good judgment in Manila Bay what many naval men would have thought only possible by war. Dewey is a natural fighter, but true fighter that he is, he prefers to win a peaceful victory. He is a great man."

That is the testimony of one of Britain's noblest old sea-dogs, and no man is a better authority. When the accurate history of the long period of waiting at Manila is fully known to our people, they will not only find that all their praise and love of Dewey are deserved, but that their thanks are due Captain Chichester for the tangible moral support that his unique personality gave Dewey during the most discouraging days of the summer, when nobody knew what the next week or month had in store.

My conclusion in regard to Dewey's experience with von Diederichs is this: It proved beyond quibble or doubt that he is a great diplomatist and statesman as well as naval commander. He accomplished what is a desideratum of true diplomacy—the achievement of the object or purpose without entailing counter-responsibilities or developing conditions more serious than those originally involved.

Admiral Dewey was undoubtedly moved more than once to speak in plain terms to representatives of Admiral von Diederichs, but there was so much moral force and logic of position in what he said that the German commander could not possibly take offence.

Then finally the Admiral knew, as others about him did, that the Germans in the Far East, and probably a good part of the German people, did not really appreciate what was going on at Manila, and were not in sympathy with this naval demonstration.

Physically the Admiral is not an impressive man in the sense that some of our noted military men are, but he has a poise of body and head when standing or sitting that attracts the eye of the stranger. He has dignity with absolute ease. He carries himself gracefully for a man whose legs are trained to the sea, and he is not affected in manner or movement. His step is usually light, but not especially quick. He is not tall,

and is rather under the average height of naval men; but, in good condition, he has the appearance of being fairly well rounded. His bones are small and his fingers long and slight. His hands are often employed in nervous gestures—not in the French, but in the New England style—emphatic and serious, but not gymnastic. He has an interesting habit of drawing his fingers over his eyes when about to express some thought or consider a new suggestion. When a little agitated or disturbed he will pull and roll the ends of his long white mustache.

As he talks he shakes his head to give emphasis to what he is saying. If he is specially interested his eyes move quickly about, watching your own expression and possibly that of others, looking bright and cheerful one moment and severe the next, according to your answers or comment. Still, his eyes are not what would be called shifting. He has a firm, earnest, controlling look in them when he has orders to give or hears reports on important matters.

He could not be called handsome, because he is not sufficiently tall, but he has a prepossessing, clear-cut, interesting, almost classical face that seems equal to the responsibility of giving expression to the thoughts that have birth in his active brain. He is much better looking than the average photograph or sketch. None of his pictures brings out the best that is in his face, nor the lines which one notices in his actual presence. The ordinary portrait that is seen all over the land gives no conception of the real force and strength that he possesses, and is therefore disappointing to the man who has been accustomed to seeing him in person. His hair is an iron-gray tending towards whiteness, which becomes his composed but earnest visage. The nose is large, but it indicates his force of character, and does not mar the general effect of his physiognomy. There are resolution and persistency in the lines of his mouth, and when his lips are moving in stating an order or giving an opinion where he has made up his mind, there is no difficulty in determining whether he is in earnest. His complexion has naturally been sallow much of the time at Manila, for that condition is superinduced by the climate, but after his long voyage home it is quite probable that he will have considerable color. He

always looks clean and neat, but is not over-particular, and gracefully accepts the conditions of war and sailor life even if they do not give him all the privileges, comforts, and pleasures of the club. His wonderful adaptability has made him as much at home in the stripped cabin of the *Olympia* as he would have been in a hotel or club in New York or Washington. In fact, he gave no signs on the flag-ship of desiring luxurious surroundings, and the simplicity of furniture dating back to the days of fighting, compared with his simplicity of dress and manner, seemed to present a harmonious situation in line with his habits and wishes. There was no "fuss and feathers" about him or his environment at Manila.

Admiral Dewey is a remarkable illustration of the adaptability of men of our race to the conditions and circumstances that unexpectedly surround and meet them. He shows the ability of our leaders to cope successfully with new and broad responsibilities. But with this natural tendency of his American blood and training, and the inspiration which he received from birth and early childhood in Vermont, there are certain indispensable latent qualities such as consummate leadership, executive capacity, indomitable courage, strength of conviction, which were only fully brought out by the battle of Manila, and the cares that preceded and followed that engagement. Long before, to his large circle of friends in naval, political, and business circles, he had shown qualities of diplomacy, urbanity, discrimination, and self-possession which, put to their full test in the Manila campaign, proved equal to the emergency.

In meeting Admiral Dewey the stranger might not from first impressions consider him a great man in the true meaning of the term, but he would go away invariably prepossessed in his favor. I never knew a naval or military officer, a newspaper correspondent, traveller, or business man who did not leave his presence, after being introduced for the first time, charmed with his personality, his affability, his *savoir-faire*, and his unaffected bearing. They say first impressions are lasting, but experience teaches me that in the case of the Admiral later and final impressions correct and enlarge the first. A few further instances of his rare qualities of leadership, diplomacy,

courage, judgment, and urbanity, supplementing what has gone before, must suffice for this imperfect sketch of some phases of the Admiral's character and of his career at Manila.

His relations with Aguinaldo before the arrival of the army were conducted with singular tact. I can say here authoritatively that the Admiral not only never earnestly favored the return of Aguinaldo to the Philippines, but he never formally recognized him as an ally, or promised him and his followers any degree of independence. The Admiral permitted Aguinaldo to come back to Cavite, but he never urged him. There was no American name that carried so much weight in Filipino councils as that of Admiral Dewey, and I wish to add that I honestly believe that if plenipotentiary powers and orders had been given Admiral Dewey after the fall of Manila, such as England gave Kitchener in the Upper Nile Basin, he would have successfully solved the problem of our relations with the natives, and avoided those conditions which have resulted in the present warfare—unless the development of sentiment against accepting responsibility, and the failure to ratify the treaty until after prolonged delay, should have proved disastrous even to his masterful control of the situation.

The profound patience with which he awaited the arrival of troops two months after the battle of Manila Bay was only surpassed by the greater resignation with which he looked for the arrival of reinforcements in the form of the *Monterey* and *Monadnock*. The former did not put in an appearance until three months after the battle, and the latter four months. Had these monitors come when they were most needed, it is probable that the German demonstration would never have been known to history.

One of the best proofs of his courage and devotion to duty is the fact that during the entire length of his stay of over a year, he was never absent from Manila Bay for more than part of a day, and then only to run out to Subig.

To make this self-abnegation the more prominent, it can be remembered that every other officer and man in his squadron, including his own staff-officers, had made trips to Hong-kong, by which they were much benefited and refreshed. When the *Olympia* went to Hong-kong,

he transferred his flag to another ship and remained.

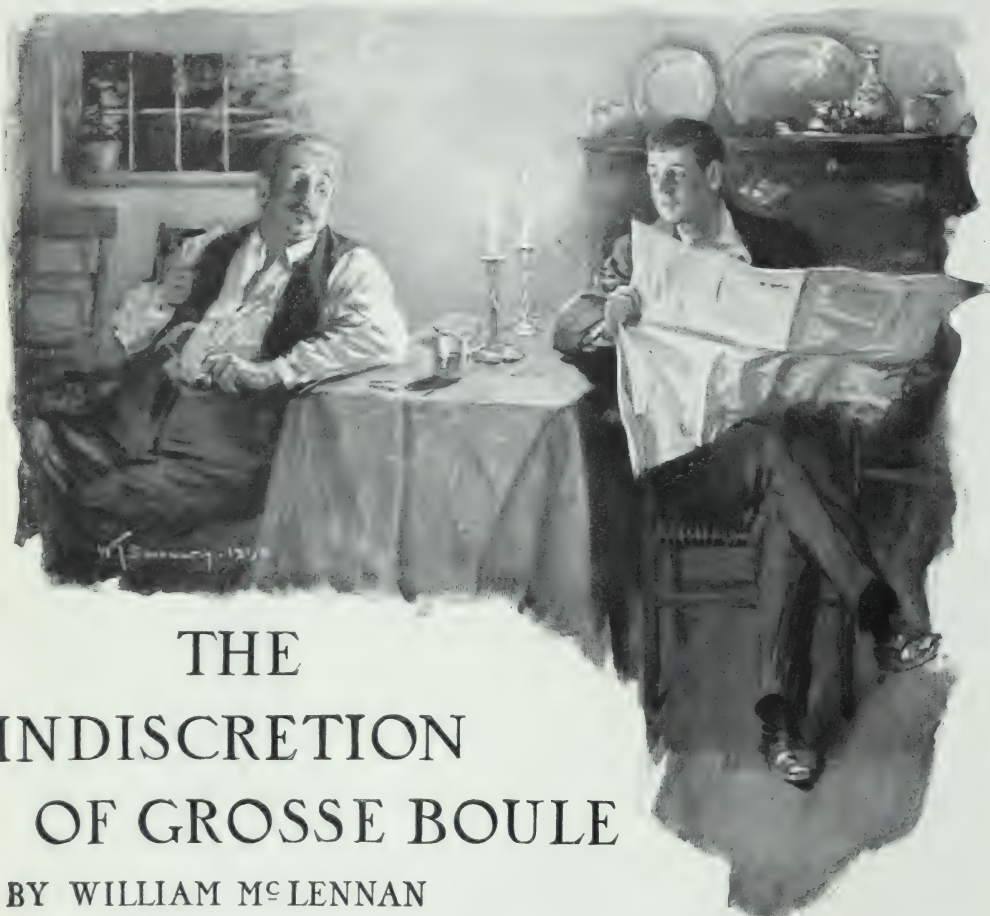
He planned for all contingencies. He never was taken by surprise, and he never intended to be. When it was understood that Camara was coming to the Philippines he was not in the least disturbed, but said he was ready, and would do to him what he had to Montojo. He provided against all probability of torpedo attack from the Spaniards at Manila by unremitting night surveillance until they gave up all hope of doing his ships harm. He guarded so carefully the health of his men that in the hottest season the percentage of sick was incredibly small. He made frequent visits to the different ships of his command, and to the navy-yard at Cavite, taking peculiar pleasure in the latter as his own special prize and pet.

To briefly allude to other characteristics and qualities I might mention his unselfish thought of others, especially of his army colleagues, first General Merritt and later General Otis; his avoidance of act or word that suggested the importance of his own unique position; his never-failing politeness towards all that called upon him; his love for his native town of Montpelier and State of Vermont; his finesse of manner and speech, and man-of-the-world nature mingled with a directness and force of speech and rugged sailor spirit which respectively showed themselves as conditions demanded; and finally his every-day, matter-of-fact method of living, acting, and talking, which kept him far from being a saint or perfect man, and made him seem at times exactly like scores of other average men, who have all in their way their foibles, weaknesses, and petty vices, as well as their strong points and virtues.

As he now returns to his home land the American people will not only be able to confirm all here portrayed of his character, but to show to him that love which has been waiting long months for its actual expression. If I were asked, in conclusion, what has been the most marked effect on the Admiral of his great victory, followed by an appreciation of the imperishable fame and glory that are his reward, and by a supreme realization of the deep, all-prevalent love of his fellow-countrymen for him, I would say that he has become gentler in spirit, touched to his innermost nature by such sincere affection.



ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE AT MANILA.



THE INDISCRETION OF GROSSE BOULE

BY WILLIAM MCLENNAN

[This little story, which has almost attained the dignity of a folk-tale, or at least of a conte populaire, was brought over from France to Canada, where it flourishes with a larger proportion of Gallic salt than is necessary for its preservation in English. In France it is known as "Le Petit Chien Bavard," and has been told time out of mind to the delight of successive generations in slightly varying form. It has appeared in print in our day, and in "Les Contes et Joyeux Devis," of the poet Bonaventure Des Périers, who died in 1544, a foundation may be found in the story of the Abbé and the Monkey. I have been told it also exists as a fabliau, but have not succeeded in tracing it in any collection to which I have had access. If a Frenchman were telling the story he would drop into a broad Canadian accent at the point where I have used broken English, which, to some extent, serves to convey the simplicity of his happier medium.]



OLD Ozias Vadeboncœur was rich, he was also respectable, and for years had held office as churchwarden, one of the *anciens marguilliers*, of his native parish of Ste. Madeleine de Fontarabie. In early youth he had been looked upon by the daughters and sought after by their mothers as the most desirable *parti* amongst all the young farmers of the parish, but had

long kept his freedom and figured as *le beau cavalier* until at length captured by the masterful graces of Demoiselle Petronille Deschambault, who during their thirty years of married life had not only held his wayward fancies in check, but sternly discouraged any allusion to what old Ozias fondly imagined had been a *jeunesse orageuse*.

He had every reason to be happy. Petronille was capable and managing. He was a wealthier man now than his father had ever been. That he was as illiterate and as credulous was no drawback in his eyes. Thanks to

the rigid rule of his wife, his vagrom fancies had never strayed far enough to awaken the breath of scandal against that fair fame she had so carefully built up for him, and which had now grown to be the object of his own most zealous solicitude.

Young Ozias, the one late blossom of this respectable union, was now about twenty-two; he had inherited his father's good looks, much of his easy-going, pleasure-loving disposition; but, alas, under the stern, almost Puritanical, rule of Madame Petronille he dared give but little more expression to his natural inclinations than did his father. Consequently when young Ozias returned for his yearly vacations from the College of St. Mathias, where all the youth of Ste. Madeleine de Fontarabie was educated, he confessed to none of his peccadilloes, not even the most innocent, to either father or mother, and least of all did he ever breathe a word of the longing which consumed him to see the great world. That would have alarmed even his father; he knew what a monstrous wicked place it was, and a scandal, even in another generation—Heaven forbid!

So Ozias, like a good, wise, and patient son, sat by the fire and bided his time.

His waiting brought him this. He was accustomed every Saturday night to read aloud to his parents such news of the outer world as the editor of *Le Sentinel de Fontarabie* held would interest the subscribers to his weekly paper. Next to the "faits divers," the local items, which naturally held their attention first, came the local politics, and then any miscellaneous "padding"; as for the foreign intelligence, it was not intelligible at all, at least to the household of Ozias Vadeboncœur.

One night as he was reading to his father, poor Madame Petronille being confined to bed with an obstinate rheumatism which had made her a prisoner for weeks, young Ozias came across an article telling of the marvellous results obtained by a man in New York as a dog-trainer. The article was sufficiently mendacious as it stood, but Ozias, who was always open to a humorous suggestion, and took delight in testing his father's credulity to the utmost, was moved to embellish and round out the tale until the canine education was completed by the mastery of human speech.

The old man said nothing, not even expressing surprise when the climax was reached, and Ozias feared that for once he had pushed audacity too far, and his *coup* had failed. He glanced apprehensively at his father, and saw him staring at the bright damper-hole of the stove, smoking with hard, sharp *poufs* from his tightly closed lips. The old man was thinking. Suddenly he asked Ozias to read the article over once more.

Ozias, enkindled by unexpected success, began anew, and if he varied in anything from his first performance, was too true an artist to betray himself by unnecessary exaggeration.

And now the story is told in broken Eng-

lish. Why, is not perfectly clear, but this is a matter of history.

Den de hol' man say to Ozias: "Ozias, w'at you t'ink of all dose?"

An' Ozias 'e say: "Fadder, I'll t'ink dat's a smart feller, an' no mistake."

An' de fadder say: "You s'pose dat's hall true? *Pas de blague?*"

An' Ozias 'e say: "If's he's on de paper, 'e mus' be true. Me, I'll jus' as soon b'lieve nodding, as not b'lieve w'at's on de paper. If dat's on de paper, 'e mus' be true!"

You see 'ow Ozias fool de hol' man?

Well, de hol' man say nodding more dat night; 'e jus' fix hup de fire, knock hout 'e's pipe, an' pick hup 'e's can'le an' go off to bed. An' Ozias sit dere for littl' w'ile, an' 'e t'ink w'at a fine joke he was put on de hol' man, an' 'ow 'e was make heverybody laugh w'en 'e tell 'es *blague*. But Ozias never was tell dat joke like 'e t'ink; for de nex' day de hol' man was take 'em on one side, an' 'e say: "Ozias, I s'pose dat man was make plenty money wid learn de dog for speak? 'Ow much you s'pose 'e charge?"

"Oh, I dun'no', fadder," Ozias say. "P'r'aps we see some more on de paper nex' week. W'at for you wan' to know?"

"Well, I was say to myself, s'pose now 'e 'ave a good dog, not one of dose littl' curly-tail yellow feller, but one good, big, sens'ble dog—like our Grosse Boule."

"Eh, fadder?"

"Yes, Ozias."

"An' learn 'em for speak?"

"Yes."

"An' make money wid 'em?"

"Yes, yes."

"Fadder, you're de mos' clever man I ever see! Fadder, you give me de money an' I go on New York myself wid Grosse Boule, an' I stay dere wid 'em till de man learn 'em for speak, I don' care 'ow long dat take."

Well, dat hol' fool 'e was so please wid de nonsense 'e make wid dose story dat 'e don' care for M'me Petronille (de poor woman cau' stir on 'er bed, or nodding like dat don' appen), an' Ozias 'ave de price for de lesson all fix hup by de nex' week, an' not more nor four, five day hafter 'e start hoff wid Grosse Boule, an' de hol' man was fix hup wid M'me Petronille de bes' 'e was hable, an' den 'e was sit dere an' count de money 'e was make w'en Ozias come back wid Grosse Boule.

Ozias 'e was not hable for write much 'ow Grosse Boule was learn, for de hol' man don' read any, an' de letters was hall read to 'em by Marie Rose Delima Paquet, w'at was stay on de 'ouse w'en M'me Petronille was sick. An' so Ozias he jus' say, "Everyt'ing is go for de bes'," or p'r'aps 'e say, "I am work at dat business all de time," or somet'ing like dat—an' de hol' man was satisfy, and Delima she cau' understand w'y 'e was make 'er read dose part many time.

But bime-by 'e get tire' for send Ozias so much money, p'r'aps dat's more nor two mont's 'e was away now, an' at de las' 'e make Delima write for Ozias to come 'ome right away. So she write, an' I guess dat letter, w'en 'e get it, make Ozias more busy nor 'e ever was wid Grosse Boule. But 'e mus' come 'ome; he know 'e can' fool de hol' man no longer. So 'e start.

De hol' man was drive down on de wharf for meet de Montréal boat, an' de firs' person Ozias see w'en 'e walk down de gang-plank was 'es fadder; an' de very firs' word de hol' man say w'en 'e meet 'em was, "Were's Grosse Boule?"

An' Ozias say, very quick: "Don' say nodding, fadder. Wait till we was onde *charrette*."

An' de hol' man don' say nodding, and dey climb in on de *charrette*, and start for 'ome. Den de hol' man 'e can' wait no longer, an' 'e hax some more: "Well, Ozias, were's Grosse Boule?"

An' den Ozias say: "Now, fadder, I'll tol' you. Well, me an' Grosse Boule go on New York like you know, an' we fin' dat man easy 'nough. An' dat man look Grosse Boule all over, hopen 'es mout', feel 'es ches', an' hall dat, an' 'e say 'e never was see no dog more better nor Grosse Boule for learn to speak. An' 'e hax w'at way 'e'll learn 'em for speak—French way, English way? An' I tell 'em right hoff, 'Never min' de English way; you learn dat dog de French way. My hol' fadder 'e not talk no English, an' I don' wan' dat dog for say nodding my hol' fadder not understan'." You see, fadder, s'pose I 'ave to go 'way from 'ome some time, I wan' dat dog so's you'll speak wid 'em jus' like wid me."

An' de hol' man was so please wid dat fool-



"I S'POSE DAT MAN WAS MAKE PLENTY MONEY WID LEARN DE DOG FOR SPEAK?"

ishness he put 'es 'an' on Ozias' knee an' 'e give 'em littl' squeeze.

"Well, fadder, jus' so soon's dat man know w'at I want, 'e start an' we hall begin for work. Hevery day Grosse Boule an' me was dere at seven-a-clock, an' we work widout never stop till dinner. An' hall de afternoon I was make Grosse Boule study de lesson dat man make 'em on de morning. Bagosh! hevery night we was so tire' we go for sleep so soon's we heat our supper. Never nodding but dat hevery day, an' de 'ole day long. But Grosse Boule 'e know w'at was expect of 'em, an' 'e never say nodding, jus' work, work, work, till 'e make me tire' for look at 'em. An' sometime w'en I say, 'Grosse Boule, come hon, let's go on de street an' see de girls!' (I jus' say

dat for fun, fadder, you know, jus' for see w'at 'e say.) 'E look on me wid 'es forehead hall wrinkle' up, an' e' say: 'Ozias, I'm shame' on you! W'at Ma'am Petronille say for 'ear you talk like dat? Go hon by yourself! Me, I don' spen' de hol' man's money wid no foolishness like dat'; an' 'e hopen 'es book an' 'e begin on 'es lesson some more."

An' den dat hol' fool of a fadder was please some more, an' 'e hax: "Grosse Boule 'e was read on 'es book?"

An' dat *effronté* Ozias 'e say: "Ho yes, fadder! Dat was de greates' pity w'at you hax me for come 'ome. Grosse Boule 'e was jus' begin for read 'es book good de las' week, an' we was jus' go to begin 'em on de newspaper! But never min'."

"Well, w'en I read de letter Delima was write to come 'ome, Grosse Boule 'e was cry w'en 'e say good-by to dat man; but de man 'e say: 'Cheer hup, Grosse Boule! You be good dog, an' you make much pleasurement for de hol' man w'en you get 'ome.'

"Well, den me an' Grosse Boule we start for 'ome, an' nobody catch me say one word wid 'em hall de way. Sometime somebody pat 'es 'ead an' hax me w'at kin' of dog 'e was, an' talk much about 'em, an' no matter w'at dey was say, Grosse Boule 'e never say nodding, 'cept sometime 'e wink at me, an' I'll near split myself I want so much for laugh."

"Bime-by we get on Montréal, and I'll go down on de boat, and we start at seven-a-clock, an' w'en de supper bell ring I say to Grosse Boule, 'Now, Grosse Boule, you stay quiet 'ere, an' I bring you somet'ing on my pocket for heat w'en I come back.'

"Den I go an' heat my supper, an' I come back wid plenty on my pocket, an' we sit on de dark corner, an' after 'e was satisfy, I say:

'Well, Grosse Boule, I'm glad for get 'ome, me!"

"Me too!" he say.

"Den I say: 'Who you're de mos' lonesome for, hall de time we was away, Grosse Boule?"

"Den 'e say: 'Me? Well, I'm de mos' lonesome for see de hol' man."

"Fadder, w'en Grosse Boule say dat, I was glad; dat show me de dog 'ave de good 'eart. An' I was so please, fadder, I hax 'em some more: 'W'at for you was so lonesome for see de hol' man?"

"An' 'e say: 'Ho! de hol' man make me plenty joke very hoften.'

"W'en 'e say dat, fadder, I was astonish. I never 'ear you make no joke wid Grosse Boule. So I say: 'Ow was dat, Grosse Boule; w'at joke was my fadder make wid you?"

"An' den, fadder, 'e say: 'Ozias, you remember w'en de modder was lay hup wid de rheumatism?"

"Yes."

"An' we get Delima for come an' do de work on de 'ouse?"

"Yes."

"Marie Rose Delima Paquet?"

"Yes."

"Well, many's de night I lay b'hind de stove, an' I'll laugh fit for split myself for 'ear de hol' man talk foolish wid Delima! Ho! I'll tol' you, Ozias, dat's de bigges' joke de hol' man ever was make on hall 'es life! 'Cre baptême!"

"An', fadder, w'en I 'ear Grosse Boule, w'at you trus' so much, say dose lie, I was so mad I forget about hall de money we was spen' on 'em, an' I jus' get hup an' I take 'em by de t'roat an' I t'row 'em on de river!"

An' den de hol' man give 'emself littl' shake, an' 'e say: "Ozias, my son, you done right!"

JUSTICE.

IN early territorial days there was at Pierre a justice of the peace named Rudenbaugh. Being the only judicial functionary in the place (except Judge Lynch), all sorts of cases were brought before him, and he never doubted his ability or his right to pass upon anything from petty larceny to homicide. Being a man of violent prejudices, his justice was always tempered with his personal feelings toward the prisoner. One day a man named Baker was brought before him charged with some small offence. Unfortunately Baker was one of Rudenbaugh's pet enemies. Baker's lawyer knew what awaited his client, and determined to get the case transferred to the neighboring town of Blunt.

"Your Honor, I desire a change of venue."

"What is that?" demanded the court.

"I want this trial transferred to another court," explained the lawyer.

"On what grounds, young man?"

"On the ground that this court is prejudiced

against my client, and that he cannot get justice here."

"This court prejudiced, hey? Young man, I declare that contempt of court, and fine each one of you \$50! I'll show you that you can get justice here with the bark on!"

DETERMINATION.

DURING a heated prohibition campaign in one of the Southern cities, a prominent lawyer, who is known to be a frequent partaker of the cup that both cheers and inebriates, was enlisted in the cause of cold water. He made a number of stirring temperance speeches that produced more mirth than conviction in the hearts of his former bibulous associates. In one of his flights of eloquence, he exclaimed:

"I confess that I have been a frequenter of the saloon, but my feet have crossed the threshold of the bar-room for the last time. When I want whiskey, I shall send for it!"

There was great applause, and some hilarity among the heavy drinkers.

A POSSUM-RIDGER'S WAR RECORD.

A MAN from Possum Ridge shambled into an attorney's office down at the county-seat.

"Say," he said, "be you the lawyer what hangs out at this place?"

"I am, sir," the attorney replied. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Dun'no' as there is. 'Lowed mebbe thar mout be."

"Well, if you will be so good as to state your business, I shall be very glad to serve you."

"Thanky. I reckon I want to see 'bout gittin' a pension."

"All right. Just be seated. You were in the army during the war, eh?"

"I reckon I most sholy war, stranger. I war in one o' the allfiredest, red-hottest, rip-roarin'est battles that war fount endurin' the whole blame rumpus."

"You were wounded, I presume?"

"Waal, some."

"Anyways serious?"

"Tol'able like, I guess. Had one leg, one arm, three ribs, and my collar-bone broken; an', asides, my flesh was all cut, hashed, and messed up till I looked like a passel o' fresh-ground sausage meat."

"Why haven't you applied for a pension before this?"

"I hev."

"And didn't get it?"

"Nope."

"Well, that is strange. What was the trouble? Do you know?"

"Pears lack the blame gover'ment is miserable particular 'bout this pension business."

"I know; but if you were wounded as you say you were, there should certainly be no trouble about getting a pension."

"Mebby not, mister; but, anyhow, I 'ain't never got none yit."

"Humph! I cannot understand that. How long were you in the army?"

"'Bout an hour, I guess."

"Why, you didn't serve long?"

"No, not much long; but it was a powerful hot spell while it lasted."

"What company and regiment were you in?"

"Wa'n't in none in particular. I war jest sorter mixed up in the whole army. You see, it war kinder like this: Thar war some Union soldiers camped down thar nigh my place, an' I used to go down thar to sell 'em garden truck. Waal, one day while I war down thar them blame Confederates came a-dashin' an' a-chargin' down on us, a-shootin' an' a-whoopin' like mad. It struck me right away that if a feller staid round thar he war liable to git into trouble, so I jumped into my cart, give my old mawl a touch of the lash, and lit out for home."

"Then you didn't fight any?"

"I reckon not. Them blame Confederates didn't give me no chance."

"How did you happen to get all those wounds?"

"I licked that old mawl till he got rattled, and he run over a log, turned the cart and me into a ravine, and broke me all up like I told you."

"I see! Well, I am sorry, but I cannot get you a pension. You are not entitled to it under the law."

"Hain't, eh? Reckon I wa'n't in the army, an' wa'n't hopin' the country out by sellin' vegetables to the soldiers, an' wa'n't all broke up on accoun't o' them blame Confederates? Yit I can't git no pension. I reckon this doggoned gover'ment is a fraud, anyhow."

THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

A BOUNCER.

THE New York drummer had been swapping fairy tales with Uncle Hi Perkins in the village grocery-store, and had been getting the worst of it. Every tale he told, Uncle Hi would meet with one a trifle larger. The drummer was growing desperate. At last he said,

"Did you people hear about the big fire in the rubber-factory down in New York the other day?"

"Haow about it?" says Uncle Hi.

"Well, the fire wasn't much out of the ordinary run," said the drummer, "but there was rather a peculiar incident connected with it. The night watchman was asleep up in the tenth story of the building, and didn't wake up till the flames had cut off all possibility of rescue. The firemen couldn't get to him, and it looked as if the poor fellow was going to be burned to death. He stuck his head out of the window and saw how things were, and being a man of original mind, conceived a plan of escape. Breaking open a big packing-case, he took out a lot of mackintoshes and wrapped them around him, and got some hot-water bags and such things and plastered himself up with them till he looked like a big rubber ball—doing all this, you know, with the idea that the rubber would sort of break his fall on the pavement below. When he was about ten deep in mackintoshes he jumped out."

"An' lit just as soft as if he'd a-fell off'n the bottom rung of a ladder," said Uncle Hi, sarcastically.

"That's just the point," said the drummer. "He hit so hard that he bounced up and down for two days and a half, and finally they had to shoot him."

"Wha'd they shoot him fer?" inquired Uncle Hi, with just a tinge of suspicion in his voice.

"Why, they had to!" replied the drummer. "The poor man was starving to death."

W. J. C.



HER DAIRY.

"A milkweed, and a buttercup, and cowslip," said sweet Mary,
 "Are growing in my garden-plot, and this I call my dairy."

THE SETTLEMENT.

THE Great Northern Railroad in Minnesota runs through the land of one Swan Nelson, a Swede. One day, because of the defective condition of the fence enclosing the right of way, one of Nelson's colts was run down by an engine and killed. The claim agent investigated the case, and became satisfied that the company was liable, and instructed Michael Sullivan, a section boss, to drive out to Nelson's farm and make a settlement with him, and gave him a receipt for Nelson to sign in which the amount was left blank, and the sum of seventy-five dollars, which was to be all the company would pay for the colt.

Sullivan started on his errand with his men and a hand-car, and arrived at the farm of Nelson, and found Nelson at work near his barn. This is the conversation which took place:

"Is your name Nilson?"

"Yas."

"Air you the man that let wan o' your colts git on our roight o' way, and git ahead o' wan o' our ingines, and come near ditchin' a train and killin' a hundred people?"

"Yas, I tank my colt wass kill on de railroad."

"Well, what do you mean by allowin' your colt fur tu git on our roight o' way, and enter-farin' wid our trains? Do you know that you come near trowin' that ingine off, and killin' a hundred people and cripplin' thim fur life?"

"Well, I tank it wass bad dat colt he wass dad."

"Well, I don't care fur your colt, but phwat I want to know is, what roight have you to enter-fare wid our trains, on our roight o' way? and what's more, I want to know phwat air you goin' to do about ut? It tuk four min two hours to wipe the blood and hair off that ingine, besides the trouble that me and me min had burryin' the carcass, and I want to know phwat yer goin' to do about it."

"Well, I don't know."

"Well, you better know; and you better know quick. I come here to find out what yer going to do about it."

"Well, I gev ye two dawlers; dat ess de bast I can dew."

"Is that the best ye can do? Can't ye make it four?"

"No; two is ole de money I got en de house."

"Well, let's have that, and sign this receipt; and the next time wan o' ynr harses gits on our roight o' way it will cosht ye farty."

At that Sullivan went off with the receipt, which read:

"Received of the Great Northern Railroad Company two dollars in full for all damages by reason of a collision between train No. 7 and a colt belonging to me.

[Signed] SWAN NELSON."

"An' it takes an Oirishman t' git ahead o' them fareigners," said Sullivan as he left.

C. E. KREMER.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

"Look there! What is the matter with that man?" ejaculated a drummer, standing on the porch of the tavern at Polkville, Arkansas, and gazing at a middle-aged citizen, who was making his way down the street, threshing his arms around, and keeping up an accompaniment of angry mutterings.

"Oh, that's Squire Tudd!" replied the landlord. "Fine old feller as there is in town, but so absent-minded that the most of the time he don't know if he's afoot or on horseback. His wife often cautions him to bring his head home with him; some time he'll forget it. I remember the caper he cut at the convention a couple of years ago. Tell you all about it:

"He's a deep old feller in most respects, but if it wasn't for his wife I don't s'pose half of the time he'd know whether he was dressed or not, unless people called attention to the fact that something was wrong. Well, the time of the convention down at Little Rock, Mrs. Tudd was determined that for once in his life the Squire should be dressed like a gentleman, and so she packed a dozen clean shirts in his gripsack, and asked me to see that he put on one whenever he needed it; and if the supply gave out before the convention was over, I was to buy him as many new shirts as I considered necessary.

"The convention was an excitin' one, the weather was hot and dusty, the Squire worked like fury, and needed a clean shirt quite frequently. After the supply in his grip had been exhausted, I bought him several more. By the time the convention was half over, it began to be remarked how well the Squire

was standin' the work, and I took notice of the fact myself. It seemed to me that he was in better flesh than I had ever seen him before, and bime-by he looked positively portly. I didn't pay as much attention to the Squire as mebbly I ought to; I kept on buyin' him another shirt whenever I happened to think of it, and wonderin' what the old feller had been eatin' that was puffin' him up so.

"By the time we went home the Squire was so bloated that he couldn't come anywhere near buttonin' his vest. The people who met us at the depot remarked how the Squire had fleshed up, and the Squire was as much at a loss to account for it as anybody else; he said he had never suffered with the heat so much before in his life. Likely enough the mystery would never have been solved if it hadn't been for Mrs. Tudd. She dug down into the grip-sack the first thing, and there wasn't a single shirt, clean or soiled, in it. The Squire thought he kinder recalled puttin' on a shirt or two, but that was all he knew about it. Mrs. Tudd pounced on her husband the next thing, and then the mystery was explained.

"The old feller hadn't taken off a single one of them shirts all the time he had been away, but had put on a clean one every time he had been reminded of it. As the good lady had requested about half a dozen other men besides me to look out for him, and they had all followed instructions, you can imagine about how many shirts he had on. I don't know the exact number myself, but I'm of the opinion that if he had staid away six months longer, he would have been so portly that he couldn't have got inside of a circus tent." TOM P. MORGAN.



THE WILD WEST SHOW IN ARCADIA



WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL DINNER: HIS TOAST TO THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

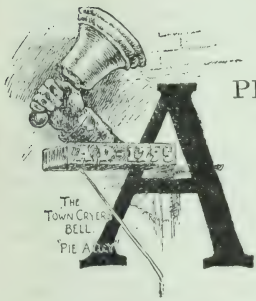
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BOSTON AT THE CENTURY'S END

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER



I.

A PECULIAR circumstance accentuates the landscape at a certain point on the New England coast. The mountains and the sea there part company. This happens

for the traveller southward bound along the continent's shore. Having passed in succession the heights of Mount Desert and Camden with feet in the salt waves, the grand tumultuous masses of the White Mountains rising far inland, and the lone peak of Agamenticus, finally from the Cape Ann headlands there appears to the southwestward a billowy blue range across the wide waters. Though their greatest elevation lacks the thousand by a foot for each of the year's days, these heights have all the character and dignity of true mountains, and they are the last outposts of the continent's titanic rock ribs that may greet the eye along all the rest of the eastern coast of our great republic. These hills have a truly alpine history, for geology says that they were once many thousands of feet high and perpetually snow-crowned. In political history, too, they have played an alpine part, for they gave their name to Massachusetts Bay and its famous colony, cradle of modern democracy. Massachusetts meant "the place of the great hills," the Indians explained. But having imparted their name, the hills re-

signed it to the waters and the nascent commonwealth, and thenceforth were called the Blue Hills of Milton.

Nature stamped the landscape at the head of Massachusetts Bay, where one of the world's renowned cities grew up, with the gracious individuality of the mid-New England seaboard in its most pleasing aspects. The region with its mountain landmark was geographically a point of departure, and politically it became a point of arrival; in natural scenery it was a sort of meeting-place, an assemblage of divers very attractive elements. The rocks and the glacial debris, the meadows and the marshes, the sparkling streams and the placid lakes, the bays and the meandering inlets, the crescent beaches and the rough headlands pounded by the surging sea, all combined to produce delightful scenery of well-nigh kaleidoscopic variety.

When the great navigator John Smith sailed into the island-studded expanse now known as Boston Bay, there spread indefinitely before him what seemed to be a most royal river with vast inland-reaching potencies, and in honor of England's future King the splendid-seeming stream was named the Charles; but less than a score of miles from the narrows the fresh waters of three rivers of only moderate size poured into their salty estuaries, and nothing further was seen of the expected great stream.

These three rivers broke through the barrier of the wild rock hills that encircle the Boston basin and made leisurely way

to the sea, meandering around gracefully modelled drumlins that give peculiar character to the landscape—hills of glacial drift in gently rounded wave forms, contrasting markedly with the rugged rocky heights near by. In shape like a half-watermelon cut lengthwise, these hills rose first from the meadows of river valleys, then from the far-spreading salt marshes, and lastly from the salt waters direct, in peninsulas and islands about and within the bay. Here and there were also rocky promontories jutting out, as if in final reminder of the mountains.

Much of this was changed as time went on. But it is important to note the physical environment whose features did much to shape the great city which has spread all around this bay, whose many liquid fingers reach up through the varied landscape. Had this urban growth been a conscious one, had such a momentous future been suspected, the process would naturally have adapted itself to topographical requirements, and many enormous costs might have been avoided. We are told that the rambling streets of the towns that clustered on the slopes of the drumlin peninsulas—*islands* moored to the main only by slender necks of land—were largely engineered by cows. We know how the chief of these drumlin half-islands, Shawmut, was called Tremont and Trimountain for a while before it became Boston, "the Metropolis of North America," as the maps of the eighteenth century had it. Though that rank passed to Philadelphia, and thence to New York, the steady growth of the port kept on. But the town meeting served the community's purposes in self-government almost to the end of the present century's first quarter. It is worth remembering that, in the period of Boston's first corporate cityhood, in the third decade of the nineteenth century, when Salem and Nantucket ranked next in importance among Massachusetts towns, the United States was a land of rural communities, and the greatest city of North America was not on the continent at all. It was Havana, on the island of Cuba.

II.

Certain things must be held in mind for an understanding of Boston at the century's end. The community was founded as the concrete expression of a mental and spiritual ferment, a striving

for a life of greater freedom than that left behind. This striving had a very practical material basis, for the city's physical growth was that of an emporium. The dual nature of this beginning has persistently marked the community's development. These factors have interacted—there has always been a decidedly practical side to Boston's ideality, while the material conditions have very largely advanced along ideal lines. In other words, the shaping of ideals has strongly tended towards definite ends to be attained by practical methods, and material growth has, to a notable extent, been exerted towards certain ideals. From the simplest beginnings, in both these aspects there has been an ever-increasing complexity.

The primary ideal of the community, though for a life of greater freedom, had in view only the freedom of its own members from certain restrictions upon worship, and in some respects there was actually less freedom than in the life left behind. But the heaven had been set to work; the realization of even this very limited ideal involved the introduction of new factors of growth in mind and spirit, and a consequent weakening of old limitations. Hence originated for America the free public-school system with its fruitage of popular freedom of thought, and the New England town meeting with its fruitage of popular free speech, also the higher education fostering the pursuit of the ideal.

With such instrumentalities made active, it was inevitable that, with the achievement and maintenance of freedom for themselves, the members of this community should have been imbued with a love of freedom for all men. It is natural that, in a community based upon religious aspirations, the first outcome of these tendencies should have been religious freedom—not only in equal toleration of other creeds, but revolutionizing the primal faith in the great liberalizing movement that not only made the Puritan capital the home of Unitarianism, but, in its native-born element, the least Puritanical of all the cities in the country.

Logically continuing these lines came the great impulse towards social freedom, first manifest in the anti-slavery movement, which for a half-century overshadowed the complementary agitation for

industrial emancipation that was almost contemporary with the dawn of the anti-slavery movement, finding its earlier expression in communal experimentation, as at Brook Farm.

Turning to the material evolution of the New England metropolis, there may first be noted, as concomitant of its rich commerce, the great ship-building industry of which it was so long the seat—an industry which, in the meetings of its very numerous caulkers for political action, originated the word "caucus." Then the great shoemaking and leather industries, of which Boston has always been the mart; and the "merchant princes," with their elegance and their culture, the scope of their foreign adventures firing the imagination and broadening the mind, while building up the superb East India trade of the port, so full of romance and splendor. Next the era of industrial and financial corporations, beginning with the mill-owning period early in this century—the development of the great water-powers of the Merrimac. Successive main steps in this era have been the period of railway-building and investment that, from Boston out, has woven over the continent a large proportion of its giant web of steel; the huge copper-mining enterprises, which, together with other notable mining investments, are said in certain years—lean and hungry for other financial harvests—to have yielded returns surpassing those from the combined railway and banking properties owned in the city; and the organization of the great telephone monopoly, with its creation of a wonderful new industry for the world. With each of these new steps, together with the enormous advances of real-estate values from period to period, as in various sections "acre land" became "foot land," there have been deposited successive layers of tremendous wealth, creating strata upon strata of rich families—their social eminence dated back by the knowing ones to this or that period when were acquired the ample means that made possible the leisurely culture of the fortune-favored.

There are not a few fairylike, though strictly veracious, tales of the happy turns of fortune's wheel that conferred good luck upon various individuals in these select companies, suddenly lifted above the vicissitudes of the common lot. But there is perhaps nothing more interesting

than the story of the little group that originally shared the ownership of the great telephone patent; how, ever confident of the big future of the invention, they met with rebuff after rebuff from men corpulent of purse but lean in faith, and therefore holding it but a "scientific toy"; how bitterly they were disappointed by the decision of the Western Union Telegraph Company not to take up its option to acquire the patent outright for a half-million dollars in cash; and how, the next thing, they found themselves millionaires overnight, as it were!

III.

The beginning of this century saw Boston a world-famous town, but it was only the chief of several old and detached communities grouped about the bay whose commercial advantages gave the port its standing. The ending of the century sees Boston increased multifold in population and area; a genuine metropolis, a *millionenstadt*, as the Germans say—a million-peopled city—practically enclosing the bay, which then laved the shores of the huddled and hilly peninsula of Shawmut. While the municipality itself now has but little more than a half-million inhabitants, the metropolitan title to double that figure rests not only on the natural geographical expansion of a dense population whose coalescence has effaced all but political demarcations between a large number of local communities, but on the fact that it has become a great civic entity in itself. At present the metropolitan organization is in a nascent state. What is now commonly called Greater Boston is for various purposes organized as the metropolitan districts. In this respect there is a strong resemblance to the organization of the metropolitan population of London, where the administrative County of London comprises an aggregation of parishes and districts, while the Metropolitan Police District, called Greater London, has a much wider extent.

In Greater Boston, likewise, the several metropolitan districts are not coextensive. The Metropolitan Sewerage District comprises a certain number of municipalities, some of which are not included in the Metropolitan Water District, and a still larger group constitutes the Metropolitan Parks District. Each of these districts is administered by a commission appointed

by the Governor of the Commonwealth. The Metropolitan Postal District is organized by the national government, and comprises yet another group of municipalities served from the Boston Post-Office. Probably in the near future a metropolitan county will be organized to administer various functions of mutual concern to the various municipalities of the Greater Boston group.

This Greater Boston development is one aspect of the very notable process of more efficient organization that characterizes the Boston of to-day—a systematization and co-ordination of functions, public and quasi-public; a general and very extensive unification of utilities that is telling immensely in economizing the working capacity for collective and individual activities, as well as in accelerating the metropolitan growth of the community.

The local transit system furnishes the first great example of this tendency. For fully a generation Boston had been suffering from an extraordinary congestion of street traffic, due to the concentration of trade in the ancient section of the city, where all the street-railway lines converged. Among the rival companies there was infinite contention, and their cars, all aiming for one point, seemed fairly to stumble over each other in their tortuous progress, wasting in the aggregate centuries of precious time for the community. Various remedies were tried in vain—including very costly street-widenings—but the congestion more than kept pace with the improvements. Finally, just on the verge of the electric-railway era, a sagacious and far-seeing capitalist saw golden opportunities in the work of bettering these unbearable conditions. He boldly undertook the colossal task. By quick and masterly steps he gained control of the several corporations and consolidated them into one great company, the first to monopolize the entire street-railway traffic of a great American city. The result was not only the development of a financial bonanza of the first magnitude, but a tremendous increase in public efficiency through the unification of the various antagonistic services in one coherent system. The gain in traffic, however, that naturally followed the systematization and cheapening of transit facilities was so sudden and enormous that the congestion soon became intensified.

With the beginning of the tenth decade there chanced to be elected a young Mayor of a daring and pertinacious temperament vigorously aggressive in character, and of an originative mind. For some years the city charter had embodied the distinctive American principle of concentrating great powers in the hands of the chief executive. The young Mayor was the first to take full advantage of this authority. He made his mark as no predecessor has done. His first act was to propose a series of reforms and improvements, largely of a radical and transforming character that involved an entrance upon certain colossal undertakings. His predecessor, a shrewd old merchant, smiled grimly. Those things were all very well, he said, but it would take at least twenty-five years to carry that programme into effect. But the public "caught on." All the things suggested were desirable. Why should they not be realized? was asked on all sides. And before the year was over every recommendation that the Mayor had made was adopted!

This marked for Boston the entrance upon a period of conscious and intentional evolution along scientifically systematic lines—a process that appears destined more and more to characterize the world's social and political development, in place of the groping and painful growth heretofore known throughout history. In fact, it seems inevitable that the methods of evolutionary science, having been discovered, must be consciously applied to these as to all other indicated ends.

IV.

Among the recommendations made by the Mayor at that time was one for the comprehensive organization of the local transit service for the metropolitan community upon the most efficient basis possible. The question was therefore elaborately investigated by a special commission, and the great possibilities of the situation were shown. A few years passed before the work of realizing these possibilities could be undertaken. The most difficult phase of the problem was how to overcome the barrier of the congested district. A threatened invasion of the historic Common to this end aroused a public protest so strong that to avert it it was proposed to go beneath rather than through the congested district, building a subway system around the Common and



Trinity Church (first occupied by Phillips Brooks).

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A TRANSFER STATION.

beneath the streets, across the entire section. At a "referendum" election the citizens determined that the proposed subway should be undertaken as a municipal enterprise, and at the same time a private corporation was authorized to construct a system of elevated railway lines. In three years and a half the great subway was finished. Meanwhile the elevated railway company had gained control of the surface and underground systems, making it possible to follow in their entirety the general lines laid down in the programme recommended by the original transit commission.

The main features of the great unified transit system are:

1. A net-work of surface electric lines for more strictly local transit, extending throughout the city and far out into the suburban districts, reaching the latter very largely through broad avenues with reserved central spaces that permit swift and relatively unimpeded movement.
2. Trunk lines of elevated electric railway across the more densely populated

metropolitan area, and also connecting the two great steam-railway terminals. These elevated lines, with relatively infrequent stations, are for rapid transit in the true sense, assuring quick movement between all parts of Greater Boston by means of connections and free transfers between the elevated and surface cars. At the elevated terminals the surface cars reach the elevated level by inclined tracks, transferring passengers to and from the remoter suburbs, many surface lines converging at these terminals. By the elevated circuit connections between the steam-railway terminals the suburban services of those lines are brought into touch with the local transit system. This elevated connection is also designed with reference to use by regular steam-line trains, with possibilities for unbroken express trains across the city between eastern and northern New England and Canada on one side, and New York and beyond on the other.

3. The carrying of both the surface cars and the elevated trains quickly across the



THE DESCENT TO THE SUBWAY, PUBLIC GARDENS.

congested district through the subway—which is adapted to use by both features of the great co-ordinated system—and likewise underneath the harbor by tunnel to and from East Boston and the northeastern sections of Greater Boston.

The completed subway is a marvel of convenience and public comfort, with its white enamelled walls, its brilliant electric illumination, its sweet and wholesome air, its commodious stations where people await their cars sheltered from wind and rain, from summer heat and winter cold—everything as cleanly as the traditional Dutch housewife's kitchen. Moreover, it gives certainty of prompt transit in place of vexatious, halting progress. There is no more congestion in the streets above. This costly work does not cost the municipality a cent, for it has been leased to the street-railway company at a rental that not only covers all interest and sinking-fund charges, but eventually yields a profit to the city. Its construction with businesslike promptness and thoroughness by public officials, the Transit Com-

mission, at a cost much within the original estimate, suggests the very pertinent question: Why could not the same board of eminent citizens, who have thus given to their charge the same conscientious attention that they would to the affairs of a railway corporation of which they might be directors, with equal success operate as a public enterprise the entire transit service of the metropolitan community? Perhaps this will come in due time, for there is nothing to prevent the taking over of the whole system by right of eminent domain whenever public sentiment may demand it.

With the approaching completion of the elevated lines the entire rapid-transit system will be perfected. The consequent acceleration of public movement will immensely promote intercourse between all sections of Greater Boston, with a corresponding impetus to metropolitan development.

The terminal facilities of the steam-railway lines have also undergone a remarkable improvement. All the trunk

lines entering the city have been concentrated in two great passenger terminals on opposite sides of the business district, on the water-front, and within less than a mile of each other. On the north side there is a great union station which, though provisional in character, is of substantial construction. It accommodates five main lines controlled by two corporations. The new South Terminal Station, accommodating the four trunk lines of the two other principal railway companies of New England, is the largest in the world. It has a unique feature in the special sub-terminal division that occupies the entire space underneath the regular trackage area of the vast triple-roofed train-house. This is designed for suburban traffic exclusively, and has great loops for the speedy despatch of trains at short intervals. Its design anticipates the ultimate application of electric motive power to all suburban trains, for the en-

local and general features of this system complement each other, and thus facilitate traffic across and about the metropolitan area, as well as between the city and other parts of the country, it stands unrivalled on this side of the Atlantic.

A further systematization of traffic occurs in the concentration of the great railway freight terminals at various convenient points on deep-water frontage, and thence communicating by marginal lines with all the principal wharves. Railway and ocean freights are thus brought together, and handling charges reduced to a minimum. The Commonwealth, alive to the importance of advancing the commercial prestige of its capital, has lately adopted the policy of a public dock and freight terminals system. It has therefore begun the construction of magnificent deep-water terminals with the most modern facilities for accommodating the largest steam-

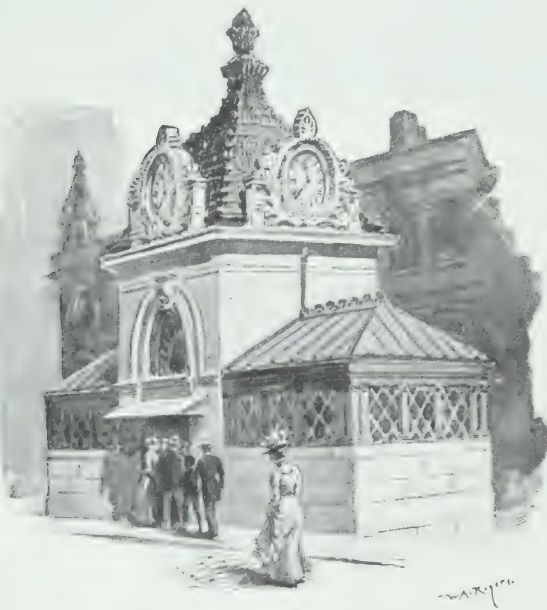
ships. With these advantages, existing and prospective, the time-honored rank of Boston as a seaport is assured indefinite perpetuation. The stranger looking about the harbor might hardly credit the statement that Boston is the second port of the Union both for imports and exports, for he would see little of the old-time bustle of commerce, the traditional "forest of shipping" that once fringed the water-front. So well organized are present methods of handling shipping that, as a rule, the big ocean steamships lie neatly stowed away like packages on shelves, nearly hidden in pocketlike slips behind huge bulks of pier sheds, warehouses, and grain-elevators.

It is not so very long, however, since the commercial outlook for Boston seemed rather dubious. Local capital had looked so far afield that it

had ignored the possibilities of the magnificent harbor as one of the great portals of the continent. The rich East India trade had been driven to New York by injudicious taxation. Shortly after the civil war the Cunard Line, whose original American terminal was at Boston, had almost abandoned the port, re-

trance of smoking locomotives would be out of the question in the comparatively low and vaulted space which, with its finish of white enamelled brick, looks like an expanded subway.

The transit system of Greater Boston is capped by these two big terminals. In the thoroughness with which the various



THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE, ADAMS SQUARE.



IN THE SUBWAY—THE PARK STREET STATION.

ducing its service to small fortnightly freight-boats that went around to New York for their outward cargoes. Then matters began to mend; new transatlantic lines were attracted to the port, larger and larger steamships were put on, and now the commerce with Liverpool exceeds that of any other American port, while a big ocean traffic has grown up with other British and Continental ports and other parts of the world. A fine transatlantic passenger business has also developed, and the old standard line suddenly found itself put to its mettle by rival companies with superior accommodations. In certain staple trades Boston stands far at the head among American cities. It is the great American centre of the wool business, the boot-and-shoe and leather industries, and stands very high in various lines of manufacturing.

In financial resources Boston has always ranked second only to New York.

V.

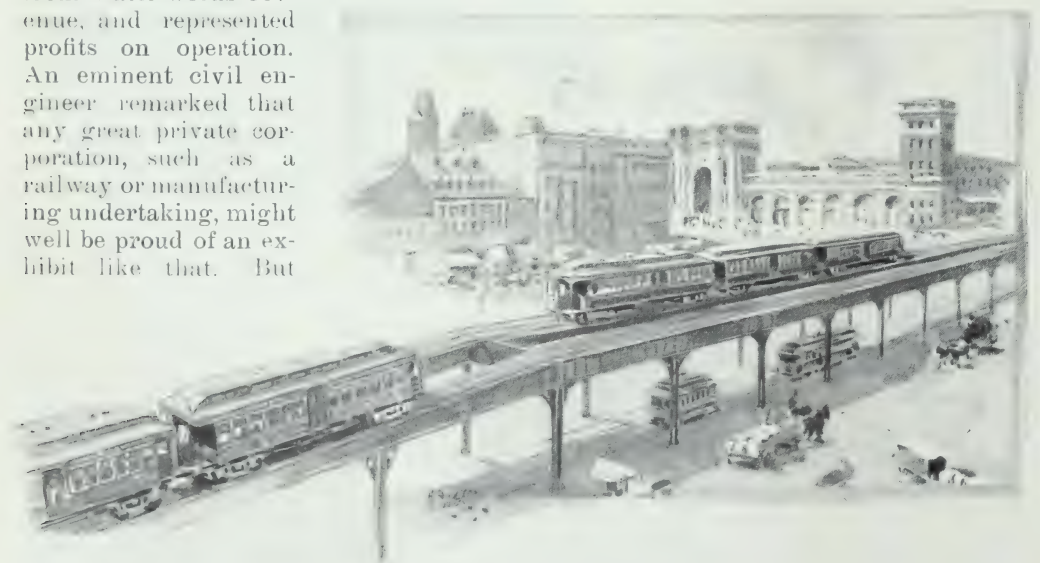
The three great metropolitan departments of Greater Boston demonstrate that co-operation has its advantages for municipalities as well as for individuals. Both convenience and necessity demanded that certain public activities be undertaken for the joint account of the group of Greater Boston municipalities. Various considerations prevented the consolidation of these communities in one great municipality. The State therefore made itself the agent for administering the needed functions. To this end the Commonwealth advanced its credit and issued bonds to obtain the funds for the several purposes. More favorable terms were thus secured than would have been

possible on purely municipal account. Interest and sinking-fund charges on these bonds are met from the regular municipal tax levies, the proportions severally fixed according to population, valuation, and estimated benefits. This policy of municipal co-operation began with the establishment of a metropolitan sewerage system. A net-work of trunk-line sewers was constructed throughout the metropolitan district to receive from the various local systems the sewage which is now discharged into deep water on the north and the south sides of Boston Bay.

The magnificent metropolitan water system has lately been established on similar lines, and has afforded another convincing example of the benefits from municipal co-operation. The history of the water-works in the several municipalities of Greater Boston makes a splendid argument for the public administration of monopolies of public service. In the various municipal water-works, for the ten years ending 1893, the average daily consumption of water had doubled; the total cost of the works had increased from \$26,883,000 to \$40,505,000, and the net debt had increased only from \$16,537,000 to \$18,655,000. The increase in total cost of works was therefore \$13,622,000, and in the net debt \$2,118,000. Of the total increased cost \$11,504,000 was paid for from revenue. Of this amount, however, only \$1,469,000 came from the general tax levy. The balance, \$10,035,000, was paid from water-works revenue, and represented profits on operation. An eminent civil engineer remarked that any great private corporation, such as a railway or manufacturing undertaking, might well be proud of an exhibit like that. But

each of these municipalities, as a rule, had its own independent source of supply, with separate pumping plants, etc. The demand has equalled the maximum capacities of these supplies, and new sources were remote. Only by co-operation could the proper new sources be secured. The State, therefore, again came forward as agent for the associated municipalities. With extraordinary celerity an abundant supply of exceptionally pure and soft water was introduced from the Nashua River, where, on the site of one of the largest impounding reservoirs in the world, a large manufacturing village had to be wiped out of existence. The new system is so planned as to admit of indefinite extension, to include river after river when needed, and answer every demand of a population of many millions. The metropolitan supply is delivered to the mains of each municipality, which continues to operate its own distributing system. Under the new system the municipalities are getting water of far better quality at much cheaper rates than before.

The operation of the same tendency toward the unification of public utilities is illustrated, under private ownership, by the gas service. The gas business in Boston has in recent years had a scandalous history. It has been a football for speculators, and a source of corruption both legislative and municipal. Very lately, however, the same sagacious capi



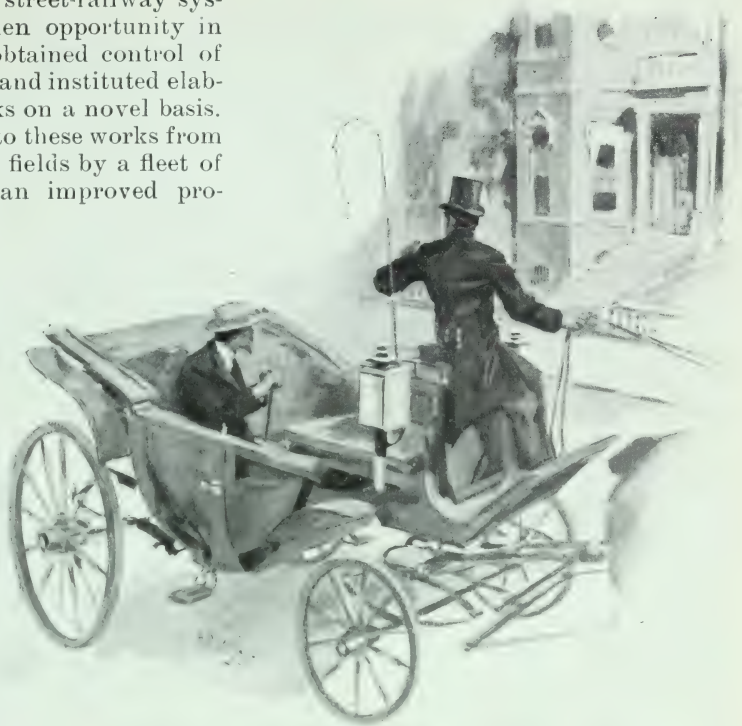
THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

talist who unified the street-railway system saw another golden opportunity in the gas supply. He obtained control of the several companies, and instituted elaborate new central works on a novel basis. Coal is brought direct to these works from the great Nova Scotia fields by a fleet of large steamers. By an improved process this coal is converted into the best form of manufacturing-coke, and into various chemical products, so that the gas itself becomes, in fact, a by-product, supplied to other companies and to consumers at extraordinarily low rates—so low, in fact, as to be available for fuel on a general scale. Indeed, both the chief products, the gas and the coke,

are available for manufacturing-fuel with far greater economy than is the original coal when consumed direct, and the neighborhood of the central plant is designed to become a centre for manufacturing operations on a great scale, having the advantages of cheap fuel combined with the best railway and deep water transportation facilities. At every step in the process of conversion—mining, shipping, delivery, handling, coking, etc.—the most improved methods, largely automatic, are used, reducing labor cost to a minimum. This undertaking is looked to as an instrumentality for the restoration of New England's once great iron industries on terms of production equal to those enjoyed by Pennsylvania and favored sections of the West and South.

VI.

In late years notable tendencies in municipal Boston have been towards a specialization of administrative functions. At the same time public activities have been extended, both industrially and as the result of a higher conception of the proper sphere of municipal activities. In-



POINTING OUT BACK BAY RESIDENCES TO A STRANGER.

dustrially, for example, the city is doing more and more work directly instead of by contract, with a notable increase in public efficiency, as in the repair and construction of public buildings, the watering of streets, and in the establishment of a municipal printing plant.

The manifest disposition is more and more to administer, through public instrumentalities, to wants of a higher plane than those of mere public necessities. The latter are likewise looked after with greater elaboration as the new conceptions gain place in the public consciousness. These new conceptions are not paternalistic, are not derived from an indolent looking to public authority to make things easy for the individual, but rather from a wholesome disposition to municipal self-help, towards utilizing the "hand of the people," as Edward Bellamy called the government, for doing what can be better done collectively than individually.

With an extension of municipal functions the interests of larger numbers of citizens are enlisted, and the inclination to participate in the work becomes more

general. In Berlin, for example, more than ten thousand persons, acting in advisory and administrative capacities, voluntarily take part in the government of the city. In Boston there is a similar tendency, though participation is hardly on so broad a scale. But a large and increasing part of the administrative work of the municipality is carried on by many public-spirited citizens, who freely give valuable time to the tasks. In later developments of these activities women serve on administrative boards and advisory committees side by side with men, to excellent advantage. There are now one hundred and one citizens who, without remuneration, thus participate in the government of the city. The specially incorporated bodies, the Trustees of the Public Library, the Trustees of the City Hospital, and the Board of Overseers of the Poor, are thus constituted. The Park Commission is also similarly composed, and has carried out its great work with striking efficiency, the most eminent citizens deeming it a privilege to serve as members. Very lately the same principle has been applied to the public institutions of the city, and separate boards of trustees have been substituted for a single govern-

ing body that was necessarily inflexible in its administration of widely diverse responsibilities. The institutions for paupers, for children, and for the insane are therefore now governed by boards composed of philanthropic men and women who serve without pay.

There are three other notable unpaid commissions. The Board of Municipal Statistics does a valuable work in collecting, co-ordinating, and interpreting facts that relate to municipal government in all parts of the world. The knowledge thus made available is of much service in guiding the enlightened conduct of a modern municipality. This board directs the editing of an attractive municipal newspaper called the *City Record*, a weekly official gazette of the city.

The second of these boards is the Baths Commission. Boston was the first American city to establish a system of free public baths. For nearly a generation numerous floating baths, and several open beach baths for nude bathing, have been enjoyed by many thousands throughout the summer season. Besides these, the new Baths Commission has charge of free indoor-cleanliness baths and all-the-year-round swimming-pools. The same board



THE FLOATING BATH.



NORTH END BEACH, THE SCENE OF THE PUBLIC SWIMMING EXHIBITION.

has charge of the public-convenience stations, and also of free in-door gymnasia for winter exercise. For some time the Park Department has made a feature of finely equipped out-door gymnasia. Not only do the departments of public parks and of baths supplement the educational work of the public schools in physical culture by athletic training in the gymnasia, but the latter gives to the school-children free instruction in swimming. A unique civic festival is that of the public swimming exhibition by the boys and girls thus trained, held at North End Beach towards the end of the summer. At that fine maritime pleasure-ground crowds of delighted spectators cover the shore and the recreation piers to witness this charming exhibition. Under skilled instructors children rapidly acquire the art, and lighten the tasks of their teachers by teaching others. Lads who could not swim very commonly become proficient inside of three weeks, and acquire the freedom and grace of experts. They

learn all the fancy strokes, and, with the boldness of Newfoundlands, dash out into deep water for half a mile and back.

The third new board has a purely recreative function. This is the Music Commission, having charge of the out-door concerts in the parks and other public places by a municipal band organized for the purpose. Free in-door chamber concerts for the winter are also given in school-rooms throughout the city, and the commission, acting as individual citizens, conducts a series of cheap high-class orchestral concerts, whose deficit, if any, is made up from a guarantee fund subscribed by private beneficence.

Courses of municipal lectures are also given under an advisory committee constituted by the Mayor.

Two other advisory committees, appointed in like manner, have charge of the Raudidge fund for free excursions for children, and of the municipal camp for boys, where hundreds of deserving school-



THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY.

boys enjoy, in turn, a week's camping-out on an island in the bay at the city's expense.

A voluntary board of great importance is a creation by the Mayor, and is without official sanction or authority. This is the Merchants' Municipal Commission, sometimes familiarly called "the Mayor's cabinet." Its members represent the several mercantile trade organizations, and are appointed, at the request of the Mayor, by the Associated Board of Trade. The function of this committee is to advise the Mayor on all matters relating to the public welfare, and particularly concerning the great mercantile, commercial, and financial interests of the city. Being a non-partisan body of representative business men, its judgment commands the highest respect. It has proved itself of extraordinary utility, and has been of much service in influencing legislation relating to the city.

VII.

A noteworthy series of civic activities has to do with the attractiveness of Boston as a residential community, and as a point of interest for strangers. Its remarkable historical associations, its great education-

al facilities, and the charm of a beautiful environment have made the city's equipment especially rich for these purposes. But of late years the public consciousness has been aroused to the value of these things as working capital for the community, and whereas heretofore such elements were left to develop as they might, there has been awakened a lively sense of the value of cultivating and exploiting these advantages to their best possibilities. The result is seen in a striking gain in those things that give rational zest to life, and make a city worth living in because it has so much that makes life worth the living.

A most conspicuous example is the growth of the wonderful system of public parks. It is no vainglorious spirit of local pride that claims this as the most comprehensive, scientifically devised, artistically planned, and well-executed series of public pleasure grounds and ways possessed by any of the world's great cities. As a system its origin dates back less than a quarter of a century. From first to last it is the creation of the greatest modern master of landscape design and of his most eminent disciple. In determining the sites for this remarkable group of pub-

lie open spaces, and in their improvement, the aim has been to meet the various recreative needs of a metropolitan population as completely as possible. The aim has likewise been to follow the lines of Nature, and to carry to ideal conclusions the suggestions of the peculiarly gracious landscape with which the region is favored. To this end there has been a restoration of Nature, with a reverent assistance of her processes through the art that simulates her most delicate handiwork.

In contemporary civilization two great complementary tendencies are in operation; one is bringing the country into the town, and the other is carrying the town into the country. This Boston park-work has been of the former kind. The urban population, with its life at high-tension, nervous, stressful, overwrought, therefore finds great relief and pleasant relaxation in the series of noble pleasure-grounds in its midst and round about—magnificent stretches of wholesome woodland wilderness, ranging from several hundred to sev-

eral thousand acres each, and crowned by the mountainlike range that gave the Commonwealth its name, converted to a public domain in its whole length and breadth; little gems of precious scenery rescued forever from spoliation; idyllic expanses of pastoral country-side; fenland levels with bosky

banks and meshed by meandering creeks; river reaches devoted to summer and winter pleasuring for miles and miles in length, their borders reclaimed for health and beauty; other miles of ocean shore and of harbor-side dedicated in perpetuity to public enjoyment—and all these multiform aspects of Nature at her best connected by parkways and boulevards that cover the metropolitan



THE GATEWAY OF THE PAUL REVERE SCHOOL.

area with a net-work of over a hundred miles of pleasure-courses that are determining the future distribution of population along rational lines of growth, while furnishing arteries of intercommunication for the swift and noiseless vehicle of the future, the automobile. Moreover, this same metropolitan area is

well dotted with play-grounds for children and youth. For Boston was a pioneer in the modern play-ground movement, and has assured to coming generations the great boon that means room to develop freely the bodily activities, and at the same time give a safeguard against vicious and criminal tendencies.

This superb work of park development has had two main phases—the municipal and the metropolitan. The latter exemplifies the striking responsiveness of an intelligent modern community to suggestions for which experience has prepared them. In the year 1891 a student of municipal science, in an essay on the metropolitan organization of Greater Boston, emphasized the need of a comprehensive system of park development for the whole metropolitan group of communities. This struck a popular chord. In two years the State had decreed the undertaking. The metropolitan park system has thus furnished the third great demonstration of the value of mu-

nicipal co-operation, and in five years' work it has largely transformed the face of Greater Boston with enduring beauty.

The heightening ideals for "a more beautiful public life" have also found expression in better standards for civic architecture. The more recent public buildings, as a rule, exhibit a refinement and a quiet dignity quite in contrast with the ostentatious crudeness so common in work of the kind. Not only at central points is this tendency manifest; in all sections the pleasing appearance of school-houses and fire-stations, and of service buildings, bridges, terraces, etc., in the public parks, gives a distinctive civic character and sets better standards for private work.

The same tendency appears in the existence of an official Art Commission, composed of members nominated by five public and quasi-public organizations, artistic and educational. This board exerts a most desirable censorship in the choice of sites and designs for public monuments, statues, fountains, mural decorations, etc., in public places and buildings. It also, when so requested by Mayor or City Council, acts in a like capacity as to the design of any municipal building or other structure or adornment. A general regard for the good looks of the city is likewise manifest in the statutes that limit the height of buildings and forbid the erection of the "sky-scraping" edifices that now characterize almost all other large American cities. When



THE DOME OF THE STATE HOUSE FROM MOUNT VERNON STREET.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE AND ITS MODERN SURROUNDINGS.

the erection of structures even within these limitations threatened to overtop the famous public buildings, that in late years had made Copley Square a great centre for monumental architecture, there was a formidable manifestation of the same civic spirit that had repeatedly prevented the spoliation of the Common, had saved historic buildings, had forbidden the demolition of the beautiful and time-honored State House, and had kept vandal hands from the public parks. In consequence the desired moderate heights were prescribed for all new structures on or near the square.

VIII.

In educational equipment, taken all in all, Boston still stands unrivalled among

American cities. A cumbersome and not entirely reputable or competent school board, it is true, hampers the public schools, and in some respects keeps the standard below what it should be. In many things, however, the Boston schools have set the pace for general advancement throughout the country. As everywhere else in Massachusetts, the scholars are supplied with free text-books, paper, pencils, drawing implements, etc.

At the other end of the scale stand the academic institutions of Greater Boston: the foremost American university, the greatest technical school in America, and five other institutions of university or collegiate rank—two of them for women; also three celebrated schools of the fine arts, and a great conservatory of music.

Altogether the student population comprises many thousands of youth of both sexes. These, with their young hopes and their buoyant outlook upon life, give color to the community such as is imparted to no other American city in like degree. Besides these institutions the public has the advantage of practically a great free university in the shape of the remarkable series of lecture courses given

dominated as the basis for a free university, similar to the University of London, with some examining board authorized to give degrees and diplomas.

As a centre for general research, and as a working-place for scholars in all lines of investigation, the great libraries give Boston unrivalled rank in America. Three of these have collections of hundreds of thousands of volumes each, while

many special libraries, with doors hospitable to investigators, severally possess many thousands of volumes. The Boston Public Library is the pioneer of its kind in the world. With its foundation, less than a half-century ago, began for mankind an educational movement of unspeakable worth for civilization. From a beginning of less than ten thousand volumes in 1852



THE MALDEN PUBLIC LIBRARY.

every season. It has been said that more free lectures of this kind, devoted to various fields of learning—literary, scientific, technical, artistic, etc.—are given in Boston in the course of a month than in all other great American cities put together in the course of a year. Several institutions are engaged in this work. At the head stands the Lowell Institute, a unique foundation with an enormous fund, whose income must be used solely for providing free courses of lectures, and for like educational purposes. The administration is hereditary in the family of the founder; the trustee and the curator are the two sole officials. Every year foremost scholars and scientists are called from all parts of the world to lecture for the institute. These courses, together with the Old South lectures in history and good citizenship, those of the Dowse Institute in Cambridge, and those given under various other auspices, might easily be co-or-

the library has grown to more than seven hundred thousand volumes in 1899. The splendid people's palace of learning that houses its central collections is famed as one of the great architectural achievements of the century. The manifold activities concentrated within this magnificent building make it in itself a veritable city of books. The stranger marvels at the work here done for public enlightenment—free access, as in the most exclusive club, to many thousands of volumes on the reference shelves; the special libraries open for use by classes, with lectures on various topics of interest; frequent exhibitions of rare books, objects of historical importance, and works of art; the reader assisted in many thoughtful ways; and the stranger from any part of the world finding the latest newspaper from the chief city of his nation or State. The Public Library has fifty-seven outlying

agencies, including ten branches with large permanent collections. Some of these branches are specially endowed, and several have fine buildings of their own. For the West End branch there was recently purchased, and adapted to library purposes, the beautiful old West Church, a model of refined Colonial architecture. Facing a charming garden space, with a noble and cheerful interior, the structure is ideally suited to

its new use. Besides the branches, the Public Library maintains five reading-rooms, twelve delivery stations, and twenty-nine places for the deposit of books. A map of Boston issued by the Library shows the various branches and delivery stations, with the percentage of cardholders in each ward. These percentages range from thirty-four down to four—highest in districts with native-born and

well-to-do populations, and lowest in the foreign-born and tenement-house sections.

There are more than thirty public libraries in the other municipalities of the metropolitan districts. Many of these have beautiful and costly buildings, some with art-galleries attached. Together with those of the Boston Library their collections represent a total of over one million and three hundred thousand volumes

free for public use in Greater Boston, while the other great and valuable libraries available to scholars carry the number to the neighborhood of three million volumes. It is not improbable that the various public libraries of Greater Boston will eventually furnish another example of the benefits of municipal co-operation, through some form of union for mutual economy and utility.

A feature of immense value in Boston's equipment is its musical life, which, in its variety and richness, in the



THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY.



THE BRIGHTON BRANCH OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

number and character of concerts, and in the opportunities for instruction, makes the city the second musical centre in America. In some respects it stands first—as in its possession of one of the world's finest orchestras, giving sixty symphony concerts every season, and in the number and excellence of choral performances. In theatrical entertainments Boston has long ranked among managers as “the best show town in the United States”—an indication of the high average of prosperity in the community, as well as of a strong love of amusement.

IX.

It has taken hardly more than a half-century to change the character of the Boston population from one substantially homogeneous to one with considerably more than fifty per cent. of foreign birth or parentage. Moreover, to the old native-born Boston element there has been added a great native-born accretion from

with interest, the old-time Tory migration of Revolutionary days, which carried to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia much of the best blood of the Puritans. The ancient wrongs of expatriation and confiscation have been thereby avenged by bringing back, with various sturdy and admirable traits, a sort of atavistic Puritanism that finds expression in bigoted agitations, like that of the “A. P. A.”

By far the largest foreign element is furnished by the Irish, and other large elements are the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Italians, the Polish and Russian Jews, the Portuguese, and the Armenians. The ethnic basis of the population has been radically affected by these changes. But the Boston spirit remains the same in all essentials. It has impressed itself strongly upon the new elements. Observers agree that the Boston Irishman, the Boston Italian, the Boston Jew, the Boston negro, all have something of the distinctive bearing that marks the Bostonian

to the manner born. The late John Boyle O'Reilly, himself an eminent example of the Bostonized Irishman, used to enjoy telling about a talented office boy of his, born in the old country, who came to him one day with a poem which a visit to Bunker Hill Monument had inspired him to write. It began: “Here where our fathers stood—!”

Certain visitors from the West were impressed by the typical Boston hackman whom



From a photograph.—Copyright, 1899, by H. W. Weller, Boston.

A WINTER-NIGHT VIEW ON BOSTON COMMON.

all parts of New England, together with a cognate Canadian immigration. The latter has come chiefly from the maritime provinces, for which Boston is an extra-territorial metropolis. To the cradle of the Revolution they have thus returned,

they engaged to drive them about and show them the sights. Passing through a fashionable Back Bay street, he indicated a certain stately dwelling: “Home of Dr. S——. Married a Burgess.”

There is a peculiar Boston wit, epigram-



THE ITALIAN QUARTER

matic and delighting in odd comparisons, as locally typical in its flavor as that of Paris or Berlin. A classic exponent of this was the late Thomas G. Appleton, who called Nahant "cold roast Boston." A recent example is that which said of the new subway stations on the Tremont Street mall, "They look as if the Public Library had littered on the Common." It was a club wit who gave the name of "Folding Bed-ouins" to a class of urban nomads, the residents of apartment-houses.

The Boston temperament has always been marked by an extraordinary mental alertness—a keen intellectual appetite almost fierce in its eagerness. This has made the New England metropolis a sociological storm-centre—the focus of reforms, religious, political, social, and industrial. The working of the heaven has so permeated the lump that in a marked degree what still passes for orthodoxy at home would be heterodoxy abroad. The

results are manifest in a general social liberalization. There is a growing mutual tolerance and an agreement among diverse creeds as to essentials in faith. And in the fine arts—exactly contrary to a mistaken impression that obtains abroad as to the Boston attitude—there is a wholesome acceptance by the community of standards which, until very recently, have been tabooed by the prudishness dominant in the conventions of most other American centres. A modified "Continental Sunday" is the rule in Boston. For nearly all classes it is a day for recreation in the truer sense of the word. For almost a generation the Public Library has been open on Sundays, and with the Museum of Fine Arts the same has been the case from the beginning.

This progressive tendency has made Boston peculiarly a city of "isms." The fundamental Puritanism passed into political revolutionism, and the same im-



A CHARACTERISTIC NARROW STREET.

generation has passed since a coachman in livery would have been hooted at by urchins on the street. When the British consul drove out in a dog-cart for the first time with a lackey at his side, a prominent merchant remarked to a resident Englishman, "I suppose that was some lord or other I saw driving with your consul this morning."

In general social conventions there is now little to distinguish between Boston and other great centres. With the great growth of wealth—a good authority has reckoned over two hundred millionaires in the city—there has been a corresponding growth in social formality, elaboration, and elegance. But extravagance is not good form, and there is probably less ostentation than in any other great American city.

pulses further found expression in Unitarianism, Transcendentalism, and Abolitionism. These have made their mark upon the world. Precisely what forms these tendencies have taken of late it might be difficult to define. The current having become more diffused, its force has naturally diminished in intensity. Now that the less serious terms "cult" and "fad" are in vogue, it might seem that there has likewise been a lapse in earnestness. The more profound movements, however, have ever been accompanied by expressions of what might be called the waste energy of radicalism, finding vent in much that is merely extreme, eccentric, or morbid. Now, as ever, the typical Boston mind is singularly responsive to genuinely progressive ideas, giving hospitable reception to all true reform movements.

X.

Socially, Boston long retained the old-fashioned New England habits, largely compounded of democratic simplicity and a traditional English formality. With an abundance of substantial comfort, there was little social display. Less than a

There is no one phase of society that can be called representatively Boston. Literary Boston, artistic Boston, scientific Boston, musical Boston, fashionable Boston—each constitutes a little social world in itself, each merges with the others more or less, and each has something typical of the whole. These social elements are severally represented in the many and varied clubs that enrich the life of the city. There are certain clubs, however, that are collectively representative, epitomizing what may properly be called "Boston." Dining clubs, social and political, without domicile other than some favorite hotel or restaurant, are an institution as perhaps nowhere else. There is one organization, unique in its way, which, though a supper club, is superbly domiciled, for it is blessed with a score or more of the richest habitations. It never has had an election of officers or of members, and not even members know if there are any officers beyond the chairman at the meetings. One awakens to find himself famous—that is, a member—perhaps grown such by some evolutionary process. It is an

honor to be coveted, for of a Thursday evening this club draws together an assemblage which in brilliant character could hardly be paralleled elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. Here may be met men of the highest distinction in all the superior walks of life—in letters, science, art, music, and all the learned vocations. The programme for an evening is made up of two or three brief papers or addresses by members or guests, followed by a fine supper. The purpose of the club is to provide a common meeting-ground for men of intellectual distinction and leading citizens of wealth and culture, largely with a view to interesting

the latter in the activities of the former. Not a few of the community's most valued institutions and undertakings may trace their origin or their prosperity to the expositions of such needs made at these meetings. The wealthy members take turns in furnishing the entertainments at their homes, and the others do the rest.

At gatherings like these it would seem that Boston is still the intellectual capital of the United States. Yet the primacy has passed, probably forever, in certain things where the city once was undisputed leader. Throughout the world the word Boston stands for much, and for great things many and various. But the



THE JEWISH QUARTER.

city is pre-eminently known as the seat of the golden age in American literature. That age necessarily went by. Some of its great names now gleam more brightly than ever, and others are already filmed with the dimness that oblivion must some time bring to all. The great market for literature and art in America has been developed in the greatest city. Around the great market the activity in these things has been mainly concentrated, although at the same time a decentralizing process has been going on in such regards. There is much in "atmosphere," and with the spread of culture over the land, every section is finding its special interpreters. Boston, however, is still the centre for a vast amount of literary activity, as it is still the centre for a deal of first-class publishing—a good second in these, as in so many other important regards—while, taking all the phases of mental activity together, with its great institutions and instruments of learning, it yet holds rank as the intellectual, though not the literary, capital of the country.

In certain respects the rank of Boston among American cities is much like that of Edinburgh and Dublin in Great Britain, or Dresden, Munich, and Hamburg in Germany—a place where life is rich, and where it is a delight to live, but which no longer stands first. There is, however, but little of civic jealousy about the Boston of to-day. For example, Boston sentiment favored holding the World's Fair of 1893 in New York, and then it cordially and unreservedly applauded the magnificent achievements of Chicago. Intimacy between cities, as between individuals, begets friendship. And the intimacy be-

tween the metropolis of New England and the metropolis of America is expressed in the enormous daily intercourse between one and the other—far greater than between any other great cities in the country—until Boston has been said to have become an eastern annex of Greater New York. There is strong competition, of course, and in business rivalry one often succeeds in gaining at the expense of the other—as the commerce of Massachusetts Bay has lately been gaining at the cost of that of New York Bay.

Boston is still very far short of the ideal. As almost everywhere in the United States, politics plays a pernicious part in civic affairs, though its evils have never been so rampant as in other great cities, and of late years have been checked by wise civil-service regulations. But even the recent young chief executives, who, in setting the standard for "the new Mayor," have done so much for municipal advancement, have too often felt constrained to adopt courses and to seek the aid of both measures and men that have kept their achievements all too short of their possibilities. But the tendency is strongly towards the ideal, and, as the record shows, the recent advance has been highly gratifying.

The Boston spirit perhaps shows its cosmopolitanism best in its growing indifference to relative urban rank. It is content to see the city steadily waxing in beauty and in greatness, more habitable in the ways of health, comfort, and the higher enjoyments of life, satisfied in the expression of its always strong individuality along the lines that carry it steadily onward and upward.



THE WATER-FRONT OF BOSTON.



The Morris House, Philadelphia.

THE FIRST AMERICAN HIS HOMES AND HIS HOUSEHOLDS

BY LEILA HERBERT

PART III.—IN PHILADELPHIA AND GERMANTOWN

CONGRESS was to meet in Philadelphia on what has since been the accustomed date—the first Monday in December. The interim between the breaking up of housekeeping in New York and the house-warming in Philadelphia the Washingtons spent at Mount Vernon. On the way they stopped in Philadelphia, putting up at the City Tavern.

They had had an adventurous drive in their comfortable coach-and-six over the wretched roads. Dunn the coachman was drunk or incapable, and had nearly turned them over. John Fagan, a clear-headed Irishman, burly, yet clever with his fingers, took the reins, and left Dunn to manage the baggage-wagon, which he upset twice.

Mr. Lear, secretary, tutor, and right-hand man, was left in New York to superintend the moving from the Macomb house. He sent the servants and furniture partly by coach road and partly by sea to Philadelphia. Mr. Lear's "salary" was two hundred dollars a year; his treatment in the family that of a man with his barony.

During his brief stay in Philadelphia, while *en route* to Mount Vernon, the President wrote to Mr. Lear:

September 2d, 1790.

The house of Mr. Robert Morris had, previous to my arrival, been taken by the corporation for my residence. It was the best they could get. It is, I believe, the best single house in the city. Yet without additions it is inadequate to the commodious accommodation of my family. These additions I believe will be made.... The intention of the addition.... is to provide a servants' hall, and one or two lodging-rooms for the servants. There are good stables, but for twelve horses only, and a coach-house which will hold all my carriages.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania was erecting a Presidential mansion. Washington saw it while building. On account of its great size he refused to occupy and furnish it when it should be finished. It was used as the University of Pennsylvania.

The residence chosen by the City Corporation for the President was that of his intimate, Robert Morris, the open-handed, open-hearted, wondrous financier of the Revolution, now Senator, and prime agent



MISS CUSTIS AND HER HARPSICHORD.

in locating the capital at Philadelphia. Mrs. Morris moved into another of their houses, next door, to let the Washingtons have her home.

The property had been owned by Governor Richard Penn. Morris bought it in 1785, and rebuilt the house, which had been partly or totally destroyed by fire in 1780. The original house had been, during the Revolution, the headquarters of General Howe when the British held Philadelphia. Benedict Arnold occupied it when left by Washington in command of the Continental troops in that city in 1778, and while here committed the peculations and malfeasance that enabled him to live in the magnificent style recorded. The road in front became High Street, and the spreading grove was transformed into blocks of houses and gardens,

when President Washington came to brighten its history.

Doing everything that promised to keep the seat of government in Philadelphia, the City Corporation insisted on paying the rent of the President's house. The President insisted on not allowing it. Information was withheld as to the rent price of the Morris house. The President was annoyed. He writes from Mount Vernon to Mr. Lear, in Philadelphia:

I am, I must confess, exceedingly unwilling to go into any house without first knowing on what terms I do it; and wish that this sentiment could be again hinted in delicate terms to the parties concerned with me. I cannot, if there are no latent motives which govern in this case, see any difficulty in the business.

His determination was unmistakable. The rent was fixed at three thousand dollars a year, and Washington paid it.

The house, No. 190, one door from the southeast corner of Sixth Street, was, including the garret, four floors in height—smaller than the Macomb mansion, larger



THE GERMANTOWN HOUSE.



WASHINGTON IN ANGER.

than the Franklin. It was red brick, with three gray stone steps leading from the front door to the basement. A walled garden, bright in summer with fruit and flowers, gave a green setting on the sides and rear. According to Twining, a fair-minded British traveller of East-Indian fame, there was a hair-dresser next door. Watson says there were no shops in the neighborhood but Sheaff's wine-store.

From the President's letter to Mr. Lear, who superintended the fitting up of the mansion, we learn the arrangement of the interior. Washington apportioned the rooms immediately after inspection in September. The two dining-rooms were on the first floor—in the rear the state dining-room, which was about thirty feet long, including the new bow-window that Washington planned to project into the pleasant garden. He directed that the back yard be kept as clean as a drawing-room, since the view into it was uninterrupted from the state dining-room, where he was to hold his levees, and from Mrs. Washington's "best" drawing-room above. The steward and his wife lodged on the entrance floor, the closets in their

room serving as pantries, as there were no closets in the dining-rooms. To Mrs. Washington, the children and their maids, the second floor was given over, the maids requiring also a room in the back building, with partition to divide it into two. On the second floor, in addition to the bed-rooms, were Mrs. Washington's dressing-room, private study, and her two drawing-rooms, which reached from front to rear of the house. One had to climb two pairs of stairs to reach the President's office; the other rooms on the third floor Mr. and Mrs. Lear and the secretaries occupied.

Mr. Lear had in April, before they left New York, brought to the Washington household a bride—a dear little woman whom he had known from childhood—Mary Long, a rose of New Hampshire.

Servants filled the four rooms of the garret, the smoke-house, the room over the work-house, and the lodging-rooms in the new servants' hall. There was no lack of attendance.

A change or two among the secretaries. Young Mr. Dandridge, Mrs. Washington's nephew, was a new-comer. In the selection of members of the President's imme-



HAMILTON ANNOUNCING HIS FREEDOM FROM PUBLIC LIFE.

diate "family," whose salaries were paid out of his own much-opened purse, the ties of relationship and friendship were regarded. In appointment to public office, Washington was deaf to personal reasons.

In the autumn, when the tardy additions to the house were complete, Mr. Lear—we suppose also Mrs. Lear—and Mrs. Morris put their ideas together tastefully and comfortably to arrange the interior before the coming of the family. The President wrote some minute advice:

Mrs. Morris has a mangle (I think it is called) for ironing clothes, which, as it is fixed in the place where it is commonly used, she proposes to leave and take mine. To this I have no objection, provided mine is equally good and convenient; but if I should obtain any advantages, beside that of its being up and ready for use, I am not inclined to receive it. . . . I approve, at least till inconvenience or danger shall appear, of the large table ornaments remaining on the sideboards, and of the pagodas remaining in the smallest drawing-rooms. . . . Whether the green, which you have, or a new yellow curtain, should be appropriated to the staircase above the hall, may depend on your getting an exact match, in color and so forth, for the latter.

Mrs. Morris left two large mirrors in the best rooms, taking instead, with his consent, two of the President's several; not, however, those purchased of the French minister. Her large lamp in the hall was exchanged for one or two of the President's glass lamps.

The crystal chandelier, so beautiful at night with its twinkling wax candles, was brought on from New York and hung in Mrs. Washington's rear "best" drawing-room. The furniture, it would seem, was of mahogany chiefly. In the fireplaces, generous and open, log fires crackled merrily across polished andirons that seemed half conscious of their fine effect, with satellite shovel and tongs, and delicate, glittering fender. In the smaller drawing-room in front a sofa was drawn up invitingly to one side of the fire. Twinning, the British traveller, conducted to this room, and left for a moment to observe before the President and Mrs. Washington came in, says that though well furnished, it had no pictures on the walls nor ornaments on the chimney-piece. Odd. In other rooms there were pictures and ornaments, and over the mantel in this, probably a mirror. Genet, the Revolutionist French minister, who thought

that he had but to indicate in just what way he wished the United States to act to have it act at once, went away from the President's house complaining of his merited though polite rebuff, and of the picture of Louis XVI. that he saw on the dining-room wall. An English secretary of legation notes the key of the Bastille hanging opposite King Louis's picture: wonderful impartiality, the secretary no doubt thought. Pretty crystal-hung candelabra stood on gilt brackets on the walls of the house, and these with other ornaments in use there are now at Mount Vernon. The pictures sent by sea from Mount Vernon to the executive mansion in New York were also in the Morris house. When the Washingtons arrived in November they drove up to a comfortable home, but Mrs. Washington was not in readiness to receive until Christmas day, when she held her first, a brilliant Drawing Room. No woman can arrange a house altogether to suit another.

We first hear distinctly in Philadelphia of that important personage "Uncle Harkless," the chief cook. He was of unusual size and strength; but Hercules, even if he had been a good American divinity, would have never known that here was an ebony namesake, unless he had been able to bear in mind that the English tendency still prevailed to pronounce *er* as *ar*—just as now we sometimes hear "clerk" called "clark." Uncle Harkless was scarcely an underling, though the new steward, Hyde, and his wife, were white and superintended. As sometimes happens among negroes, Harkless was a stickler for nicety. One could smell the cleanness in the kitchen. When preparing the state dinner, on Thursday, he wore, one after the other, as many as half a dozen clean aprons, and used unnumbered napkins. A fearful dandy—or as they called it in those days, a dainty "macaroni"—when the steward placed the dishes on the table, Uncle Harkless left it to the menials to serve, and retired, to reappear in a fetching costume: black smallclothes, a blue cloth coat with velvet collar and shining metal buttons, silk stockings, a cocked hat, a dangling watch-chain, and enormous silver buckles to advertise his enormous feet. Flourishing a gold-headed cane, he went out at the front door, where "German John," the porter, made him a low bow, returned in kind. His promenade down Market

Street aroused the vain envy of lesser Ethiopians not connected with "the government, sir."

John was also a person not to be lightly thought of. He was a Hessian—John Kruse. He succeeded the Irish Fagan, temporary coachman. John's was a figure to inspire awe in the horseless plebeians when he rode the difficult white horse Jackson to accompany the President on his Saturday rides. John would have been indignant had he known that somebody was getting it into history that Jackson at times came out first best. Jackson was christened in sport, because he bolted with Major Jackson in a cavalcade of state and ran away with him in a manner not laid down on the programme. When German John drove the Presidential coach, his laced cocked hat square to the front, thrown back on his cue, his big nose scornfully tilted, it must have been a pleasure to children to stand aside with fingers in their mouths. Though continually smoking a meerschaum in the stables, John Kruse was not lazy in off hours. If they, the white horses, were to be used the next day, he covered them at night with a whitening paste, wrapped them in bodycloths, renewed the straw in their stalls, and in the morning rubbed and curried and brushed till their shapely flanks outshone satin.

The stables, in a lane not far from the house, were a show-place in Philadelphia. Some of the fine horses were bred at Mount Vernon. The horses were worth seeing as they stood in their stalls, twelve in a row, contentedly feeding, stamping the cool, quivering floor, making the air warm with vigorous breath, turning wise eyes to look at curious strangers. It is believed they did not have long tails. They were bobbed, I think. Nelson, the old white horse ridden by Washington at Yorktown, left now at Mount Vernon, was the first nicked horse ridden in America.

James Hurley, Irish, a groom, probably rode a leader of the six-in-hand on the postilion saddle, whose cloth was ordered by Washington to be "like the hammer-cloth, that all may be of a piece." Giles, Paris, and Cyrus were negro grooms. Paris was so lazy that he was left at Mount Vernon on the visit after leaving New York. And he was probably born lazy—poor Paris! Fidus was a footman.

Paris, Fidus, Cyrus, Hercules! America indulged in the classics when she was young.

The negro, as is often told, in the days of slavery had contempt for "po' white trash," by which term he referred to a Caucasian that was neither a slaveholder nor, in his opinion, a "gentleman"; he invariably attempted insubordination to white housekeepers and upper servants. Hyde and his wife had trouble in governing the negro servants, especially in the atmosphere of Pennsylvania, where gradual emancipation was in progress.

The President thought Hyde inclined to extravagance, and in that regard was less pleased with him than he had been with Fraunces, who, of his own accord, had probably gone back to his tavern-keeping in New York as more remunerative. Hyde's wages were two hundred dollars a year—as much as Secretary Lear's "salary." His wife received one hundred dollars—eight dollars and thirty cents a month. The President inspected the domestic accounts weekly. Though the household was run on a wide scale, he exacted economy in detail, and Hyde well understood that expenditures must be "reasonable."

The President was ready, even at personal sacrifice, to enforce his own orders.

The steward set before him one day a dish of fish, appetizingly hot, daintily dressed. Washington especially liked fish.

"What fish is this?" asked he.

"A shad, sir, a very fine shad," answered the steward, congratulating himself with a quick, glowing smile.

"What was the price, sir?"

"Three-three-three dollars," stuttered the steward, his smile dashed.

There was lightning in the President's searching gray-blue eye.

"Take it away, sir! take it away!" he said, sternly. "It shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance."

The crestfallen steward took it away; it was eaten in the servants' hall.

In the Morris house, in April, 1793, Washington, although grateful to France and desirous to help her, signed the proclamation of neutrality as between this warring former ally and our late enemy, England. This he well knew was against public sentiment and disappointing to the generous wish of Americans. Friend op-

posed and foe approved, but he maintained his course with a firmness that of itself entitles Washington's name to be mentioned with reverence as long as this republic shall survive. Infant America, as yet unable to help, did not sacrifice its existence to France, thanks to him.

A few months later, in the heat of summer, yellow fever scourged Philadelphia and hushed the gayety that had marked the presence of government officials. To escape the pestilence the President moved to Germantown, a few miles distant. The departments and State government followed.

For about two months Washington resided in the furnished house of Colonel Isaac Franks, a Revolutionary officer. Built in 1772-3 by David Deshler, a merchant from Heidelberg, Germany, it still stands, owned now and occupied by Mr. Elliston Perot-Morris. Sir William Howe, during the Revolution, spent a summer here, and with him the uncle of Queen Victoria, then Duke of Clarence, later William IV. With a front of about forty feet, it is of stone, two stories in height, an attic with dormer-windows above. On the first floor great solid wooden blinds barred, when closed, the many-paned windows. A heavy wrought-iron latch a foot and a half long dropped into a stout hasp on the quaint old door. Sweet dappled shadows played under an arbor of green grape-vines running far down the garden, which surrounded the house on three sides. Crisp, trim hedges of box and shading trees hid the back buildings that gave commodiousness unsuspected from the front.

Charles Wister, a schoolboy at the Germantown Academy with George Washington Parke Custis, had his anecdote of Washington in Germantown.

The President rode up in front of the academy. "Where is Washington Parke Custis?" asked he.

Wister answered.

That is the anecdote.

In the tea-room in the Perot-Morris house, looking on the garden, is still a cupboard that was there in 1793, and cup and saucer and plate of old India-blue china used by the Washingtons "on the evening of Jesse Waln's visit." Jesse was a small boy (once) who played with George Washington Parke Custis in the garden, when the President appeared and said,

"Come to tea, and bring your young friend with you"—forming an anecdote for Jesse.

Before turning the house over to the President, Colonel Franks made an inventory of the contents. He handed in, in November, a heavy bill. Along with the rent, it included the amount of his own travelling expenses to and from Bethlehem—to which place he went on giving up the house—a sum to be paid for the loss of a flat-iron, four plates, three ducks, a bushel of potatoes, and a hundred-weight of hay, as well as an outlay for preparatory house-cleaning—reaching all together the sum of \$131 36.

It was thought that Congress was without authority to meet elsewhere, and so before the first Monday in December, contagion still being possible, though not probable, the President was again in Philadelphia.

That Washington was essentially a man of warring emotions, whose passions often struggled for control, Houdon, Gilbert Stuart, and Sharpless tell us, as do all other sculptors and painters who study his character as written in his face. But in these inward battles his masterful will was strong, and was two or three times only known publicly to be routed. Mrs. Washington's front drawing-room in the Philadelphia executive mansion was the scene of an ungoverned outburst of passion. News was brought that General St. Clair, sent against the Indians in the West, had allowed the American army to fall victim to the identical stratagem—an ambush—against which Washington had earnestly, insistently, repeatedly, forewarned him, as first and as parting word. Poor Mr. Lear, only witness to the violent outbreak, was terrified into silence, as Washington, alternately pacing the floor and seating himself on the sofa, gave vent to a torrent of abuse and frightful accusation of St. Clair.

After a time Washington recollected and collected himself, ashamed.

"This must not go beyond this room," he said.

It is hard to keep a great man's secrets.

Nellie Custis, entering her teens, grew into a beauty, saucy, tender-hearted, and fearless. She pleased the President. She told a mimicking tale well, catching the ludicrous, delighting him into laughter. He enjoyed a good joke, she said. He presented her a harpsichord

—the quaint little instrument now at Mount Vernon—imported for her, and costing a thousand dollars. Compelled to artistic effort by her grandmother, poor Nellie mixed tears and practice upon it four hours a day.

Washington was inclined to absent-mindedness. Said Nellie:

"I have often seen my grandmother, when she had something to communicate or a request to make, seize him by the button-hole to command his attention, when he would look down upon her with the most benignant smile, and become at once attentive to her and her wishes, which were never slighted."

On a January day in 1795 Hamilton walked, as he often did, to the President's house. He entered the room where sat Major Jackson and other gentlemen of the President's "family."

"Congratulate me, my good friends," said he, smiling. "I am no longer a public man. The President has at last decided to accept my resignation. I am once more a private citizen."

"I can see no cause for rejoicing," replied a listener, "that the government and the country are deprived of your valuable services."

"I am not worth exceeding five hundred dollars in the world," Hamilton rejoined. (It was as costly in that day as in this to serve one's country.) "My slender fortune and the best years of my life have been devoted to the service of my adopted country. A rising family hath its claims."

He picked up a small book lying on the table.

"Ah! this is the Constitution. Now mark my words: So long as we are a young and virtuous people, this instrument will bind us together in mutual interest, mutual welfare, and mutual happiness; but when we become old and corrupt, it will bind us no longer."

In the Morris house, on August 12, 1795, Washington signed the Jay treaty with England, losing thereby most of his remnant of support in the House of Representatives. Abuse culminated in the serious suggestion to impeach him. The Constitution having, for obvious reasons, confined the treaty-making power to the Executive and the Senate, Washington refused to grant the request of the House of Representatives for the correspondence leading up to the treaty. The storm of

indignation that followed did not spare even his personal character. "A Calm Observer" stated in a newspaper that Washington had stolen \$4750.

"With the real public," which, as each Presidential campaign might teach us, is not the politicians and declaimers who make so much noise that they do not hear the silence, but the characteristic Americans that silently decide—"with the real public," writes Marshall, "the confidence felt in the integrity of the Chief Magistrate remained unshaken."

They were not particularly happy days—the last days in the Morris house—for another reason. In this period of turbulent peace Washington was deeply disquieted by the misfortunes of Lafayette, repudiated for years by the country—his own—for whose sake he had staked fortune and life. The President did, in vain, all in his power to release his friend from the revolting Austrian prison at Olmütz, and pecuniarily and otherwise aided Lafayette's family. When the wife and daughter voluntarily became fellow-prisoners with the Marquis, young Washington Lafayette was sent to America under the assumed name of Motier, one of his father's family names. He informed the President at once of his landing at Boston. Washington wrote him an affectionate welcome, but, as President, was not at liberty openly to befriend and to take him to his house. Washington Lafayette boarded for a time, at Washington's expense, with ex-Secretary Hamilton's family in New York. Later, Congress became informed of the youth's presence in the country, and formally desired him to come to Philadelphia. Asking Washington's advice first, Lafayette came, residing not in the President's home, but near.

Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and Montpensier and Bojolais, his brothers, and the noble—in the American, the right goodly sense, noble—Duc de Liancourt, walked the streets of Philadelphia, followed by sympathetic and admiring eyes. A welcome awaited them in many houses, but not in that of the President, who did not endanger the peace of the United States by entertaining those pronounced by the existing government of France its enemies. Talleyrand wasted for a time his snakelike diplomacy in Philadelphia, while fleeing one phase of the madness of France, during the throes of the Revolution.

On the 22d of February—Washington's birthday—and on the Fourth of July, if in session, Congress adjourned to enable its members to pay their respects to him. He held levees on those days at his house, but before the close of his second term the enmity his firmness and independence had aroused worked to do away with the custom. But the President's serenity was never disturbed, and he never for one moment forgot his duty to home or to foreign officials. At a house party at Mount Vernon in the last summer of his Presidency there were four envoys—the French, the British, the Spanish, and the Portuguese.

Social distinctions were strong in Philadelphia. There were two "assemblies," one composed of the fashion of the city, the other not so exclusive. It is told of Washington in Watson's *Annals* that he was invited to the two assemblies on the same evening. He went to the less exclusive and danced with a mechanic's daughter. It is said elsewhere that he never danced after the Revolution.

In September, 1796, declining a re-election, Washington published to the people of the United States his Farewell Address—an epitome of his characteristic and present views. There is not in the writings of Hamilton or of Madison or of Jefferson a sentence breathing just the beneficent, prayerful spirit of the Farewell Address of Washington.*

On the 3d of March, 1797, the day before retiring from office, he gave a dinner to the President-elect and Mrs. Adams, establishing the custom that has since prevailed, that the outgoing shall entertain the incoming President, a courteous usage that has more than once seated bosom enemies together at a dreary feast. At Washington's hospitable table were also the foreign ministers and their wives, and Robert Morris, Bishop White, and others. President Washington chaffed President-elect Adams on "entering servitude," and in an especially good humor raised his glass and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with all sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness."

The effect was not enlivening. Social

* See *History of Philadelphia*, by J. Thomas Scharf and Thomas Wescott, p. 484, for Claypoole's evidence in regard to the charge that Hamilton wrote the Farewell Address.

regret at the departure of the Washingtons was sincere. Mrs. Liston, wife of the British minister, shed tears.

The Washingtons joyfully made young Lafayette and his tutor members of the family when the Presidential term was over. On the 12th of March they left the Morris house finally.

The divine right to be up is easily convincing. The divine ability to stay up, grim fate has at times denied to kings. Robert Morris, potent financier of a Revolution, Senator, and a dispenser of charming hospitality, spent the greater part of his sad last days in a debtors' prison.

Penniless, and without even a cell of his own, he was transferred day or night from one to another at the jail-warden's convenience. The home once rented to his friend the President went into other hands, and through vicissitudes too. It was used in time, one half as boarding-house, the other as confectionery. What is left of it, changed beyond recognition, is a shop, or parts of three shops, of which the centre is No. 528 Market Street, a jewelry-store. On its front, between the windows of the second floor, the Sons of the Revolution, a short time ago, placed a commemorative tablet.



WHILOMVILLE STORIES BY STEPHEN CRANE

IV.—“SHOWIN’ OFF”

JIMMIE TRESCOTT'S new velocipede had the largest front wheel of any velocipede in Whilomville. When it first arrived from New York he wished to sacrifice school, food, and sleep to it. Evidently he wished to become a sort of a perpetual velocipederider. But the powers of the family laid a number of judicious embargoes upon him, and he was prevented from becoming a fanatic. Of course this caused him to retain a fondness for the three-wheeled thing much longer than if he had been allowed to debauch himself for a span of days. But in the end it was an immaterial machine to him. For long periods he left it idle in the stable.

One day he loitered from school toward home by a very circuitous route. He was accompanied by only one of his retainers. The object of this détour was the wooing of a little girl in a red hood. He had been in love with her for some three weeks.

His desk was near her desk at school, but he had never spoken to her. He had been afraid to take such a radical step. It was not customary to speak to girls. Even boys who had school-going sisters seldom addressed them during that part of a day which was devoted to education.

The reasons for this conduct were very plain. First, the more robust boys considered talking with girls an unmanly occupation; second, the greater part of the boys were afraid; third, they had no idea of what to say, because they esteemed the proper sentences should be supernaturally incisive and eloquent. In consequence, a small contingent of blue-eyed weaklings were the sole intimates of the frail sex, and for it they were boisterously and disdainfully called “girl-boys.”

But this situation did not prevent serious and ardent wooing. For instance, Jimmie and the little girl who wore the

red hood must have exchanged glances at least two hundred times in every school-hour, and this exchange of glances accomplished everything. In them the two children renewed their curious inarticulate vows.

Jimmie had developed a devotion to school which was the admiration of his father and mother. In the mornings he was so impatient to have it made known to him that no misfortune had befallen his romance during the night that he was actually detected at times feverishly listening for the "first bell." Dr. Trescott was exceedingly complacent of the change, and as for Mrs. Trescott, she had ecstatic visions of a white-haired Jimmie leading the nations in knowledge, comprehending all from bugs to comets. It was merely the doing of the little girl in the red hood.

When Jimmie made up his mind to follow his sweetheart home from school, the project seemed such an arbitrary and shameless innovation that he hastily lied to himself about it. No, he was not following Abbie. He was merely making his way homeward through the new and rather longer route of Bryant Street and Oakland Park. It had nothing at all to do with a girl. It was a mere eccentric notion.

"Come on," said Jimmie, gruffly, to his retainer. "Let's go home this way."

"What fer?" demanded the retainer.

"Oh, b'cause."

"Huh?"

"Oh, it's more fun—goin' this way."

The retainer was bored and loath, but that mattered very little. He did not know how to disobey his chief. Together they followed the trail of red-hooded Abbie and another small girl. These latter at once understood the object of the chase, and looking back giggling, they pretended to quicken their pace. But they were always looking back. Jimmie now began his courtship in earnest. The first thing to do was to prove his strength in battle. This was transacted by means of the retainer. He took that devoted boy and flung him heavily to the ground, meanwhile mouthing a preposterous ferocity.

The retainer accepted this behavior with a sort of bland resignation. After his overthrow he raised himself, coolly brushed some dust and dead leaves from

his clothes, and then seemed to forget the incident.

"I can jump farther'n you can," said Jimmie, in a loud voice.

"I know it," responded the retainer, simply.

But this would not do. There must be a contest.

"Come on," shouted Jimmie, imperiously. "Let's see you jump."

The retainer selected a footing on the curb, balanced and calculated a moment, and jumped without enthusiasm. Jimmie's leap of course was longer.

"There!" he cried, blowing out his lips. "I beat you, didn't I? Easy. I beat you." He made a great hubbub, as if the affair was unprecedented.

"Yes," admitted the other, emotionless.

Later, Jimmie forced his retainer to run a race with him, held more jumping-matches, flung him twice to earth, and generally behaved as if a retainer was indestructible. If the retainer had been in the plot, it is conceivable that he would have endured this treatment with mere whispered, half-laughing protests. But he was not in the plot at all, and so he became enigmatic. One cannot often sound the profound well in which lie the meanings of boyhood.

Following the two little girls, Jimmie eventually passed into that suburb of Whilomville which is called Oakland Park. At his heels came a badly battered retainer. Oakland Park was a somewhat strange country to the boys. They were dubious of the manners and customs, and of course they would have to meet the local chieftains, who might look askance upon this invasion.

Jimmie's girl departed into her home with a last backward glance that almost blinded the thrilling boy. On this pretext and that pretext, he kept his retainer in play before the house. He had hopes that she would emerge as soon as she had deposited her school-bag.

A boy came along the walk. Jimmie knew him at school. He was Tommie Semple, one of the weaklings who made friends with the fair sex. "Hello, Tom," said Jimmie. "You live round here?"

"Yeh," said Tom, with composed pride. At school he was afraid of Jimmie, but he did not evince any of this fear as he strolled well inside his own frontiers.

Jimmie and his retainer had not expected this boy to display the manners of a minor chief, and they contemplated him attentively. There was a silence. Finally Jimmie said,

"I can put you down." He moved forward briskly. "Can't I?" he demanded. The challenged boy backed away.

"I know you can," he declared, frankly and promptly.

The little girl in the red hood had come out with a hoop. She looked at Jimmie with an air of insolent surprise in the fact that he still existed, and began to trundle her hoop off toward some other little girls who were shrilly playing near a nurse-maid and a perambulator.

Jimmie adroitly shifted his position until he too was playing near the perambulator, pretentiously making mince-meat out of his retainer and Tommie Semple.

Of course little Abbie had defined the meaning of Jimmie's appearance in Oakland Park. Despite this nonchalance and grand air of accident, nothing could have been more plain. Whereupon she of course became insufferably vain in manner, and whenever Jimmie came near her she tossed her head and turned away her face, and daintily swished her skirts as if he were contagion itself. But Jimmie was happy. His soul was satisfied with the mere presence of the beloved object so long as he could feel that she furtively gazed upon him from time to time and noted his extraordinary prowess, which he was proving upon the persons of his retainer and Tommie Semple. And he was making an impression. There could be no doubt of it. He had many times caught her eye fixed admiringly upon him as he mauled the retainer. Indeed, all the little girls gave attention to his deeds, and he was the hero of the hour.

Presently a boy on a velocipede was seen to be tooling down toward them. "Who's this comin'?" said Jimmie, bluntly, to the Semple boy.

"That's Horace Glenn," said Tommie. "an' he's got a new velocipede, an' he can ride it like anything."

"Can you lick him?" asked Jimmie.

"I don't—I never fought with 'im," answered the other. He bravely tried to appear as a man of respectable achieve-

ment, but with Horace coming toward them the risk was too great. However, he added, "*Maybe* I could."

The advent of Horace on his new velocipede created a sensation which he haughtily accepted as a familiar thing. Only Jimmie and his retainer remained silent and impassive. Horace eyed the two invaders.

"Hello, Jimmie!"

"Hello, Horace!"

After the typical silence Jimmie said, pompously, "I got a velocipede."

"Have you?" asked Horace, anxiously. He did not wish anybody in the world but himself to possess a velocipede.

"Yes," sang Jimmie. "An' it's a bigger one than that, too! A good deal bigger! An' it's a better one, too!"

"Huh!" retorted Horace, sceptically.

"'Ain't I, Clarence? 'Ain't I? 'Ain't I got one bigger'n that?"

The retainer answered with alacrity:

"Yes, he has! A good deal bigger! An' it's a dindy, too!"

This corroboration rather disconcerted Horace, but he continued to scoff at any statement that Jimmie also owned a velocipede. As for the contention that this supposed velocipede could be larger than his own, he simply wouldn't hear of it.

Jimmie had been a very gallant figure before the coming of Horace, but the new velocipede had relegated him to a squalid secondary position. So he affected to look with contempt upon it. Voluminously he bragged of the velocipede in the stable at home. He painted its virtues and beauty in loud and extravagant words, flaming words. And the retainer stood by, glibly endorsing everything.

The little company heeded him, and he passed on vociferously from extravagance to utter impossibility. Horace was very sick of it. His defence was reduced to a mere mechanical grumbling: "Don't believe you got one 'tall. Don't believe you got one 'tall."

Jimmie turned upon him suddenly. "How fast can you go? How fast can you go?" he demanded. "Let's see. I bet you can't go fast."

Horace lifted his spirits and answered with proper defiance. "Can't I?" he mocked. "Can't I?"

"No, you can't," said Jimmie. "You can't go fast."

Horace cried: "Well, you see me now! I'll show you! I'll show you if I can't go fast!" Taking a firm seat on his vermillion machine, he pedalled furiously up the walk, turned, and pedalled back again. "There, now!" he shouted, triumphantly. "Ain't that fast? There, now!" There was a low murmur of appreciation from the little girls. Jimmie saw with pain that even his divinity was smiling upon his rival. "There! Ain't that fast? Ain't that fast?" He strove to pin Jimmie down to an admission. He was exuberant with victory.

Notwithstanding a feeling of discomfort, Jimmie did not lose a moment of time. "Why," he yelled, "that ain't goin' fast 'tall! That ain't goin' fast 'tall! Why, I can go almost *twice* as fast as that! Almost *twice* as fast! Can't I, Clarence?"

The royal retainer nodded solemnly at the wide-eyed group. "Course you can!"

"Why," spouted Jimmie, "you just ought to see me ride once! You just ought to see me! Why, I can go like the wind! Can't I, Clarence? And I can ride far, too—oh, awful far! Can't I, Clarence? Why, I wouldn't have that one! 'Tain't any good! You just ought to see mine once!"

The overwhelmed Horace attempted to reconstruct his battered glories. "I can ride right over the curb-stone—at some of the crossin's," he announced, brightly.

Jimmie's derision was a splendid sight. "*Right over the curb-stone!*" Why, that wouldn't be *nothin'* for me to do! I've rode mine down Bridge Street hill. Yessir! 'Ain't I, Clarence? Why, it ain't *nothin'* to ride over a curb-stone—not for *me*! Is it, Clarence?"

"Down Bridge Street hill? You never!" said Horace, hopelessly.

"Well, didn't I, Clarence? Didn't I, now?"

The faithful retainer again nodded solemnly at the assemblage.

At last Horace, having fallen as low as was possible, began to display a spirit for climbing up again. "Oh, you can do wonders!" he said, laughing. "You can do wonders! I s'pose you could ride down that bank there?" he asked, with art. He had indicated a grassy terrace some six feet in height which bounded one side of the walk. At the bottom was a small ravine in which the reckless had

flung ashes and tins. "I s'pose you could ride down that bank?"

All eyes now turned upon Jimmie to detect a sign of his weakening, but he instantly and sublimely arose to the occasion. "That bank?" he asked, scornfully. "Why, I've ridden down banks like that many a time. 'Ain't I, Clarence?"

This was too much for the company. A sound like the wind in the leaves arose; it was the song of incredulity and ridicule. "O—o—o—o—o!" And on the outskirts a little girl suddenly shrieked out, "Story-teller!"

Horace had certainly won a skirmish. He was gleeful. "Oh, you can do wonders!" he gurgled. "You can do wonders!" The neighborhood's superficial hostility to foreigners arose like magic under the influence of his sudden success, and Horace had the delight of seeing Jimmie persecuted in that manner known only to children and insects.

Jimmie called angrily to the boy on the velocipede, "If you'll lend me yours, I'll show you whether I can or not."

Horace turned his superior nose in the air. "Oh no! I don't ever lend it." Then he thought of a blow which would make Jimmie's humiliation complete. "Besides," he said, airily, "'tain't really anything hard to do. I could do it—easy—if I wanted to."

But his supposed adherents, instead of receiving this boast with cheers, looked upon him in a sudden blank silence. Jimmie and his retainer pounced like cats upon their advantage.

"Oh," they yelled, "you *could*, eh? Well, let's see you do it, then! Let's see you do it! Let's see you do it! Now!" In a moment the crew of little spectators were gibing at Horace.

The blow that would make Jimmie's humiliation complete! Instead, it had boomeranged Horace into the mud. He kept up a sullen muttering:

"'Tain't really anything! I could if I wanted to!"

"Dare you to!" screeched Jimmie and his partisans. "Dare you to! Dare you to! Dare you to!"

There were two things to be done—to make gallant effort or to retreat. Somewhat to their amazement, the children at last found Horace moving through their clamor to the edge of the bank. Sitting on the velocipede, he looked at the ravine, and then, with gloomy pride, at the other



"'I—' HE BEGAN. THEN HE VANISHED FROM THE EDGE OF THE WALK."

children. A hush came upon them, for it was seen that he was intending to make some kind of an ante-mortem statement.

"I—" he began. Then he vanished from the edge of the walk. The start had been unintentional—an accident.

The stupefied Jimmie saw the calamity through a haze. His first clear vision was when Horace, with a face as red as a red flag, arose bawling from his tangled

velocipede. He and his retainer exchanged a glance of horror and fled the neighborhood. They did not look back until they had reached the top of the hill near the lake. They could see Horace walking slowly under the maples toward his home, pushing his shattered velocipede before him. His chin was thrown high, and the breeze bore them the sound of his howls.



GRAY WOLF'S DAUGHTER

BY HINOOK-MAHIWI-KILINAKA (ANGEL DE CORA)

THE fire was burning steadily, but the mother stirred it with a stick to a brighter flame. It snapped and crackled and sent a myriad of sparks flying upward through the opening at the top of the lodge. This roused the daughter a little as she sat gazing into the fire. Her mind had been wandering here and there to this and that one of her associates—to one who had been to school, to another who had staid at home and was a thorough Indian, comparing the life of the one with the life of the other.

She herself had for a long time desired knowledge of the white man's ways, and now her family had given their consent to her going to school. To-morrow was to be the first day of a new life in the boarding-school.

Thinking of all these things, the girl had forgotten that her father and three of the leading medicine-men were making

ready for the vapor bath, in purification for the coming sacred festival.

"Are you not going to dance with the other girls?" asked her mother. "Why do you not? Do, for the last time. It will please your father."

The grandmother was sitting on the opposite side of the fire. Now she spoke up rather sharply:

"The last time! You talk as if this was her last day on earth! Are you not going for her every festival dance? If not, she will forget how to dance before the winter is over."

So far she had spoken without looking around. Now she turned about and addressed the girl directly: "Schoolgirls can't dance, because they have to wear white men's shoes. If they ask you to wear shoes at school, don't you do it—don't you do it!"

The grandmother had been the last of the family to give her consent to the

girl's going to school, and had at last yielded much against her will. Her chief objection had been that the girl was too old for school life, and ought now to be given away in marriage.

Just then came the sound of many voices outside. A girl lifted up the door-flap and peeped in. She asked the young girl if she was ready. The girl smiled, but did not move until her mother said, "Hurry, they are waiting for you."

As she spoke, the mother drew out a basket from under the blankets and took from it a great pile of beads. These she hung around her daughter's neck till they reached half-way up to her ears. Then she hung in her ears silver ear-rings that jingled with every movement of her head. Silver rings were on her fingers and silver bracelets on her arms, and then she was ready to join her friends.

While the men inside the vapor-bath lodge were clearing their throats and trying their voices in several songs, the young girls stood about talking and laughing. Now the men in the vapor-lodge began beating their hands in time to their singing. The noise of talking and laughter ceased, and the girls began dancing around the lodge. The fire flamed up, lighting up the faces of the dancing girls and those of the older women who had come to look on.

The girl's mother came, after a little while, to look on with the rest. As she passed a group of women she heard one tell the others that Gray Wolf's pretty

daughter was going away to school. They all exclaimed with regretful voices, and one said: "Such a graceful dancer! Why does her mother let her go?"

Gray Wolf's wife thought her daughter was not as gay as she was used to be at such festivals, but to the mother's eyes she seemed more beautiful than ever. How could she let her go!

When the dance was over, the people scattered. Mother and daughter went back to their wigwam and retired for the night.

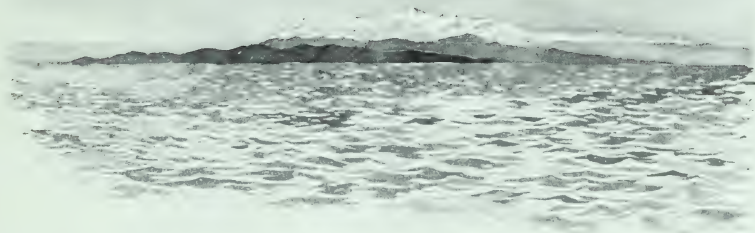
The next morning the girl took all her beautiful things from the basket and told her mother to give them to her sister-in-law; her pony, she said, was to be given to her brother. She put on her plainest dress, one little silver ring on finger, and that was all. Gray Wolf brought the ponies, and all was ready. The girl took her best blanket to wear on the journey, but told her mother she would send it back by her father and that she might have it.

Not many words were said at parting, nor did she and her father say much upon the journey.

When they got in sight of the school-house the girl's courage fell a little, and she begged her father to come and see her often, and to bring her mother and grandmother, and the father promised.

She had been the joy and life of their home, and he longed to have her go back with him, but she had always had her own way.





Sorata from Lake Titicaca.

CLIMBING MOUNT SORATA

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY

THE ascent of Illimani fortunately accomplished, there was in our minds but one idea—to attack the other and probably higher great mountain of the Bolivian Cordillera Real, Mount Sorata. I call it Mount Sorata because that, amongst other names, is sometimes applied to it, and is the most convenient designation. Sorata, as we shall see, is the name of a town at its foot, and the whole mountain mass at that end of the Cordillera may be well enough thought of as the mountain of Sorata. Regarded from a European Alpine point of view, Mount Sorata is a group of peaks, like the Mont Blanc group, each of which, if much attention were given to the group, would require a name of its own. The natives in pre-Columbian days had already distinguished two of these peaks by name and legend. One was the actually culminating point, a noble crest of snow; they call it Ancohuma, I am told: the word as pronounced to me sounded more like “Hankuma,” but I adhere to the received spelling. The other and more remarkable peak is a great buttress of the former, not, in fact, quite so lofty, but, when seen from Lake Titicaca or from the Sorata Valley, far more imposing—a majestic rock tower, not unlike the Matterhorn, although vastly greater, built up of precipitous dark cliffs and ridges, whereon the clouds drift and play in wonderful complexity. I never saw a peak more

gloriously decked with clouds than was this one—not even stupendous Nanga Parbat by the valley of the Indus, not even the Matterhorn with all his morning purple on. The Incas, I believe, worshipped it as a god and named it Illampu, and this name is now generally but erroneously applied to the whole mountain, including Ancohuma. I prefer to restore to the individual peaks their proper designations, and to retain for the whole mountain the modern and popular name, Mount Sorata.*

When driving from Lake Titicaca to La Paz over the high Bolivian plateau—the Puna, as it is called—we had noticed that the most promising line of attack was by a glacier that descends southward from Ancohuma. The lower part of it was apparently much crevassed, but above there seemed to be a high snowy plateau leading to the foot of the final peak. The peak itself seemed precipitous, but we hoped it might improve on acquaintance. At all events, this was the route we decided to attempt. Such a decision is, in Bolivia, the smallest part of one's trouble. The next things in order of necessity were to discover the name of the highest *finca*, or farm, near the foot of the glacier, to learn the name of the proprietor (who of course would not live on his property—all landlords in this part

* Illampu is 21,520 feet, Ancohuma is 21,710 feet high, according to my triangulation.



MOUNT CACAACA.

of Bolivia are absentees), to obtain a letter from him to the *mayordomo* of the *finca* instructing him to receive us, to persuade Indians to go with us, and to send a trusty man along to look after their custody. There were many more matters that needed arrangement, had we but known: experience taught us in due season. For the Indians of the Puna are not, as those of Illimani, a sparse and widely scattered folk. On the contrary, they are a dense population, with very few white men dwelling amongst them, and absolutely no soldiers or police. They are kept in order mainly by the priests and by moral suasion. They are suspicious of all white people, and especially of gringos, and they are split up by local feuds, village against village, and *finca* against *finca*. The state of any village or *finca* depends on the character of its administrator, *corregidor*, or *mayordomo*.

Of such complications we knew nothing.

Our own small experience, and the general consensus of opinion, indicated that no Indians would ever be forth-coming to go with us into the region of snow. To the edge of the snow they might with difficulty be induced to come, but farther—no! Therefore I decided that, regard being had to the form of Mount Sorata,

it might be possible to employ a sledge for dragging our baggage up the glacier. My Alpine guide, Maquignaz, had spent the previous summer as the Duke of The Abruzzi's leading guide in his Mount St. Elias expedition. He had then acquired plenty of experience with sledges, as I had during the two previous summers in Spitsbergen. Accordingly I sent him and my second guide, Pellissier, to the carpenter's to superintend the construction of such a sledge as could be produced with the wood and materials available at La Paz. The sledge and the other preparations I



BOLIVIAN SOLDIERS.

have described employed our time for four days. On the morning of the fifth after our return from Illimani we set forth for Mount Sorata.

This time no swift Tilbury carried us, but a slow caravan of mules. In the course of my wanderings I have driven caravans of horses, ponies, and donkeys, of camels, and of heathen of different races, but it so chanced that this was my first experience of mules in quantity. It is generally understood that mules are not urged to continuous exertion by blows, but by strong language, towards which their understanding is as alert as their experience of it is profound. Strong language brings back the wanderer and urges on the faint—so I was informed. I approached my mules, remembering the story of Billy the Pike, in Clarence King's *Mountain-ering in the Sierra Nevada*, one of the finest books on mountain travel ever written. Billy had been congratulated on his powers of language. "'Swear?' repeated the Pike, in a tone of incredulous questioning. 'Me swear?' as if the compliment was greater than his modest desert. 'No, I can't blaspheme worth a cuss. You'd jest orter hear Pete Green. *He can exhort the impenitent mule.* I've known a ten-mule team to renounce the flesh and haul thirty-one thousand through a foot of clay mud under one of his outpourings.'" I had swallowed this story whole with relish in London; I chewed the cud of it in Bolivia.

Nine several times, for one reason or another, we had to traverse the Puna, as the high Bolivian desert between La Paz and Lake Titicaca is named. It often became monotonous and wearisome, because there is so little change of view or alteration of foreground, but it has a charm of its own. There is a sense of breadth and spaciousness about it. The



LOADING A PACK-MULE.

grand range of mountains along its margin, whether clear or piled with the great clouds that pour over from the hot regions to the east, is a panorama of constant interest. We often saw it swept by thunder-storms, which were visible an immense distance away; and by night, when three or four of them were coruscating in different quarters, the effect was magnificent. By day, when the sun was hot, mirages were frequent, and dust whirlwinds used to dance about like living things, fifty in sight at a time.

Our first destination was the Indian town of Achacache, apparently the prehistoric port where the ancient trans-Andean trade route, passing what is now the town of Sorata, debouched on Lake Titicaca. The town now stands a few miles inland, for the waters of the lake are retreating, and the marginal shallows are likewise rapidly silting up. As we approached Achacache we obtained many fine views of our mountain, but its great breadth and depth rendered an inspection of the route to be followed difficult or impossible, for the lower shoulders hid the upper parts from view, and only the tip of the summit would appear above its supporters. At Achacache there is a miserable inn, a mere ring of adobe rooms round a square court-yard, but the spirit of the old host was all one could desire,

and his welcome was as hearty as his accommodation was meagre. For dinner he served us with a quantity of soup consisting chiefly of potatoes and peppers, hot enough to flay the tongue. It was brought up in a massive undecorated silver dish of old workmanship—the single glory of his house.

Next day we had to find the Umapusa farm, which was to be our base of operations. It lies at the edge of Mount Sorata's skirt, and is separated from Achacache by a large flat swamp, which the rainy season turns into a gulf of the lake. We emerged from the town by a road that bears all the marks of great antiquity, for it is worn deep into a low rock ridge. From the crest of the ridge we had a glorious view of our mountain rising from the swamp. As we paused to look at it, an Indian procession came by, bearing a corpse to burial. The mourners were seen later in the day littered along the roadside in a state of helpless intoxication. At Umapusa we found a wretched little

unknown before the coming of the Spaniards. Llamas constitute the slowest and cheapest caravans in the world. One man can drive a great multitude of them; they feed themselves as they creep along, doing their three or four miles a day. Each animal carries only a light load. They may be as much as three or four months upon the way, but they ultimately arrive, and the cost is infinitesimal. They are still employed for many purposes, but he who enlists their services must not be in a hurry. There is something uncanny about their general appearance, but their heads, with the large intelligent eyes, are wonderfully pleasing.

At Umapusa a clever half-breed, Cesar by name, was placed at our disposal, and with his help we enlisted some very good Indian porters at the last village a little way further up hill. These men remained in our service for several days, so that some slight acquaintance and mutual comprehension arose between us. I grew to like these fellows better than any of the

other Bolivian Indians I saw, and it seemed not impossible that further intimacy with the great mass of the natives might have modified the unpleasant impression that a casual acquaintance with them produces. I am, however, bound to say that the men who have had most to do with them have little confidence in or liking for them, and the fixed opinion of men of experience is always to be



INDIAN CHILDREN.

posada, a mere mud hut, with a mud mound inside it for a bed. It is used as a place of call by drivers of caravans of llamas going direct from Sorata to La Paz.

The llama, a beast like a big sheep, with the head and neck of a small camel, is the ancient beast of burden of this part of the world, where horses and donkeys were

trusted in these cases, however distasteful stay-at-home people may find it.

The lower slopes of Mount Sorata resemble the barren regions of the west of Ireland, with their mud-walled, thatched cottages, stone-walled potato-fields encircled by dreary moors and bogs; pigs everywhere, and a folk living on the verge of abject poverty. Above the high-



AN INDIAN FUNERAL

est village cultivation ceased, but we still encountered herds of grazing llamas and alpacas, with here and there a wretched shepherd's hut. A gentle, almost featureless slope steadily led up toward the clouds that enveloped the base of the snow region. Without dismounting from our mules we reached an altitude of over 16,000 feet, a fact that was causing us extreme satisfaction till we came to the top of a green hill and saw a profound and unsuspected longitudinal valley, parallel to the main range, lying between us and the foot of the glaciers. There was nothing for it but to descend about 2000 feet into this valley, and then mount it to the end of the glacier that offered the best chance of an upward way. In the bottom of the valley a herd of llamas were feeding, which accounted for the freshness of the track that led downward. The trail itself, however, dates from the time when a gold-mine was worked just at the foot of the glacier we had now selected for our attack. It was called Isca Aucania, and it did not pay.

What I may call the Aucania Glacier

was once incomparably larger than it is now. It filled the whole of the secluded Aucania Valley, and joined another great glacier that descended at right angles from the main Cordillera; the two flowed on in a united stream for several miles together. But a change of climate came; the supply of snow was much diminished, and the glacier retreated, just as the diminished supply of water to Lake Titicaca has reduced it from a vast inland sea covering the whole Puna to its present still-contracting area. As the glacier drew back it left a mound of moraine where its snout had been, and this mound formed a dam, behind which a picturesque lake has collected—the Lake of St. Francis. Back and back it retreated till it came to the place where the two glaciers joined. Then farther back and each became a separate glacier, only the rivers flowing from them henceforward uniting. The Aucania Glacier had still three or four miles to retreat. In doing so it deposited moraine mounds at intervals, and these also formed lakes, which have all been silted up and turned into grassy plains. It was on to the



MIDDLE CAMP, MOUNT SORATA.

uppermost and largest of these, not far from the retired snout of the ice, that we descended by a steep and difficult way. Llamas were grazing there; big white geese were cackling by a pool, frequented also by gulls and wild-duck. Bizeachas, like little rabbits, bolted into their holes or sat among the stones of the hill-side. Butterflies and green-capped humming-birds fluttered about, though snow was still to be seen in patches where sheltered from the sun.

From the boggy meadow a path known to the Indians still led us on (even when the mules could go no farther), up rocks rounded by the rasping of ice, to a yet higher and very small lake-basin, where it ceased. Close to the abandoned gold-mine we pitched our main camp in the evening of September 20. It was an excellent position. The ground was level, soft, sheltered, and dry. Near at hand was the foot of the glacier up which our farther advance must be made. The big meadow below afforded grazing for the mules. While the tents were being set up, I went forth and shot the toughest goose that ever dismayed human teeth. He took a deal of

shooting with the No. 6 shot, which was the largest I had in my cartridges. Winged at the first discharge, he waddled off up hill at a smart pace along a llama track. I puffed and blew, and yet could not gain on him. A pursuit at 16,000 feet soon exhausts any man. I became almost comatose, but held on. At last the path ended and the goose came among broken rocks,

whilst I still had better ground, and so overtook him. More dead than alive, I stumbled down hill with my burdensome trophy. A couple of bizeachas got up, and I knocked them over. Next minute I wished I had not, for the gun and the game were together so heavy that I could hardly drag them and myself along. Night came on, and I was still a long way from camp, toiling hideously. But something moved in the darkness, and turned out to be the *arriero* looking after the mules. He shouldered part of my load, and I reached the tents just in time for supper. The skin of that goose now rests in the British Museum.

Behind our four tents rose an amphi-



BASE CAMP, MOUNT SORATA.

theatral slope strewn with huge rocks fallen from the hill. Dry grass in tussocks one to three feet high grew amongst the rocks. The Indians lit this in the darkness. At first it made a fire pleasant to warm one's self at, but a rising wind drove it up the slope. The flames leapt in sheets from patch to patch, encircling the rocks and spreading wider and deeper every instant. It was as though all the gold had come glowing out from its hiding-places to mock at us. The smoke shone like flame in the general glare, and eddied round and up till it caught the moonlight high aloft and turned to silver. The cirque of mountains around was illuminated to its highest crest. Presently the fire disappeared from view behind a bend in the ground, and only the glare from it could be seen on slope and smoke. We might have been on the flank of an erupting volcano. The Indians, flitting about like demons, spreading the fire, added to the weirdness of the scene. It was hard to believe they were men. Not till the conflagration died down did I find it possible to tear myself away from the splendid sight, and close out the world behind the thin curtain of my tiny tent.

Next day we started upward with four Indians to carry the baggage. The way, though steep and fatiguing, was easy from a mountaineer's point of view, for it led along a moraine by the glacier's side, or along the neighboring hill-slope. Thus we gained the crest of the rock ridge that sunders the glacier into two parts. On this ridge, just before it burrows under the ice, the Indians left us, and we pitched our camp about 17,500 feet above the sea. All vegetation had ceased, and almost all life, though several specimens of a tiny midge were caught in the marmalade-pot, and,

after sunset, when the tents were closed, we heard the cry of a bird fluttering around. Lying snugly in my sleeping-bag, I little suspected what was going on at the camp below. That night a party of superstitious Indians from the village of Chiara-uyo crept up in the darkness, intending to murder us in our sleep. They knew that we had come to profane



TOP CAMP, AT AN ALTITUDE OF 19,400 FEET.

the sanctuaries of the mountain gods, and to carry away from the summit of Illampu the cross of gold and the bull of gold which to them are well known to be planted there. Hostility to the Indians of the village from which our men came had also something to do with the raid. Fortunately for all parties, the camp was found empty, and as the Indians dared not ascend by the glacier, we were left in peace.

Next day was one of violent and distressing labor, both to my Alpine guides, Maquignaz and Pellissier, and to me. At an early hour we loaded the little sledge and began dragging it up the glacier, which below had looked so smooth and level, but now proved to be neither. The slopes were, in fact, so steep that it was all we could do to raise the sledge little by little. We soon came among crevasses wide and deep. Four of them following one another within a distance of 200 yards took over two hours to cross.

The sledge had to be let down into them, to crazy snow bridges, and hauled up



A SNOW BRIDGE IN A CREVASSE.

again on the far side with incredible toil. This kind of work soon tires a man at 19,000 feet. To make matters worse, the weather was far from propitious. Clouds were gathering heavily, and a strong wind blew over the peaks. Arrived at a point little short of 19,000 feet, we had done all we could. There, in the midst of the snow-field, under shelter of a blue wall of ice, we set up our little tent and arranged to pass the night. After preparing food with our petroleum-stove and eating a light meal, we turned into our reindeer-skin sleeping-bags, and I at once dropped off to sleep. Not so the others, for a gale just then broke upon the tent with driving snow and hail. The canvas strained and bulged; the tent ropes shivered and screamed; it seemed as though the tent must be blown away.

At four o'clock next morning we ought to have started to climb the final peak, but it was impossible even to quit the tent. With dawn came no improvement. We looked out into a writhing

gray chaos. By nine o'clock the sun was fitfully shining through breaks in the clouds. It was too late for a climb, but not for a reconnoissance, so we marched up the hard-frozen snow-field. The slope eased off, and presently bent over to a very gently inclined basin, stretching away for a long distance between two white ranges of hills to the final peak at the end of it. Clearly the foot of this peak could be gained without further difficulty by mere walking, but what the last climb would be like we could not forecast. We sat

down in sunshine on the snow, waiting for the clouds to part and reveal our peak. Piece by piece almost the whole was shown to us, and we judged the ascent possible, though difficult. It would lie up very steep and broken snow slopes, and all would depend on the condition of the snow; but our experience on Illimani led us to expect no trouble on that score. We returned to camp, hoping to complete the ascent next day.

But it was not to be. The storm soon



GAINING THE HIGHER SLOPES OF SORATA.

broke once more, and the clouds swooped down in yet blacker battalions; so, piling the sleeping-bags and provisions into a heap and rolling the tent about them, we left the bundle to take its chance, and hurried away for less boisterous regions below. With no sledge to drag and no packs to carry, we ran in a few hours down the 4000 feet it had taken two days to ascend. By sunset we were in the base camp, and next day we returned to Umapusa. Even thither the bad weather pursued us; snow lay on the potato-fields. Such weather in September is almost unknown in Bolivia. What could be the cause? The Indians were in no doubt. The gods were enraged at our attempt to profane their sanctuary, and had arisen in wrath to drive us down. All men looked askance at us.

There was nothing to be done aloft, so I decided to occupy the next few days in visiting the valley and neighborhood of the town of Sorata, which lies immediately at the north foot of Illampu. A few hours' ride up undulating, almost desert country, fashioned by water out of the ruins of gigantic ancient moraines, carried us to the crest of the relatively low ridge (at its lowest point about 2000 feet above the lake's level) which forms the water-shed between Titicaca and the Amazon. Near the pass we came again into a snow-storm and had no view, but after a brief descent found ourselves in clear warm air, and beheld far below, under a flat cloud roof, the deep-cut blue valley of the Mapiri River. We had crossed the backbone of South America and entered another region of the world. No sadder change of scenery can be imagined. Flowers and birds were different from those of the Puna. Every hour of descent emphasized the change. A good zigzag path led quickly down. Beyond another little col, the clustered roofs of Sorata came in view, and long before sunset we had found shelter in its little inn.

Few places in the modern world are more remote than Sorata from the general haunts of civilized man. The way we had come is the easiest route to it, and we travelled the road in the finest month of the year. To come to Sorata up the valley in which it lies is, I am told, impossible. Eastward it communicates with the lower Mapiri and Tipuani valleys, and so with the interior, by passes 17,000 feet

high, traversed by tracks of extreme difficulty. Yet this little place is the centre of no inconsiderable trade in gold, India rubber, coffee, cocoa, and all kinds of wealth—a trade that is rapidly developing, and needs only better roads and settled conditions to prosper exceedingly. Even as it is, the little town has a pros-



RAISING THE SLEDGE OUT OF A CREVASSE.

perous aspect, whilst for beauty its situation is incomparable. The climate is always warm, and seldom hot. Window-glass is unnecessary. Bananas, grapes, and roses grow in the public square. Almost every fruit ripens in the neighborhood. Steep hills, afforested or cultivated, rise on all sides. There is plenty of good water at the town's foot. Behind, indescribably splendid, stage above stage, on dizzy walls of rock, seamed with cascades and crested with ice-falls, there towers the mass of Illampu, with its snowy top 14,000 feet above the town. Sorata, in the Alps, would surpass every famous mountain resort. Endowed by nature with perfect



SURMOUNTING A CREVASSE.

tion of beauty, and planted on the highway of fabulous wealth, it nevertheless remains for the present a mere village, where two or three energetic Europeans lead a frontier life on the margin of civilization.

After some excursions, which I have no space to recount, the bad weather still continuing, we returned to Umapusa to await the time for another assault upon our mountain. Even if the weather had been fine when we arrived there, we could have done nothing; for it was a *fête* season, and every Indian was hopelessly drunk, and would so remain for another two days. Meanwhile the snow kept falling thickly down to the very margin of Titicaca, and thunder-storms ranged and raged in many quarters at once with little intermission. At last the *fête* was over and the sun shone

forth. Sorry-looking indeed were the five Indians who turned up on the morning of October 8 to carry our loads. They had broken heads without exception, for the entire village had concluded its holiday with a free fight, described by the combatants as having been perfectly splendid. The women apparently thought otherwise, and one old and toothless dame waxed eloquent on the subject for nearly an hour before the visiting representative of justice, while we impatiently waited to start.

The ascent to our former base camp was without incident, nor did enraged Indians trouble us there. A man of influence had been sent to reason with the offended village; the people had promised him to let us alone, and, in fact, did so. October 9 was a brilliantly fine day, with a hot sun, and scarcely a cloud or a breath of wind. Fine days were now essential to melt away the great accumulations of fresh snow fallen during two weeks of storm. We toiled up with Indian porters to the site of our second camp, but only halted there for an hour or so. From this point the coolies went down, and we continued the ascent, for, having no sledge to drag, and only light loads, it was possible

to reach our high camp the same afternoon, and thus save a day. On its snowy plateau the tent was found where it had been left. The new snow had melted off it, so that its dark color had been bared to the heat rays of the sun, which are for the most part reflected from snow. It had thus formed for itself a shallow pit, and sunk into it. The minimum thermometer registered $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr. — not a severe amount of cold for stormy weather in early spring at about 20,000 feet — but the instrument was not actually exposed to the air, and may have been kept warm by the sleeping-bags beside it.

The tent was soon set up again. The petroleum-stove turned the melted snow into soup, cocoa, and even punch by help of the needful ingredients. In the sleeping-bags we were as warm and comfortable as in beds at home; yet sleep would

come to none of us, probably because we had exchanged a moderate for a high elevation so suddenly. When we were here before, all slept well, but we had come up by 2000-foot stages; this time we came up by one 4000-foot stage, and we could not sleep. The secret of how to gain a very high altitude is to ascend by short stages, and to stop a night at each stage. Above 17,000 feet 2000 feet a day is enough. You can do more, but the loss in rest and rehabilitation outweighs the apparent gain in time. I have slept for four nights at about 20,000 feet, and am satisfied that this is by no means the limit of height where a man can sleep. Probably 23,000 feet is not an impossible camping altitude, if it is reached by stages of 2000 feet or less.

The night was very cold. At one in the morning, when we began preparations for the climb, there were 30° Fahr. of frost. In the polar regions this would be a trifle, but polar explorers work at sea-level, and fill their lungs each breath with a supply of oxygen sufficient to keep the fires warmly burning within them. If their supply of oxygen were halved, they would find arctic cold insupportable. At 20,000 feet the air is so thin that the supply of oxygen drawn in at a breath is only about half the sea-level supply.

Before two o'clock in the moonless night we quitted the tent on our upward way. The glittering canopy of stars was disfigured by patches of drifting cloud of evil augury. A single candle was all the illumination to our dubious way over the hard-frozen snow slope between two ghostly rows of white but vaguely seen mountains. There were many crevasses, and large ones, but by candle-light they looked gigantic, for we could not see across them. All, of course, were pro-

foundly deep, and some were wide open. Others, like those we had dragged the sledge over, were bridged across from ten to twenty feet below the top. How snow bridges of this sort are formed I cannot say. They seem to be a peculiarity of Mount Sorata. Of course there were plenty of holes and gaps in these bridges. To lean over the edge of a great crevasse and peer down to see whether there was



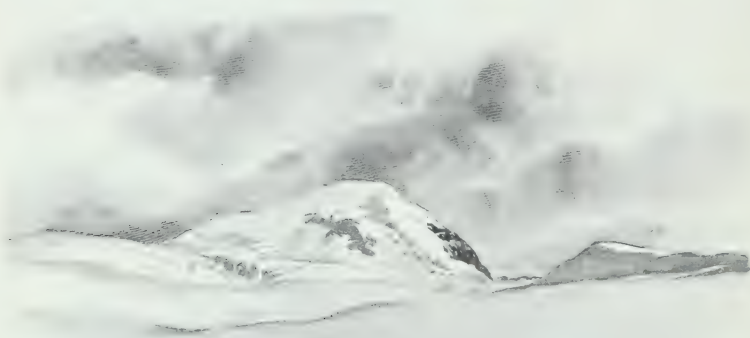
THE VIEW FROM THE HIGHER PLATEAU OF MOUNT SORATA.

a bridge below or not was a weird experience. Sometimes we were not sure, and had to let a man down to see. The sides were roughly vertical, and difficult to scramble down in daytime, when one could see to cut steps and hand-holes; by night the difficulties were much increased. We had to peer about to find the solid parts of the snow bridges and to avoid the holes through into the bowels of the glacier. To clamber up the far side of the crevasse afforded another troublesome problem. Notwithstanding these petty miseries, the climb in the night up the glacier was delightfully romantic. The darkness, the uncertain flickering of our fire-fly candle, the utter silence, the angry clouds, the starry heaven, and the expanse of snow, vaguely felt, rather than seen, and surrounding peaks in the bonds of a frost like the grip of a demon's hand, combined to produce on all of us an immense impression. We spoke none but necessary words. The silence was too

awful to be lightly broken. But we advanced as rapidly as the altitude permitted, though our powers were thus submitted to a severe and painful strain, for the cold was now become much more intense, and was doubtless many degrees below zero. Our breathing was hard and loud; our pulses beat audibly; we were

was correct, should be a long unbroken strip of snow leading far up. In what difficulties it might involve us above, we had no notion at all. During the last hour the condition of the snow had altered for the worse. Near camp it had been hard as rock. Higher up came a softer substance. Here at the foot of the peak

it was like flour, each granule of ice so hard frozen that it "disdained its brother." We recalled the upper levels of Illimani with regret. The storms of the last fortnight had left traces not quickly to be obliterated. Quantities of new snow had fallen, and, as it mischanced, the form of Ancohuma had caused it to drift round and accumulate with special thickness exactly on the slope we were about to climb. That slope,



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SORATA

working up to the verge of our possible strength.

When half-way up the long last slope of the glacier, the basinlike slope that seems from below to be a plateau, we beheld the waning crescent of the moon just above the edge of the eastern crest. For a moment of indescribable beauty it hid behind a stately pyramid that looks down on hot Tipuani and the deep, damp valleys, whose streams roll over ungathered gold, and whose banks bear countless rubber-trees of the finest quality in the world. But the moon was not to help us; in a few minutes it had passed behind thick clouds and all its light was blotted out.

Thus about 4 A.M., in absolute night, we approached the base of Ancohuma's final peak. We had arrived too soon, for in the enveloping night even the main features of the great face of snow, that rose above us with an appalling and unanticipated steepness, could not be distinguished. It was too cold for halt or hesitation. All we could do was to make for the foot of what, if our memory of the previous inspection

indeed, owes its existence to the fact that it is habitually renewed and increased by an eddied snowdrift.

The moment we started up the slope we realized that the work we had done was child's-play to what was to come. No amount of treading would make the snow bind. It poured over the feet and about the legs like sand. How it maintained its position at all on the steep incline was a mystery. A small provocation would evidently start the whole mass sliding in a mighty avalanche. To avoid this danger it was essential to mount in a straight-upward line. Any incline to right or left would have drawn a furrow across the slope, and thus almost inevitably started an avalanche. Straight up, therefore, we went, no easing zigzags possible. We sank in at first to the knee, presently to the waist. People often talk vaguely of walking through snow waist-deep. Of course it is impossible to advance at all if you sink in to the waist, for the leg cannot be withdrawn and advanced for a step if you are buried to the waist. The deepest snow you can walk through on a level

place or gentle slope is half-thigh deep. Beyond that you must roll, as we found in Spitsbergen. When I say we sank in as far as the waist, I am referring to conditions on a steep slope, where the broken edge of the snow in front of each man came level with his waist, or even his chest; behind him, of course, the step was open. To take another step the snow in front had to be beaten down, and then trodden and trodden and trodden again before it was firm enough to bear; and then, when the next man came to it, it was all smothered in white powder, and had to be beaten and trodden afresh. The increasing elevation, the steadily worsening snow and steepening slope, made the toil ever greater; and as we were working up to the margin of our strength, the pace consequently diminished. We breathed violently and sometimes in furious paroxysms. Already, on the snow-field below, the guides had beaten their feet with ice-axes to maintain circulation. Now the beating was almost continuous. Both complained that they were losing sensation in the extremities. I shouted up to Maquignaz that Pellissier said his feet were being frost-bitten.

"Let him beat them, then," was the answer.

"But he is beating them, and it's no good."

"Then he must beat them harder; there is no other way."

Both guides were frost-bitten on that dreadful slope. I only escaped, thanks to a pair of Shetland wool stockings, worn over a thin pair of socks and inside a preposterously thick pair of Norwegian goat-hair stockings, such as are used for winter snowshoeing in high latitudes. Even in these and triple-leather boots of Swiss manufacture I was not exactly warm, but was never quite miserably cold. If my visit to South America is here and there remembered by persons who met me, it is because of those enormous boots, which afforded innocent joy to many lowlanders, and especially seamen. They sufficed a humorous German sea-captain for ten days' chaff. He proposed to hoist them overboard with a derrick when I left the ship, and shouted after me that he would bespeak in London a dry dock for their accommodation against my return. But the boots saved me from the suffering which befell my sturdy companions.

As we rose, the dawn began, not rose-

red nor fiery, as in the Alps, but pale and thin. Yet when it comes, in these tropical latitudes, it comes quickly. The light of it lay upon the level bed of cloud floating over all the eastern region; but the sun itself we did not see, for the mountain we were on hid it from us, and the cold continued. Indeed, we thought the cold became more intense. Daylight brought knowledge. We saw what was above us, and the sight gave little satisfaction. There was not a diminution, but an increase of difficulties and dangers ahead. Huge masses of ice overhung in cliffs one hundred feet high. Vast crevasses split the face across. Everywhere the deep, soft, floury snow mantled the slopes up which a possible route might lie. On the other hand, the summit was now not far off. We had climbed more than half the height of the final peak. No more than six hundred feet remained to mount. So we pushed on, slanting now a very little to the right, of necessity, though any departure whatever from the straight-up track was fraught with too much danger. We came at last to the edge of a great crevasse perhaps fifty feet wide, that split the whole slope across. It would have been possible to cross this, but we did not try, for the slope beyond it, leading straight to the top in, perhaps, two hundred feet, was obviously unsafe in present conditions. It was a little steeper than the slope we had come up, and it was likewise covered with the same powdery snow; but whereas thus far we had been able to climb straight up, it would now be necessary to take a diagonal course, for the summit was above on our left hand. If we had fallen from any point on the hitherside of the great crevasse, we should have come to rest somewhere on the level snow slope below, and even if we had been involved in an avalanche, possibly might have extricated ourselves safely. But in the traverse above, on the far side of the crevasse, we should have had it below us to tumble into, for the first part of the way, and farther on an ice cliff of one hundred feet to fall over. The probabilities were that we should start an avalanche, and if we did, it was certain we should all be killed. To accept the risk would be the act of a fool.

A fortnight or three weeks earlier, before the series of storms which had piled on the new snow, we should have had no too serious difficulty or danger to contend

against. There would have been much step-cutting, such as we had on Illimani, but undoubtedly we should have accomplished it successfully. Now the fates were emphatically against us. With bitter regret I gave the word to return. Before actually starting down it was necessary to set up and read the barometer—not an aneroid, but a mercurial barometer of the Boylean-Mariotti pattern. To fiddle with the little adjustments of an instrument under such circumstances of cold is misery. Hands must be withdrawn from gloves, the body must be kept still, and at the moment of adjustment the breath must be held—an act of torture when the lungs are thirsting for oxygen, which continuous breathing only gathers in quite insufficient quantity. Constant practice, however, invests the reading of instruments for the scientific traveller with the character of a duty. The whole energy of the mind is concentrated on the effort to obtain an accurate observation. The instrument was set up, hanging vertically from a tripod of ice-axes. I grovelled in the soft snow to bring my eye level with the top of the mercury. The vernier was screwed down, and the reading taken. The whole operation was then repeated, and the second reading agreed absolutely with the first. The mercury stood at 12.42 inches. This reading, compared with an almost simultaneous reading at La Paz, gave 24,255 feet for our altitude above sea-level at that moment. Add 250 feet for the remainder of the peak; the summit should thus be at 24,500 feet above sea-level. This agrees well enough with the altitude, 24,800 feet, recorded in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (on what authority I know not), and is not far from the 7200 metres affixed to Illampu (the second and lower summit) in the Peruvian government map of Raimondi. I was not, however, satisfied with this result, but later on devoted a fortnight to a careful triangulation with a 6-inch theodolite. During this triangulation I obtained observations for the altitude of Ancohuma from eleven different stations, and the mean of these eleven measurements gives 24,710 feet as the height of the summit above sea-level.

The slope we surmounted had taken three hours to ascend; the descent was the swift work of a few minutes. The whole day was still before us, and I was not without hope of even yet gaining the summit

by way of the peak's south ridge. To the foot of this we therefore turned with hope renewed. But success was not to be won that way, either. For some distance the ridge was practicable, but it only gave access to the foot of the same slope which had turned us back, and did not conduct to the summit. One might have turned from it either to the right or to the left at the point where it was cut away, but in either case a slope of the same impossible character (under these present conditions) had to be mounted. Again, therefore, we were driven to descend, with regrets which time has done nothing to alleviate.

As our climb recedes into the past, the memory of its dangers grows less, whilst the desire for complete success abides unchanged. I ask myself whether that slope might not have been crossed; whether a better man would not have risked it and won. There come hours when I stand condemned at the bar of my own judgment. But in saner moments another conclusion obtains the mastery, and I decide that at the supreme instant I did right not merely not to risk my own life for what is, after all, a passing triumph, but not to risk the lives of my two admirable guides. The tangible results of a journey of exploration are not the mere attainment of particular points, but the accumulated group of observations and collections, whereby the sum of human knowledge is, however little, increased. In turning my back on the peak, I knew that I did so for the last time. Maquignaz might come to it again with another employer, but I should not return; for that year it was certain the mountain would not come again into climbable condition before the beginning of the rainy season (November to March), whilst future years will bring other duties. I leave, therefore, not the highest point, but one of the finest and most historic peaks of the Andes untrodden. We overcame all its permanent difficulties, and found the right way up, but a temporary impediment stopped us from actually standing on the top. Whoever comes after us to reap the reward of complete success must follow in our footsteps, and will think of us kindly, I doubt not, when he stands on the proud eminence, with Lake Titicaca abroad at his feet. To him, whoever he may be, I wish the good luck denied to us.

THE PATH OF THE STORM

BY MARIE VAN VORST

THERE are people who will remember how a certain dingy rockaway, drawn by a stout gray horse, passed through streets piled high with mountains of snow; how it passed where no wagon had been seen for twenty-four hours, hailed by those whom profit and loss, life and death, called from one part of the great city to another. They will remember how the occupants—an old man and an old woman—muffled up to the ears, remained deaf to the prayers of the people who would have bought for fabulous price the plain country conveyance. The harness was rusty, and mended here and there with rope; the flapping curtains of cracked leather were lacquered with dust and mud spots; but the vehicle rolled smoothly along; the gray horse never slackened speed. Through a glistening world, under brilliant skies, the object moved like a shadow. But there are those who will remember! And it has passed into my story, as records of disturbed traffic, arrested commerce, buried roadways, and marvels of disasters and of death have passed with the great blizzard of 1888 into history.

CHAPTER I.

THE cold wind blew the rain against the houses, and then flung it like a tattered garment across the street. The drops fell with a force that broke them into a thousand more. They splashed up from the pavement, and when they touched the stones a second time they froze. The sidewalks were covered with ice and water; the gutters streamed rivers that poured in violent torrents until they were dammed by a wall of slush. The wind blew the rain across the North River in a trembling sheet that wavered and palpitated. Here and there were distinguishable the dark hulls of anchored vessels, their masts covered with ice, their decks washed with a freezing flood. Between Jersey City and New York the hideous ferry-boats, with a monotonous b-r-r-and swash, plied through the storm.

On the after-deck of a ferry-boat that was still fast to the Jersey City side

stood a man, his coat buttoned up to his chin. Every now and then, as a whip of wind slashed under the shelter and swirled around him, he shivered like a trembling dog. Among the last of the on-coming passengers was a young woman. The man started forward, went up to her side, pushed in the swinging-door of the cabin, and followed her into the reeking atmosphere of the interior. Little fogs arose from the streaming garments of those who had been unsheltered from the rain. Umbrellas, dripping from handles to ferrules, sent out rivulets that streamed toward the centre of the muddy floor. The heat, the steaming clothes and mingled breaths, soon covered the windows with mist. The man and woman, who had exchanged no form of greeting save a look of recognition, took the first vacant places, and he turned to her eagerly:

"Well?"

"They gave me two dollars and a half. Just think of it, Stephen! Two dollars and a half. I went from the Charity-Work Commissioners to this address in Jersey City. It was a mile from the boat. I walked, and when I got there I was so faint that I could hardly speak. I was afraid the woman would think me too weak to work, and that kept me up."

She sank into her seat in a little huddled heap like an old woman, her chin on her breast, a frayed veil lifted above her eyes wrinkled on her forehead. But little by little she straightened herself; her face brightened. She unwound the veil, and the hair under her small hat gleamed a halo of light. The blood stirred and glowed under the drawn skin of her cheeks, her lips lost their pinched expression and looked fuller and redder.

"Go on," he said. "Go on. What did they give you to do?"

She leaned toward him closer. "On my bended knees I scrubbed the back stairs, the kitchen, and the great veranda that runs all the way around the house. It took me five hours! I carried out buckets of hot water and washed the

floors with washing-soda and yellow soap."

He made a low exclamation. "*You* did that—*you*? Let me see your hands!"

"No! no!" She had hidden them under her coat and she drew away a little from him.

"Let me see them, Esther!"

Reluctantly she showed them, swollen to twice their size, mottled and red where the cold had chilblained them, white where the soap and soda had changed the color of the flesh, that stood up in ridges against the nails. From the palm of her hand on which she had leaned all day the flesh was worn; and the man took his breath in hard; and clinched his own hands until the nails went into the palms. He looked at her, the hot tears burning in his eyes.

"Don't, please, Stephen. Think of the money!"

"Curse them!"

"No! no! They gave me money and food. I was their machine! How could they know that I was anything more than that?"

Around her face were the tendrils of her glowing hair. Through the skin the veins in her temples showed too plainly. Her luminous eyes were intensified by the blue rings under them, and she personified misery; but to the man she was the light of the world, to him she shone from head to feet.

"Then it was dinner-time," Esther went on: "and what do you think I had to eat? A whole dinner—a real hot dinner!"

He felt sick and faint. Just before he had met her he had tasted food for the first time during the day. He broke his fast on a sandwich at the ferry-house restaurant on the Jersey City side, and now he was alive with hunger.

"What did you have to eat, Esther?"

"Soup, and beef, and boiled potatoes, and good bread and butter—all we could eat!"

"I am so glad!" he said—"so glad!"

"At first, when I thought of you, I could not touch a thing; but, then—isn't it dreadful?—I was just like an animal; I forgot everything but myself. I don't know what they thought of me. I must have eaten like a beast!"

They were silent a moment; then he said, almost timidly,

"I have a little news for you, dearest."

"Wait!" She put out her disfigured hand warningly. "Don't tell me anything that isn't sure. It seems to me as though I couldn't live through another *perhaps* that ended on the wrong side." Then she was all repentance. "Forgive me! Tell me everything, of course. I don't know what makes me so cowardly. Isn't it the first time? Don't I always want to share the uncertainty?"

"Yes, yes! I don't blame you, God knows. There is only this: I have made a lot of sketches of street life and have taken them to the — to-day. I am to know to-morrow if they can use them. It will mean more work of the same kind—perhaps something permanent," he said, without enthusiasm, without hope.

She sank back, and they were silent, and slowly through her crept benumbing fatigue. She was keenly conscious of her exhausted body, in which every bone seemed to have been first beaten and then broken. People were rising and walking slowly toward the narrow passage between the cabins. Esther rose with difficulty, and Stephen encircled her with his arm; she leaned on him heavily. As they stepped out into the night, the wind went down their very throats, closed their eyes, and tried to take away breath and life; but they bent their heads against it. It tore off Esther's shabby veil, which clung desperately to her hat by one pin and waved out a long floating streamer behind. They went on as swiftly as they could to a crowded cross-town car. The girl looked about her helplessly. The blood seemed to surge up within her and fill her eyes. A West Twenty-third Street dandy was adjusting himself comfortably, when Stephen touched him on the arm.

"Would you be so good as to give my wife your seat? I'm afraid she is going to faint."

"W'y, cert'n'y," said the man, rising at once, and staring at the girl, who sank down almost unconscious. From the cars, through the driving rain, to the door of the tenement on the fifth floor of which they lived, Stephen carried her. She could not protest; her head lay heavily on his shoulder; the loosened veil, soaked to limpness, fluttered no longer; on her face, on the white lids of her closed eyes, the rain fell; and, goaded by a frenzy against all powers and all the world to a strength superhuman, Stephen carried her up four flights of stairs to their room.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are certain people who possess a wand of destruction, and all that they touch turns to ashes. So it was with the man to whom Esther Dunstable had given her life. Whatever prospects he had when they married faded away as sun-flecked clouds swallowed by the storm. One after another Esther saw scheme and project fail and promising efforts come to a standstill, as clever mechanical toys that rush with every semblance of perpetual motion across a platform for a few yards, and then come to a deathlike stop. There were many who had confidence in Stephen's ability. He had not been lacking in friends, and he had used them all, until the time came when there was not a human soul to whom he could return holding out his empty hands of failure. His monumental mistakes swept away all his personal means and left him some thousands of dollars in debt. But even in the blackness of this night new schemes, new projects, shone out for him like stars. The misfortune which to others appeared a wanton blow of fate, striking him down by caprice, opened the hands of one or two who still looked to Stephen for success. One by one he put forth his fragile essays, that, like children's balloons sent out into the vast and let free, fluttered a moment aggravatingly near, then melted away into the thin air and were lost. It is easy to exhaust our own resources: it is still easier to exhaust those of our friends, and Stephen stood finally absolutely alone, want and ruin staring him grimly in the face. Then it was that Esther wrote to her father. She received a letter over which she wept her heart out, her tears falling on the cruel words and on the head of the child she nursed at her breast.

A faith, a belief such as hers in her husband might have breathed over a valley of dead bones and made them alive. It never wavered, it never changed.

"I believe," she said—"I believe you have great talents, great powers. If you fail steadily on to the end, Stephen, and all the world mocks at you, if you die on the eve of a great mistake, a great failure, I shall believe 'if he had lived until tomorrow, he would have succeeded!'"

At moments when his discouragement was as great as his most sanguine hopes had been brilliant, this light shone into his soul. Belief and confidence are the

wings of a love such as hers, and she had awakened the best in Stephen. Her deeper, more balanced nature he revered and admired, and in their close relationship he began to reflect it, until finally two things stood out for him clear and distinct—Esther's belief in him, and his own failure. Scales fell from his eyes, and he saw these two to be incompatible. Toward the one he stretched out his hands. From the other he shrank as we shrink from a spectre no less horrible because we have ourselves invoked it.

In the interstices of the web of circumstance that surrounds us it is hard to say how much we have entangled with our own fingers. Certain it is there are those who seize their threads and wind them straight; others stand helplessly held in the mesh. Stephen had eagerly seized every loose end that presented itself, and wound until he came to an inextricable knot.

With a letter of introduction to the editor of a daily paper just starting in New York, Esther and Stephen came to that city, and took a room at the top of a house little better than a tenement. Stephen entered upon his duties as night reporter with enthusiasm. In a short time he had proved more than ability. In a month he had become invaluable. One night in January he came in at eleven o'clock with a chattering chill, and for days lay between life and death. When he was again able to leave the house they had not a cent in the world. Then it had been that Esther had gone to take, with her rough-handed sisters, what work she could get from the Board of Charity Commissioners.

CHAPTER III.

FOR three days after her unaccustomed labor she had not left her bed, and the third day she lay back on her pillow a shadow of a once strong and beautiful womanhood.

"You should not have come for me, Stephen. You were not well enough. It was dreadful to have carried me up stairs! But, after all, what difference does it make?"

"None," he said, shortly, after a pause—"none."

"Stephen," and she fixed on him her eyes and seemed to look from another world, "are you afraid to die?"

"No," he said, half speaking to himself. "No world hereafter could treat me worse."

"Listen," she said. "We have striven and failed; it is not our fault—not our fault. We ought not to have married, perhaps; but then we ought not to have cared as we did. To have turned away from that voice of our natures would have been a greater sin."

Stephen listened, without grasping the import of her words. He thought with a terrible pang how wasted she was, how changed, how she had given her very life for him to this end.

"I am not strong enough to do the work I can get, and you are ill. There remains for us the charity hospital—apart from one another; for our children, the public asylum. Have we not, I ask you, a right to choose between these horrors and to go quietly out of life?"

Stephen rose, and leaning over his wife, felt her hands and her forehead. She divined his thought at once.

"I am not ill; I am more at peace than I have been in months. I am weak and half crushed out of existence, yes—and as for the miserable remnant of life that remains to me, I am simply taking it in my own hands."

"You speak as though you were a supreme power," he said, with thick, trembling voice, "and not under God."

She smiled slightly. "That is a great field into which I cannot go. I have failed, and I shall sever the web."

"What right?" he faltered; "what right?"

"How do we know, we who know so little? It may have been given to us to take, if we will. A good, a wise man said, 'There is always the open door.' Think of what the days have been for years—of the agony of the yesterdays, and the dreadful to-morrows! Think, Stephen, think what it would be to be still and to be at rest!"

He covered his face with his hands.

"Did you mail the letter I gave you on Friday?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes. Why did you write your people again?"

"To bid them good-by."

Stephen leaned over her; taking her face between his hands, he looked steadily into her eyes.

"You must stop this, Esther; you don't know what you are saying. Lack

of food and fatigue have used you all up. We will forget forever what you have said."

If Esther had hoped to make her husband see with her eyes, if she had hoped that with her he was ready to break the chain that held body and soul together, she saw that she was wrong. She saw, too, that he regarded her as ill, as mentally unbalanced, and it gave her a sense of absolute desolation; out of the small circle which, in spite of misery and want, had been full of love and complete understanding, Esther slipped now and stood alone.

"Yes," she said, returning his steady look, and she even smiled—"yes, we will forget it forever."

She folded her hands together—the disfigurement that had wrung his heart was passing away, and they were taking again something of their old beautiful lines. His eyes filled with burning tears that scalded under the lids; he was suffocated with a grief that, like a swollen stream, dashes all obstacles away and will not be kept back. Unable to control himself, he rose abruptly and hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER IV.

BACK from the road that runs from the village of B—to Tarrytown stands a brown house. It is surrounded by a country garden, where the beds are brilliant with dahlias and hollyhocks and sweet-pease part of the year, and in winter are a succession of snowy hillocks. The place is called the Dunstable Homestead. Here Thomas Dunstable and his wife, with two servants, lived summer and winter. It was rumored that Thomas Dunstable put by every year more than most men made; it was rumored that he was very rich and sordid; it was rumored that appearances were kept up with difficulty, and that the servants were never paid. But rumors of all kinds died out slowly, for where there is no youth about the house, its annals and ghosts cease after a while to awaken lively interest. And Mr. and Mrs. Dunstable pursued the even tenor of their way, drove in to town and out behind the stout gray horse, and whether or not they paid their servants, they kept them.

On the evening of March 11, 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstable sat together in the room they called the library. Mr. Dunstable in his Sunday clothes, his waist-

coat unbuttoned, his slippers kicked off, and his feet in white stockings propped up on a footstool before the stove, in which a fire glowed and reddened through the isinglass. Mrs. Dunstable rocked comfortably to and fro, her eyes closed behind her spectacles, her book open on her lap. Thus the two sat, scarcely speaking, for an hour after the noon dinner. Every now and then the isinglass cracked a little. Mr. Dunstable's watch ticked loudly in his pocket. Save for that there was an unbroken silence. It was a gray day, and a few flakes of snow fell gently past the window. Mr. Dunstable did not seem inclined to nap—indeed, he was keenly alive, his eyes wide open and brilliant. From time to time he shifted his position uneasily. Finally, turning around abruptly, so that his movements awakened his wife with a start, he said:

"Mary, I have got a letter upstairs from Esther. I'm going to get it and read it."

Mrs. Dunstable was quite awake now. Her healthy cheek grew pale, her eyes eager.

"Oh, father!" she said; her tone was trembling and eager, but he was gone and back again, the thick envelope in his hand, and all this before her eyes had lost their startled surprise.

"When did you get it?" she asked.

"Last night when I went to the post-office" said Mr. Dunstable, shortly.

She made no comment, but her lip was quivering.

Sitting in his arm-chair near the window, Mr. Dunstable broke the envelope and read the letter. He read it through to himself. Mrs. Dunstable sat forward in her chair, waiting. He did not read it aloud, but handed it over to her without a word.

"Why don't you read it to me, father?" and she adjusted her spectacles and bent closely over the paper. Mr. Dunstable did not reply. He had risen and stood before his wife, his jaw hanging down, his eyes fixed, a stiff, rigid figure, as though smitten to stone by a terrible image. With no change of expression on her mild old face, Mrs. Dunstable read the letter to its close. Then, as though there were only herself and the piece of paper in the world, clutching it fast in her hands, she rose from her chair with a sharp cry and rushed toward the door that led into the garden.

"Mother!" cried the old man, starting from his stupor and seizing her by the arm. "Mother, where are you going?"

"Let me be! Don't touch me!" The gentle voice was high and shrill. "My Lord! Lord of Heaven! I'm going to my child!" She was struggling to free her arm; with her other hand she stretched toward the door—

"God tells me I shall be in time! You can't stop me now, Thomas! Let me be! Let me go!"

"Wait, mother," he said, soothingly. "Wait! there ain't any trains Sunday."

"*Trains!*" She laughed a laugh that was a scream. "There are roads, ain't there, and I'm a-goin' to hitch the horse and drive to town."

She spoke of New York as though it was a village at her garden's foot, and not a great city thirty miles away.

"Mary," said the old man, authoritatively, "you go up stairs and get your warm clothes and the mufflers and rugs, and heat the bricks and get some whiskey, and I will go out and hitch up."

Mrs. Dunstable suddenly became what she had never been in her life until then—a personality. But even in this supreme moment of her first assertion of self the habit of obedience and yielding to her husband was strong. The arm stretched toward the door fell slowly, and she turned her twitching, agonized face toward his, scarcely less moved than her own.

"I'm afraid you can't get along alone, Thomas; you can't hurry enough. I had better help you. I am afraid you will keep us back, and I'm going to town if I walk; if I crawl through the snow, I'm going to see my child!" Again she moved toward the door; she grasped the knob; it rattled in her trembling hand.

Mr. Dunstable put his hands on both her shoulders. "You go straight up stairs and get them things. We'll need them all. You'll help that way. I'll be here with the team before you're ready. If you don't go and get them you'll hinder us, and you don't want to hinder us, do you?"

"Lord, no!" wailed the old woman, wringing her hands. "I'll get them. I'll do as you say, but I'll be ready before you. Go, Thomas, go!" She would have sent him out hatless and coatless in the storm. He passed through the kitchen, where in the stove was a red fire, and the teakettle sang and hummed.

"It is so long since we had any fire, that the world must have frozen since then." That was what part of the letter said. As for the rest, its import chilled the blood in his veins. He took his hat and coat from where they hung, lit a lantern, and went out across the garden, over the lightly falling snow, to the barn.

Thomas Dunstable had been a stern, unbending husband, and a stern, unbending father, and the wayward, capricious girl, impatient of correction, with feelings as strange as they were indifferent to his own, had been an enigma, more of a pain to him than a pleasure. He had, however, done his duty by her, so far as worldly advantage goes. He sent her to New York to a fashionable school, supplied her generously with clothes and pocket-money, sent her abroad to travel for a year. When she returned, matured in thought and beauty, he looked at her as one might regard a plant of an unknown species. The narrowness and crudeness of her home settled around Esther Dunstable as a frost around the roots of a flower. Finally, after months of opposition to her father's will, she ran away, as they call it, and married a man whom Mr. Dunstable disliked and despised. Then he shut the doors of her home against her, and for him she was as one dead. The mother, whose will had long since become part of her husband, yielded to this tyranny, and to it she yielded her soul. She had existed ever since in a lethargy which her husband took to be wifely submission. It was in reality a stupor of grief and impotence in which she had no power to think or greatly feel. But to-night the chains were struck from her and she was a free woman. Everywhere she went, in her eager gathering together of things for her journey, she saw Esther. In the parlor, a slender girl figure stole from the garden door, her hands full of flowers, and it was summertime. In the kitchen, as Mrs. Dunstable put the bricks in the oven, Esther was there, a child, her hair falling about her red cheeks as she bent to shove in the oven her little play pans of dough. Mrs. Dunstable stood in her bed-room, before her mirror, putting on the little black bonnet, wrapping a veil around her head, getting her mittens from the bureau, and Mr. Dunstable's fur gloves. There all the while was Esther in her bright plaid dress, with her school-books, by the work-

table, under the lamp; and there, as she went to the bed, was the baby Esther, with wide, sweet eyes that smiled at her. Mrs. Dunstable was a young mother again, leaning over her child. Here she wept, and with the tears came a great relief.

And the same presence was with the father, as in the cold barn, with feverish haste, he harnessed the horse. There came to the old man a sudden realization of what he had been, what he had failed to be, to his child, and as he bent to fasten the straps and to buckle the traces, over and over again accusing voices within him called with cruel persistence—"Her blood be on thy head." He put up his arm and wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and once he was so dizzy that he leaned against the shafts and the gray horse until his senses reeled into place again. Then he piled what blankets he could find into the rockaway, and drove out of the stable into the little driveway up to the door. On the sill, with the light and warmth from the house behind her, the snow blowing about her and settling on her bonnet, cloak, and veil, stood the mother, waiting.

"Are you ready?" she called in a clear voice which sounded to the father like the full, assured tones of the girl whose will was ever against his.

"Yes, Mary." He got out and helped her to lift in rugs, two heavy blankets, and the hot bricks.

"The baskets are full of food *for them*," said the old woman, significantly, as she climbed up on to the front seat.

"Hadn't you better sit back, Mary?" asked her husband.

"No. I want to see the road and watch with you."

He tucked her in as warmly as he could, and took his place beside her. She had left a note on the table for the servants, when they should return, and the key was under the mat, which the snow was fast covering. The father took up the reins.

"Wait!" she said, putting her hand on his arm. "Your will, Thomas?"

He looked at her in astonishment. She, who had never asked a question of him, was suddenly a stern catechiser.

"It is changed," he said, quickly. "I went down yesterday and had it witnessed in Tarrytown, and I have left her everything."

"Go on, then," said his wife. "Let us go on as fast as we can!"

They were out of the gate by this; the snow was falling and the wind rising.

"It's a good road all the way," said Mr. Dunstable, "and I know it like a book. We turn by Stern's meadow and strike the post-road, and then it's plain sailing to New York."

CHAPTER V.

ALL night the wind, as though let loose from an imprisonment of ages, went mad with freedom, and rioted with the white softly falling thing, the snow, embracing it, carrying it hither and thither in a fearful course. If death and desolation should lie in the morning under the beautiful covering, the wind cared not. Child of the cyclone and tornado, it lived one night of madness, and leaving the land still and white as a tomb, went rushing out to sea. And the great white storm that folded its wings over village and city, shutting in the rich in their warm dwellings, shut the poor and the destitute in their empty homes, and with them Esther, Stephen, and their little children. From high up through their window they could look over trafficless streets and watch the efforts of pygmy men to overcome the obstacles of the dazzling element. For them there was neither food nor warmth: but through the hours of this day Esther was conscious of neither hunger nor cold. She was walking on the borders of another world, and though her hands were stretched out to the three she loved, already she seemed to feel the wind from a strange country stir her hair, already these faces, which had held heaven and

earth for her, were growing dim and indistinct.

"It is my last day with Stephen; it is my last day with my little children!" She was already seeing them through a mist, and their voices were far away. She



"MR. DUNSTABLE DID NOT SEEM INCLINED TO NAP."

had always been to Stephen a tower of strength. But he dimly remembered her words of the day before. The weakness was so foreign to her character that he could not associate it with her, and was far from knowing that every touch, that every caress, was a farewell. During the afternoon the four sat together, the children wrapped in the bed-covering, and the strange bright day that stands

alone in the history of storms in the Eastern States slipped into shadow. Then Esther put the children to bed that they might get warm, and forget, if possible, to be hungry. She had turned, and was standing in the middle of the floor, when some one knocked at the door. Before she could speak it was opened, and to Esther's eyes revealed a burst and radiance of light, for her mother stood on the threshold, and she entered with open arms, her face all smiles, all tenderness. Her father, too, muffled up to his ears, snow on his cap and coat, was close behind; he was smiling at her—a smile she had looked all her life to see. With a cry that brought up from the depths of her soul the misery borne in silence for years, that brought it all forth and sent it ringing from her lips and freed her soul forever, she rushed into her mother's arms. The two women clung together.

"Esther, my child, my child!"

The mother held her closely, then put her away a little, and with hands exquisite with love touched the girl's brow, her hair, her eyes. "Dear Heaven! those cruel, cruel lines! How you have suffered! Poor child! poor child!"

And the father stood watching, listening, his lips twitching, his breast heaving, until over his smile crept tears that rolled down his cheeks like summer rain.

"Will you forgive me, Esther?" He held out his arms. She was in them, her frail body leaning against his strength as a loosened vine, torn and battered by the wind, is blown against an oak.

"Stephen, will you take my hand?"

"Yes!" in both his thin hands, and he raised his wan look to the old man with a forgiveness that was holy to see.

"The children, Esther?"

"They are asleep; I will wake them."

"No, no," murmured the grandmother, bending over the sleeping children, "not for the world. Don't waken them. Let us see them this way. Come, father." She beckoned to her husband, and he drew near, looking down at the small faces scarcely seen in the shadow. "How pretty! how pretty! Like you, Esther, only not so round and rosy; but they shall grow strong and well soon—soon." Her tears were falling over them. "Forgive us, forgive us!" she murmured.

"How do you call them, Esther?" asked the father.

"Mary and Esther; for you, mother,

and for me." The mother's arm was always around the girl, who clung to her like a little child.

"How did you get here in this terrible storm?" asked Stephen.

"In the old rockaway, with Jock, the gray horse. You remember Jock, Esther?"

Did she remember him! She laughed and cried together. She had ridden him, harnessed him, fed him many a time.

"Remember," said the father, "that all your cares, all your troubles are over, my girl. The years of famine have become years of plenty—a new life—remember!"

Stephen was still holding the old man's hand. From the warm, strong clasp health and vigor went out into his exhausted body, and a new strength, a new courage, rose up within him.

"Take off your things, father and mother," said Esther, eagerly. "You must stay; indeed we will not let you go!"

"First," said the old man, gently freeing his hands, "we must go down to the carriage and bring up what we have brought you children."

Mrs. Dunstable was disengaging herself from Esther's close embrace. "No, no, not mother too," pleaded the girl. "Let Stephen go; I can't spare mother."

A light such as fills the heavens from horizon to horizon on a summer evening after the sun has gone down flashed across the old woman's face. "I have brought some things for you all and for the children, my dear," she said, gently; "it is my fancy to get them myself." The two guests were going towards the door. Through it the father had already passed.

"I will go and help you bring up the things. It is nothing less than a miracle for you to have come in such a storm. Why, they told me no carriage could pass through the streets!" said Stephen, following the two figures down the long flights of stairs. They reached the hall door, and the wind came sucking in the key-hole with a sharp note of pain.

"When I opened this door this morning there was a block of snow in front of it like a wall," he said. He unfastened the door. It blew open violently in his hand, and a gust of wind whirled the snow up from the steps into his eyes and all around him, one fine feathery wraith after another, until he was enveloped in a shroud of snow. He caught his breath and staggered back a little, shut the door

after him—and *he was alone!* For a moment he stood leaning against the wall; flakes of melting snow were on his wrist, on his hair, on his shoulders. What was he doing here at the foot of the stairs, by the door, *alone!* He shook himself, and again he opened the door. The wind must have subsided with strange suddenness, for now no snow wreaths covered him. Most of the barricading snow block had been cut away; there was a passage down the steps to the street. He peered out. In the gutters were drifts six feet high. There was no sign of any life astir. He passed his hand over his forehead, dazed, bewildered; then he shut the door again, moistened his lips, held the palms of his hands over his eyes for a few moments. He was alone, alone! What did it mean? Was he going mad? Before him wound the narrow, dirty stairs, straight up into the dark. From rooms at the side came voices coarse and loud. He began a slow ascent, holding fast to the banister; when at last he reached his own room, from under the door streamed a fine line of light; Esther must have lighted a candle. He entered gently. The light seemed to come not alone from the candle on the mantel, but from the little group on the floor; Esther knelt there, her arms about her two children, who, half awake, clung to her. She was kissing them, straining them to her; her hair fell over her face and over her shoulders, a glory of light, and on the three fair heads the candle's pale light and the shadows swept and passed.

"Stephen! Stephen!" Her voice rang out to him with a freshness, a joy that made his heart thrill. How dull had been his ears that he had not missed that clear, sweet note! "Stephen! Stephen! put your arms around us and hold us close!" His arms were around the children, and hers were about his neck, her cheek close against his face.

"How little they are! how helpless! We gave them life, and we will keep it for them and help them to be good; and they will, they will. Listen! I would have committed a great sin, but God put out His hand. I have been selfish, wickedly selfish, and a coward; but it is all over forever, forever. Can you ever forgive me, Stephen? Some terrible thing had come to me. I had ceased to care. I would have left you and them to bear it alone, and tried to go to sleep forever

to find peace. What peace would have come to me? Wherever I awakened, I should have awakened in sin!"

"Hush, hush, Esther! You will be ill! Hush, darling!"

"Let me go on, Stephen, let me go on; it will do me good." She was shaken with sobs through which she found her voice in broken sentences, and every now and then she touched his hair and his face with her hand, then touched the heads of the children in his arms.

"Hunger and cold and misery can waste our bodies and drag us down to a grave, but unless we will, it cannot touch our souls; and we have had what many another has gone to the grave rich, and lacking—love. Do you think that God will ever forgive me? Do you think He will let me live *now?*"

"Esther, Esther, dearest!"

"Hush!" she said. "Listen! I say now before Him, cold and weak and needing every good of life, for you, for my children, and for myself, that life is worth living. I count it good to suffer for you, Stephen, and for your children. I am glad to have lived. Do you hear? Do you know? Do you understand?"

"Yes, I know, I know."

What had she seen? Had the spirit passed before her face?

"No," she said, more calmly, and with infinite solemnity, "you do not know. I have been close to death and to the grave. To-morrow! There would have been no to-morrow for me—but—*God put out His hand!*" For the first time she held to Stephen for protection. Hitherto, unconsciously, he had leaned on her; now he felt himself the stronger and possessed of a new manhood, a new force that had been slowly becoming his for years. As he held her closely, kissing her, her sobs subsided. Over and over to himself he asked, "*What has Esther seen?*" He said nothing, however, nor did she.

There are people who will remember reading of a strange thing when at last in the newspapers the story of the great blizzard was made known.

About four miles from Tarrytown, on a hill-slope between a meadow and the high-road, was found an old rockaway buried under great drifts of snow. The stout gray horse and the two occupants of the carriage, an old man and an old



"THE LIGHT SEEMED TO COME FROM THE LITTLE GROUP ON THE FLOOR."

woman, were frozen to death. They had evidently lost track of the road, and in the hurricane of wind and drifting snow must have been soon overcome.

This one incident among many fatal casualties was not so remarkable. But

one or two, who recalled the passage through New York of a certain dingy rockaway on the day when no other vehicles passed through the streets, felt a thrill as of having seen that which unveiled vision does not often discern. To them

the names of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunstable meant nothing, and with the unexplained things of life this memory was put away after a while until it became as the shadow of a dream.

Back from the high-road that runs between the village of B—— and Tarrytown stands an old-fashioned house. You may see it as you turn up the hilly road past Stern's meadow. The country garden is ablaze with bloom in summer; in the autumn, brown and soft with falling leaves; but all the year round brown and golden heads are at the windows, and little white figures are blown hither and thither in the garden like tiny drifts of snow.

Drifts of snow! Dear Heaven! The sadness that followed in the path of the great white storm! But that is long ago, and rumor again stirs about the old Dunstable homestead. It says that the present occupants are very rich, but it murmurs of past years of misery and hardship, whose traces ease and luxury can never efface. But for those who know Esther Dunstable, and for Stephen above all, the marks in her hands and the lines in her face are part of her loveliness; for they give to her a beauty that is only seen in those who, bending over their task of life, no matter how bitter it may be, look up and take courage.

THE TROUBLE BROTHERS

BILL AND THE WOLF

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

SADNESS comes when we think of how long ago things happened. Let us not bother ourselves about time, though we cannot cease to remember that it took youth to sit up all night in the club and ride all next day, or sleep twenty-four hours on a stretch, as the situation demanded. The scene, as I recall it, demanded exactly that. The ambulances of Fort Adobé brought a party of ranking military men, sundry persons of substance, lesser mortals of much enthusiasm, and Colonel William Cody—the Great Unknown—up the long thirty miles of dusty plains from the railroad. The yellow country in the autumn is dry riding and hard work. The officers stationed at the post took a brotherly interest in the new-comers because they were also sportsmen. You could not drive an iron wedge between the plains type of officer and a sportsman without killing both. There were dinners of custom and such a gathering at the club as was unusual, where the hunting plans were keenly discussed—so keenly, in fact, that it was nearer morning than midnight when it was considered desirable to go to bed.

There were dogs which the sportsmen had brought along—fierce wolf-hounds from Russia—and Buffalo Bill had two malignant pups in which he took a fine interest. The officers at Adobé were pos-

sessed of a pack of rough Scotch hounds, besides which, if every individual soldier at the post did not have his individual doggie, I must have made a miscount. It was arranged that we consolidate the collection and run a wolf on the morrow.

When sport was in prospect, *reveille* was the usual hour, regardless of bedtime. Morning found us all mounted, and the throng of horses started up the road. The dogs were kept together; the morning was of the golden, frosty Adobé type, and the horses could feel the run which was coming to them.

Everything was ready but the wolf. It was easy to find wolves in that country, however. We had slow dogs to trail them with. But our wolf came to us in the way money comes to a modern politician.

Bill, the chief of sports, as we called him, was riding ahead, when we saw him stop a wagon. It was driven by an old "prairie-dog,"* and on the bed of the wagon was a box made of poles and slats. Inside of this was a big gray wolf, which the man had caught in a trap without injuring it in the least. He hoped to be able to sell it at the post, but he realized his hope and his price right there. "Now, boys, we'll have a wolf-hunt; but let us go back to the post, where the ladies and the men can see it."

* Nondescript man of the plains.



"THIS IS THE WAY IT BEGAN."

We could not agree whether it was the colonel's gallantry or his circus habits which prompted this move, but it was the thing which brought a blighting sorrow to Fort Adobé. We turned back, bundling Mr. Wolf down the road. He sat behind the slats, gazing far away across his native hills, silent and dignified as an Indian warrior in captivity.

The ladies were notified, and came out in traps. The soldiers joined us on horseback and on foot, some hundred of them, each with his pet *fice** at his heels.

The domestic servants of the line came down back of the stables. The sentries on post even walked sidewise, that they might miss no details. Adobé was out for a race. I had never supposed there were so many dogs in the world. As pent-up canine animosities displayed themselves, they fell to taking bites at each other in the dense gathering; but their owners policed and soothed them.

Every one lined up. The dogs were arranged as best might. The wagon was driven well out in front, and Colonel William Cody helped the driver to turn the wolf loose, a matter which gave no trouble at all. They removed two slats, and if there had been a charge of melinite behind that wolf he could not have hit that valley any harder.

The old hounds, which had scented and had seen the wolf, straightway started on his course. With a wild yell the cavalcade sprang forward. Many cur-dogs were ridden screaming under foot. The two bronco ponies of the man who had brought the wolf turned before the rush and were borne along with the charge. Everything was going smoothly.

Of the garrison curs many were left behind. They knew nothing about wolves or field-sports, but, addled by the excitement, fell into the old garrison feuds.

At a ravine we were checked. I looked behind, and the intervening half-mile was dotted here and there with dog-fights of various proportions. Some places there were as high as ten in a bunch, and at others only couples. The infantry soldiers came running out to separate them, and, to my infinite surprise, I saw several of the dough-boys circling each other in the well-known attitudes of the prize-ring. Officers started back to pull them apart. Our dogs were highly excited. Two of them flew at each other; more

sprang into the jangle. The men yelled at them and got off their horses. One man kicked another man's dog, whereat the aggrieved party promptly swatted him on the eye. This is the way it began. While you read, over a hundred and fifty men were pounding each other with virility, while around and underfoot fought each doggie with all possible vim. Greyhounds cut red slices on quarter-bred bulls; fox-terriers hung on to the hind legs of such big dogs as were fully engaged in front. Fangs glistened; they yelled and bawled and growled, while over them struggled and tripped the men as they swung for the knock-out blow. If a man went down he was covered with biting and tearing dogs. The carnage became awful—a variegated foreground was becoming rapidly red. The officers yelled at the men, trying to assert their authority, but no officer could yell as loud as the acre of dogs. By this time the men were so frenzied that they could not tell a shoulder-strap from a bale of hay. One might as well have attempted to stop the battle of Gettysburg.

Naturally this could not last forever, and gradually the men were torn apart and the dogs unhooked their fangs from their adversaries. During the war I looked toward the fort, hoping for some relief, but the half-mile was dotted here and there with individuals thumping and pounding each other, while their dogs fought at their heels. Where, where had I seen this before, thought came. Yes, yes—in Cæsar's Commentaries. They did things just this way in his time. Bare legs and short swords only were needed here.

Things gradually quieted, and the men started slowly back to the post nursing their wounds. Most of the horses had run away during the engagement. It was clear to be seen that plaster and liniment would run short at Adobé that day.

Colonel Cody sat on his horse, thinking of the destruction he had wrought.

The commanding officer gathered himself and sang out: "Say, Bill, there is your doggoned old wolf sitting there on the hill looking at you. What do you reckon he thinks?"

"I reckon he thinks we have made trouble enough for to-day. Next time we go hunting, colonel, I think you had better leave your warriors at home," was Bill's last comment as he turned his horse's tail toward the wolf.

* Cur-dog.



"HE WAS A MAN UPON THE EDGE OF SOME DESPAIR."

THE PRINCESS XENIA*

A ROMANCE

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER XXII.

CHRISTOPHER moved from the little plot of grass on which they stood, and paused for a moment on the verge of the rampart. A flare of light in the street below lit up his face, and it showed drawn and haggard to the watching Princess. It seemed to her that he was a man upon the edge of some despair. The hot blood halted in her arteries and turned cold—a great gust of unintelligible terror took and shook her. With a cry of alarm she ran forward.

"You would not—" she gasped.

Christopher looked round quickly, and saw the fear in her face. He gave a hard, melancholy little laugh.

"No, madam," said he; "this time indeed you do me injustice. My career of sin is ended. I have too much to repent of to think of death."

He left her on the walls, and was already lost among the close growth of the shrubbery when a shell struck the ramparts and burst with a terrific boom. An astounding convulsion tore the terrace of bushes; the trees crackled and crashed about Christopher's ears; the foundations of the earth heaved under him; splashes of soil flew in gout upon him and descended round about in a storm of heavy fragments; and the green foliage was tattered and shredded, and fell in rain. He picked himself up and staggered over a huge uprooted tree, calling on the Princess. A faint cry reached him, and he leaped through the underwood towards it. The sky was lit up, and smoke rose from the Palace gardens. All of a sudden he found his arm seized in a frightened clutch, and the hand of the Princess rested against him. He looked down on her, not without some feeling.

"You are not afraid?" he said.

She withdrew her hand and stepped away. "I was afraid," she replied, in a voice that trembled a little, "but it was the suddenness. I am all right now."

"You must go back," said he, firmly

but gently, and he took her hand again and moved towards the path. There issued screams from below. The Princess clapped her hands to her ears with a sob.

"Come, you must go," repeated Christopher. "You must seek the Palace."

He pulled her after him, and walked quickly from the rampart, and Xenia offered no resistance. A little farther he came to a pause, and pointed along the gravel walk to the black hulk of the Schloss.

"You must return at once. There is nothing to alarm you now," he said. "But you have no right to be here alone. I ask permission to take my leave," and taking off his hat, he turned and left her.

It had somehow come to pass in that moment that their old relations had been removed, and he had spoken with all his customary authority.

The Princess made no answer.

Out in the streets the black night still hung like a threat upon the city. Christopher made towards the northern gate, where the chief part of the artillery was engaging the distant enemy; already the Terror had begun, and men were employed in throwing up barricades. The revolutionary forces of Dreiburg were breaking the bonds that had restrained them. The darkness was streaked and scarred with perpetual flashes as the cannon spoke, and all about him lay the signs of that bombardment in the ruins of noble buildings and in the scattered bodies of the dead. As he neared the fortifications these marks of defeat increased, and on the confines of the town the fusillade was loud, constant, and deadly. It was impossible for a new-comer to find any method or order in the movements of the defenders. The bullets of the Prussians rained upon that narrow breach, and man after man fell at the cannons. Christopher descried Major Prage standing like a statue, exhorting his artillerymen with his soft, piercing voice, and

paying no more attention to the answering volleys of the Germans than if he had been a machine. He smoked a cigar, exposed to that terrible fire, but scathless, and turning presently between the rounds, recognized his companion.

"A warm corner, Mr. Lambert," said he, nodding. "Have you a light? Thanks. I should advise you to stand down. You have no business here unless you're fighting."

"I should like to fight," said Christopher, slowly.

Prage issued an order, and then surveyed him gravely.

"You are an Englishman all over," he said, "but it is not possible. You had better go down."

"Let me stay here," said Christopher; "I can at least do no harm now."

The significance of the adverb was no doubt intelligible to Prage, who returned no answer. He had already resumed his watch.

"See there!" he exclaimed presently, as a shell passed over their heads and plunged into the town beyond. "It is from that quarter the danger is greatest. They have their batteries concentrated there. I dare say we can keep them off for a few hours; but when their re-enforcements come up—" He shrugged his shoulders.

As he finished, a gunner near by dropped suddenly, in the act of discharging his piece, falling against the wheels with his head crumpled into his chest. Christopher's nostrils opened wide and worked with his breath, as a restless horse takes the exciting air. Something foreign entered his senses, like the madness of the amok. He ran forward, and elbowing aside the artilleryman who had stepped into the dead man's place, put his hand upon the breech of the gun to claim it. He disregarded the orders to retire, and the angry blackened faces about him went unheeded. He trained and deliberately fired the 40-pounder; and accompanied with a roar and a savage concussion of the earth, the projectile flew, screaming, from the city walls. The lights of the enemy gleamed on the murky night sourly and sullenly. They sparkled and went out intermittently in the mouths of the ordnance beyond the village of Feldrück. Suddenly a brighter flare streamed up like a fanlight, and a dull noise of thunder sounded from the enemy's lines. The shot had struck a magazine, and the ex-

plosion had scattered and deranged the assault at that point. A cheer saluted the feat, and the angry faces grinned diabolically upon Christopher. Major Prage ran up, and throwing up his arm, slapped the Englishman upon the back.

"My God! you've done it! I would have given five to one against you," he cried, heartily; and as quickly bent forward and leaned his head, softly, tenderly, on Christopher's breast. Somewhere in the vicinity the latter was conscious of a sharp smack sounding in his ears. He stood for a moment weighted with those caressing hands and that stooping face, bewildered with the noises and the confusion of his own savage abandonment. Then he roughly drew away, and behold, Prage's body slipped and rolled on the ground. The truth flashed home on Christopher, the truth which he had never suspected. He opened his mouth and moistened his lips; he frowned heavily. The berserk spirit passed suddenly away, and left him dull, spiritless, without emotion. He turned to go, and as he did so a man who had been standing near, watching him with eager eyes, took lightly to his heels, and jumping over a stack of rifles, ran into the darkness.

Christopher began to move in the direction of his hotel, with no desire or intention in his mind. The German cannon had already wrought havoc in the lower parts of the city. The wreck of houses cumbered the streets, and smoke rose from the débris. The din was now terrific, but the roads were empty of human beings, for the people had taken refuge in the hill parts of Dreiburg. Through an interval that fell unexpectedly in the cannonade he heard presently a groaning and a feeble cry for help, and picking his way among the fragments of a house, he was conducted by these pitiful sounds to the sufferer. A poor wretch was pinned beneath a load of bricks, and lay squealing like a rat, helpless and well-nigh exhausted. Christopher set his powerful shoulders to the masonry, and soon had the man extracted. He rose and faced his rescuer in the faint light, pouring out his gratitude.

"Ah!" said Christopher, briefly. "It is Herr Klaussen, is it not?" He had recognized the spy.

Klaussen started and gazed with anxiety into the other's face. "Mr. Lambert?" he stammered. "It is you."

"Yes. How is your farm? or has Count von Straben bought you out? He is a generous master."

Christopher spoke without bitterness; he was merely dully cynical.

"You know, then—" exclaimed the spy, hesitating.

Christopher shrugged his shoulders. "I know enough to condemn no man," he said, indifferently. "I cannot quarrel with your trade. Moreover, you take your risks. Suppose, for example, that I were now to raise my voice and proclaim who you were, do you doubt that you would be torn in shreds by an infuriated and humiliated populace?"

Klaussen's eyes gleamed with terror.

"You would not!" he cried.

"My good man," said Christopher, "I have said I condemn no man, and I no longer take a part in politics. And if I did, the fear I read in your eyes would save you. To be afraid like that and to venture is to be a brave man. No; you have courage. I offer no opinion on your profession."

Klaussen glanced at him. "You too, sir," he said, after a pause. "Is it not true that you too are in danger? You run even a greater risk than I, for I am not known, while you have enemies who watch you continually."

Christopher laughed sardonically. "Ah well, my friend, that means we both have courage in our way; or perhaps it is lack of imagination." He turned away without more ceremony and went up the road, leaving the spy staring after him from sharp, inquisitive eyes.

His way led him by the river, where the low-lying districts of the town faced the gentle undulations of the great forest of Erwald. This region, exposed as it was to a merciless fire, was completely devastated and bare of inhabitants. To tread its miserable streets and peer through the vacant windows was to pass like a ghost among forgotten things and find no human countenance. The place was enveloped in darkness, and it was with some difficulty that Christopher made out his direction. The bombardment sounded now dully upon his ears, booming in the distance like the noise of the sea breaking upon a beach. Suddenly in that depopulated and abandoned quarter a man stepped out from a house across the road, and made as though to cross towards him. At the same time he per-

ceived a second figure emerge from the blackness ahead. Christopher paused, and then resumed his walk. In that second of time he had considered and determined the whole of his life. He went forward briskly. A hand was set upon his shoulder, gripping him fast, and simultaneously he was seized from behind.

"Pray do not grip me so hard," he said, quietly. "I know you, who you are. You see I make no resistance."

One of the party struck a light, and the flame lit up the face of Kreiss, which was of a livid dirty white, seamed with grime and powder. His black eyes rolled on Christopher.

No word was spoken, but the captors hurried their prisoner forward, and he was pushed into a door in a by-street. A passage gave access to a great room beyond, and when he was come into this between his gaolers, Christopher saw at a glance that he was once more in the council-chamber of the republican convention.

The hall was lighted, and at least a dozen members of the convention were present; so that Christopher did not doubt that they were expressly met for some purpose. What that purpose was he had little difficulty in surmising. He looked at Kreiss who with his immutable, discolored face had taken his place at the head of the table. From the president his glance wandered to the burly form of Bremner, who stood opposite, fixing upon him a gaze of terrible and single fury. The president alone held his features passive, and yet he, as Christopher knew, had the heart of the fanatic. His triangular face, with its large brow, turned towards the prisoner.

"You are charged, prisoner," he said, calmly, "with treachery to this society. You are accused by Comrade Bremner with spying upon the proceedings of the convention. Various indictments are brought against you by other members; and I myself, Julius Kreiss, accuse you of deliberate treachery to the society."

There was a murmur of applause at this, but the members looked restless, and it was clear that these proceedings would be summary, that the convention was eager to finish its work and depart.

"This meeting of the judicial committee of the convention," continued the president, deliberately, "has been called in pursuance of Article 25, Schedule 3, of the republican constitution drafted by

it. The penalty of the crimes of which you are accused is death. Here are the witnesses. Have you anything to say in defence?"

As Kreiss put this question, framed so admirably in conformity with judicial methods and judicial manners, Bremner put out an arm and opened his mouth as if to speak. The president arrested him.

"The prisoner is entitled to be heard in his defence," he said, and he took out his watch and placed it on the table. "Christopher Lambert, have you anything to say?"

Christopher looked at him, and the appearance of the president's face struck him for the first time as something formidable. Under that mingled light of candles the hues of his flesh were manifold, sparkling, phosphorescent, like the colors of corruption, and his black eyes gleamed like tigers in ambush.

"No," he said. "I have nothing to say."

Once more Kreiss put up his hand to restrain the impetuosity of his council.

"You acknowledge the justice of your sentence?" he asked.

"That sentence is—" inquired the Englishman, coolly.

"Death!" returned Kreiss, without emotion.

"Death!" thundered Bremner, fingering his pistol convulsively.

"My question was, of course, a mere form," said Christopher, as coolly as before. "But we are conducting matters in due form. At least we are trying to do so. I respect your efforts, M. le Président, to keep within bounds. It seems to me to point to the possibility that I was wrong in my assumption, the assumption on which I based my schemes."

"We are not here to listen to a speech," cried a delegate, impatiently.

"I have no desire to make one," remarked Christopher. "I was merely answering your president's question. He asked me if I acknowledged the justice of my sentence, which is death; and I was considering. To say the truth, in all this hitherto I had never taken you and your rights into account. I had been regarding my action as it concerned others. But I admit that you have rights, and I may even say that I begin to see a fresh light upon the situation. You are a body formed for the establishment of a republic in Weser-Dreiburg, and you argue that I have betrayed your interests."

He paused. Kreiss nodded; but the signs of impatience were increasing among the members of the council.

"Let's have an end of this," cried Bremner, angrily. "We know all about him, him and that accursed woman, his spy and ally."

"You are right," resumed Christopher, paying no heed to this. "I played you false. I had other plans, which I still think were rightly conceived, but which have miscarried through an error of oversight. I do not repent playing you false; I am sorry only that I was not more completely successful. But there is an end now to regret. In fact, I have none. But pray do not think that by this execution—must I say?—which is so instant, you inflict upon me a deadly injury. I have nothing now to suffer. I suppose I am still the owner of some three millions sterling. Well, gentlemen, perhaps you will kindly testify how a rich man can die."

With this little flash of cynicism, which in the circumstances must have been considered insolent, and was certainly inhuman, he came to an end, and stood waiting between his guards, his eyes on Kreiss.

The president's black eyes rested on him a moment, charged with fire, and then, gleaming maliciously, turned away, and he rose from his seat.

"Let the prisoner be set against the wall," he ordered, and the two revolutionaries hustled Christopher across the room. He stood upright between them, facing the small group of armed fanatics. The thought that came to him that moment was of the indignity of his position, thus secured by the arms like a common drunkard on his way to a police station, or a fowl trussed for the market. There was no chance of his escape this time; no Providence would spring from behind the arras on this his second appearance before the convention. He was pretty sure, indeed, that he did not want to escape. He looked on at the preparations without wincing.

"Come," said Kreiss, jerking himself suddenly out of the band of conspirators, "we have work to do."

He cocked a pistol and approached within a few feet of Christopher, his narrow black eyes illuminated. To the prisoner the noises in the room seemed suddenly to have grown louder; they buzzed about him like fussy flies circling

in a tangled morrice. He observed Kreiss put up his pistol, and he looked along the barrel till he noticed that the president's head had turned and that he was throwing a glance over his shoulder. "Giving some signal?" thought Christopher to himself, and following a queer little curiosity in his mind as to where he should be hit, he let his gaze drop down his body inquisitively. The next instant he was aware of a crack that sounded sharply; the president lay at his feet, struggling sluggishly upon the floor, and the room was filled with soldiers—dirty, red, and businesslike.

After the confusion had risen from his senses the Englishman noticed the uniform. It was Prussian. The city was in the hands of the Germans.

As he made this discovery an officer appeared and issued an order, and Kreiss's body was pulled rudely aside. Then he regarded Christopher.

"A near touch, sir," he said, with a grin. "I understand you to be an Englishman, and therefore a neutral."

"Who gave you that information?" asked Christopher, yet groping in his bewilderment.

"Instructions of his Excellency Count von Straben," replied the Lieutenant, laconically.

Christopher was momentarily silent. "I am much obliged to you," he said; "you have saved my life."

"Hope to do it again, sir," responded the Lieutenant, heartily. "And, by-the-way, who are these people?"

He wheeled quickly around and stared at the delegates of the hapless convention, who had plotted so long and with so much devoted conviction to establish a republic in the Grand-Duchy, and who were now in the hands of the Prussian invader. Christopher followed his gaze, and looked from one to the other of the delegates, who met his quiet eyes scowlingly or with morose ferocity. Then he looked down upon the corner in which lay the body of Kreiss.

"How did you find me here?" he asked, gently twiddling between his fingers the twig of a tree which he had unconsciously picked up.

"I had my directions from—no, a fair-haired fellow it was directed me, at the Count's order. I know no more. I was to prevent mischief, and to hurry up smartly." He laughed pleasantly. "Who

are they? What is to be done with them?"

Christopher twiddled his fingers still. "They are some friends of mine," he said, slowly, "with whom I have had a private difference."

"Oh, that's all!" exclaimed the officer, and issued a command to his men. They were marching off with their prisoners, when suddenly the red Bremner made a furious struggle, and throwing off the hands that clutched him, dashed through the group and out of the doorway, pursued by some of the soldiers.

Christopher turned away. He passed out into the street, and stood bareheaded in the rain, which was now steadily falling. The Lieutenant found him here, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I was asked to fetch you with me," he said. "I had forgotten."

"I am at your disposal," said Christopher, pulling himself together. "Whither are we going?"

"To the General's headquarters. God knows what you call the place."

He walked with his men at a brisk rate, and Christopher strode along by his side; but few words were exchanged. The streets were very quiet, but several gangs of soldiers passed them. The Germans had entered into pacific possession. The Lieutenant knocked at a door in the bottom of the Platz, and they were admitted to a room in which, on a common rickety cane chair, before a rude deal table, sat von Straben, writing. He looked up, and rising quickly, held out his hand.

"My dear friend," he cried, "how good of you to visit me! But I am in *déshabillé*—this war, you know—and yet you will not mind. Pray honor me by being seated; and I protest I can really offer you a glass of wine. Johann!"

He called to his man, but Christopher hardly regarded his invitation.

"I have to thank you, Count," he said, slowly, "for my life, if I should thank any one."

"Pooh, my dear sir!" returned von Straben, shrugging his shoulders. "Why thank any one? Why thank any one?"

"You have won," went on Christopher, still in his thoughtful voice, destitute of emotion, "and you can afford to be generous."

"No, Mr. Lambert, not I," laughed von Straben. "You mistake me. I can never afford anything; but I am a spend-

thrift by nature. I husband nothing, not even pity. And besides, it was not I," he added, less equivocally.

"Klaussen?" said Christopher, with a sudden inspiration.

"I really do not know his name," said von Straben, lightly. "A burly figure of a man, no doubt a friend of yours," and he bowed politely towards Christopher, as though he would ask Mr. Lambert to consider that any friend of his should be held in respect.

Christopher uttered a little mirthless laugh. "My dear Count," he said, "I was always right when I guessed that you had no human emotions."

"Et donc?" queried the Count, benignly.

"Well, I suppose I have, that's all. And you have won."

The Count seemed to consider. "You are quite wrong, my friend," he remarked, pleasantly. "That is not why I have won. And I think you are even less troubled with feelings than myself. Why, I always envied you that calm. I sit upon a volcano and I shake beneath my crust of assurance. No; it was an accident. I could not bring it about again. I could have sworn that I was beaten. But I tell you this: you were too bold; you had too much courage. Oh, my dear sir, it is as possible to be too brave as to be too timid. I am not so courageous; I have misgivings. You—Heavens!—you started out at a gallop! You were to snuff out the great Napoleon's light! And at one time I was not certain that you had not succeeded. I can speak now, for it is over, and we are sitting over our wine, discussing the contest comfortably, in a friendly way—as all good fighters should. But it was a good game—an excellent game. I have enjoyed none so much in my career."

"Ah," said Christopher, dryly, "that is natural, Count; you have won all the tricks, and it is only human to rejoice in such a result. But I—I have been bold—overbold, as you say; I set forth to play Providence, and have played it shamelessly ill. That is the issue I must confront, and with what grimaces of joy I leave you to wonder."

"Pardon!" said the Count, softly. "But to me it appears you have played Providence very excellently well. For I had set my heart on Weser-Dreiburg, and without you I should have been con-

tent there. But now," and a gleam danced in his shifting eyes, "I have the privilege of consolidating three states for my imperial master."

"You have spoken my condemnation," said Christopher, bitterly, and rose to go. "I have pulled down the pillars of Gaza for you."

Von Straben rose with him. "My dear Mr. Lambert," he said, "I have an invitation for you which I hope you will accept. You should consider it from myself, were it not necessary that I should yield to a more illustrious person. His Highness would ask the pleasure of your company to supper."

"His Highness!" repeated Christopher, in bewilderment.

"The Margrave of Salzhausen," explained the Count. "We have fasted long, and are breaking our fast in an hour's time."

Christopher hesitated; he looked vacantly into von Straben's face; and then, seized suddenly with a sense of the ineffable irony of the situation, he broke forth into uncontrollable laughter. He was to sup with the conquerors!

"Pray forgive me, Count," he said; "it was the intrusion of an unexpected thought. Why, I am delighted to accept his Highness's invitation! I am greatly honored."

Von Straben watched him, as it seemed, out of affectionate eyes. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder as he went forth.

"It is well to smile at failure, but not to laugh," he said, good-humoredly. "The laugh is unreal. You failed, friend. But it is not a matter of despair. Pouf! I have failed constantly. I usually fail. A diplomat, Mr. Lambert, is a machine, not a personality. You have too marked an individuality for the game. I—I am a cipher, as you see."

His kindly expressionless eyes rested amicably as ever on Christopher. Certainly it was impossible to interpret what he said or to read what he meant. Christopher threw out his arm towards the night.

"The dead rebuke my failure," he observed, quietly. The Count shrugged his shoulders and went in, and once again Christopher was striding along the street towards the Hotel Kaiserin. The sounds of fighting echoed from the distance, and it was plain that the Dreiburgers had

not yet wholly laid down their arms. The streets were more populous here, and were filled with guards and numbers of crest-fallen citizens; but he paid them no heed, and continued his walk until he had entered a narrow passage which ran into the Leopoldstrasse below the hotel. Here his attention was drawn to a tiny group gathered about some object on the ground. The light of a lantern was swaying uncertainly about the alley, and for some moments he paused among the spectators, gazing at the blot of darkness that lay humped against the wall.

"What is it?" asked some one.

The sergeant who held the lantern, and who was clearly part of a patrol, swung his light upon the thing and disclosed to Christopher's eyes a slender pair of high-heeled shoes below a torn and dust-stained skirt.

"It is a woman," he said, phlegmatically.

"Eine gnädige Frau," murmured his interlocutor, stooping close to the ground and examining the dress. "She is of the quality?"

"Nein, nein!" said the Prussian, shaking his heavy head; "but it is easy to guess where she got such clothes. What would a lady be doing in this guise to-night? But see." He lifted his lantern higher, and the illumination of the little candle flickered softly over the dead face.

Christopher fell back with a start. His breath leaped in his throat, and then was indrawn slowly, painfully. Suddenly, and by some strange interposition of memory, there flowed back upon his mind the words he had spoken scarcely three hours since.

"When we meet again," he had said, "I hope that I shall see you wearing a happier face and having achieved a more peaceful lot."

He moved forward and bent over the poor body. It was true. The features, smoothed in that chastening rigor of death, had settled into repose, gently, even tenderly. No trace of pain or terror lingered on that quiet face. Its eyes stared up at him, not glassily nor with that superior and chilly distance of the dead, but softly, benignantly, compassionately, and with an infinite solicitude. The storm of her elementary nature had passed and left her at rest; it seemed to him that now from those deep, wide-open

eyes the spirit still looked forth and gave its benison. In truth, it well might be that the peace she had attained was the only peace possible to her passionate heart.

"Who has done this?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Assassination!" returned the Prussian, laconically. "Knife."

To Christopher there quickly recurred the words of the fanatic Bremner, "That accursed woman, the spy!" and upon that the picture of the maniac as he struggled from the circle of his captors. He shuddered. Katarina lay dead of his own act as surely as though it was his hand that had struck the blow. His fingers involuntarily clinched; it was as if he cast his eyes to heaven. "Is this the last? Is this the last? Pray God it be the last!"

The dainty finery lay trailing in the dust, and the night wind blew the fallen hair in sprays about the silent face. Christopher was vaguely conscious of a voice that cried in his ear:

"Have I found you, you accursed murderer of women? See, I avenge your victim."

At the same moment, and as he looked round to catch but a glimpse of Fritz's face diabolically mouthing at him, a sound, far off as it seemed, filled his ears, and he fell forward upon the dead contented body; for to the woman had been granted in death what had been denied her wayward heart in life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE group about the dead woman in that obscure byway under the shadow of the Hotel Kaiserin consisted of some half-dozen citizens besides the sergeant and a private from the patrol. The sound of a pistol-shot in their very ears startled them from the contemplation of the tragedy, and as they turned with one movement, the body of a man had dropped across the woman. The private, with true military promptness, speared with his bayonet something that lurked dimly in the background, and a writhing figure was visible, clutching at the stones of the road. This foremost business settled, the representatives of the new order turned their attention to the victim, and the sergeant raised Christopher's body in his arms. As he did so the figure of a woman, hooded in lace that hid her features, sprang swiftly from the friendly shadows

of the hotel buildings and touched the soldier's arm.

"Is he dead?" she asked, displaying not a little agitation.

The sergeant considered, in his formal way. "No," he answered; "the heart beats."

"You must obtain assistance," exclaimed the lady, speaking in a voice of authority. "Let a doctor be fetched."

The sergeant inspected her with some curiosity as to the personality of one who dared lay commands upon the conquering army; but his good-nature prevailed, and he solemnly issued directions to his man.

Christopher was carried into the hotel, and being recognized by the proprietor, was taken into his own suite of rooms. Hither the doctor was brought, and here, too, the woman took up her watch.

It was half an hour later that he opened his eyes and became aware that his shoulder was bandaged and that a hot pain was streaming down his arm. He took in the appearance of the room slowly and with wonder. It seemed that he was wounded, and he lay upon a couch. The familiar walls surrounded him; the silence of the hostelry encircled him. Then in the distance, remote and solitary, almost like a ghost in deeper blackness than the night, his glance lit upon a tall woman with her face averted. The sight pricked his fancy, recalling upon him the dismal memories of the night. Was it Katarina? He started up, and the noise drew the figure from her silence. The woman turned, and her head was muffled in a fine cowl of sparkling lace. The apparition of the wounded man bolt-upright upon the couch startled her into a cry of remonstrance and alarm. The flow of that gracious form was suddenly familiar to Christopher's eyes, and though he saw nothing, he knew what eyes were hid behind that veil.

"You here, madam?" he murmured, in his amazement.

"I was just going," she returned, in as low a voice as his own. "I accidentally was witness of your—of the attempt upon you. It was necessary that you should be attended at once. A crowd loses its head."

"I am too deeply involved in debt to you," sighed Christopher.

"I pray you, lie back," she urged him. "It is unwise to strain your strength."

He obeyed her, and stared at the ceiling, his brain still under the pressure of bewilderment. The savage countenance of Fritz, Katarina's look of rest, Kreiss with his fanatical blackness, Prage's sanguine, pleasant face—all these floated before him in a mist, beckoning, inviting, with promises, with menaces. He looked at the Princess again.

"It is time your Highness went back," he murmured. "It is late. The Palace will be alarmed."

Xenia took a step across the floor, the hood now fallen from before her face, and pushed open the window that looked forth upon the street.

"I have no longer a home," she said, bitterly.

Christopher's head sank; he was conscious that an arrow stung him to the heart.

"I have ruined you," he muttered. "He should have aimed straighter. He was right—I am the murderer of women."

The Princess turned her face to him, contorted with feeling. "No, no," she cried; "I did not mean that. God forbid you should think I meant that! We have each of us our sins and our punishment," she added, more softly. "I have no warrant to condemn, and this is not the Day of Judgment."

"But I am condemned already," he said, slowly. "There are some crimes that exact immediate atonement. I would not have it otherwise. By suffering one may be purged."

"You did your best," she murmured, with her face at the window. "Perhaps it was a part of the Divine scheme."

"No; I deceive myself now in nothing," he said. "You spoke truly. I was under the prick of vanity. I set myself up for a god, and that is to court the fate of Dagon. I am struck down now for venturing into the sanctuary."

"The measure of men's ambition is their ability to achieve," she returned, softly. "It may be that you were right to make the effort to recast this little human society. Kings have recast it before, and will again. And you—" She stopped suddenly, and there was an interposition of silence.

"The Count has won," began Christopher, presently, "and the place of your fathers is in the hands of Germany."

"It was bound to happen," remarked

Xenia. "This little state could not have stood much longer as a buffer between two angry empires. The Count has won—yes," and suddenly her face flushed, as was visible even in that light. "But he has not won so signal and complete a victory as he thinks. He shall know that; that he shall learn by to-morrow."

She spoke low but tensely, but Christopher, watching from his couch, saw that her face was set with angry pride. Somehow he became aware at that moment of her utter girlishness. Her rank had forced her to an undue maturity. She had worn the air of a woman—of one in authority. Here she flowed upon him unexpectedly for what she was—a girl with a girl's thoughts, a girl's hopes, and a girl's pride. Upon that sudden outburst ensued a little silence.

"Princess," he whispered soon, "you will be missed at the Palace. It is time you went."

"I will not go," she murmured, in a voice quite low and resolute. "I have no longer a home."

The girl had broken forth from that simulacrum of the woman.

"You must go back," he pleaded.

She made an exclamation of contempt. "You should not ask me to. How dare you ask me?" she cried, hotly. "I will not be spoils to the victors."

"What is it?" said Christopher, after a little.

"They want to make a new match for me," she said, dragging forth her words reluctantly. "Even already they are quarrelling over the prizes. Easier terms are to be granted the Grand-Duchy if I—I, forsooth!—can be married to—"

She hesitated. "The Margrave," Christopher concluded the sentence for her. "I understand. The Count hopes thereby to assist his work of consolidation. He is a wise man; he never tires."

"He is hateful," cried Xenia, on the edge of tears.

"It seems," said Christopher, slowly, "that you are then bid for once again. The price is high. I bid for you once; the price was higher then."

She turned on him. "Yes," she cried. "How could you? Ah, how dared you?" and she buried her face in her hands.

When he spoke again it was with a thin tremor in his voice.

"Princess, how came you into the streets to-night?"

"I wandered from the Palace. I could not stay longer. Baron von Puyll was troublesome."

She was contemptuous; her tones vibrated with anger.

"And you came to the hotel?" he asked, in his deep clear voice, raising himself anew upon his elbow.

"Yes." She confronted him boldly, the color burning in her cheek. "To find you. I thought you could help me."

He fell back. "Alas, it is you that help me," he murmured. "I am of no further use."

She made no direct answer, but stood up, lifting her hands and looked on him.

"Here stand I, Xenia Josefa Geisenthurm, and lack the protection which is extended even to the poorest and unworthiest of my sex."

"You come of a reigning house," he muttered; "you are not merely woman."

"I have been all my life a little too much of the woman and too little of the Princess," she said, softly.

Her slender body, clad in its black, moved visibly under the light, but his eyes did not seek hers.

"You would lay it down?" he asked.

"Right gladly," she answered, beneath her breath; "the way is not mine."

"You shall not be bartered a second time," said he, in a resolute voice. "You shall go nowhere that you do not desire, and you shall take what course your heart directs."

She breathed a little sigh, as it were of satisfaction. "You promise me that?" she whispered. "If you promise, I will trust you."

At this moment a knock fell upon the door, and Xenia had barely time to pull the hood across her face when the proprietor of the hotel entered, obsequiously and with great ceremony bowing in the Margrave. Christopher sat up with a start, and the Princess uttered a cry of alarm.

Sigismund came forward with his easiest air and held out his hand.

"Mr. Lambert," he said, "I have just heard of your accident. I was expecting you at supper, and I came round on my way. We are supping below. Is it impossible that we should look for you?"

His demeanor was of the friendliest, but he wore an air of great boredom, and a sword that still hung at his side, though half his dress was civilian, crept contin-

ually between his legs and impeded his movements.

Christopher pointed to his shoulder. "Your Highness, I fear it is quite impossible," he replied.

"That's a nuisance," returned the Margrave, dropping heavily into a chair by the couch, "for there is not a soul that inspires me, I vow, but you. Von Straben is keen, but he is metallic—a razor at the best, and at the worst a very dull mirror in which you see nothing but yourself."

"I should have thought that would please your Highness," observed Christopher, dryly.

Sigismund laughed. "There it is," he cried. "You have the gift—that mixture of blunt simpleness and indifferent eccentricity that is found rarely, and only in an Englishman. I was going to have played the fiddle to-night," he added, inconsequently, "but von Straben has persuaded me not. I ask you, Mr. Lambert, what the devil is there in it? Some sense of his propriety is shocked, and I could have sworn you could shock nothing in the man. It was his one merit. We are always being undeceived."

"Nay," said Christopher, grimly, "it is his one merit that he always undeceives you."

"My friend," said the Margrave, suddenly, "I am infernally tired, but I have some news." Christopher made no inquiry, for, to say the truth, he had himself begun to be tired, and, moreover, the presence of the Princess disconcerted him. The Margrave sat with his back to her. "I tell you," he went on, "because you have taken an interest in the lady, as I understand; and I am vain enough to consider you interested in myself. I am to wed your Princess."

"Indeed!" murmured Christopher, politely. "Pray allow me to offer you my congratulations. The lady has consented?"

"Nay; but there is no choice," returned Sigismund, airily. "We do not consent in these matters; we surrender. I have surrendered after a struggle with von Straben, as I doubt not will her Highness also on her part—after a struggle."

"You are reluctant?" inquired Christopher.

"Damnably," said Sigismund. "And if her Highness be as much, 'twill be no light task to convert her. But it is un-

derstood her aunt, the Princess of Rein-gard, will take her in hand."

An exclamation broke suddenly upon his ear, and the Margrave turned quickly in his chair.

"A lady!" he cried, rising. "My dear sir, a thousand pardons. How infamously *imprévu*!" He stopped short, for Xenia, rising to her full stature, threw back her hood and faced him.

"Madam! madam!" cried Christopher, in distress.

"Let me speak," said Xenia, boldly. "The occasion is come to my hand without my going in search of it. I am glad."

"Wherever I may meet your Highness," stammered the Margrave, "you may reckon upon my gladness."

"Sir, your Highness but sows the seeds of discord by these simple subterfuges. There is no need of them. We are Prince and Princess as well as man and woman, and perhaps it may be as both that we shall have reason to speak together ere we leave this room. It is known to us both that an alliance is desired between our houses on the score of high policy, and I understand your Highness to entertain a repugnance to the union."

Once more Sigismund stammered in confusion. "Nay, madam," he cried, red and bleating, "but it is your reluctance that has aggravated me. I have some vanity."

"Come, sir, the truth," she called, impatiently.

Sigismund recovered himself. "I protest," he said, "that there is no dearer wish at my heart. But the cup has been at my lips more than once, and I have been abominably used."

Xenia's lips curled. She watched him with derision in her lively features.

"The cup is destined to slip once more, I may acquaint your Highness," she replied, scornfully.

Sigismund knit his forehead, and cast a whimsical glance on Christopher, as if inviting him to sympathize, but he encountered two strong glowing eyes, and turned hastily away.

"I had been informed otherwise," he remarked, shrugging his shoulders, "and I am deeply chagrined."

A spot of color quickly rose in Xenia's cheeks, and burned brightly like a rose.

"Sir," she cried, faltering with emo-

tion, but speaking under the control of anger, "how can you, who profess to be a gentleman, and who, by your state and place, are marked and designed for noble acts and a generous spirit—I ask you how you have the shamelessness to press your suit upon a helpless woman?"

The Margrave was far from expecting this new delivery of the assault, and he opened his mouth and fingered his pointed beard. But at this point Christopher intervened.

"His Highness," he said, quietly, "presses nothing, asks nothing, desires nothing."

"Mr. Lambert will kindly explain me," said Sigismund, bowing daintily, and with his comic little touch of irony.

"No; I explain myself," said Christopher, leaning on his elbow. "Your Highness is good enough to pay me a visit to inquire after my health."

"But it seems I was not wanted," put in the Margrave.

"Your Highness is the more welcome," continued Christopher, "in that I may seize the chance of giving you a piece of information. I do not propose to interfere in the public affairs of Weser-Dreiburg again, still less in those of Salzhausen, or of his Imperial Majesty. But this is my last move; upon one last resolve I stake my forces, and with this ultimate victory I will rest. Her Highness shall go unhindered; she shall pick her way; she shall make her choice."

Xenia turned red and pale in turn, but spoke out very firmly. "I have made it," she answered, and put out a hand to Christopher. He touched it with his lips.

The Margrave bowed. "No doubt by your right as Princess," he observed, gallantly.

Xenia did not heed him. "I told your Highness just now," she said, "that maybe I should have to speak as both Princess and woman. I have spoken as woman; behold, I speak now as Princess for the last time."

"I admire you as both," murmured Sigismund, bowing once more. "Moreover," he added, with a note of gayety, "I do not care a rap for high policy. The Emperor must look after his own."

A soft silence fell upon the three, and a sense of discomfort began to grow at Christopher's heart. As the warmth of these fresh exchanges died, the situation

became embarrassing. And so the Margrave also considered it, for he turned to go. But turning again with his eyes on the hands that held each other, now unconsciously,

"Your Highness is not returning to the Palace?" he inquired, politely.

"Xenia Geisenthurm leaves for Vienna on the earliest opportunity," she answered, calmly.

The Margrave shifted from one leg to the other. "The Princess of Reingard is there, no doubt. But the gates are closed, and Count von Straben is the Emperor's policeman."

"He would never dare," she burst forth.

The Margrave lifted his eyebrows. "Come," he said, "I dare say I can get over that. I can give you a passport, if you travel incognita." He sat down at the table and seized a pen, entering with pleasant excitement into the business. "That is one of the few advantages of being a crowned head—I can sign passports."

He scribbled on a piece of paper, and rising, handed it courteously to the Princess. "I am not very good at names," he apologized, "but you will tell me if I have done wrong. I have made it to Mr. Smith and Miss Brown."

A smile stole over Christopher's face, and he got to his feet. "I deeply thank your Highness," he said, with real feeling. "I am ready to go now."

"Are you well enough?" asked the Margrave, doubtfully.

"Yes," he replied; "I can reach Vienna without much trouble."

"Well, I will confess that von Straben has a wary eye," remarked Sigismund, pleasantly.

"He shall find me gone to-morrow," said the Englishman.

"Good." The Margrave laughed. "I shall enjoy my supper. My dear friend, you have given me an appetite. I shall sit opposite von Straben." He laughed lightly once more, and bending forward, kissed the Princess's fingers. "Princess, I bid you farewell; mademoiselle, I wish you god-speed."

The next instant he was gone, and the sound of his descending feet came up the stairs. Christopher and Xenia looked at one another, and suddenly the man held out his arms.

POOR MISS PYM

BY ADA C. SWEET

WHEN confronting her plump, comfortable figure and unclouded face, no one would have thought of applying an epithet that smacked of pity; but in speaking of her, everybody called her "Poor Miss Pym." Though a spinster, she was so sunny and helpful, and her cottage, standing all alone in its little garden, was so daintily kept, that strangers failed to understand the title her neighbors gave her; but perhaps it was the result of just this cheerfulness in her spinsterhood. Mrs. Mercy Bundy, the minister's wife, who was the mother of eight scrawny but active and healthy youngsters, used to say that the name was inspired by the thought of what a happy wife and mother she would have made. At any rate, those who staid long in Brockway always called her "Poor Miss Pym."

Miss Pym could not fail to hear of the name her neighbors gave her, for there is no one, however deserted, without a special friend who can be depended upon to repeat anything unpleasant, and Miss Pym had dozens of dear friends. With all her kindness of heart she detested maudlin sympathy, and on finding herself the object of it she was indignant. When she saw the habit of speech growing among her acquaintances, she protested; and once when the milkman, having failed to bring the extra cream she had ordered, spoke of her to her maid as "Poor Miss Pym," she became infuriated. It was all in vain, however, and at last, after long and silent suffering she resolved to devote herself to making the village community fully aware of the state of her feelings.

Miss Pym had been for twelve years a member of the Woman's Literary Club of Brockway. This society asserted itself to be "purely literary." The chief duties of its members, as club members, were to meet semi-monthly at the house of its president, Mrs. Brownlee Baxter, and there, seated in the parlor in winter, on the piazza in summer, listen to papers upon books that they had never read or

authors they had rarely heard of. These papers were invariably "prepared by"—oh, felicitous phrase!—one of the club members, and every one was expected to contribute without expostulation or excuse. Miss Pym had so far escaped the task by various ingenious subterfuges. Once she had given a high tea to the club members and their husbands, supplying the literary element insisted upon by the programme committee by neatly written quotations from Dante, duly Englished, upon cards placed by the side of each cover, and by four boldly lettered selections from Shakspeare, done by Miss Pym herself in black ink upon large squares of white pasteboard, and fastened conspicuously upon the four walls of her goodly dining-room. Mr. Bundy's face wore the resigned smile of a dyspeptic as he glanced from the table, piled with indigestible goodies, to one of these cards, which read:

Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the downy Syrups of the World
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet Sleep
Which thou owest Yesterday.

As Miss Pym noticed the ill-concealed smile of the minister, she had a moment's doubt as to the appropriateness of some of her quotations. On reflection, however, her doubts left her. No fault could be found with Shakspeare anyway, or Dante either, for had she not heard endless papers upon those worthies at the club?

By some such simple device Miss Pym had succeeded in warding off an impending paper from time to time, but year after year it had become harder, and now she decided that her opportunity had come to make the club members at least cease calling her "Poor Miss Pym." Without waiting for her fervor to cool, she visited the chairman of the club programme committee, and accepted the task that had been set for her some time since.

"I am so glad, Miss Pym," said the chairman. "What is the name of your paper?"

Miss Pym had not thought of a title

up to that moment, but, remembering that the club was strictly literary, she replied without hesitation, "John Milton."

"How nice!" the chairman exclaimed. "We have not had a paper on Milton in an age."

Then Miss Pym went home and locked her doors and pulled down the window-shades, and retired to her bed-chamber. There, at a small joggly table, with pencil and paper, she outlined the points of her essay. John Milton did not trouble her at all. It would be simple enough to have the president announce her change of subject when she stood up to read her paper. There were precedents enough for such surprises. Had not Mrs. Sylvester Bangs, of Philadelphia, addressed the club on "Old Silver" instead of "Tolstoi," when she dazzled Brockway by her visit last winter? And did not the first American man of letters suddenly change his mind a few years ago, and give a Chicago audience a lecture on "Richard III.," when his announced theme was "American Politics"? And wasn't it all the same to the Chicago audience? She was determined to read a paper about somebody she knew all about, and that somebody was Miss Pamela Pym.

Miss Pym worked hard at her paper, neglecting everything else. She forgot to send a basket of goodies to the Sunday-school picnic; she left off visiting the sick of the neighborhood; she wore her second-best bonnet to church on Sundays. All the world wondered. But when the Friday afternoon came upon which her paper was to be read, Pamela Pym was ready, and in her best bonnet. Her paper, neatly written on legal cap, was bound together by blue ribbon which was tied in a generous knot, allowing its streamers to be seen even by those who sat in the back part of the room, farthest away from the essayist, who stood by the front window, her back to the light.

The president's announcement that Miss Pym had decided to substitute for her paper on John Milton one called "A Plain Question" was received with something like a flutter, but there was not any sign of disapproval. The first fault found by the club critics, when it had been read, was that Miss Pym's paper was too short; but that did not matter, for the lively discussion which followed more than made up for its brevity. But the essayist may as well speak for herself.

"A PLAIN QUESTION."

"The subject of this brief and inadequate sketch was born on the 11th day of February, 1850, at Diana Springs, Wisconsin. The parents of the child were substantial people of good character and many virtues, but I will not enlarge upon them; their names, as Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* so beautifully says,

Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Their child, having nothing else to do in her young days, grew and flourished, and although she stopped growing when she was sixteen years old, she continued to flourish, and, what is more, she still flourishes, and I may as well say now as ever that she stands here before you, and that her name is the same as the names carved upon the aforesaid tombstones, for she has never married!" (Stifled laughter and applause.)

"She—or I, for I will now come out and say 'I'—never married, for reasons not known to herself or any one else; but the fact remains. No one disputes it. Very well; let us proceed." (Silence and deep attention.)

"I am in perfect health. From property left me by my parents and the savings of ten years of school-teaching in Kent's District I have a steady and sufficient income. My home is exactly suited to my wants; my garden is upon the most productive spot of ground in the State; I am surrounded by kindly neighbors and friends; I am a humble member of the church, and a charter member of the Woman's Literary Club of Brockway." (Great applause.)

"And yet my friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, church brothers and sisters, and fellow club members, call me continually, whenever they speak of me, 'Poor Miss Pym!' " (Sensation.)

"This is my 'Plain Question': why 'Poor Miss Pym'?"

"Six weeks ago I harbored in my house a poor German woman, my servant once, who fled to me for protection against a brutal, murderous husband. I cared for her and her poor infant for a few days. She told me she had never had a civil word from her husband, that he hated and abused her, and that she no longer had any wifely feelings toward him, that she longed to be rid of him forever. When his drunken spree was over he

came, and she went weeping away with him to their home of misery and discord. I was left in my quiet home, thankful in heart, yet even Mary Wagonwither, the despised, beaten wife, as she limped away carrying her baby, with the great brute of a man fairly driving her along, spoke to an acquaintance of mine, who met her on the road, gratefully of the help given her by 'Poor Miss Pym'!

"While poor Mary was yet in my house there came to me from the East a faded little woman, the friend and playmate of my childhood. Her son, a boy of eighteen years, she had left at a sanitarium, and on her way home she came to see me. She is a widow, and mourns without comfort the husband of her youth; and now her son, who should be the delight of her years, is a wreck through cigarettes and strong drink. I cheered her up as well as I could, and kept her with me two weeks. When she went away a black cloud seemed to have been lifted from the house. Well, she wrote my cousin—and my cousin sent the letter to me—and in it she spoke very kindly and gratefully of 'Poor Miss Pym'!

"Last winter when I visited Chicago I staid at the boarding-house of an old friend, paying, of course, the usual rates for my very good accommodations. My friend is a year younger than I am, but she is a thin, overworked, nervous shadow of a woman, having lived the life of a slave for the last ten years in a great city boarding-house. Her husband, who is called 'The Judge' for some unknown reason, is a portly, comfortable-looking man of fifty-six, who for some reason, also unaccountable, has been on the invalid list for years. He sits in his easy-chair and makes himself disagreeable to the boarders most of the time. There are two overdressed and underbred daughters, who come down stairs in curl-papers every day about ten o'clock, and pass their waking hours in strumming on the piano, and other occupations quite as useful and agreeable to the rest of the world. In the kitchen the poor tired little wife and mother toils, with incompetent servants as companions; from her own family she receives no help, and not even considerate treatment.

"When 'The Judge' deigned to address me, just before I came home, he jocularly condoled with me over the fact that I still remained unmarried. 'Never

mind, though,' he said. 'While there is life there is hope!' 'Now, Elias,' protested his anxious-eyed little wife, 'don't bother Poor Miss Pym!' I looked at the two, and didn't know whether to laugh or to cry; but the two giggling daughters, who were present, decided me, and I did neither.

"Now I ask, *why* 'Poor Miss Pym'? No one need answer—it is Poor Miss Pym because I am not married! But why deplore that fact? Every one with a ray of common-sense knows that happiness or unhappiness is not dependent upon experience. Born with a happy disposition, any one will be happy. We can learn by experience, but are not made happy by it. I object to the universal idea that a woman who remains single is an object of pity. I ask this assembly to discuss this question fairly, and when the discussion is over, I hope our minds will be cleared of some nonsense."

No cold description can give an idea of the discussion which followed Miss Pym's paper. In the first place, every club member felt inwardly indignant at the bold hurling down by Miss Pym of all club precedents, by bringing before it a practical question, and demanding a discussion limited to the ideas of those present. Manifestly Miss Pym had not "prepared" her paper on the accepted lines. She had thought it out and written it, and then read it in such an emphatic and determined manner as to appeal personally to every hearer. But in the excitement of discussing the paper all this was forgotten.

Many were the excuses lamely advanced. Much blame was laid to the fact that "old maid" has so long been a term of opprobrium. One woman advanced the idea that the paper showed a lack of humor, and that this was the main cause of the writer's indignation. Miss Pym resented this charge, and declared that the lack of humor was on the side of married women, and men too; they failed to see the grim irony of giving sympathy unsought to one who had escaped the burdens that were often crushing them.

The war of words lasted until the tea-tray was clinking outside the doors, and then Mrs. Bundy had the closing words.

It was clear, she said, that the community had unwittingly offended one of

its most loved and useful members by a foolish and inexcusable form of speech, and she offered a resolution, which was unanimously carried, that hereafter the practice of saying "Poor Miss Pym" should be discontinued by all club members, and discouraged in their families and among their friends.

Miss Pym beamed upon the club from her seat next to the president, and during the informal tea-drinking, with which all club meetings in Brockway closed, she was busy receiving congratulations upon the stand she had made and its evident success. She went home a proud and happy woman, the one crumpled rose leaf which had annoyed her quiet existence having been smoothed out.

That evening Miss Pym's paper was the topic of discussion at twenty tea tables, for Brockway adhered to the fashion of mid-day dinner. The conclusion reached at all of them may be illustrated by that at the minister's well-spread board.

"I don't blame her at all for protesting against such a foolish practice," said the Rev. Mr. Bundy. "It is really a shame, and I shall allow no one in this house to

continue the reprehensible habit. Poor Miss Pym!"

"Why, Mr. Bundy," exclaimed his wife, "you have said it yourself! I don't see how we are going to break off from such a long-used custom, but we must try, just to please Poor Miss Pym."

There was a minute's silence, and then a general laugh around the big table. "I am afraid we can never get over it," plaintively said Mrs. Bundy. "But why?"

"There is something back of every sobriquet or nickname or descriptive expression which is popularly adopted," said the minister, in his Sunday voice. "There is in our good sister some unconscious appeal to the sympathy, something beyond ordinary vision, for no one could be more cheery and wholesome than Miss Pym. Perhaps it is a subtle understanding of her sensitive, proud nature, that which causes her to repel the coarse and ready word of sympathy, which somehow makes us give her the name she abhors. For this reason, I fear, it is going to be very hard for us to do such a simple thing as to cease saying 'Poor Miss Pym.'"

INDIA'S THRESHOLD

BY JULIAN RALPH

IF one could have his way when about to study a country, my plan would be to drop into the middle of it. Japan is the only Oriental land which shows itself at its own front door; or, in other words, Yokohama alone, of all the great Oriental ports, is not nondescript. It is Japanese, in the hands of the Japanese, and it throws Japan suddenly and fully before you when you enter the harbor, as startlingly as a bombshell throws fire against a black sky at night.

The other great Oriental ports are the hold-alls of creation, where all sorts of peoples from everywhere live in European houses and travel about in trams, rickshas, and carriages. They are the Midway Plaisances of the earth—so many Boweries, as it were, in which you may taste many lands, but get your fill of none. For this reason, after a half-hour's glance at Bombay's hodgepodge of half-naked blacks, and white men in London

suits, of modern shops, and barbers plying their trade on the pavements, I determined not to stop there longer than a night, and not to see the native quarter, lest my first impressions of the Indians be confused by undetected European influences. But promises to one's self may be broken without offending the other party, and the wisest traveller is he who makes the fewest plans, and alters them when it seems best to do so. In this way I travelled in India, and since then have begun my record by describing the voyage after harboring the suspicion that I was half a century too late at the task. And now I am going to write my impressions of Bombay because at the end of a long tour it is borne on me that there I got my strangest and most interesting experiences. Bombay is well worth a book by itself. No other place contains so much of what one goes to India to see. Of all cities it is the largest, liveliest, queerest mixture

of races and rendezvous of inharmonious influences in the East.

From the sea it looks so commonplace a civilized port that I can remember nothing about the harbor so peculiar as the two white monitors at anchor there, and perhaps a certain huddle of small junks and Egyptian-looking sail-boats. After one has seen a Chinese harbor floored with bent-up hulls and forested with stranger masts and sails, nothing else of the sort can quicken his pulses. But Bombay is not without its own triumph of eccentricity. It is called the Custom House. I am not afraid to call it a robber's lair, though when my friend Mr. Weldon suggested that he was being fleeced there, the half-bleached official who was victimizing him warned him to be very careful how he was speaking of government.

Black clouds or shrieking winds could not have interrupted the pleasure of us passengers more than the sudden appearance of huge sheets of paper called custom-house declaration forms that confronted us before we reached Bombay. Not our own past masters in the levying of duties—not even the late Mr. Dingley—ever conceived a plan for carding a passenger's baggage with a finer-toothed instrument than this form which we all got. We had to declare our watches and chains, rings and cuff-buttons, our cameras, pistols, cartridges, even the value of our clothing. We were commanded to specify our toys, perfumery, photographs of distant kith and kin, type-writers, bicycles, field-glasses, pens, pencils, and other drawing and writing instruments, air and spring guns, clocks, and stationery. And this was in addition to the usual dutiable list of liquors, wines, cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco, which men conceal, lie about, or acknowledge at other places—according to their bringing up. However, when a frightful despondency and chill of the heart had settled upon all who were new to the experience, they were bidden to look at the back of the declaration sheet, where they were informed that all the necessary impedimenta of a traveller, if in actual use, were exempted from duty. Our hearts lightened, our spirits rose, and every guileless traveller new to India spread himself or herself in acknowledging, down to the minutest detail, all the articles he or she was bringing in.

Our early ancestors in Eden were not

more simple than we. It was a holy, a lovely, and a moving sight to see fifty overcivilized persons of this wicked century banishing guile and deceit, and vying with one another, for the first time in some cases since they were tender babes, in declaring openly and honestly everything which they had previously intended to smuggle in. Our sensations were beatific; for myself, I can say that as I boldly wrote down my pistol and the few yards of Turkish embroidery I had bought in Aden, I felt as I did when I came trustfully to my mother's knee and owned that it was I who had emptied the six pots of jam which had so mysteriously disappeared. All of us revelled in the keen delight of the all-but-forgotten sensation of unfrocked ingenuousness.

Next day we formed a queue before the high railing behind which the mahogany-colored customs' men stood in ambush, like brigands behind the rocks of a mountain pass. We had lost our names along with everything else we had imported into India, and were known, like convicts, by our numbers. As each stripped and helpless passenger came trustingly up and acknowledged his number, the official highwaymen produced the requisite sheet, and the passenger saw that nearly every item had been carried forward with figures representing the impost levied upon each instance of candor. Let no American flatter himself that we know the science of protection. We are but bunglers at it. We have never reached the height of playing upon the noblest instincts of mankind with cunning.

A fresh cry came as each passenger felt his wound.

"Oh, I say!" they clamored. "I've only a dozen cartridges, and they cost less than you charge for duty!" "Look here, a camera in use is exempt!" "Oh, come, now, you have taxed everything, yet I have not a single article which is not exempt!"

"No time for talk," said the officials. "Pay the money quickly, or stand aside. If any mistake has been made, you can appeal to the authorities."

As a rule, the law-respecting patient English said nothing after the first wail of anguish. The idea of staying in plague-stricken Bombay to wring money out of a government was quite as grotesque as the original infliction. Even Mr. Weldon simply asked for another



BOMBAY MARKET.

blank form, to take to America. I supposed he wanted it to carry as a Heidelberg student flaunts a duelling scar, to show what he had been through; but he said I was mistaken.

"I want to take it home," he said, "to prove that we Americans are not the only victims of petty persecution by a government."

In riding through the European end of Bombay to our hotel we did not see much that was peculiar, but when we secured our room we found it to be a private box before which a complex drama of Asiatic life was constantly on exhibition. As all ceilings must be high and all apartments should be very large, to distil a little comfort out of a vast area of suffocation in a hot climate, we had given to us a room in which six sets of dancers could work out the figures of a quadrille. The balcony in front was half as large, and looked down upon a busy street and out upon the majestic trees that bordered a park. Through a break in the tree-line we commanded a fine view of the park, and altogether we got the most appetizing glimpses of the life of a city peopled with a greater variety of nationalities that are strange to us than are to be found in equal numbers in any other place. For Bombay is one of the globe's great capitals—a millionaire among cities.

The native coolies outnumbered all others in the processions before our balcony. They revealed so much of their bodies that a bright noblewoman of American birth declared it to be "a city of Adams and Eves." Each man was wrapped in a single piece of dirty cotton, so clumsily that his polished black legs were uncovered below the thighs, or else he had on a cotton coat, open in front, and a cloth around his loins. Many were squatting on the pavements like birds, with their faces just above their knees. Others were carrying leaking skins filled out with water as they had been filled in life with flesh and bones. Others lolled upon square two-wheeled carts hauled by buffaloes or by those always small and often tiny hump-backed bulls and cows upon which we look with reverential eyes in Barnum's circus. They are sacred, as they are called in the circuses and "zoos," yet they serve man with constant drudgery, and are as common as the horses in our streets, whose places they fill in India. They are con-

sidered sacred because of the wisdom of the ancient lawmakers, who saw that if they came to be killed for their hides and meat, the people would deprive themselves of their most useful and, practically, in fact, their only draught animals and beasts of burden.

Before we turned to the external panorama Mr. Weldon and I spent a few moments in viewing what we called "our largest bed-room in the world." It was 18 feet high, 25 feet long, and, with its annexes, much wider than its length. It contained two beds, a bureau, a wardrobe, a table, and the inevitable punkah. The punkah was a large fan hung from a beam of teakwood, and dressed for a Parisian boudoir in what looked like the frilled bottom of a lady's skirt. Off each end of the bed-room was a large toilet and bath room, and beyond the front windows, within what the house-agents call "easy walking distance," was the sky-roofed balcony, with its fringe of trees, dotted all over, as if with some species of black fruit, by chattering crows. Thenceforth these preyed upon our breakfasts, and would have stolen our watches and rings while we slept had we not barred them out.

We did not know then (how could we?) that we were to see hawks and monkeys as familiar, peacocks almost as common, that apes would swing along beside us on some country roads—in fact, that we were in a land where few animals are molested and innumerable varieties abound.

While we studied our surroundings, a young man clad in white from head to naked toes, but with both ends cut out of coal, presented himself in our room and remarked,

"My brudder."

"Am I your brother?" I asked.

"No, sawb," said he, for so they all say "sahib."

"Where is your brother?"

"He come."

I called Mr. Weldon, and asked him to study this new situation. In ten minutes this gifted artist elicited the words "hotel" and "Sahib Butler," and explained to me that the man had come to call on a Mr. Butler in the hotel. He took our visitor by the arm.

"You're all right," said Mr. Weldon. "That is, you've got the right church, but you're in the wrong pew," and led him—both men bowing and smiling like



ON THE HOTEL BALCONY.

dancing-masters—out into the hall, where he left him.

On the street below were many victorias, whose drivers lolled on the seats. It was a bit of Saratoga cut out and transplanted in the East. And yet there was nothing of Saratoga at the edges of this bit of the view, and it soon became different all over. For instance, over in the park an Indian was spraying the grass with a hose, and two boys and a girl, all three about ten or twelve years old, were looking on. Presently the man dropped the hose and went away, whereupon the children unwound their clothes from their bodies, and washed them and spread them on the grass, showing them to be mere little sheets of cotton. Then they bathed themselves before the nozzle of the hose, and in ten minutes put on their clothing, already dry as before it

was washed. They dressed in a way I shall not describe. I watched the process, and later I saw half a dozen men perform the operation for Mr. Weldon's education, but it is like watching corn grow on a hot summer's night at home—one does not understand how it is done. I can assure the reader that a sheet of cotton four yards long and a yard and a half wide serves either for trousers for a man or for a skirt and bodice for a woman. After all, that is enough to tell at one sitting.

In the mean time two barelegged conjurers came below and squatted in the roadway, birdlike, but each having a bag, a basket, and a boy beside him. Scores of natives, no two alike in any important respect except that they were half naked, formed two crescent-shaped crowds half around the performers. These produced



THE BAZAR, BOMBAY.

in the course of half an hour a mon-goose, a goat, two small snakes each, and a cobra-de-capello. They did many tricks whose hoary age entitled them to respect—packing a man in a basket, passing a sword through and through the receptacle, and then bringing the man out again; palming coins so that they disappeared, only to be blown from their noses or plucked from the ears of the bystanders, and many such perennial favorites with the profession. The goat, which was as tall as a Shetland pony and as thin as a board, was trained to stand with all four feet upon an iron knob two inches broad. He did this skilfully, but the effect was ruined by what he said while he was doing it—for if ever eyes spoke, that goat's eyes did. "I do this," said he, turning his long woe-begone visage full upon that of his master, "because you feed me when I do it and beat me when I don't, but as long as I live I shall insist that it is undignified, and

not consonant with my character as a goat."

The conjurer dropped his eyes to the earth, and seizing a dried gourd containing a stone, rattled it to distract attention from his struggle with his sense of shame. The goat wobbled on the little iron knob, but caught his balance, and again addressed his master.

"I do not ask you to respect me," he said. "It is reserved for the gods alone to measure the greatness of a goat. But in making me look silly you show yourself very cruel and bare of self-respect. Your shame falls upon the people, who are ever silent when I am at this ass's work."

The conjurer affected not to feel these reproaches. Turning to his boy, he said: "My mother, whom I revere, gave me a sense of humor which flies like an eagle above men's heads. Know you, boy, that I see an ocean's depth of fun in that goat's face because it looks like the hand-

glass of misery, but the others miss the drolness of seeing such a face in a showman's ring. A fat and merry goat would kindle their dull humor, but our goat's stomach is a vat of acid which burns up every substance except metal. Tin would fatten him, but one meal would sell for more than he is worth. Now let him stand down, and hand me over a cobra or two."

The cobras were to me the most interesting of all his stage "properties." One was five feet long and an inch thick. He did nothing except distend his hood, or great flat cheeks, whenever he was stopped in his effort to run away, which seemed to be his ruling passion. He was the cruelest, most vicious thing I ever saw, yet he never tried to strike his owner. That was because he was not hungry and was very young. I was told by a native gentleman, who came as if from the sky, and was first seen standing by my side on the balcony. "By-and-by," said this courteous native, "cobra will know to stand on his tail, to fight mongoose, and to stay by bag, not trying run away." While I was wondering who my courteous visitor might be, I turned and found the hotel butler, another barefooted native, also on the balcony, with our first visitor—him of the white clothing—hesitating in the bedroom window-frame. The butler stepped forward and recommended my visitor as "very clever," "very good, very honest man." Then I saw that I was being urged to employ the courteous gentleman as my khitmutgar, or "bearer." I also divined that our first visitor—the one who was black at both ends and

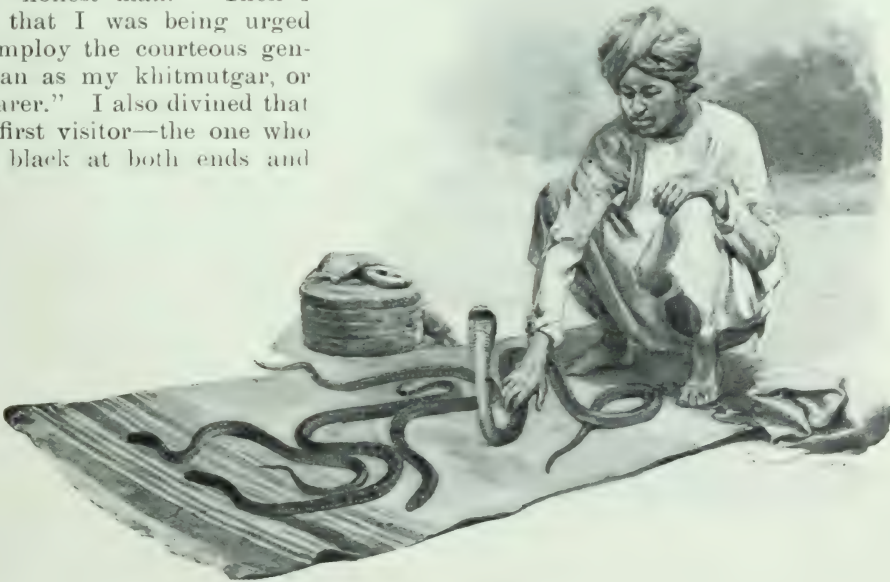
white in the middle—had been sent by the butler to try his luck, and was not looking for a guest named Mr. Butler, as we had imagined.

"Pleese, marster," said the courteous man, "I serb you very good. I know all place India. I got very good chit—too good chit, marster. I very honest man—too honest, marster; please believe me."

Thus were we plunged in the business of selecting a "bearer"—a business that lasted three days.

These guides or boys or bearers, as you please to consider them, get a pound sterling, or more, by the month to stay in Bombay, and those who are found in the interior will travel for as little money, but the Bombay bearers ask 25 to 45 rupees, or as high as fifteen dollars (£3) a month.

They begin their bargains upon the assumption that they are dealing with an ignoramus who will give them 10 rupees, or 13 shillings, for winter clothes, and a few pence a day for food, above their wages. This courteous bearer wanted winter clothes, though the first breath of summer was already warm enough to blister anything but his cheek. He also wanted a large advance and money to buy a watch. I pruned and trimmed his ambition down until his ridiculous terms



THE CONJURER.

seemed reasonable to my verdant understanding, and then I engaged him. He had a "chit"—which means a written paper, in this case a recommendation—from Lord Roberts, but I soon found that he considered the fact sufficient to absolve him from ever doing anything for anybody else. At a loss how to repair my blunder, I sought the advice of a new acquaintance.

"Oh, just tell him you don't want

him. Pay him for the two days you've had him, and tell him to get out."

With many misgivings I tried this indefensible and unjust course upon the loafer whom I had explicitly engaged for a month. It stood the supreme test of all things in this age—it succeeded.

"Here are two rupees and a half," said I. "Keep the change. No want you."

"Very good," said the courteous man, and took himself off.

Every day, and in every quarter of the daylight, one conjurer or more appeared and opened up his paraphernalia beneath our balcony. These and snake-charmers I afterwards encountered everywhere I went in India. It may have merely happened so, but I only saw them when they performed for white people, and I got the impression that they set themselves to amuse the English in these days, and leave the pennies of the natives to be gathered by the fakirs or religious beggars. The Indian conjurers are not very clever. They offer no new tricks, and no wonderful ones. Their counterparts in China are many times more deft, audacious, and original. The trick of causing a mango-tree to grow in the presence of a crowd is the most vaunted thing the Indians do, and that I failed to see, though it is practised by many of these vagabonds. Several persons who have witnessed it told us that it is worked beneath a cloth or sack, and that it seems as if it might easily be done by drawing a small young plant from the performer's clothing and setting it up in the dirt under the covering. The so-called tree is usually but a few inches—at the most a foot—in height. However, against the reports of such sceptics we must weigh the testimony of many famous trav-



AN INDIAN WOMAN.



A NATIVE VEHICLE.

ellers of earlier days, who claim to have seen a considerable tree proceed from an atom planted in a mere double-handful of earth. These travellers, the reader will recollect, divide themselves into two bodies—those who believe that there is a peculiar chemical quality (forcing the swift growth of vegetation) in the earth which the conjurers use, and those who think the trick is purely hypnotic, and that the spectators enjoy nothing more than an illusion.

Nearly all the conjurers we saw were also snake-charmers. Their work with serpents is extremely interesting, even after one learns how harmless are their snakes. The reptiles are carried in baskets and bags, and are of all sizes, from such foot-long, finger-thick, creatures that we see oftenest in America to the cobras of four times that size, and the rock-snakes which grow to be eight or nine feet long and nearly as thick as a rolling-pin. The helpless creatures are flung out upon the road, to fall as inert as sausages, in readi-

ness for a sport in which they have long since lost heart. The conjurer produces a strange bent pipe, swollen at one part into a great bulb. He puts this to his mouth, waves the farther end in circles over the snake, and plays a few shrill notes. The fresher snakes prick up their heads at this, and display even more vigorous signs of interest in their surroundings, but in most cases the man has to prod up his victims and work them into a temper before they will perform. The commoner snakes do nothing but try to run away, and strike when they are thwarted. The cobras are best worth watching. They do not stand upon their tails, as we have read, but merely raise a third of their length straight up above the coil of the rest of their bodies. Then they distend their thin broad cheeks and waver in the air, watching every movement around them with their vicious bead-like eyes, and striking with the swiftness of light whenever an object approaches within their reach. Usually a mongoose



A STREET IN BOMBAY.

My first drive to "the bazar," as the native part of each city is called in that country, presented sights more confusing than any I ever witnessed elsewhere. Here were Arabs, Somalis, Burmese, Singhalese, Lascars, Mussulmans of India, Hindoos, Parsees, Jews of a score of nationalities, Chinese, Japanese, Turks, and many other peoples. Of the manifold and widely differing peoples of India every race and ancient kingdom was represented. It seemed to me that I never studied a costume without finding that the next to come along was totally different. In variety and beauty of effect the colors of the dresses made the street scenes as gay as a view of the tulip-fields of Holland in late April. But there was this difference: time and sunshine and rain had done for the Indian dyes what cannot be done with flowers—it had softened and moderated them exquisitely; it had transformed many of the older reds, greens, and yellows into tones which neither nature nor the dyers use.

The mass of the very poor are Indians in low round caps, dirty cotton coats, and a strip of cloth wound around each thigh. The women of this class wear the lower cloth shaped as a skirt, and for jackets have a little vestlike garment which merely covers and supports the breasts, being drawn tightly across

is put out to fight a cobra, but the ferret-like animal is not only spiritless, but remains so. I never saw or heard of anything come from such a combat except once, at Delhi, when the conjurer was not looking, and a large serpent killed and half swallowed the mongoose. And the most interesting thing about that was the noise of the owner's lamentation.

and under them. This, I am told by some of their white sisters, is the most sensible of all such garments which the world has produced. These vests are so small that, as seen in the shops, they look like trousers for very tiny boys, the short sleeves answering for the legs. The poor use vests of cotton or coarse cloth, but those of the rich are seen to be of lace, of satin,

of gold-brocaded stuffs, and some are even jewelled.

Since all white travellers in hot countries are cautioned to keep their abdomens covered warmly, nothing astonished me more than to see the million bare stomachs of the native men and women. These you may see, but not the faces of any but the poorest, hardest worked among the women. They wear no fixed covering as the Turks and Egyptians do, but pull the cloth of their shawls across their faces whenever men are by. The head-gear of the women varies with different Indian races, but for the most part it is made of the end of the same great piece of cloth which forms their skirt, there being enough of it to be carried up from the waist and over the head, whence it falls into a covering for both the body and the arms. Those who can afford it wear their arms outside this, and then fling a shawl or veil over their heads and trunks. I bought some of these cloths, and found that the dress pieces were eight yards long, of double width, the veils being of the same width, but only four yards in length.

Elsewhere I will write in greater detail of the jewelry of the women in the native crowds—the masses. They sometimes wear pounds and pounds of it, and it is mainly silver. The guide-books tell of an alligator in whose stomach forty pounds of silver jewelry was found, but whether he had eaten a mother and daughters or merely one daughter they do not say. With these trinkets fathers dower their girls. In these the poorest husbands invest their savings if any surplus remains. By what a wife wears a family's wealth is calculated among the plain people. In no other land is so much jewelry worn. Nowhere else are women so decked out. They would sheathe their limbs with silver if they could afford to do so, and the more they prosper the nearer they come to being silver-plated.

Put silver against ebony or black velvet and you will see how effective it is against their skins. For the Indians are as black as our negroes, with all the varying shades of our blacks, but with a ruddy instead of a blue and metallic undertone. Their complexions and the extent to which they were exhibited were things for which I was not prepared. In the European part of the city I soon became

accustomed to seeing men bathing in the water from the drinking fountains. They removed everything except their breech-clouts, and stood before each tap, pouring water over their shining bronze bodies out of their palms or the drinking-cups. Many of the smaller children were as bare as they were born, and of the countless men and women one saw squatting on their heels along the streets and roads, it often seemed at the first glance as though the ones who had the most clothes were holding in their laps all that they possessed. Bathing, wherever there is a river, lake, or pond, is a religious as well as a sanitary act, and the traveller frequently sees a large fraction of a city's population in the water in the early hours of the day, and here Modesty appears in somewhat the guise we know her: only the men and a few of the elderly women—the humblest widows, perhaps—bare their trunks. Never one of either sex is wholly unclad.

The caste marks of the Hindoos were interesting. These they paint upon their foreheads after they have bathed each morning. Some wore a mere dot of blue or yellow close to the root of the nose. Others exhibited a crescent half around the dot, but others still were streaked with yellow lines not only on their brows, but on their necks, as one sees Maoris decked in ancient pictures. There are too many caste marks for enumeration here, too many castes, too many complex and delicate rules to separate each from all the others. In this study lies the whole of the strangeness of India from core to outermost surface and farthestmost edge. Huge books have been written without telling it all. To govern India without disturbing caste is the work which England has set for herself, and is the nicest, tenderest, most difficult, and the most nearly impossible problem in government that ever confronted the conquerors of a race.

Many of the native streets of Bombay were bordered by tall European-like houses, galleried and humming with life, but miles of other, meaner streets were lined with one-story houses, each a block long, and made up of shops without doors or windows, which suggested open jaws and symbolized the hunger of their owners. Everywhere the motley million, that seemed to have torn a rainbow in pieces to clothe itself, pat-

tered barefoot up and down the earthen middle of each road, all jabbering so that the noise was as of a swarming of big bees. The roads are earthen because the feet that trample them are bare. Stones would blister even those horny soles in India's heat.

Ox-carts, strange two-wheeled carriages painted all over like ivory inlay-work, prehistoric-looking square coupés, and the victoria-shaped cabs of the white handful, forced openings through the black swarm mainly by the yelling of the drivers. Barbers shaved their customers on the ground in open spaces or vacant lots, mechanics sweated over their tools in their own road-side shop-holes, merchants lounged in good clothes with their clerks and customers on the raised floors of their shops; and everywhere was the distinctive odor of the East—a pungent blend of the smells of frying fat, sandal-wood, and humanity.

The women and girls carried the babies astride of their hips—usually the left hip—with a hand on each baby's back to keep it there, and to hunch it up in place as often as it slipped down. This spread out the little bare brownies as if they were spitted, but an Indian baby's equanimity is a match for whatever befalls. Red turbans, white turbans, parti-colored turbans, little stinky turbans and immense turbans, turbans wound around flat fezzes, others encircling high and pointed fezzes, all bobbed along among plain fezzes, flat and embroidered caps, the shiny black tubular tiles that made the Parsees seem like steam-men with smoke-stacks, and, finally, the cloth caps of the boy babies, each with a flap behind like a magnified beaver's tail.

Here and there were gimcrack temples, blue, yellow, and white, and daubed with loud patterns and pictures. All the architecture of the native city screamed as if it felt the same pain that it gave its beholders. For an hour I wondered what it reminded me of. I knew I had seen or dreamed something like it, and that it could not have been architecture. Then I remembered the cookies made for children in Germany—gingerbread with white, blue, and yellow icing trickled over it. That was it. Without reading or asking a word, I knew that a German baker planned nearly the whole of Bombay.

Small native policemen in blue coats,

yellow mushroom hats, and carrying yellow-handled black billies lounged in every scene. Haggard girls, clad in dirt and fringed-in rags, danced, with little foot movement, but much body posing, to the music of drums monotonously beaten by themselves. Men strode about with pyramids of brightly polished brass pots on their heads, or with wide and shallow baskets set on at one side where the loads were, with the other six or eight tenths of the basket out in the air at a picturesque angle. Early in our first tour of the city we saw a woman bearing some burden upon her head, and vowed we had never seen a human being with so noble a carriage. Before we left Bombay we saw thousands of women carrying crown loads, and we came to perceive that practically all the poor women, young and old, walked with the utmost grace and dignity—the perfection of human beauty of movement.

Oh, if Mr. Weldon could only put that walk into a picture, or if I had the power to bring it *really* to the general comprehension, what a revolution we would work in America and England! What an added charm of what inestimable value to them and to us we should give to the Anglo-Saxon woman! Could our girls all see a Mohammedan or Hindoo dame or girl cross a street, and know that her noble, graceful pose of body and sweep of limb came of carrying burdens on her head, we should hear of the private practice of this simple act in our homes and see it displace the calisthenic exercises in our seminaries. These women stand as straight as lances. Their heads are held high, their breasts are thrown forward, their backs are level and straight, and they walk with long easy strides that sum up all the grace and majesty with which motion can be invested. Their forms show what health and strength come of their practices. Their body cloths are usually drawn so tightly about them that every line of each one's shape is revealed. Thus one knows that the great majority are beautifully formed women, with all the sweeping curves that our belles boast, or rather all the curves except that of the rounded back which too many of our girls at home display.

Here and there, once in a great while, I saw shoes upon the feet of men and women. I know now that these must have been men of the middle class or

higher, and the women must have been Eurasians or white folks' nurses. Still less frequently I saw sandals—some being mere bits of leather tied on with strings. It would not be worth while to contradict a traveller who reported the whole empire as barefoot. The millions are so. Even the billiard-marker and the manager of the café in Watson's Hotel are shoeless, though otherwise the manager dresses as I do. The waiters, the clerks in many stores, and the bearers we hired waited upon us at table and did all their other work barefooted. It is said by many that the plague travels on these same bare feet—that is to say, that its bacilli attack the natives there in cracks, scratches, or wounds, by means of which the germs, lying about in the dirt, get into the blood of the victims. In truth this is one of the four ways by which the plague is taken. Colonel Sellers fancied that he saw "millions in it" for whosoever should supply the people of the East with eye-lotion, but there is a bigger fortune in shoeing those millions—or would be if they had the money with which to buy shoes, as I notice those who have the means do already, and perhaps have always done.

It was not until days had passed that I fully realized how truly Bombay is the omnium-gatherum of Asia, that here, in one city, we saw all the peoples of India and many from its neighbor lands. Nowhere else—not even in quaint, older, more picturesque, and mysterious China—had I seen so much color, so many types, such differing customs. And I knew that if I staid I should see an almost complete reflection of the manners and ceremonies of the whole Orient—of the very early Christians, the Jews of our Saviour's time, the Medes and Persians (kept in force to-day by the Parsees), the most ancient practices of the Hindoos, of their conquerors the Mussulmans, of the Chinese—in short, of nearly all that which distinguishes the chief peoples of the East from us Occidentals.

And stay we did—with the black presence of death ever near; with the dead passing constantly by among the living, whose footsteps were dogged by the epidemic; with the hideous vultures ever in the tree-tops waiting for the fruit of death; with the flames of funeral pyres throwing lurid beams across the sombre shadow of the swift-moving Black Horseman.

AMERICA IN THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST

BY JOHN BARRETT,

Late United States Minister to Siam

AMERICA'S responsibility in the Pacific is the all-absorbing question of the hour. No issue since the civil war has excited such acute and widespread interest. It will be the main bone of contention at the coming session of Congress. It has given birth in a new form to the principle of expansion, which, conceived as the twilight of the nineteenth century fades away into the dawn of the twentieth, finds a fitting cradle and nursery in the vast limits of the Pacific, where America's opportunities for commerce and influence are unrivalled by those of any other nation.

The very setting and environment of the Philippine problem lend a certain charm to the study of its stern realities. Mingled with the politics, the commerce, and the plain facts of the situation are

the romance, mysticism, and glamour of the fabled Orient. With the stirring stories of the bravery of our soldiers come quaint tales of the natives. We flavor our dry investigation of the material resources of our new possessions and neighboring lands with researches among the old legends and obscure records of dark Castilian sovereignty, and with passing study of the riches of gorgeous India, the yellow hordes of far Cathay, and the chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms of fair Nipon. In the Far East, as in no other part of the world, is mixed the intensely material idea of the present with the extremely romantic conception of the past.

No wonder that we find both statesman and society woman, laborer and poet, business man and theorist, interested

in the Philippines and Far East! The country is learning a lesson in Pacific geography, history, peoples, and commerce. Formerly knowledge of these distant seas and lands was confined largely to imagination, fed upon the pictures of tall pagodas, naked savages, pagan idols, and jungle scenes of monkeys, boar-constrictors, and lions in the geographies and Sabbath-school books of our youth. To-day we are appreciating that Japan, Korea, China, Siam, Java, and the Philippines are the homes of millions who are as keen as we in the commercial instinct, and who have products to sell and wants to be supplied; that Yokohama, Kobé, Shanghai, Hong-kong, Manila, Bangkok, and Singapore are not merely the rendezvous of countless heathen, but great, thriving, busy trade centres and capitals; that their harbors are thronged not only with sampans and junks, but with fleets of steam-launches and modern merchant craft; that up and down that wonderful coast-line, which winds in and out for over 4500 miles from Singapore to Vladivostok, more steamers ply in trade exchange from point to point than along either our Pacific or Atlantic coast; and that this commerce is not confined to bartering and primitive methods, but reaches into hundreds of millions of dollars, carried on through great banks and similar agencies. With these material factors we find in nearly every city prosperous foreign sections with Europeans and Americans living in comfort, large and hospitable homes, luxurious clubs, provisions for all kinds of athletic sports, commodious business structures, hotels, schools, churches, libraries, museums, reading-rooms, and all the modern conveniences of electric light, telephones, and other necessities of house and office, together with a score of agreeable features of life which are characteristic only of the East. There are also unhappy influences, and life may not be so enjoyable as in many American cities, but this description of conditions will show that foreigners make the most of their opportunities in the Orient, and are far from experiencing an unfortunate lot. The average visitor to the Far East is not only surprised at the comforts and privileges of life for foreigners and prosperous natives, but often goes away with too rosy a conception of the actual surroundings.

If the tide of American travel that ebbs and flows across the Atlantic could be diverted for one season to the Pacific, a great work of education would be accomplished. Were this increasing flood of sight-seers and pleasure-seekers that nearly swamps our European-bound steamers and pours through England and the Continent, even overflowing into Egypt and the Holy Land, to vary the monotony of this experience and spread its inquisitive force over Japan, China, Siam, Java, and the Philippines, and beyond into Burmah and British India, the Far East and Asia would soon cease to be a mysterious unknown part of the world, and yet there is sufficient to be seen and studied to sustain one's interest for many months. Great ocean steamers constructed especially for the comfort of passengers touch at the important ports, and connections can be made for both America and Europe. A man can go from San Francisco to London by the way of Asia and make only one change. Good hotels are now found in the principal cities, and the discomforts of former days are no longer known.

But the Far East and Asia of yesterday, of story, legend, and fiction, is passing. There has been a marvellous change during the last decade. The next will witness a greater one. The influence of Europe and America is asserting itself everywhere. Not only is the English language becoming the common tongue of the Asiatic coast, but the habits, customs, and methods of living are adapting themselves to foreign conditions.

I.—PHASES OF ASIATIC CHARACTER.

There is too common a tendency to rate Asiatics as barbarians. Without any attempt to make them out as civilized peoples or to hide their characteristic faults, but simply to give them credit for some virtues which they possess and some conditions which prevail but are not generally appreciated in Europe and America, I give a few conclusions from five years' personal study and travel. During this period I not only repeatedly visited the principal cities of all Far-Eastern countries, but took long journeys into the interior, especially of Siam, Japan, China, and even of the Philippines before I knew that they would come under our sovereignty. The first, and possibly the most important, observation is that I rarely

carried on my person, and never showed, a fire-arm. My strongest weapon was a small bamboo or rattan stick. Though my routes were often through the jungle of the tropics or wild parts of northern countries where the natives seldom saw foreigners, I was never attacked. Some uncomfortable experiences are remembered, but they were not due to any racial, tribal, or characteristic maliciousness. In Siam, Japan, and the Philippines I was everywhere impressed with the natural, spontaneous kindness and hospitality of the people when convinced that I meant them no harm. In China they are more reserved, and in some sections impudent and insulting, but the average traveller in the interior has little trouble and no fear. Had I the equipment and time, I would undertake with as little dread a journey across China from Shanghai to Siam as I would one from New York to San Francisco. Such eminent authorities as Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, the Chinese expert, and Dr. Morrison, the correspondent of the *London Times*, who have travelled over China, will confirm what I say in this particular. There is not a country in eastern Asia to-day where a foreigner who exercises ordinary caution and judgment, and understands native character, cannot go in safety. There is no part of Borneo, Formosa, Mindanao, or Sumatra that the experienced traveller would hesitate from fear to visit, except in times of war or insurrection. In Siam, which is so much like the Philippines in climate, people, and physical conditions, I was everywhere impressed with the contentment, generosity, and hospitality of the people. They seemed honest, and signs of immorality were rare. Nowhere in the interior of Asia are tangible immoral influences readily detected, while the most degraded portions of Tokyo, Peking, Shanghai, and Bangkok are no worse than those of London, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Strange as it may seem, most foreigners who have resided in home and Asiatic cities will say that, were they obliged to frequent the most dangerous portions of both, night or day, they would select without hesitation the Asiatic city. There is not an alley or side street in all Bangkok that a man who carried himself with dignity could not enter in security any hour of the night or day.

In the matter of crime, some observa-

tions will show the Asiatic in a better light than he usually appears. In New York State there average more murders in one year than in Siam in five. True, the records of Siam are not kept as they are in New York, but a crime is seldom committed that does not come to light eventually. In the city of Bangkok, with a population of 500,000, the percentage of murders and other foul crimes is less than in the average American, British, and German cities of like size. The records of Japan, Java, the Malay states, Philippines, and the treaty sections of China tell a similar story, to the credit of the Asiatic.

While it is no doubt true that a vein of deceit and treachery runs through the average Asiatic, the Chinese are commended by all who do business with them for keeping their word and fulfilling a contract. They are sharp and shrewd in trade, but they are universally trusted by foreigners, and it is a common remark that the Chinese are good business men to deal with. Every important foreign firm or agent transacting a banking, mercantile, shipping, or insurance business in China has a native comprador, or manager, to whom are continually intrusted large sums of money and financial negotiations. It is seldom that one hears of a defaulting or dishonest comprador.

Almost without exception the foreigner who spends some time in Asia comes away with far more respect for the people than he entertained when he first arrived. The severest critics of Asiatics are those who see them only in passing.

Except in Japan and Siam, the Asiatic appears to best advantage in lands which are dependent on some strong European government. Although civilization may not always seem to help him, it does far better by him when dispensed through forceful foreign hands than when caught in a haphazard way through his own agency. The former influence is discriminating; the latter seems to select much of the bad and little of the good.

II.—OUR PACIFIC PROSPECT.

From what do we look out upon the Pacific, and what right have we to look with so much confidence? We stand upon an unbroken coast-line of nearly fifteen hundred miles that reaches right away from San Diego on the south to

Seattle on the north. Three great States, California, Oregon, and Washington, forging ahead in material strength with tremendous strides, developing vast resources, increasing rapidly in population, and possessing mighty potentialities yet to be exploited, debouch with their entire western boundaries upon the Pacific, and look to it for a goodly share of their future prosperity. The range of States and Territories back of them, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and parts of Wyoming, Colorado, and New Mexico, gazing down from the western slope of the Rockies, and peering over the shoulders, as it were, of those in front, join with them as a reserve force, and stand ready to support them in a policy of commercial and political development that will benefit all in their competition with the States of the Central West and East. The growing cities of San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, and San Diego have their harbors on the tide-water of the Pacific, and depend upon its commerce to crowd their wharves with export and import cargoes.

Were the Pacific prospect of California, Oregon, and Washington alone to be considered, the United States would rank, by natural position and right of water-frontage, as one of the first powers of the Pacific. Now if we add all that is ours by technical right, and include the long winding coast of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands until we have a grand total of nearly thirty-five hundred miles facing the Pacific, our claim cannot be contested. Supplement these with the Hawaiian Islands located in mid-Pacific, and we can prove to the world that by logic of position we should have had the prerogative as a Pacific power to interfere in the Philippines, as we had the right by the Monroe Doctrine to interfere in Cuba, if interference had been expected and necessary, instead of devolving upon us unexpectedly and bringing a responsibility we could not shirk. Finally, counting the Philippines as permanent American territory, the United States has a greater frontage on the Pacific than any other nation in the world except Great Britain, which has Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Canada, and lesser lands to her credit. In the rank and rivalry of powers, however, we can pass Great Britain, because the coast of our Pacific States is the direct approach of the com-

merce of seventy millions of Americans to the Pacific, beside eight millions of Filipinos. The British Pacific population is not over fifteen millions. India's hordes and the Indian Ocean are a part of the world all to itself, and cannot be included in the Pacific prospect. All east of Singapore is the Pacific sphere. West of that to Aden is the Indian sphere.

Four most important points invite our consideration in realizing the interest which these thriving States and cities of the Pacific coast take in the commerce of the Pacific and Far East, which should appeal directly to the sympathy and support of Atlantic States and cities in a pro-Pacific policy. First, the States and ports on the Pacific are now looking out upon its expanse and to lands beyond for the building up of a great and profitable trade exchange, as the States and ports on the Atlantic have looked out during the last one hundred years upon its waters and to lands beyond its confines for the development of that splendid foreign commerce which has brought them permanent prosperity. Second, the Pacific States and cities find in transpacific lands a great demand for their chief exports or staple supplies. China in time will consume all the flour that the Far West can ship. This means prosperity for the agricultural interests, which, in turn, means prosperity for the greatest number, and, by ramification of interests, for all. China, Japan, Siberia, Siam, the Philippines, and Korea not only want this flour, but they are developing a growing demand for timber—another great resource—manufactured food-supplies, and a long list of lesser products which are better described in consular trade reports than in magazine articles. In strengthening the contention for enlarging and protecting such markets, the Pacific coast States emphasize their dependence upon them by plainly pointing out that they cannot hope to compete successfully with the Eastern and Central-Western States in the principal manufacturing industries, and must therefore look to the Orient for a permanent demand for their increasing export of raw products. Third, in San Francisco they possess one of the finest commercial harbors in the wide world, adapted even better in capacity and location for the trade of the Pacific than that of New York for the trade of the

Atlantic. Its strategic value is equally important in these days of large navies and growth of sea power. The waters of Puget Sound and the Columbia River likewise afford harbors that are well suited in terminal facilities for the shipping of the Pacific. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and San Diego are sharing with San Francisco the honors of despatching regular transpacific steamers. Fourth, only a few years ago two lines, running respectively from San Francisco and Vancouver, carried the stagnant trade whose possible extension few at home seemed to appreciate. Now there are seven, and they cannot carry all the freight that is offered. This growth is particularly gratifying to those of us who worked away patiently for years during the incumbency of our diplomatic and consular posts in the Far East, and strove to awaken interest in the splendid Pacific opportunity and market for American exports—for the raw and manufactured cotton of the South, the cotton goods and other manufactures of the North, the petroleum of the East, and the manufactured iron and other products of the Central West and East, as well as the flour, timber, and general supplies of the Pacific coast.

America's Pacific exports, or those to Asia and Oceanica, according to statistics recently published, reached during the last fiscal year the gratifying total of nearly \$80,000,000, which was an increase of about \$12,000,000 over the preceding year. The grand total of Pacific trade exchange—exports and imports—was \$210,000,000.

When other companies compete for, or old ones join hands to control, this growing trade and the increasing passenger traffic, there will be new steamships placed on this long western route that will rival those that bring England and the Continent so near America. Stopping at Hawaii, one sees America's first experiment in the Pacific at expansion, and a garden spot in the heart of the warm southern seas. As he pursues his journey he notes what Japan is doing single-handed in Yokohama and Kôbe; what all nations are doing in co-operation with the Chinese at Shanghai; what England is doing in controlling the Chinese at Hong-kong; and, finally, what America hopes to do alone or in co-operation when in absolute control at Manila.

III.—JAPAN AND CHINA.

Analyzing the Pacific prospect, we find the field for the exercise of American material and moral influence, without unwarranted interference or meddling on our part, a large and expanding one. Japan, rising like a new nation, with renewed vigor and strength, since she threw off the swaddling-clothes of youth last July and became a full-fledged power, looks to us for encouragement and sympathy. The full meaning of the abolition of the old treaties and the inauguration of the new is not understood by those who have neither visited Japan nor studied her institutions. On July 17, for the first time in her history, she exercised those rights, prerogatives, and privileges which are common to all "most favored nations" in dealing with subjects and citizens of other nations resident or tarrying within their borders. Before then she ranked with China, Korea, Siam, Persia, Turkey, Morocco, and other non-Christian countries in allowing extra-territorial rights to all foreigners, by which they were solely under the jurisdiction of their respective consuls, and in no way directly amenable to the decrees of local magistrates. For a long time Japan was not equal to the responsibility of the new system. But of late she has made such rapid advancement in codification of laws and education of judiciary that she now feels equal to the great change and undertaking.

Fortunately for present and future American influence in Japan, the United States, moved by a generous desire to aid a young and ambitious ally, took the first step and leadership in the movement to revise the treaties, and so place Japan in the list of first-class powers. The United States began the negotiations, but owing to the delay over certain technicalities, Great Britain antedated the United States in concluding and signing the new treaties. Japanese statesmen and papers, however, give America credit for her good intentions, and always cite her helpful attitude as an argument for the continuance of happy relations. Mr. J. Komura, one of the ablest of Japan's younger statesmen, and present minister at Washington, says that a marked result of the treaty revision will be to increase greatly the demand for American products, for now the whole country will be open to American enterprise and exploitation. Formerly foreigners could

not go beyond the treaty ports, except by the use of special passports and at great inconvenience to themselves and the officials. In exchange for the surrender of extra-territoriality, foreign nations secured for their subjects the right of trade and travel without hinderance throughout all Japan. In 1897 Japan imported from the United States products to the value of \$14,000,000. According to Mr. Komura's own statement, this should reach \$30,000,000 in the near future. Japan is growing as a manufacturing country, but the wants of her population develop more rapidly than her power to supply them. Our consular representatives in Japan take an optimistic view of the outlook, and urge American exporters to do all in their power to meet the demands of the new Japanese markets.

American influence, spurred on by the friendly spirit manifested in the treaty revision, dates back for its recognized sway nearly fifty years, to the time when Commodore Perry sailed into Yeddo Bay, and by the use of combined force and diplomacy opened Japan to the world, and started her on the course which has been the marvel of the century.

Crossing from Tokyo to Peking, we find the situation muddled, mysterious, and unsatisfactory, but still hopeful for American influence if we take advantage of our opportunities. From the day that Anson Burlingame, William H. Seward, and William B. Reed negotiated the famous Tien-tsin treaties in 1858 and 1859, the policy of the United States towards China has been uniformly considerate and fair. There are few dark pages in the history of our diplomatic relations with the Middle Kingdom, and the Chinese statesmen know this. The wording of these first treaties not only protected our own rights, but employed terms not usual in such documents to show the kindly and helpful interest of the United States in the plans and hopes of the Chinese government. Had China taken the same advantage of our unselfish advice that Japan did, she might now rank among the great world powers, instead of standing on the verge of her "break-up," as Lord Charles Beresford so clearly outlines as imminent in his recent exhaustive work on *The Break-Up of China*. Mr. Colquhoun, in his *China in Transformation*, plainly depicts the faults and shortcomings of Chinese statesmen at the

critical point in their history, when they disregarded the advice of all other nations. When, therefore, the European powers, in selfish but natural ambition, are gathered around China like wolves around a wounded animal, ready to snatch and tear it to pieces, and snarling at each other while it dies, the United States stands on the scene as the only saving influence, possibly supported by Japan. Every other power but America has practically declared for "spheres of influence." She has not—and so stands as the arbiter of China's future. Not only the foreign offices of St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and London, but that of Tokyo and the Tsung-li-Yamen of Peking recognize America's unique position and her power to advance her own as well as China's interests.

Two possibilities are therefore before America in China, and if good judgment and discretion characterize our diplomacy, American influence should not be the loser in either alternative. First, we can stand inflexibly for the maintenance of the integrity of the empire without recognition of spheres of influence, and oppose the further alienation of territory. In so acting we would be doing nothing more than safeguarding our plain treaty rights guaranteed in no uncertain terms, and asking for nothing not in them assured. By pursuing such a policy we have everything to gain and nothing to lose; by division of China without special guarantees of the open-door policy we have nothing to gain and everything to lose. Therefore it is our duty to throw our influence for the maintenance of the empire's integrity, and for the freedom of trade on strict treaty lines from Kwangtung to Manchuria. But, second, if we see the inevitable coming, and not only wish to stand out from under when the crash comes, but to have a say in the disposition of the fragments, we shall not fail to take advantage of our present position and reach a definite understanding with Russia, Germany, and France, which will continue our present treaty rights of trade in their respective spheres of influence, or, a more fitting term, "areas of actual sovereignty." If this is not done in the near future, we may be too late, and awake to find the door closed from Canton to New-chwang.

Personally I should prefer to see our government outline and support a vigorous

policy at Peking without weakening, and take a lead not only in protecting China's independence, but in using earnest moral suasion to have her undertake radical reforms. Every one familiar with Chinese politics and the situation at Peking knows that if the chief powers would once act in concert, they could compel China to initiate and carry out any reforms they might order. It is also known that if such countries as America, England, Germany, and Japan, with like interests, would agree on some policy, they would not only not be combated by Russia and France, after the latter once saw they were in earnest, but would receive their hearty support. It is indeed a pity that, with this great moral force at hand to use and accomplish results without war, these powers seem helpless.

Russia is our friend, and we do not wish to antagonize her, nor she us; and we have great opportunities for trade in actual Russian territory in Siberia, which we must not neglect or forget; but, like any other nation, she will not keep Manchuria open to us if we do not ask or demand it. Our growing cotton trade there of \$10,000,000 per annum at present has no safeguard for the future beyond the existing treaties with China—and Manchuria is essentially no longer Chinese, but Russian.

Our present exports to all China, including Hong-kong, are valued at \$20,000,000; with the application of the enterprise that characterizes our business men at home, and taking advantage of great opportunities in the infancy of their development, we should increase that in another decade to nearly \$50,000,000. Not only in supplying the wants of the regular markets, but in meeting the new demands for railway construction, locomotives, rolling stock, rails, machinery of all kinds, and the array of miscellaneous products that follow exploitation of the interior, a wide field of expansion awaits exporters, manufacturers, and capitalists. The time is near at hand when many trunk lines must be built in China; after them will come a net-work of lesser lines and branches, requiring an investment of at least \$200,000,000. If America does not construct these roads and provide the materials, England, France, Germany, or Belgium will.

There is a time coming when China herself may be a strong competitor in the

world's market, and we must bear that in mind in looking into the future; but before that day comes she must buy millions of dollars' worth of manufactured products from foreign lands. If we do not sell to her, these other countries will. Let us therefore make the best of the situation. Likewise, it is often argued that American capital should be kept at home and not invested in China. If we had some system of directing the expenditure of money, or the millennium had arrived, that might be feasible. Under present conditions, however, this capital invested in China would otherwise lie idle, or be provided entirely by foreign capitalists. The government can consistently lend its moral support to the success of the Hankow-Canton railway syndicate, for two reasons: first, all other nations represented in China follow this method, and hence no precedent or dangerous example is created; second, its plans, once consummated, will prove a great boon to American prestige, trade, and general interests, and lead to further important concessions and enterprises. China, with her population of 300,000,000, her area of over 4,000,000 square miles, with her undeveloped resources of iron, coal, oil, gold, and silver, with her primitively cultivated agricultural lands, and her total lack of trunk railway connections, is certainly on the eve of a mighty national awakening, despite her weaknesses and conservatism of government. Her present foreign commerce is only \$250,000,000. That of little Japan, with one-ninth the people and one-twelfth the area, is \$225,000,000. Surely the former should reach, under new conditions, within a reasonable period, the splendid total of \$500,000,000, of which the United States can have a fair share. American material influence in China should in time become the controlling factor, even if politically we are disposed to be timid. With the strength of our new position in the Philippines, we should unite our commercial and material forces in the Far East for a legitimate conquest of the Chinese opportunity.

IV.—SIAM, KOREA, AND FOREIGN COLONIES.

The mightiness of the Far East is impressed with singular force upon the mind of him who studies it for the first time. When he is done with China and Japan, he finds other great and prosperous states, either independent or dependent. Siam

alone is an interesting land to know and visit. Although it is far to the south, American influence was the first to give it prominence among the nations of the world. There was a time, over thirty years ago, when American shippers and merchants virtually controlled the growing commerce of the port of Bangkok. The civil war destroyed our merchant marine, and since then the part that America has played in the trade of the country has been unimportant. A change for the better is, however, gradually developing; there is an increasing demand for American products, and the outlook is bright if our manufacturers will improve it. But Siam looks to America not only for closer commercial relations, but for that moral support and encouragement in her honest efforts to progress which any powerful, disinterested nation can give a lesser and weaker friend and ally. No country in Asia is struggling more manfully for governmental, educational, and material reforms and advancement than Siam, and she deserves all the support we can give her. After Japan, Siam is to-day the most progressive independent country in all Asia, and in some respects is forging ahead even more rapidly than her powerful neighbor to the north.

Siam, with a population of nearly ten millions, an area greater than that of Texas, and an annual foreign trade of twenty-five millions of dollars, provides a special opening for American enterprise which should not be neglected. The great *entrepôt* of trade and population, Bangkok, at the head of the Gulf of Siam, is only 1200 miles southwest of Hong-kong and Manila, and 840 north of Singapore. If our manufacturers and exporters would show half the enterprise of our faithful missionaries in Siam, they would control the commerce of that kingdom. They have everywhere taught the Siamese to respect America while promulgating the cause of Christianity, and have always received the hearty co-operation and assistance of the King, particularly in the educational and medical work.

In Korea we have always exercised a strong and helpful influence since Commodore Shufeldt signed the treaty of peace and friendship at Rensan in May, 1882, after showing the Koreans the error of their ways and giving them much good advice. Here is another instance where a distinguished naval commander, diplo-

matist as well as fighter, asserted American influence where it was needed, and opened a people and country to commerce and friendly intercourse with other nations. America has always played a conspicuous part in the material development of Chosen, and has barely avoided being involved in some of the radical changes of government. To-day American capital is being heavily invested in mines, and the first railway from Chemulpo to Seoul has been constructed by an American company. A major portion of her foreign trade of \$12,000,000 is in the hands of other nations than America; but as it is growing rapidly, having increased over two hundred per cent. in the last six years, there is good opportunity for American products. What we lack in exports we make up, however, in capital invested in other enterprises, which are bringing good returns. Korea has an area larger than all New England, and a population exceeding ten millions. Therefore it can be seen, by comparing her figures of commerce with those of other nations, that she is only in the first steps of her material development. As in China and Siam, it remains for Americans themselves to decide whether they will gain their share of the legitimate spoils. The opportunity awaits them under favorable conditions.

Limits of space prevent an extended discussion of our opportunities in the Russian territory of Siberia; in German Kiau-chau and Shan-tung; in British Hong-kong, Singapore, and Malay; in French Tongking, Annam, and Cambodia; in Dutch Java; and in Japanese Formosa. It must be noted, as bearing on our policy in China and possible spheres of influence, that our trade in the English colonies, where there are no restrictions, is growing rapidly, and we are using them also as points of distribution, as do the British. In the French possessions our commerce is meagre, owing to restrictive and discriminating duties. In Java we do little but sell oil. In Siberia there is a growing field for exports of food-supplies, timber, and manufactured iron and machinery. We are awakening to its possibilities, and may find there markets that will rival those of China and Japan. As giving us encouragement in the solution of the Philippine problem, it is well to remember that wherever Russia, England, France, Holland, and Japan have assumed and exer-

cised sovereignty, they have invariably contributed to the peace, order, and good government of the dependent territory. In the case of France, the experiment has been a costly one to her, and Japan is having a difficult experience in Formosa, but the outlook now for both is brighter than ever before for a period of prosperity that will in some measure recompense them for their pains and expenditure. With England and Holland the experience has been and is a profitable one, and it has been largely with people and conditions similar to those we find in the Philippines.

V.—THE PHILIPPINES.

Turning finally and directly to the Philippines, I must emphasize that I take a more hopeful view of the future than do many. This is not based on mere hypothesis, or conclusions drawn after looking through long-distance glasses. Five years' residence among peoples and conditions not unlike those of the Philippines give me a basis for comparative reasoning. This is supplemented by extensive travels and prolonged visits to the Philippines. Several years ago, in times of peace, I travelled through the islands from Aparri, in the north end of Luzon, at the mouth of the great Cagayan River, to Zamboanga, in the southwest cape of Mindanao. I studied the people, the products, and the undeveloped resources carefully. Everywhere I was surprised by the generosity and hospitality of the natives, the wealth of the soil, the variety and prodigality of the crops, and the extent of rich forests of valuable timber, and the signs of iron, coal, gold, tin, and other mineral resources. The best comparison I can make is to repeat the one I have given before: compared to Nipon, the principal island of Japan, through the interior of which I have travelled from one end to the other, the advantage, except in area and population, is much in favor of Luzon, the chief island of the Philippine group. What is true of Luzon is true of the other islands in a lesser degree, with a few exceptions.

When we consider how the commerce and the opportunities for the investment of capital in Japan, Java, Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Burmah have developed beyond all early expectations and against the claims and prophecies of pessimists, it would seem logical to contend that the

Philippines, which rival them in physical riches, fertile areas, and undeveloped opportunities, should merit our best endeavors at exploitation, and meet our reasonable expectations. When our new methods are applied to the raising and marketing of the great Philippine staples—hemp, sugar, tobacco, copra, rice, and the multitude of lesser products, such as coffee, chocolate, spices, indigo, together with the development of the resources of iron, coal, gold, tin, and pearls of the Sooloos—and when we undertake the railway construction that the islands demand, with all that that means, and our engineers and prospectors travel over the country and locate its points and features of particular value, our investors and manufacturers will find a reward for their efforts which they do not now appreciate. The foreign trade, which averaged over \$32,000,000 per year under Spanish rule, should expand, under American administration to \$100,000,000 in the next two decades. The conclusions of those who in pessimistic mood say there will be no great market for American products in the Philippines must be classed with similar observations that were made on trade prospects in Japan and China twenty years ago—and what we have in those countries has come without extraordinary effort and before America really awakened to her Asiatic opportunity.

My first visit to the Philippines prepared the way for a much longer and more interesting experience in war-times. Going from Bangkok to Manila in May, 1898, just after the great battle, by courtesy of Admiral Dewey, I remained off and on for nearly a year, or until March, 1899, closely watching and studying the situation. Looking into the future, I believe that the end of the dry season, which is now well on, should see the complete overthrow of the insurrection, and the establishment of stable government and authority throughout the islands. The conflict with the natives has thus far been waged under the most adverse conditions of the hot, followed by the rainy, season. There has been, therefore, no fair opportunity for extended and successful military operations, and yet victory has uniformly been ours in battle. If so much could be done under a killing sun and driving, flooding rains, we can reasonably count on seeing the end of the struggle after the favorable

conditions provided by the cool dry months of November, December, January, and part of February have prepared the way. Given a large army to garrison captured points and relieve overworked regiments, we should see the year 1900 open with America in complete control of the Philippines.

The war we all regret. Those of us who watched the conditions that led up to the conflict believe that the Filipinos have been misled and unrighteously inspired to the waging and continuance of the conflict. When they are enlightened as to our true status and intentions, and their fighting leaders are captured, they will become subjects of good government as faithful as they have been earnest in combating it. In times of peace there is more to commend than to censure in the character of the Filipino, and he stands well the test of comparison with Siamese, Javanese, Annamese, and Malays, to whom he is related. There are sufficient able and educated men among them to develop a large degree of autonomy or self-government. With high-class Americans exercising a guiding and encouraging hand, there is no reason why eventually, with training and experience, the Filipinos should not attain all the privileges of absolute independence, and be protected from the dangers and limitations that its actual trial would entail. The more autonomy earned and merited by the Filipinos the better for us, as we shall escape the responsibility and evils of a large colonial staff appointed by political influence.

If we have good and wise men, prompted by patriotic and unselfish motives, to advise the Filipinos and steady them during the first few years of our administration, we shall be surprised at the result of our efforts, and shoulder successfully our share of the "white man's burden."

In concluding this discussion of American influence and opportunity in the Pacific and Far East, mention must be made of the salutary and far-reaching effect of Admiral Dewey's victory and occupation of the Philippines upon American prestige throughout all Asia. It has been almost magical. It has raised us from the standing and influence of a secondary power to the position and dignity of the most favored of nations.

At Tokyo, Peking, Seoul, and Bangkok we were formerly treated with polite deference, and even with that patronage which sometimes characterizes an attitude of friendly regard and long uninterrupted cordial relations; but we lacked that strong, forceful character and influence as the ranking nation of the Pacific which, now attained as a result of our new position and responsibility, gives our word and recommendations a meaning and hearing equal to those of any other power.

The United States is to-day the first power of the Pacific. She will forever hold that position if we master the situation in the Philippines, maintain our rights of trade in China, united or divided, lay a Pacific cable, and in the near future construct the Nicaragua Canal.

THEIR SILVER WEDDING JOURNEY*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

PART XI

LXIII.

FROM the window of the train as it drew out Mrs. March tried for a glimpse of the omnibus in which her protégés were now rolling away together. As they were quite out of sight in the omnibus, which was itself out of sight, she failed, but as she fell back against her seat she treated the recent incident with a complexity and simultaneity of which no report can give an idea. At the end

one fatal conviction remained: that in everything she had said she had failed to explain to Miss Triscoe how Burnamy happened to be in Weimar, and how he happened to be there with them in the station. She went over the entire ground again to see if she could discover the reason why she had made such an unaccountable break, and it appeared that she was led to it by March's rushing after her with Burnamy before she had had a chance

* Begun in January number, 1899.

to say a word about him; of course she could not say anything in his presence. This gave her some comfort, and there was consolation in the fact that she had left them together without the least intention or connivance, and now, no matter what happened, she could not accuse herself, and he could not accuse her of match-making.

He said that his own sense of guilt was so great that he should not dream of accusing her of anything, except of regret that now she could never claim the credit of bringing them together under circumstances so favorable. As soon as they were engaged they could join in renouncing her with a good conscience, and they would probably make this the basis of their efforts to propitiate the general.

She said she did not care, and with the mere removal of her lovers in space, her interest in them began to abate. They began to be of a minor importance in the anxieties of the change of trains at Halle, and in the excitement of settling into the express from Frankfort there were moments when they were altogether forgotten. The car was of almost American length, and it ran with almost American smoothness; when the conductor came and collected an extra fare for their seats, the Marches felt that if the charge had been two dollars instead of two marks, they would have had every advantage of American travel.

On the way to Berlin the country was now fertile and flat, and now sterile and flat; near the capital the level sandy waste spread almost to its gates. The train ran quickly through the narrow fringe of suburbs, and then they were in one of those vast Continental stations which put our outdated depots to shame. The good traeger who took possession of them and their hand-bags put their boxes on a baggage-bearing drosky, and then got them another drosky for their personal transportation. This was a drosky of the first class, but they would not have thought it so, either from the vehicle itself, or from the appearance of the driver and his horses. The public carriages of Germany are the shabbiest in the world; at Berlin the horses look like old hair trunks, and the drivers like their moth-eaten contents.

The Marches got no splendor for the two prices they paid, and their approach to their hotel on Unter den Linden was as unimpressive as the ignoble avenue it-

self. It was a moist, cold evening, and the mean, tiresome street slopped and splashed under its two rows of small trees, to which the thinning leaves clung like wet rags, between long lines of shops and hotels which had neither the grace of Paris nor the grandiosity of New York. March quoted in bitter derision,

"Bees, bees, was it your hydromel,
Under the Lindens?"

and his wife said that if Commonwealth Avenue in Boston could be imagined with its trees and without their beauty, flanked by the architecture of Sixth Avenue, with dashes of the west side of Union Square, that would be the famous Unter den Linden, where she had so resolutely decided that they would stay while in Berlin.

They had agreed upon the hotel, and neither could blame the other because it proved second rate in everything but its charges. They ate a poorish table d'hôte dinner in low spirits, served by an English-speaking waiter who said that it was a very warm evening, and they never knew whether this was because he was a humorist, or because he was lonely and wished to talk, or because it really was a warm evening, for Berlin. When they had finished, they went out and drove about the greater part of the evening, looking for another hotel, whose first requisite should be that it was not on Unter den Linden. What mainly determined Mrs. March in favor of the large, handsome, impersonal place they fixed upon at last was the fact that it was equipped for steam-heating; what determined March was the fact that it had a passenger-office, where, when he wished to leave, he could buy his railroad tickets and have his baggage checked without the maddening anxiety of doing it at the station. But it was precisely in these points that the hotel, which admirably fulfilled its other functions, fell short. The weather made a succession of efforts throughout their stay to clear up cold; it merely grew colder without clearing up; but this seemed to offer no suggestion of steam for heating their bleak apartment and the chilly corridors to the management. With the help of a large lamp which they kept burning night and day they got the temperature of their rooms up to sixty; there was neither stove nor fireplace; the cold electric bulbs diffused a frosty glare; and in the vast, stately

dining-room, with its vaulted roof, there was nothing to warm them but their plates, and the handles of their knives and forks, which, by a mysterious inspiration, were always hot. When they were ready to go, March experienced from the apathy of the baggage-clerk and the reluctance of the porters a more piercing distress than any he had known at the railroad stations; and one luckless valise which he ordered sent after him by express reached his bankers in Paris a fortnight overdue, with an accumulation of charges upon it outvaluing the books which it contained.

But these were minor defects in an establishment which had many merits, and was mainly of the temperament and intention of the large English railroad hotels. They looked from their windows down into a garden square, peopled with a full share of the superabounding statues of Berlin, and frequented by babies and nurse-maids who seemed not to mind the cold any more than the stone kings and kaisers. The aspect of this square, like the excellent cooking of the hotel and the architecture of the imperial capital, suggested the superior civilization of Paris. Even the rows of gray houses and private palaces of Berlin are in the French taste, which is the only taste there is in Berlin. The suggestion of Paris is constant, but it is of Paris in exile, and without the *chic* which the city wears in its native air. The crowd lacks this as much as the architecture and the sculpture; there is no distinction among the men except for now and then a military figure, and among the women no style such as relieves the commonplace rush of the New York streets. The Berliners are plain and ill dressed, both men and women, and even the little children are plain. Every one is ill dressed, but no one is ragged, and among the undersized homely folk of the lower classes there is no such poverty-stricken shabbiness as shocks and insults the sight in New York. That which distinctly recalls our metropolis is the lofty passage of the elevated trains intersecting the perspectives of many streets; but in Berlin the elevated road is carried on massive brick archways, and not lifted upon iron ladders like ours.

When you look away from it, and regard Berlin on its æsthetic side, you are again in that banished Paris, whose captive art-soul is made to serve, so far as it

may be enslaved to such an effect, in the celebration of the German triumph over France. Berlin has never the *presence* of a great capital, however, in spite of its perpetual monumental insistence. There is no streaming movement in broad vistas; the dull-looking population moves sluggishly; there is no show of fine equipages. The prevailing tone of the city and the sky is gray; but under the cloudy heaven there is no responsive Gothic solemnity in the architecture. There are hints of the older German cities in some of the remote and obscure streets; but otherwise all is as new as Boston, which in fact the actual Berlin hardly antedates.

There are easily more statues in Berlin than in any other city in the world, but they only unite in failing to give Berlin an artistic air. They stand in long rows on the cornices; they crowd into pediments; they poise on one leg above domes and arches; they shelter themselves in niches; they ride about on horseback; they sit or lounge on street corners or in garden walks; all with a mediocrity in the older sort which fails of any impression. If they were only furiously baroque they would be something, and it may be from a sense of this that there is a self-assertion in the recent sculptures, which are always patriotic, more noisy and bragging than anything else in perennial brass. This offensive art is the modern Prussian avatar of the old German romantic spirit, and bears the same relation to it that modern romanticism in literature bears to romance. It finds its apotheosis in the monument to Kaiser Wilhelm I., a vast incoherent group of swelling and swaggering bronze, commemorating the victory of the first Prussian Emperor in the war with the last French Emperor, and avenging by its ugliness the vanquished upon the victors. The ungainly and irrelevant assemblage of men and animals backs away from the imperial palace, and saves itself too soon from plunging over the border of a canal behind it, not far from Rauch's great statue of the great Frederick. To come to it from the simplicity and quiet of that noble work is like passing from some exquisite masterpiece of naturalistic acting to the rant and uproar of melodrama; and the Marches stood stunned and bewildered by the wild explosions.

When they could escape they found themselves so convenient to the imperial palace that they judged best to discharge

at once the obligation to visit it which must otherwise weigh upon them. They entered the court without opposition from the sentinel, and joined other strangers straggling instinctively toward a waiting-room in one corner of the building, where, after they had increased to some thirty, a custodian took charge of them, and led them up a series of inclined planes of brick to the state apartments. In the antechamber they found a provision of immense felt overshoes, which they were expected to put on for their passage over the waxed marquetry of the halls. These roomy slippers were designed for the accommodation of the native boots; and upon the mixed company of foreigners the effect was in the last degree humiliating. The women's skirts somewhat hid their disgrace, but the men were openly put to shame, and they shuffled forward with their bodies at a convenient incline like a company of snowshoers. In the depths of his own abasement March heard a female voice behind him sighing in American accents, "To think I should be polishing up these imperial floors with my republican feet!"

The protest expressed the rebellion which he felt mounting in his own heart as they advanced through the heavily splendid rooms, in the historical order of the family portraits recording the rise of the Prussian sovereigns from margraves to emperors. He began to realize here the fact which grew upon him more and more, that imperial Germany is not the effect of a popular impulse, but of a dynastic propensity. There is nothing original in the imperial palace, nothing national; it embodies and proclaims a powerful personal will, and in its adaptations of French art it appeals to no emotion in the German witness nobler than his pride in the German triumph over the French in war.

March found it tiresome beyond the tiresome wont of palaces, and he gladly shook off the sense of it with his felt shoes. "Well," he confided to his wife when they were fairly out-of-doors, "if Prussia rose in the strength of silence, as Carlyle wants us to believe, she is taking it out in talk now, and tall talk."

"Yes, isn't she!" Mrs. March assented, and with a passionate desire for excess in a bad thing, which we all know at times, she looked eagerly about her for proofs of that odious militarism of the empire, which ought to have been conspicuous in

the imperial capital; but possibly because the troops were nearly all away at the manœuvres, there were hardly more in the streets than she had sometimes seen in Washington. Again the German officers signally failed to offer her any rudeness when she met them on the sidewalks. There were scarcely any of them, and that might have been the reason why they were not more aggressive; but a whole company of soldiers marching carelessly up to the palace from the Brandenburg Gate, without music, or so much style as our own militia often puts on, regarded her with inoffensive eyes so far as they looked at her. She declared that personally there was nothing against the Prussians; even when in uniform they were kindly and modest-looking men; it was when they got up on pedestals, in bronze or marble, that they began to bully and to brag.

LXIV.

The dinner which the Marches got at a restaurant on Unter den Linden almost redeemed the avenue from the disgrace it had fallen into with them. It was the best meal they had yet eaten in Europe, and as to fact and form was a sort of compromise between a French dinner and an English dinner, that they did not hesitate to pronounce Prussian. The waiter who served it was a friendly spirit, very sensible of their intelligent appreciation of the dinner; and from him they formed a more respectful opinion of Berlin civilization than they had yet held. After the manner of strangers everywhere, they judged the country they were visiting from such of its inhabitants as chance brought them in contact with; and it would really be a good thing for a nation that wishes to stand well with the world at large to look carefully to the behavior of its cabmen and car-conductors, its hotel clerks and waiters, its theatre-ticket sellers and ushers, its policemen and sacristans, its landlords and salesmen; for by these rather than by its society women and its statesmen and divines is it really judged in the books of travelers; some attention also should be paid to the weather, if the climate is to be praised. In the railroad café at Potsdam there was a waiter so rude to the Marches that if they had not been people of great strength of character he would have undone the favorable impression the soldiers and civilians of Berlin generally

had been at such pains to produce in them; and throughout the week of early September which they passed there, it rained so much and so bitterly, it was so wet and so cold, that they might have come away thinking it the worst climate in the world, if it had not been for a man whom they saw in one of the public gardens pouring a heavy stream from his garden hose upon the shrubbery already soaked and shuddering in the cold. But this convinced them that they were suffering from weather and not from the climate, which must really be hot and dry; and they went home to their hotel and sat contentedly down in a temperature of sixty degrees. The weather was not always so bad: one day it was dry cold instead of wet cold, with rough, rusty clouds breaking a blue sky; another day, up to eleven in the forenoon, it was like Indian summer; then it changed to a harsh November air: and then it relented, and ended so mildly that they hired chairs in the place before the imperial palace for five pfennigs each, and sat watching the life before them. Motherly women folk were there knitting; two American girls in chairs near them chatted together; some fine equipages, the only ones they saw in Berlin, went by; some schoolboys who had hung their satchels upon the low railing were playing about the base of the statue of King William III. in the joyous freedom of German childhood.

They seemed the gayer for the brief moments of sunshine, but to the Americans, who were Southern by virtue of their sky, the brightness had a sense of lurking winter in it, such as they remembered feeling on a sunny day in Quebec. The blue heaven looked sad; but they agreed that it fitly roofed the bit of old feudal Berlin which forms the most ancient wing of the Schloss. This was time-blackened and rude, but at least it did not try to be French, and it overhung the Spree, which winds through the city and gives it the greatest charm it has. In fact Berlin, which is otherwise so grandiose without grandeur and so severe without impressiveness, is sympathetic wherever the Spree opens it to the sky. The stream is spanned by many bridges, and bridges cannot well be unpicturesque, especially if they have statues to help them out. The Spree abounds in bridges, and it has a charming habit of slow hay-laden

barges; at the landings of the little passenger-steamers which ply upon it there are cafés and summer gardens, and these even in the inclement air of September suggested a friendly gayety.

The Marches saw it best in the tour of the elevated road in Berlin which they made in an impassioned memory of the elevated road in New York. The brick viaducts which carry it arch the Spree again and again in their course through and around the city, but with never quite such spectacular effects as our spidery tressels achieve. The stations are pleasant, sometimes with lunch-counters and news-stands, but have not the comic-opera-chalet prettiness of ours, and are not so frequent. The road is not so smooth, the cars not so smooth-running or so swift. On the other hand they are comfortably cushioned, and they are never overcrowded. The line is at times above, at times below the houses, and at times on a level with them, alike in city and in suburbs. The train whirled out of thickly built districts, past the backs of the old houses, into outskirts thinly populated, with new houses springing up without order or continuity among the meadows and vegetable-gardens, and along the ready-made, elm-planted avenues, where wooden fences divided the vacant lots. Everywhere the city was growing out over the country, in blocks and detached edifices of limestone, sandstone, red and yellow brick, larger or smaller, of no more uniformity than our suburban dwellings, but never of their ugliness or lawless offensiveness.

In an effort for the intimate life of the country, March went two successive mornings for his breakfast to the Café Bauer, which has some admirable wall-paintings, and is the chief café on Unter den Linden; but on both days there were more people in the paintings than out of them. The second morning the waiter who took his order recognized him and asked, "Wie gestern?" and from this he argued an affectionate constancy in the Berliners, and a hospitable observance of the tastes of strangers. At his bankers', on the other hand, the cashier scrutinized his signature and remarked that it did not look like the signature in his letter of credit, and then he inferred a suspicious mind in the moneyed classes of Prussia; as he had not been treated with such unkind doubt by Hebrew bankers any-

where, he made a mental note that the Jews were politer than the Christians in Germany. In starting for Potsdam he asked a traeger where the Potsdam train was, and the man said, "Dat train dare," and in coming back he helped a fat old lady out of the car, and she thanked him in English. From these incidents, both occurring the same day in the same place, the inference of a widespread knowledge of our language was inevitable.

In this obvious and easy manner he studied contemporary civilization in the capital. He even carried his researches farther, and went one rainy afternoon to an exhibition of modern pictures in a pavilion of the Thiergarten, where from the small attendance he inferred an indifference to the arts which he would not ascribe to the weather. One evening at a summer theatre where they gave the pantomime of the *Puppenfee* and the operetta of *Hänsel und Gretel*, he observed that the greater part of the audience was composed of nice plain young girls and children, and he noted that there was no sort of evening dress; from the large number of Americans present he imagined a numerous colony in Berlin, where they must have an instinctive sense of their co-nationality, since one of them, in the stress of getting his hat and overcoat when they all came out, confidently addressed him in English. But he took stock of his impressions with his wife, and they seemed to him so few, after all, that he could not resist a painful sense of isolation in the midst of the environment.

They made a Sunday excursion to the Zoological Gardens in the Thiergarten, with a large crowd of the lower classes, but though they had a great deal of trouble in getting there by the various kinds of horse-cars and electric cars, they did not feel that they had got near to the popular life. They endeavored for some sense of Berlin society by driving home in a drosky, and on the way they passed rows of beautiful houses, in French and Italian taste, fronting the deep, damp green park from the Thiergartenstrasse, in which they were confident cultivated and delightful people lived; but they remained to the last with nothing but their unsupported conjecture.

LXV.

Their excursion to Potsdam was the cream of their sojourn in Berlin. They

chose for it the first fair morning, and they ran out over the flat sandy plains surrounding the capital and among the low hills surrounding Potsdam before it actually began to rain. They wished immediately to see Sans Souci for the great Frederick's sake, and they drove through a lively shower to the palace, where they waited with a horde of twenty-five other tourists in a gusty colonnade before they were led through Voltaire's room and Frederick's death-chamber.

The French philosopher comes before the Prussian prince at Sans Souci even in the palatial villa which expresses the wilful caprice of the great Frederick as few edifices have embodied the whims or tastes of their owners. The whole affair is eighteenth-century French, as the Germans conceived it. The gardened terrace from which the low, one-story building, thickly crusted with baroque sculptures, looks down into a many-colored parterre was luxuriantly French, and sentimentally French the colonnaded front opening to a perspective of artificial ruins, with broken pillars lifting a conscious fragment of architrave against the sky. Within, all again was French in the design, the decoration, and the furnishing. At that time there was in fact no other taste, and Frederick, who despised and disused his native tongue, was resolved upon French taste even in his intimate companionship. The droll story of his coquetry with the terrible free spirit which he got from France to be his guest is vividly reanimated at Sans Souci, where one breathes the very air in which the strangely assorted companions lived, and in which they parted so soon, to pursue each other with brutal annoyance on one side, and with merciless mockery on the other. Voltaire was long ago revenged upon his host for all the indignities he suffered from him in their comedy; he left deeply graven upon Frederick's fame the trace of those lacerating talons which he could strike to the quick; and it is the singular effect of this scene of their brief friendship that one feels there the pre-eminence of the wit in whatever was most important to mankind.

The rain had lifted a little and the sun shone out on the bloom of the lovely parterre, where the Marches profited by a smiling moment to wander among the statues and the roses heavy with the shower. Then they walked back to their

carriage and drove to the New Palace, which expresses in differing architectural terms the same subjection to an alien ideal of beauty. It is thronged without by delightfully preposterous rococo statues, and within it is rich in all those curiosities and memorials of royalty with which palaces so well know how to fatigue the flesh and spirit of their visitors.

The Marches escaped from it all with sighs and groans of relief, and before they drove off to see the great fountain of the Orangeries they dedicated a moment of pathos to the Temple of Friendship, which Frederick built in memory of unhappy Wilhelmina of Beyreuth, the sister he loved in the common sorrow of their wretched home, and neglected when he came to his kingdom. It is beautiful in its rococo way, swept up to on its terrace by most noble staircases, and swaggered over by baroque allegories of all sorts. Everywhere the statues outnumbered the visitors, who may have been kept away by the rain; the statues naturally did not mind it.

Sometime in the midst of their sight-seeing the Marches had dinner in a mildewed restaurant, where a compatriotic accent caught their ear in a voice saying to the waiter, "We are in a hurry." They looked round and saw that it proceeded from the pretty nose of a young American girl, who sat with a party of young American girls at a neighboring table. Then they perceived that all the people in that restaurant were Americans, mostly young girls, who all looked as if they were in a hurry. But neither their beauty nor their impatience had the least effect with the waiter, who prolonged the dinner at his pleasure, and alarmed the Marches with the misgiving that they should not have time for the final palace on their list.

This was the palace where the father of Frederick, the mad old Frederick William, brought up his children with that severity which Solomon urged but probably did not practise. It is a vast place, but they had time for it all, though the custodian made the most of them as the latest comers of the day, and led them through it with a prolixity as great as their waiters. They saw everything but the doorway where the faithful royal father used to lie in wait for his children and beat them, princes and princesses alike, with his knobby cane as they came

through. They might have seen this doorway without knowing it; but from the window overlooking the parade-ground where his family watched the manœuvres of his gigantic grenadiers they made sure of just such puddles as Frederick William forced his family to sit with their feet in while they dined *al fresco* on pork and cabbage. The measuring-board against which he took the stature of his tall grenadiers is there, and one room is devoted to those masterpieces which he used to paint in the agonies of gout. His *chef-d'œuvre* contains a figure with two left feet, and there seemed no reason why it might not have had three. In another room is a small statue of Carlyle, who did so much to rehabilitate the house which the daughter of it, Wilhelmina, did so much to demolish in the regard of men.

The palace is now mostly kept for guests, and there is a chamber where Napoleon slept, which is not likely to be occupied soon by any other self-invited guest of his nation. It is perhaps to keep the princes of Europe humble that hardly a palace on the Continent is without the chamber of this adventurer, who, till he stooped to be like them, was easily their master. Another democracy had here recorded its invasion in the American stoves which the custodian pointed out in the corridor when Mrs. March, with as little delay as possible, had proclaimed their country. The custodian professed an added respect for them from the fact, and if he did not feel it, no doubt he merited the drink-money which they lavished on him at parting.

Their driver also was a congenial spirit, and when he let them out of his carriage at the station he laughed with them at the bad weather, as if it had been a good joke on them. His gayety, and the red sunset light, which shone on the stems of the pines on the way back to Berlin, contributed to the content in which they reviewed their visit to Potsdam. They agreed that the place was perfectly charming, and that it was incomparably expressive of kingly will and pride. These had done there on the grand scale what all the German princes and princelings had tried to do in imitation and emulation of French splendor. In Potsdam the grandeur was not a historical growth as at Versailles, but was the effect of family genius, in which there was often the curious fascination of insanity.

They felt this strongly again amidst the futile monuments of the Hohenzollern Museum, in Berlin, where all the portraits, effigies, personal belongings, and memorials of that gifted, eccentric race are gathered and historically disposed. The princes of the mighty line who stand out from the rest are Frederick the Great and his infuriate father; and in the waxen likeness of the son, a small thin figure, terribly spry, and a face pitilessly alert, appears something of the madness which showed in the life of the sire.

They went through the many rooms in which the memorials of the kings and queens, the emperors and empresses were carefully ordered, and felt no kindness except before the relics relating to the Emperor Frederick and his mother. In the presence of the greatest of the dynasty they experienced a kind of terror, which March expressed, when they were safely away, in the confession of his joy that those people were dead.

LXVI.

The rough weather which made Berlin almost uninhabitable to Mrs. March had such an effect with General Triscoe at Weimar that under the orders of an English-speaking doctor he retreated from it altogether and went to bed. Here he escaped the bronchitis which had attacked him, and his convalescence left him so little to complain of that he could not always keep his temper. In the absence of actual offence, either from his daughter or from Burnamy, his sense of injury took a retroactive form; it centred first in Stoller and the twins; then it diverged toward Rose Adding, his mother, and Kenby, and finally involved the Marches in the same measure of inculpation; for they had each and all had part, directly or indirectly, in the chances that brought on his cold.

He owed to Burnamy the comfort of the best room in the hotel, and he was constantly dependent upon his kindness; but he made it evident that he did not over-value Burnamy's sacrifice and devotion, and that it was not an unmixed pleasure, however great a convenience, to have him about. In giving up his room, Burnamy had proposed going out of the hotel altogether; but General Triscoe heard of this with almost as great vexation as he had accepted the room. He besought him not to go, but so ungraciously that his daugh-

ter was ashamed, and tried to atone for his manner by the kindness of her own.

Perhaps General Triscoe would not have been without excuse if he were not eager to have her share with destitute merit the fortune which she had hitherto shared only with him. He was old, and certain luxuries had become habits if not necessities with him. Of course he did not say this to himself, and still less did he say it to her. But he let her see that he did not enjoy the chance which had thrown them again in such close relations with Burnamy, and he did not hide his belief that the Marches were somehow to blame for it. This made it impossible for her to write at once to Mrs. March as she had promised; but she was determined that it should not make her unjust to Burnamy. She would not avoid him; she would not let anything that had happened keep her from showing that she felt his kindness and was glad of his help.

Of course they knew no one else in Weimar, and his presence merely as a fellow-countryman would have been precious. He got them a doctor, against General Triscoe's will; he went for his medicines; he lent him books and papers; he sat with him and tried to amuse him. But with the girl he attempted no return to the situation at Carlsbad; there is nothing like the delicate pride of a young man who resolves to forego unfair advantage in love.

The day after their arrival, when her father was making up for the sleep he had lost by night, she found herself alone in the little reading-room of the hotel with Burnamy for the first time, and she said: "I suppose you must have been all over Weimar by this time."

"Well, I've been here, off and on, almost a month. It's an interesting place. There's a good deal of the old literary quality left."

"And you enjoy that! I saw"—she added this with a little unnecessary flush—"your poem in the paper you lent papa."

"I suppose I ought to have kept that back. But I couldn't." He laughed, and she said:

"You must find a great deal of inspiration in such a literary place."

"It isn't lying about loose, exactly." Even in the serious and perplexing situation in which he found himself he could not help being amused with her unlitera-

ry notions of literature, her conventional and commonplace conceptions of it. They had their value with him as those of a more fashionable world than his own, which he believed was somehow a greater world. At the same time he believed that she was now interposing them between the present and the past, and forbidding with them any return to the mood of their last meeting in Carlsbad. He looked at her ladylike composure and unconsciousness, and wondered if she could be the same person and he the same person as they who lost themselves in the crowd that night and heard and said words palpitant with fate. Perhaps there had been no such words; perhaps it was all a hallucination. He must leave her to recognize that it was reality; till she did so, he felt bitterly that there was nothing for him but submission and patience; if she never did so, there was nothing for him but acquiescence.

In this talk and in the talks they had afterwards she seemed willing enough to speak of what had happened since: of coming on to Würzburg with the Addings, and of finding the Marches there; of Rose's collapse, and of his mother's flight seaward with him in the care of Kenby, who was so fortunately going to Holland too. He on his side told her of going to Würzburg for the manœuvres, and they agreed that it was very strange they had not met.

She did not try to keep their relations from taking the domestic character which was inevitable, and it seemed to him that this in itself was significant of a determination on her part that was fatal to his hopes. He believed that if she had been more diffident of him, more uneasy in his presence, he should have had more courage; but for her to breakfast unafraid with him, to meet him at lunch and dinner in the little dining-room where they were often the only guests, and always the only English-speaking guests, was nothing less than prohibitive.

In the hotel service there was one of those men who are porters in this world but will be angels in the next, unless the perfect goodness of their looks, the constant kindness of their acts, belie them. The Marches had known and loved the man in their brief stay, and he had been the fast friend of Burnamy from the moment they first saw each other at the station. He had tenderly taken possession

of General Triscoe on his arrival, and had constituted himself the nurse and keeper of the irascible invalid, in the intervals of going to the trains, with a zeal that often relieved his daughter and Burnamy. The general in fact preferred him to either, and a tacit custom grew up by which when August knocked at his door, and offered himself in his few words of serviceable English, that one of them who happened to be sitting with the general gave way and left him in charge. The retiring watcher was then apt to encounter the other watcher on the stairs, or in the reading-room, or in the tiny, white-pebbled door-yard at a little table in the shade of the wooden-tubbed evergreens. From the habit of doing this they one day suddenly formed the habit of going across the street to that gardened hollow before and below the Grand-Ducal Museum. There was here a bench in the shelter of some late-flowering bush which the few other frequenters of the place soon recognized as belonging to the young strangers, so that they would silently rise and leave it to them when they saw them coming. Apparently they yielded not only to their right, but to a certain authority which resides in lovers, and which all other men, and especially all other women, like to acknowledge and respect.

It was known that the gracious young lady's father, who would naturally have accompanied them, was sick, and in the fact that they were Americans much extenuation was found for whatever was phenomenal in their unencumbered enjoyment of each other's society. But if their free American association was indistinguishably like the peasant informality which General Triscoe despised in the relations of Kenby and Mrs. Adding, it is to be said in his excuse that he could not be fully cognizant of it, in the circumstances, and so could do nothing to prevent it. His pessimism extended to his health: from the first he believed himself worse than the doctor thought him, and he would have had some other physician if he had not found consolation in their difference of opinion and the consequent contempt which he was enabled to cherish for the doctor in view of the man's complete ignorance of the case. In proof of his own better understanding of it, he remained in bed some time after the doctor said he might get up.



"THEIR DRIVER ALSO WAS A CONGENIAL SPIRIT."--[PAGE 992]

Nearly ten days had passed before he left his room, and it was not till then that he clearly saw how far affairs had gone with his daughter and Burnamy, though even then his observance seemed to have anticipated theirs. He found them in a quiet acceptance of the fortune which had brought them together, so contented that they appeared to ask nothing more of it. The divine patience and confidence of their youth might sometimes have had almost the effect of indifference to a witness who had seen its evolution from the moods of the first few days of their reunion in Weimar. To General Triscoe, however, it looked like an understanding which had been made without reference to his wishes, and had not been directly brought to his knowledge.

"Agatha," he said, after due note of a gay contest between her and Burnamy over the pleasure and privilege of ordering his supper sent to his room when he had gone back to it from his first afternoon in the open air, "how long is that young man going to stay in Weimar?"

"Why, I don't know!" she answered, startled from her work of beating the sofa pillows into shape, and pausing with one of them in her hand. "I never asked him." She looked down candidly into her father's face where he sat in an easy-chair waiting for her arrangement of the sofa. "What makes you ask?"

He answered with another question. "Does he know that we had thought of staying here?"

"Why, we've always talked of that, haven't we? Yes, he knows it. Didn't you want him to know it, papa? You ought to have begun on the ship, then. Of course I've asked him what sort of place it was. I'm sorry if you didn't want me to."

"Have I said that? It's perfectly easy to push on to Paris. Unless—"

"Unless what?" Agatha dropped the pillow, and listened respectfully. But in spite of her filial attitude she could not keep her youth and strength and courage from quelling the forces of the elderly man.

He said querulously: "I don't see why you take that tone with me. You certainly know what I mean. But if you don't care to deal openly with me, I won't ask you." He dropped his eyes from her face, and at the same time a deep blush began to tinge it, growing up from her

neck to her forehead. "You must know—you're not a child," he continued, still with averted eyes—"that this sort of thing can't go on. It must be something else, or it mustn't be anything at all. I don't ask you for your confidence, and you know that I've never sought to control you."

This was not the least true, but Agatha answered, either absently or provisionally, "No."

"And I don't seek to do so now. If you have nothing that you wish to tell me—"

He waited, and after what seemed a long time, she asked as if she had not heard him, "Will you lie down a little before your supper, papa?"

"I will lie down when I feel like it," he answered. "Send August with the supper; he can look after me."

His resentful tone, even more than his words, dismissed her, but she left him without apparent grievance, saying quietly, "I will send August."

LXVII.

Agatha did not come down to supper with Burnamy. She asked August, when she gave him her father's order, to have a cup of tea sent to her room, where, when it came, she remained thinking so long that it was rather tepid by the time she drank it. Then she went to her window and looked out, first above and next below. Above, the moon was hanging over the garden hollow before the Museum with the airy lightness of an American moon. Below was Burnamy behind the tubbed evergreens, sitting tilted in his chair against the house wall, with the spark of his cigar fainting and flashing like an American fire-fly. Agatha went down to the door, after a little delay, and seemed surprised to find him there; at least she said, "Oh!" in a tone of surprise.

Burnamy stood up, and answered, "Nice night."

"Beautiful!" she breathed. "I didn't suppose the sky in Germany could ever be so clear."

"It seems to be doing its best."

"The flowers over there look like ghosts in the light," she said, dreamily.

"They're not. Don't you want to get your hat and wrap, and go over and expose the fraud?"

"Oh!" she answered, as if it were

merely a question of the hat and wrap. "I have them."

They sauntered through the garden walks for a while, long enough to have

Carlsbad." At the last word his heart gave a jump that seemed to lodge it in his throat and kept him from speaking, so that she could resume without inter-



"HOW LONG IS THAT YOUNG MAN GOING TO STAY IN WEIMAR?"

ascertained that there was not a veridical phantom among the flowers, if they had been looking; and then, when they came to their accustomed seat, they sat down, and she said, "I don't know that I've seen the moon so clear since we left

ruption: "I've got something of yours, that you left at the Posthof. The girl that broke the dishes found it, and Lili gave it to Mrs. March for you." This did not account for Agatha's having the thing, whatever it was; but when she

took a handkerchief from her belt, and put out her hand with it toward him, he seemed to find that her having it had necessarily followed. He tried to take it from her, but his own hand trembled so that it clung to hers, and he gasped, "Can't you say *now*, what you wouldn't say then?"

The logical sequence was no more obvious than before; but she apparently felt it in her turn as he had felt it in his. She whispered back, "Yes," and then she could not get out anything more till she entreated, in a half-stifled voice, "Oh, don't!"

"No, no!" he panted. "I won't—I oughtn't to have done it—I beg your pardon—I oughtn't to have spoken—even—I—"

She returned in a far less breathless and tremulous fashion, but still between laughing and crying: "I meant to make you. And now, if you're ever sorry, or I'm ever too topping about anything, you can be perfectly free to say that you'd never have spoken if you hadn't seen that I wanted you to."

"But I didn't see any such thing," he protested. "I spoke because I couldn't help it any longer."

She laughed triumphantly. "Of course you think so! And that *shows* that you are only a man after all; in spite of your finessing. But I am going to have the credit of it. I knew that you were holding back because you were too proud, or thought you hadn't the right, or something. Weren't you?" She startled him with the sudden vehemence of her challenge. "If you pretend that you weren't, I shall never forgive you!"

"But I was! Of course I was. I was afraid—"

"Isn't that what I said?" She triumphed over him with another laugh, and covered a little closer to him, if that could be.

They were standing, without knowing how they had got to their feet; and now, without any purpose of the kind, they began to stroll again among the garden paths, and to ask and to answer questions, which touched every point of their common history, and yet left it a mine of inexhaustible knowledge for all future time. Out of the sweet and dear delight of this encyclopedian reserve two or three facts appeared with a present distinctness. One of these was that Burna-

my had regarded her refusal to be definite at Carlsbad as definite refusal, and had meant never to see her again, and certainly never to speak again of love to her. Another point was that she had not resented his coming back that last night, but had been proud and happy in it as proof of his love, and had always meant somehow to let him know that she was touched by his trusting her enough to come back while he was still under that cloud with Mr. Stoller. With further logic, purely of the heart, she acquitted him altogether of wrong in that affair, and alleged in proof what Mr. Stoller had said of it to Mr. March. Burnamy owned that he knew what Stoller had said, but even in his present condition he could not accept fully her reading of that obscure passage of his life. He preferred to put the question by, and perhaps they neither of them cared anything about it except as it related to the fact that they were now each other's forever.

They agreed that they must write to Mr. and Mrs. March at once; or at least, Agatha said, as soon as she had spoken to her father. At her mention of her father she was aware of a doubt, a fear, in Burnamy which expressed itself by scarcely more than a spiritual consciousness from his arm to the hands which she had clasped within it. "He has always appreciated you," she said, courageously, "and I know he will see it in the right light."

She probably meant no more than to affirm her faith in her own ability finally to bring her father to a just mind concerning it; but Burnamy accepted her assurance with buoyant hopefulness, and said he would see General Triscoe the first thing in the morning.

"No; I will see him," she said; "I wish to see him first; he will expect it of me. We had better go in, now," she added, but neither made any motion for the present to do so. On the contrary they walked in the other direction, and it was an hour after Agatha declared their duty in the matter before they tried to fulfil it.

Then, indeed, after they returned to the hotel, she lost no time in going to her father beyond that which must be given to a long hand-pressure under the fresco of the five poets on the stairs landing, where her ways and Burnamy's parted. She went into her own room, and softly

opened the door into her father's and listened.

"Well?" he said, in a sort of challenging voice.

"Have you been asleep?" she asked.

"I've just blown out my light. What has kept you?"

She did not reply categorically. Standing there in the sheltering dark, she said: "Papa, I *wasn't* very candid with you, this afternoon. I *am* engaged to Mr. Burnamy."

"Light the candle," said her father. "Or no," he added before she could do so. "Is it quite settled?"

"Quite," she answered, in a voice that admitted of no doubt. "That is, as far as it can be, without you."

"Don't be a hypocrite, Agatha," said the general. "And let me try to get to sleep. You know I don't like it, and you know I can't help it."

"Yes," the girl assented.

"Then go to bed."

Agatha did not obey her father. She thought she ought to kiss him, but she decided that she had better postpone this; so she merely gave him a tender good-night, to which he made no response, and shut herself into her own room, where she remained sitting and staring out into the moonlight, with a smile that never left her lips. When the moon sank below the horizon, the sky was pale with the coming day, but before it was fairly dawn she saw something white, not much greater than some moths, moving before her window. She pulled the valves open and found it a bit of paper attached to a thread dangling from above. She broke it loose, and in the morning twilight she read the great central truth of the universe:

"I love you.—L. J. B."

She wrote under the tremendous inspiration:

"So do I. Don't be silly.—A. T."

She fastened the paper to the thread again, and gave it a little twitch. She waited for the low note of laughter which did not fail to flutter down from above; then she threw herself upon the bed, and fell asleep.

It was not so late as she thought when she woke, and it seemed, at breakfast, that Burnamy had been up still earlier. Of the three involved in the anxiety of the night before, General Triscoe was still respired from it by sleep, but he woke much more haggard than either of the

young people. They, in fact, were not at all haggard; the worst was over, if bringing their engagement to his knowledge was the worst; the formality of asking his consent which Burnamy still had to go through was unpleasant, but after all it was a formality. Agatha told him everything that had passed between herself and her father, and if it had not that cordiality on his part which they could have wished, it was certainly not hopelessly discouraging. They agreed at breakfast that Burnamy had better have it over as quickly as possible, and he waited only till August came down with the general's tray before going up to his room. The young fellow did not feel more at his ease than the elder meant he should in taking the chair to which the general waved him from where he lay in bed; and there was no talk wasted upon the weather between them.

"I suppose I know what you have come for, Mr. Burnamy," said General Triscoe, in a tone which was rather judicial than otherwise, "and I suppose you know why you have come. I don't pretend that this event is unexpected, but I should like to know what reason you have for thinking I should wish you to marry my daughter. I take it for granted that you are attached to each other, and we won't waste time on that point. Not to beat about the bush, on the next point, let me ask at once what your means of supporting her are. How much did you earn on that newspaper in Chicago?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars," Burnamy answered, promptly enough.

"Did you earn anything more, say within the last year?"

"I got three hundred dollars advance copyright for a book I sold to a publisher." The glory had not yet faded from the fact in Burnamy's mind.

"Eighteen hundred. What did you get for your poem in March's book?"

"That's a very trifling matter: fifteen dollars."

"And your salary as private secretary to that man Stoller?"

"Thirty dollars a week, and my expenses. But I wouldn't take that, General Triscoe," said Burnamy.

General Triscoe, from his *lit de justice*, passed this point in silence. "Have you any one dependent on you?"

"My mother—I take care of my mother," answered Burnamy, proudly.

"Since you have broken with Stoller, what are your prospects?"

"I have none."

"Then you don't expect to support my daughter; you expect to live upon her means."

"I expect to do nothing of the kind!" cried Burnamy. "I should be ashamed—I should feel disgraced—I should—I don't ask you—I don't ask her till I *have* the means to support her—"

"If you were very fortunate," continued the general, unmoved by the young fellow's pain, and unperturbed by the fact that he had himself lived upon his wife's means as long as she lived, and then upon his daughter's—"if you went back to Stoller—"

"I wouldn't *go* back to him. I don't say he's knowingly a rascal, but he's ignorantly a rascal, and he proposed a rascally thing to me. I behaved badly to him, and I'd give anything to undo the wrong I let him do himself, but I'll never go back to him."

"If you went back, on your old salary," the general persisted pitilessly, "you would be very fortunate if you brought your earnings up to twenty-five hundred a year."

"Yes—"

"And how far do you think that would go in supporting my daughter on the scale she is used to? I don't speak of your mother, who has the first claim upon you."

Burnamy sat dumb; and his head, which he had lifted indignantly when the question was of Stoller, began to sink.

The general went on: "You ask me to give you my daughter when you haven't money enough to keep her in gowns; you ask me to give her to a stranger—"

"Not quite a stranger, General Triscoe," Burnamy protested. "You have known me for three months, at least, and any one who knows me in Chicago will tell you—"

"A stranger, and worse than a stranger," the general continued, so pleased with the logical perfection of his position that he almost smiled, and certainly softened toward Burnamy. "It isn't a question of *liking* you, Mr. Burnamy, but of knowing you. My daughter likes you; so do the Marches; so does everybody who has met you. I like you myself. You've done me personally a thousand kindnesses. But I know very little of you, in spite of our three months' acquaintance; and that

little is— But you shall judge for yourself! You were in the confidential employ of a man who trusted you, and you let him betray himself."

"I did. I don't excuse it. The thought of it burns like fire. But it wasn't done maliciously; it wasn't done falsely; it was done inconsiderately; and when it was done, it seemed irrevocable. But it wasn't; I could have prevented, I could have stopped the mischief; and I didn't! I can never outlive *that*."

"I know," said the general, relentlessly, "that you have never attempted any defence. That has been to your credit with me. It inclined me to overlook your unwarranted course in writing to my daughter when you told her you would never see her again. I thought that was rather fine, and rather manly. What did you expect me to think, after that, of your coming back to see her? Or didn't you expect me to know it?"

"I expected you to know it; I knew she would tell you. But I don't excuse that, either. It was acting a lie to come back. All I can say is that I *had* to see her again for one last time."

"And to make sure that it was to be the last time, you offered yourself to her."

"I couldn't help doing that."

"I don't say you could. I don't judge the facts at all. I leave them altogether to you; and you shall say what a man in my position ought to say to such a man as you have shown yourself."

"No; *I* will say." The door into the adjoining room was flung open, and Agatha flashed in from it.

Her father looked coldly at her impassioned face. "Have you been listening?" he asked.

"I have been *hearing*—"

"Oh!" As nearly as a man could, in bed, General Triscoe shrugged.

"I suppose I had a right to be in my own room. I couldn't help hearing; and I was perfectly astonished at you, papa, the cruel way you went on, after all you've said about Mr. Stoller, and his getting no more than he deserved."

"That doesn't justify me," Burnamy began, but she cut him short almost as severely as she had dealt with her father.

"Yes, it does! It justifies you perfectly! And his wanting you to falsify the whole thing afterwards, *more* than justifies you."

Neither of the men attempted anything in reply to her casuistry; they both looked equally posed by it, for different reasons; and Agatha went on as vehemently as before, addressing herself now to one and now to the other.

"And besides, if it didn't justify you, what you have done yourself would; and your never denying it, or trying to excuse it, makes it the same as if you hadn't done it, as far as you are concerned; and that is all I care for." Burnamy started, as if with the sense of having heard something like this before, and with surprise at hearing it now; and she flushed a little as she added, tremulously, "And I should never, never blame you for it, after that; it's only trying to wriggle out of things which I despise, and you've never done that. And he simply *had* to come back," she turned to her father, "and tell me himself just how it was. And you said yourself, papa—or the same as said—that he had no right to suppose I was interested in his affairs unless he—unless— And I should never have forgiven him, if he hadn't told me then that he—that he had come back because he—felt the way he did. I consider that that exonerated him for breaking his word, *completely*. If he *hadn't* broken his word I should have thought he had acted very cruelly and—and *strangely*. And ever since then he has behaved so nobly, so honorably, so delicately, that I don't believe he would ever have said anything again—if I hadn't fairly forced him. Yes! Yes, I did!" she cried at a movement of remonstrance from Burnamy. "And I shall always be proud of you for it." Her father stared steadfastly at her, and he only lifted his eyebrows, for change of expression, when she went over to where Burnamy stood and put her hand in his with a certain childlike impetuosity. "And as for the rest," she declared, "everything I have is his; just as everything of his would be mine if I had nothing. Or if he wishes to take me without anything, then he can have me so, and I sha'n't be afraid but we can get along somehow." She added, "I have managed without a maid ever since I left home, and *poverty* has no terrors for me."

LXVIII.

General Triscoe submitted to defeat with the patience which soldiers learn. He did not submit amiably; that would

have been out of character, and perhaps out of reason; but Burnamy and Agatha were both so amiable that they supplied good-humor for all. They flaunted their rapture in her father's face as little as they could, but he may have found their serene satisfaction, their settled confidence in their fate, as hard to bear as a more boisterous happiness would have been.

It was agreed among them all that they were to return soon to America, and Burnamy was to find some sort of literary or journalistic employment in New York. She was much surer than he that this could be done with perfect ease; but they were of an equal mind that General Triscoe was not to be disturbed in any of his habits, or vexed in the tenor of his living; and until Burnamy was at least self-supporting there must be no talk of their being married.

The talk of their being engaged was quite enough for the time. It included complete and minute autobiographies on both sides, reciprocal analyses of character, a scientifically exhaustive comparison of tastes, ideas, and opinions; a profound study of their respective chins, noses, eyes, hands, heights, complexions, moles, and freckles, with some account of their several friends. In this occupation, which was profitably varied by the confession of exactly what they had each thought and felt and dreamt concerning the other at every instant since they met, they passed rapidly the days which the persistent anxiety of General Triscoe interposed before the date of their leaving Weimar for Paris, where it was arranged that they should spend a month before sailing for New York. Burnamy had a notion, which Agatha approved, of trying for something there on the New York-Paris *Chronicle*; and if he got it, they might not go home at once. His gains from that paper had eked out his copyright from his book, and had almost paid his expenses in getting the material which he had contributed to it. They were not so great, however, but that his gold reserve was reduced to less than a hundred dollars, counting the silver coinages which had remained to him in crossing and re-crossing frontiers. He was at times dimly conscious of his finances, but he buoyantly disregarded the facts, as incompatible with his status as Agatha's betrothed, if not unworthy of his character as a lover in the abstract.

The afternoon before they were to leave Weimar they spent mostly in the garden before the Grand-Ducal Museum, in a conference so important that when it came on to rain, at one moment, they put up Burnamy's umbrella, and continued to sit under it rather than interrupt the proceedings even to let Agatha go back to the hotel and look after her father's packing.

that nothing had been forgotten, Agatha put a chair into the closet, and stood on it to examine the shelf which stretched above the hooks.

There seemed at first glance to be nothing on it, and then there seemed to be something in the farther corner, which, when it was tiptoed for, proved to be a bouquet of flowers, not so faded as to

seem very old; the blue satin ribbon which they were tied up with, and which hung down half a yard, was of entire freshness except for the dust of the shelf where it had lain.

Agatha backed out into the room with her find in her hand, and examined it near to, and then at arm's length. August stood by with a pair of the general's trousers lying across his outstretched hands, and as Agatha absently looked round at him, she caught a light of intelligence in his eyes which changed her whole psychological relation to the withered bouquet. Till then it had been a meaningless, lifeless bunch of flow-



"WAS IST DASS, AUGUST?"

Her own had been finished before dinner, so as to leave her the whole afternoon for their conference, and to allow her father to remain in undisturbed possession of his room as long as possible.

What chiefly remained to be put into the general's trunk were his coats and trousers, hanging in the closet, and August took these down, and carefully folded and packed them. Then, to make sure

ers, which some one, for no motive, had tossed up on that dusty shelf in the closet. At August's smile it became something else. Still she asked, lightly enough, "Was ist dass, August?"

His smile deepened and broadened. "Für die Andere," he explained.

Agatha demanded in English, "What do you mean by feardy ondery?"

"Oddaw lehdy."

"Other lady?" August nodded, rejoicing in his success, and Agatha closed the door into her own room, where the general had been put for the time so as to be spared the annoyance of the packing; then she sat down with her hands in her lap, and the bouquet in her hands. "Now, August," she said, very calmly, "I want you to tell me—*ich wünsche Sie zu mir sagen*—what other lady—*wass andere Dame*—these flowers belonged to—*diese Blumen gehörte zu*. Verstehen Sie?"

August nodded brightly, and with German carefully adjusted to Agatha's capacity, and with now and then a word or phrase of English, he conveyed that before she and her Herr Father had appeared, there had been in Weimar another American Fräulein with her Frau Mother; they had not, indeed, staid in that hotel, but had several times supped there with the young Herr Bornahmee, who was occupying that room before her Herr Father. The young Herr had been much about with these American Damen, driving and walking with them, and sometimes dining or supping with them at their hotel, The Elephant. August had sometimes carried notes to them from the young Herr, and he had gone for the bouquet which the gracious Fräulein was holding, on the morning of the day that the American Damen left by the train for Hanover.

August was much helped and encouraged throughout by the friendly intelligence of the gracious Fräulein, who smiled radiantly in clearing up one dim point after another, and who now and then supplied the English analogues which he sought in his effort to render his German more luminous.

At the end she returned to the work of packing, in which she directed him, and sometimes assisted him with her own hands, having put the bouquet on the mantel to leave herself free. She took it up again and carried it into her own room, when she went with August to summon her father back to his. She bade August say to the young Herr, if he saw him, that she was going to sup with her father, and August gave her message to Burnamy, whom he met on the stairs coming down as he was going up with their tray.

Agatha usually supped with her father, but that evening Burnamy was less able than usual to bear her absence in the

hotel dining-room, and he went up to a café in the town for his supper. He did not stay long, and when he returned his heart gave a joyful lift at sight of Agatha looking out from her balcony, as if she were looking for him. He made her a gay flourishing bow, lifting his hat high, and she came down to meet him at the hotel door. She had her hat on and jacket over one arm, and she joined him at once for the farewell walk he proposed in what they had agreed to call their garden.

She moved a little ahead of him, and when they reached the place where they always sat, she shifted her jacket to the other arm and uncovered the hand in which she had been carrying the withered bouquet. "Here is something I found in your closet, when I was getting papa's things out."

"Why, what is it?" he asked innocently, as he took it from her.

"A bouquet, apparently," she answered, as he drew the long ribbons through his fingers, and looked at the flowers curiously, with his head aslant.

"Where did you get it?"

"On the shelf."

It seemed a long time before Burnamy said with a long sigh, as of final recollection, "Oh, yes," and then he said nothing; and they did not sit down, but stood looking at each other.

"Was it something you got for me, and forgot to give me?" she asked in a voice which would not have misled a woman, but which did its work with the young man.

He laughed and said: "Well, hardly! The general has been in the room ever since you came."

"Oh, yes. Then perhaps somebody left it there before you had the room?"

Burnamy was silent again, but at last he said: "No; I flung it up there. I had forgotten all about it."

"And you wish me to forget about it, too?" Agatha asked in a gayety of tone that still deceived him.

"It would only be fair. You made me," he rejoined, and there was something so charming in his words and the way of them that she would have been glad to do it.

But she governed herself against the temptation and said, "Women are not good at forgetting, at least till they know what."

"Oh, I'll tell you, if you want to know," he said with a laugh, and at the words she sank provisionally in their accustomed seat. He sat down beside her, but not so near as usual, and he waited so long before he began that it seemed as if he had forgotten again. "Why, it's nothing. Miss Etkins and her mother were here before you came, and this is a bouquet that I meant to give her at the train when she left. But I decided I wouldn't, and I threw it onto the shelf in the closet."

"May I ask why you thought of taking a bouquet to her at the train?"

"Well, she and her mother— I had been with them a good deal, and I thought it would be civil."

"And why did you decide not to be civil?"

"I didn't want it to look like more than civility."

"Were they here long?"

"About a week. They left just after the Marches came."

Agatha seemed not to heed the answer she had exacted. She sat reclined in the corner of the seat, with her head drooping. After an interval which was long to Burnamy she began to pull at a ring on the third finger of her left hand, absently, as if she did not know what she was doing; but when she had got it off she held it towards Burnamy and said, quietly, "I think you had better have this again," and then she rose and moved slowly and weakly away.

He had taken the ring mechanically from her, and he stood a moment bewildered; then he pressed after her. "Agatha, do you—you don't mean—"

"Yes," she said, without looking round at his face, which she knew was close to her shoulder. "It's over. It isn't what you've *done*. It's what you *are*. I believed in you, in spite of what you did to that man—and your coming back when you said you wouldn't—and— But I see now that what you did was *you*; it was your nature; and I can't believe in you any more."

"Agatha!" he implored. "You're *not* going to be so unjust! There was nothing between you and me when that girl was here! I had a right to—"

"Not if you really cared for me! Do you think *I* would have flirted with any one so soon, if I had cared for you as you pretended you did for me that night in

Carlsbad? Oh, I don't say you're false. But you're fickle—"

"But I'm *not* fickle! From the first moment I saw you, I never cared for any one but you!"

"You have strange ways of showing your devotion. Well, *say* you are not fickle. Say that *I'm* fickle. I am. I have changed my mind. I see that it would never do. I leave you free to follow all the *turning* and *twisting* of your fancy." She spoke rapidly, almost breathlessly, and she gave him no chance to get out the words that seemed to choke him. She began to run, but at the door of the hotel she stopped and waited till he came stupidly up. "I have a favor to ask, Mr. Burnamy. I beg you will not see me again, if you can help it, before we go tomorrow. My father and I are indebted to you for too many kindnesses, and you mustn't take any more trouble on our account. August can see us off in the morning." She nodded quickly, and was gone in-doors while he was yet struggling with his doubt of the reality of what had all so swiftly happened.

General Triscoe was still ignorant of any change in the status to which he had reconciled himself with so much difficulty when he came down to get into the omnibus for the train. Till then he had been too proud to ask what had become of Burnamy, though he had wondered, but now he looked about and said, impatiently, "I hope that young man isn't going to keep us waiting."

Agatha was pale and worn with sleeplessness, but she said, firmly: "He isn't going. I will tell you in the train. August will see to the tickets and baggage."

August conspired with the traeger to get them a first-class compartment to themselves. But even with the advantages of this seclusion Agatha's confidences to her father were not full. She told her father that her engagement was broken for reasons that did not mean anything very wrong in Mr. Burnamy, but that convinced her they could never be happy together. As she did not give the reasons, he found a natural difficulty in accepting them, and there was something in the situation which appealed strongly to his contrary-mindedness. Partly from this, partly from his sense of injury in being obliged so soon to adjust himself to new conditions, and partly from his comfortable feeling of security from an engage-

ment to which his assent had been forced, he said, "I hope you're not making a mistake."

"Oh, no," she answered, and she attested her conviction by a burst of sobbing that lasted well on the way to the first stop of the train.

LXIX.

It would have been always twice as easy to go direct from Berlin to the Hague through Hanover; but the Marches decided to go by Frankfort and the Rhine, because they wished to revisit the famous river, which they remembered from their youth, and because they wished to stop at Düsseldorf, where Heinrich Heine was born. Without this Mrs. March, who kept her husband up to his early passion for the poet with a feeling that she was defending him from age in it, said that their silver wedding journey would not be complete; and he began himself to think that it would be interesting.

They took a sleeping-car for Frankfort, and they woke early, as people do in sleeping-cars everywhere. March dressed and went out for a cup of the same coffee of which sleeping-car buffets have the awful secret in Europe as well as America, and for a glimpse of the twilight landscape. One gray little town, towered and steepled and red-roofed within its mediæval walls, looked as if it would have been warmer in something more. There was a heavy dew, if not a light frost, over all, and in places a pale fog began to lift from the low hills. Then the sun rose without dispersing the cold, which was afterwards so severe in their room at the Russischer Hof in Frankfort that in spite of the steam-radiators they sat shivering in all their wraps till breakfast-time.

There was no steam on in the radiators, of course; when they implored the portier for at least a lamp to warm their hands by, he turned on all the electric lights without raising the temperature in the slightest degree. Amidst these modern comforts they were so miserable that they vowed each other to shun, as long as they were in Germany, or at least while the summer lasted, all hotels which were steam-heated and electric-lighted. They heated themselves somewhat with their wrath, and over their breakfast they relented so far as to suffer themselves a certain interest in the troops of all arms beginning to pass the hotel. They were fragments of

the great parade, which had ended the day before, and they were now drifting back to their several quarters of the empire. Many of them were very picturesque, and they had for the boys and girls running before and beside them the charm which armies and circus processions have for children everywhere. But their passage filled with cruel anxiety a large old dog whom his master had left harnessed to a milk-cart before the hotel door; from time to time he lifted up his voice and called to the absentee with hoarse, deep barks that almost shook him from his feet.

The day continued blue and bright and cold, and the Marches gave the morning to a rapid survey of the city, glad that it was at least not wet. What afterwards chiefly remained to them was the impression of an old town as quaint almost and as Gothic as old Hamburg, and a new town, handsome and regular, and, in the sudden arrest of some streets, apparently overbuilt. The modern architectural taste was of course Parisian; there is no other taste for the Germans; but in the prevailing absence of statues there was a relief from the most oppressive characteristic of the imperial capital which was a positive delight. Some sort of monument to the national victory over France there must have been; but it must have been unusually inoffensive, for it left no record of itself in the travellers' consciousness. They were aware of garden-ed squares and avenues, bordered by stately dwellings, of dignified civic edifices, and of a vast and splendid railroad station, such as the state builds even in minor European cities, but such as our paternal corporations have not yet given us anywhere in America. They went to the Zoological Garden, where they heard the customary Kalmucks at their public prayers behind a high board fence; and as pilgrims from the most plutocratic country in the world March insisted that they must pay their devoirs at the shrine of the Rothschilds, whose natal banking-house they revered from the outside.

It was a pity, he said, that the Rothschilds were not on his letter of credit; he would have been willing to pay tribute to the Genius of Finance in the percentage on at least ten pounds. But he consoled himself by reflecting that he did not need the money; and he consoled Mrs. March for their failure to penetrate to the interior of the Rothschilds' birthplace by

taking her to see the house where Goethe was born. The public is apparently much more expected there, and in the friendly place they were no doubt much more welcome than they would have been in the Rothschild house. Under that roof they renewed a happy moment of Weimar, which after the lapse of a week seemed already so remote. They wondered, as they mounted the stairs from the basement opening into a clean little court, how Burnamy was getting on, and whether it had yet come to that understanding between him and Agatha which Mrs. March, at least, had meant to be inevitable. Then they became part of some such sight-seeing retinue as followed the custodian about in the Goethe house in Weimar, and of an emotion indistinguishable from that of their fellow-sight-seers. They could make sure, afterwards, of a personal pleasure in a certain prescient classicism of the house. It somehow recalled both the Goethe houses at Weimar, and it somehow recalled Italy. It is a separate house of two floors above the entrance, which opens to a little court or yard, and gives access by a decent stairway to the living-rooms. The chief of these is a sufficiently dignified parlor or salon, and the most important is the little chamber in the third story where the poet first opened his eyes to the light which he rejoiced in for so long a life, and which, dying, he implored to be with him more. It is as large as his death-chamber in Weimar, where he breathed this prayer, and it looks down into the Italian-looking court, where probably he noticed the world for the first time, and thought it a paved enclosure thirty or forty feet square. In the birth-room they keep his puppet theatre, and the place is fairly suggestive of his childhood; later, in his youth, he could look from the parlor windows and see the house where his earliest love dwelt. So much remains of Goethe in the place where he was born, and as such things go, it is not a little. The house is that of a prosperous and well-placed citizen, and speaks of the senatorial quality in his family which Heine says he was fond of recalling, rather than the sartorial quality of the ancestor who, again as Heine says, mended the republic's breeches.

From the Goethe house one drives by the Goethe monument to the Römer, the famous town-hall of the old free imperial

city which Frankfort once was; and by this route the Marches drove to it, agreeing with their coachman that he was to keep as much in the sun as possible. It was still so cold that when they reached the Römer, and he stopped in a broad blaze of the only means of heating that they have in Frankfort in the summer, the travellers were loath to leave it for the chill interior, where the German emperors were elected for so many centuries. As soon as an emperor was chosen, in the great hall effigied round with the portraits of his predecessors, he hurried out on the balcony, ostensibly to show himself to the people, but really, March contended, to warm up a little in the sun. The balcony was undergoing repairs, that day, and the travellers could not go out on it; but under the spell of the historic interest of the beautiful old Gothic place they lingered in the interior till they were half torpid with the cold. Then she abandoned to him the joint duty of viewing the cathedral, and hurried to their carriage, where she basked in the sun till he came to her. He returned shivering, after a half-hour's absence, and pretended that she had missed the greatest thing in the world; but as he could never be got to say just what she had lost, and under the closest cross-examination could not prove that this cathedral was memorably different from hundreds of other fourteenth-century cathedrals, she remained in a last-ling content with the easier part she had chosen. His only definite impression at the cathedral seemed to be confined to a Bostonian of gloomily correct type, whom he had seen doing it with his Baedeker; and not letting an object of interest escape; and his account of her fellow-townsmen reconciled Mrs. March more and more to not having gone.

As it was warmer out-doors than indoors at Frankfort, and as the breadth of sunshine increased with the approach of noon, they gave the rest of the morning to driving about and ignorantly enjoying the outside of many Gothic churches, whose names even they did not trouble themselves to learn. They liked the river Main whenever they came to it, because it was so lately from Würzburg, and because it was so beautiful with its bridges, old and new, and its boats of many patterns. They liked the market-place in front of the Römer not only because it was full of fascinating bargains in curi-

ous crockery and wooden-ware, but because there was scarcely any shade at all in it. They read from their Baedeker that until the end of the last century no Jew was suffered to enter the marketplace, and they rejoiced to find from all appearances that the Jews had been making up for their unjust exclusion ever since. They were almost as numerous there as the Anglo-Saxons were everywhere else in Frankfort. These, both of the English and American branches of the race, prevailed in the hotel dining-room, where the Marches had a mid-day dinner so good that it almost made amends for the steam-heating and electric-lighting.

As soon as possible after dinner they took the train for Mayence, and ran Rhinewards through a pretty country into what seemed a milder climate. It grew so much milder, apparently, that a lady in their compartment, to whom March offered his forward-looking seat, ordered the window down when the guard came, without asking their leave. Then the climate proved much colder, and Mrs. March cowered under her shawls the rest of the way, and would not be entreated to look at the pleasant level landscape near, or the hills far off. He proposed to put up the window as peremptorily as it had been put down, but she stayed him with a hoarse whisper, "She may be another Baroness!" At first he did not know what she meant, then he remembered the lady whose claims to rank her presence had so poorly enforced on the way to Würzburg, and he perceived that his wife was practising a wise forbearance with their fellow-passenger, and giving her a chance to turn out any sort of highbote she chose. She failed to profit by the opportunity; she remained simply a selfish, disagreeable woman, of no more perceptible distinction than their other fellow-passenger, a little commercial traveller from Vienna (they resolved from his appearance and the lettering on his valise that he was no other), who slept with a sort of passionate intensity all the way to Mayence.

LXX.

The Main widened and swam fuller as they approached the Rhine, and flooded the low-lying fields in places with a pleasant effect under a wet sunset. When they reached the station in Mayence they drove interminably to the hotel they had chosen on the river-shore, through a city

handsomer and cleaner than any American city they could think of, and great part of the way by a street of dwellings nobler, Mrs. March owned, than even Commonwealth Avenue in Boston. It was planted, like that, with double rows of trees, but lacked its green lawns; and at times the sign of *Weinhandlung* at a corner betrayed that there was no such restriction against shops as keeps the Boston street so sacred. Otherwise they had to confess once more that any inferior city of Germany is of a more proper and dignified presence than the most proud metropolis in America. To be sure, they said, the German towns had generally a thousand years' start; but all the same the fact galled them.

It was very bleak, though very beautiful, when they stopped before their hotel on the Rhine, where all their impalpable memories of their visit to Mayence thirty years earlier precipitated themselves into something tangible. There were the reaches of the storied and fabled stream with its boats and bridges and wooded shores and islands; there were the spires and towers and roofs of the town on either bank crowding to the river's brink; and there within-doors was the stately portier in gold braid, and the smiling, bowing, hand-rubbing landlord, alluring them to his most expensive rooms, which so late in the season he would fain have had them take. But in a little elevator, that mounted slowly, very slowly, in the curve of the stairs, they went higher to something lower, and the landlord retired baffled, and left them to the ministrations of the serving-men who arrived with their large and small baggage. All these retired in turn when they asked to have a fire lighted in the stove, without which Mrs. March would never have taken the fine stately rooms, and sent back a pretty young girl to do it. She came indignant, not because she had come lugging a heavy hod of coal and a great arm-load of wood, but because her sense of fitness was outraged by the strange demand.

"What!" she cried. "A fire in *September!*"

"Yes," March returned, inspired to miraculous aptness in his German by the exigency, "yes, if September is *cold*."

The girl looked at him, and then, either because she thought him mad, or liked him merry, burst into a loud laugh, and kindled the fire without a word more.

He lighted all the reluctant gas-jets in the vast gilt chandelier, and in less than half an hour the temperature of the place rose to at least sixty-five Fahrenheit, with every promise of going higher. Mrs. March made herself comfortable in a deep chair before the stove, and said she would have her supper there; and she bade him send her just such a supper of chicken and honey and tea as they had all had in Mayence when they supped in her aunt's parlor there all those years ago. He wished to compute the years, but she drove him out with an imploring cry, and he went down to a very gusty dining-room on the ground-floor, where he found himself alone with a young English couple and their little boy. They were friendly, intelligent people, and would have been conversable, apparently, but for the terrible cold of the husband, which he said he had contracted at the manœuvres in Hombourg. March said he was going to Holland, and the Englishman was doubtful of the warmth which March expected to find there. He seemed to be suffering from a suspense of faith as to the warmth anywhere; from time to time the door of the dining-room self-opened in a silent, ghostly fashion into the court without, and let in a chilling draught about the legs of all, till the little English boy got down from his place and shut it.

He alone continued cheerful, for March's spirits certainly did not rise when some mumbling Americans came in and muttered over their meal at another table. He hated to own it, but he had to own that wherever he had met the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race together in Europe, the elder had shone, by a superior chirpiness, to the disadvantage of the younger. The cast clothes of the old-fashioned British offishness seemed to have fallen to the American travellers who were trying to be correct and exemplary; and he would almost rather have had back the old-style bragging Americans whom he no longer saw. He asked what had become of these of an agreeable fellow-countryman whom he found later in the reading-room; and this compatriot said he had travelled with one only the day before, who had posed before their whole compartment in his scorn of the German landscape, the German weather, the German government, the German railway management, and then turned out an American of German birth!

March found his wife in great bodily comfort when he went back to her, but in trouble of mind about a clock which she had discovered standing on the lacquered iron top of the stove. It was a French clock of architectural pretensions, in the taste of the first Empire, and it looked as if it had not been going since Napoleon occupied Mayence early in the century. But Mrs. March now had it sorely on her conscience, where, in its danger from the heat of the stove, it rested with the weight of the Pantheon, whose classic form it recalled. She wondered that no one had noticed it before the fire was kindled, and she required her husband to remove it at once from the top of the stove to the mantel under the mirror, which was the natural habitat of such a clock. He said nothing could be simpler, but when he lifted it, it began to fall all apart, like a clock in the house of the Hoodoo. Its marble base dropped off; its pillars tottered; its pediment swayed to one side. While Mrs. March lamented her hard fate, and implored him to hurry it together before any one came, he contrived to reconstruct it in its new place. Then they both breathed freer, and returned to sit down before the stove. But at the same moment they both saw, ineffaceably outlined on the lacquered top, the basal form of the clock. The chamber-maid would see it in the morning; she would notice the removal of the clock, and would make a merit of reporting its ruin by the heat to the landlord, and in the end they would be mulcted of its value. Rather than suffer this wrong they agreed that they would restore it to its place, and let it go to destruction upon its own terms. March painfully rebuilt it where he had found it, and they went to bed with a bad conscience to worse dreams.

He remembered, before he slept, the hour of his youth when he was in Mayence before, and was so care-free that he had heard with impersonal joy two young American voices speaking English in the street under his window. One of them broke from the common talk with a gay burlesque of pathos in the line—

"Oh heavens! she cried, my bleeding country save!"

and then with a laughing good-night these unseen, unknown spirits of youth parted and departed. Who were they, and in what different places, with what

cares, or ills, had their joyous voices grown old, or fallen silent for evermore? It was a moonlight night, March remembered, and he remembered how he wished he were out in it with those merry fellows.

He nursed the memory and the wonder in his dreaming thought, and he woke early to other voices under his window. But now the voices, though young, were many and were German, and the march of feet and the stamp of hooves kept time with their singing. He drew his curtain and saw the street filled with broken squads of men, some afoot and some on horseback, some in uniform and some in civil dress with students' caps, loosely straggling on and roaring forth that song whose words he could not make out. At breakfast he asked the waiter what it all meant, and he said that these were conscripts whose service had expired with the late manœuvres, and who were now going home. He promised March a translation of the song, but he never gave it; and perhaps the sense of their joyful home-going remained the more poetic with him because its utterance remained inarticulate.

March spent the rainy Sunday, on which they had fallen, in wandering about the little city alone. His wife said she was tired and would sit by the fire, and hear about Mayence when he came in. He went to the cathedral, which has its renown for beauty and antiquity, and he there added to his stock of useful information the fact that the people of Mayence seemed very Catholic and very devout. They proved it by preferring to any of the divine old Gothic shrines in the cathedral an ugly baroque altar, which was everywhere hung about with votive offerings. A fashionably dressed young man and young girl sprinkled themselves with holy water as reverently as if they had been old and ragged. Some tourists strolled up and down the aisles with their red guide-books, and studied the objects of interest. A resplendent beadle in a cocked hat and with a long staff of authority posed before his own ecclesiastical consciousness in blue and silver. At the high altar a priest was saying mass, and March wondered whether his consciousness was as wholly ecclesiastical as the beadle's, or

whether somewhere in it he felt the historical majesty, the long human consecration of the place.

He wandered at random in the town through streets German and quaint and old, and streets French and fine and new, and got back to the river, which he crossed on one of the several handsome bridges. The rough river looked chill under a sky of windy clouds, and he felt out of season, both as to the summer travel and as to the journey he was making. The summer of life as well as the summer of that year was past. Better return to his own radiator in his flat on Stuyvesant Square; to the great ugly brutal town which, if it was not home to him, was as much home to him as to any one. A longing for New York welled up in his heart, which was perhaps really a wish to be at work again. He said he must keep this from his wife, who seemed not very well, and whom he must try to cheer up when he returned to the hotel.

But they had not a very joyous afternoon, and the evening was no gayer. They said that if they had not ordered their letters sent to Düsseldorf they believed they should push on to Holland without stopping; and March would have liked to ask, Why not push on to America? But he forbore, and he was afterwards glad that he had done so.

In the morning their spirits rose with the sun, though the sun got up behind clouds as usual; and they were further animated by the imposition which the landlord practised upon them. After a distinct and repeated agreement as to the price of their rooms he charged them twice as much, and then made a merit of throwing off two marks out of the twenty he had plundered them of.

"Now I see," said Mrs. March, on their way down to the boat, "how fortunate it was that we baked his clock. You may laugh, but I believe we were the instruments of justice."

"Do you suppose that clock was never baked before?" asked her husband. "The landlord has his own arrangement with justice. When he overcharges his parting guests he says to his conscience, 'Well, they baked my clock.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIBERIA

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

I.—THE CONQUEST

UNTIL quite recently, "Siberia," to the idle consideration of the "man in the street," represented merely a vast untraversable waste vaguely attached to the outskirts of Russia; a gray wilderness of snow-weighted fir-trees, at "the back of beyond," where the few hours of struggling light in the twenty-four but served to deepen the numb despair of the succeeding darkness, and a gleam of filtered warmth in August represented all of summer the inhabitants were ever to know; a region where there were "mines," and therefore must be mineral wealth; eternal snow and ice, and therefore "furs." But chiefly, perhaps, he would picture it as the horrible "oubliette" where the few free spirits who dared to express the general thought in Moscow might be dropped out of the world, to rot until death brought the merciful Ukaz of Release. But a new era is upon us, and even the average member of the general public, amidst the eternal re-echo of other "questions of the day," begins to realize that Siberia is being transformed into as essential a part of Russia as is St. Petersburg; a huge limb hitherto inert, but to which even now muscle and nerve are being supplied, and which, when the last section of the Great Siberian Railway is laid, will be ready to strike out with the lusty vigor of youth.

It is curious how invariably these Slavonic achievements have come as a surprise to the world. For years, even for centuries, Russia pursued her way by parallel routes to many goals, unheard and out of sight. The world vaguely supposed that "Russia is busy at something" in Central Asia, or "indulging again" towards the East, until the day when, after the accomplished fact, she emerges, smiling benevolently at the world's stupidity, on the frontiers of Afghanistan and the shores of the Pacific, with Teheran and Peking alike in the hollow of her hand. In the very year, for instance, that the world's

attention was focussed on Sevastopol, and the British people were fondly imagining that Russian power lay stunned at their feet, two of the most pregnant achievements in Asian history were consummated—the defiant seizure by Russia of the Amour River, and the occupation of the Zailiisk Altai slopes, giving, on the one hand, access to the open sea, and on the other, complete command of Central Asia. Bloodless and unapplauded victories these, but further reaching in their probable influence on the world's history than ten campaigns of Inkermans and Almas. This faculty of ours for chronic surprise is in itself astonishing; for Russian aims and methods are neither new, difficult of comprehension, nor liable to change. And they follow in infallible sequence!

Even now, while the average man in the States and in Europe, in his efforts to be "up to date," is bit by bit digesting the situation—Russia on the Pacific; Russia practically mistress at Constantinople, Teheran, and Peking; Russia overhanging Afghanistan, and with Kashgaria at her mercy—that very situation is changing as he muses. Siberia, to take one instance—and Russians make no secret of it!—has *already* fulfilled her *raison d'être* in opening the way to the ocean; and from the rich valleys of Manchuria it is no longer towards the Amour that Russians now look, but towards the Yang-tse Valley. The Siberian stage lasted three hundred years, and terminated at Port Arthur; the stage now commencing will last how long, and end where?

Never in the history of the world were such areas as those of Siberia brought under an empire's rule at so ridiculously small a cost. Of men and treasure, at least, the Russian expenditure has been insignificant; practically, time and patience—two essentially Eastern qualities—have been the factors employed.

And what an empire it is that has been thus quietly and unostentatiously subju-

gated! Magnificent enough, if itself the crown and summit of a country's ambition; but how significant when regarded as merely a stage on the road to greater ends; as but an antechamber, a desert threshold to the promised land of Russian "destiny"—the Golden South! Twenty-five times the size of Germany, inexhaustibly rich in minerals and timber, with vast pasture-lands and fisheries, and at least one-fourteenth of its huge expanse well suited for agriculture, well might Siberia be prized for itself, as an invaluable outlet for the overflow of Russian millions!

And yet the old impression of the public was, to a great extent, justified by fact. The natural difficulties of "the coldest country of the Old World" are so immense as to be, in a sense, insurmountable. The climate can nowhere be called a white man's climate, five months of vegetation being the most that is to be reckoned on even in the agricultural zone. North of this comparatively narrow belt, running east through the width of the country, are thousands and thousands of square miles of tangled forest and morass, into which the boldest trapper dare not penetrate, and avoided, it is said, even by wild animals. Beyond this, again, lie vast tracts of polar *tundra* country, where nothing grows but mosses and lichens, where the earth is stiff with frost the whole year round, and, if reindeer and dogs be excepted, no domestic animal can live—a region abandoned to starving tribes of Samoyeds and Yakuts, and doomed, it would seem, forever to arctic desolation.

Siberia, however, has been compared with the Germania of the days of Tacitus, and it is hoped that, similarly, with the extension of the cultivated area, the climate may become modified, and that such improvement will, in time, react on the area cultivable. This possibility is, however, much discounted by the fact that northern Siberia, in common with the whole arctic zone, has been gradually cooling, as is evidenced by the mammoth remains of warmer eras, and has even during the last two or three centuries distinctly increased in severity of climate.

The question next most vital to that of climate is means of communication over the unimaginable distances involved. That is now on the point of solution.

The chief waterways of Siberia, with the marked exception of the Amour, run northwards, at right angles to the trend of traffic, and discharge into ice-bound seas which cannot be regarded as open to navigation. But the Siberian Railway will, to a great extent, remedy this deficiency, and will bind and connect the present rather straggling centres of population, running, as it were, a nervous backbone through the land. If the real conquest of Siberia dated from the falling of the first grain of corn into the conquered soil, her final elevation to civilized rank must be held to commence from the day when the first train from Europe rushes through to the Pacific.

Roughly speaking, three centuries have seen the completion of the Siberian conquest—as far as the forces of man are concerned: from the Arctic Ocean, the habitat of the white bear, to the Roof of the World, overshadowing India; and from the Ural Mountains, the limits of the Russia we knew, to the Pacific Ocean, whose waves alone limit the Russia we have yet to become familiar with.

As early as the twelfth century the Russians of Novgorod knew of the Ural Mountain Tartars and their wealth in peltry, and occasionally raided them. But it was only four centuries later, under Ivan the Fourth, that definite relations grew up. The Russians, having made themselves masters of the Volga Basin, gradually extended towards the Urals, and by that time had reached their western slopes. This chain, guarding the frontier of Europe and Asia, offers no abrupt and rocky barrier to progress eastward, but is a gently undulating line of hills, bearing the character rather of a connection than a division. Only by contrast with the plains of European Russia could the Urals possibly be regarded as mountains. Thus far had the Volga pioneers penetrated by the middle of the sixteenth century. They were principally fur-traders and trappers, with very little to distinguish them, outwardly, from the Tartar horsemen they came in contact with. Wrapped in skins, mounted on small shaggy horses, armed with lances and scimitars, of more or less Kalmuck cast of features, it was but the *idea* of allegiance to a European overlord that strengthened and gave cohesion against the wandering tribes who owned no common chief.

The advance to the Urals was, no doubt, not accomplished in one journey, but from camping-ground to camping-ground—over a period of months and even years. We can picture the first party of Cossacks sighting the Urals after traversing the monotonous and almost interminable plains that stretch to the Volga. Perhaps at break of day, with the sun sending back their shadows in giant patches towards whence they had come, they pulled up their wiry little horses, and standing in their stirrups, shading their eyes with their hands, saw, for the first time, across the desert all rose-tinted in the sun, those hills which marked the *omne ignotum* of their magnificent dreams. The refraction of the sun's morning rays on vast sandy steppes tends, it is well known, to magnify objects. Thus the Urals may, indeed, have appeared to them mountains when viewed from afar.

On reaching the western slopes of the Urals there was nothing to prevent these early pioneers from crossing into the then unknown Siberia, and commencing a barter trade with the wandering Tartars of the other side—a barter which was probably not always in favor of the simple native; for a Russian proverb still says, "Honest as a Tartar." Occasionally these pioneers are said to have levied "yassak"—a tax on furs—from the tribes they encountered. This "yassak" collection was, indeed, to be, later on, the usual form by which the Cossack introduced himself. One can, however, hardly imagine that this could be effected without at any rate a display of force; and the earliest Russian pioneers can have had no great power or prestige at their back. Moreover, they are believed to have remained, until the conquest, on fairly good terms with the natives of beyond the Urals. As a matter of fact, they were probably received more or less on sufferance, as were the Russian merchants in parts of Central Asia till the other day—content, for the sake of a small profit, to endure indignities from the natives whom their countrymen were ultimately destined to absorb. More Asiatic than European, the Russian is at once in sympathy with Yakut, Kirghiz, or Tunguz, and while in the wilds is very content to do as the wild men do. He preserves, however, though dissembled for the time, his national traits, and has,

throughout his occupation of Siberia, been known to degenerate only in the Yakutsk region, under the brutalizing effect of extreme cold.

The most prominent feature in the history of the Siberian conquest is the extraordinary vigor of the private enterprise shown. Many of the most important advances—among them the first organized expedition across the Urals—were due to individual initiative. So much so that the story of early Siberia resolves itself into the history of the Stroganovs and Yermaks, the Khabarovs and Demidovs, and—most illustrious name of all—Mouraviov-Amoursky. These led the way, and carved out whole empires. Government then approved, confirmed, and developed; scientific expeditions set the final seal. This sequence, in its general lines that followed by the Anglo-Saxon—in contradistinction to the French and German systems, where official protection usually long precedes any interests that may subsequently grow up to be protected—has been replaced in Russia by one where the scientific expedition leads the way.

The Stroganovs, to whom the first armed expedition into Siberia was due, were an immensely rich family, flourishing in the reign of Ivan the Fourth. The Tsar had originally granted them large tracts of land in European Russia, along the Kama River, on condition that they should build towns, develop industry, raise troops, and defend the region from the incursions of "barbarian hordes," as the Russians called the Tartars (and the Tartars called them). They may, in fact, be considered the Slav equivalent of their contemporaries the East India companies, and the prototypes of the Chartered Company of modern days. That the country beyond the Urals was not entirely a *terra incognita* to them is proved by the fact that the course of the Obi and a town called Tiumen are marked on a map dating from before the armed conquest of the region. The commercial agents of the Stroganovs had, in fact, frequently visited the kingdom of Kuchum, and were received as friends where the Russians, a year or two later, were to take possession as masters.

The first Stroganov settlements along the Kama succeeded to such an extent that their domains were extended by the Emperor, and permission was given them to

commence offensive as well as defensive operations—and beyond the Urals!

About this time—*i. e.*, towards the end of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Ivan surnamed “the Terrible”—many peasants had fled from their homes, and sought liberty and space in the vast tracts beyond the Volga. From these coigns of vantage, however, they frequently harried the Tsar’s settled territories, and became in consequence outlawed. Such a band of Don Cossacks, who had, under their leader Yermak, made themselves famous for their freebooting exploits, escaped pursuit by the imperial troops by retreating up the river Kama, and so reaching the Stroganov possessions. Here they were a welcome addition to the forces, and were at once offered service.

The Stroganovs in 1579, profiting by the Tsar’s permission, organized and equipped an armed expedition for the country beyond the Urals. The nucleus of this little army of 800 men was Yermak’s troop, and he was given the command of the expedition. Setting out in the spring of 1580, he met and defeated the Tartar Prince Yepaucha, on the banks of the river Tura. Continuing his advance while the summer lasted, he took up his quarters, when winter set in, on the site of the present town of Tiumen. The following year he marched on “Isker,” or “Siber,” the capital of Kuchum. When at last he reached the town, late in the year, his force was reduced by one-half; but he must attack or perish! After desperate fighting—the Tartars, at any rate, armed solely with bows and arrows, lances and swords—the town was carried by assault.

How this success was possible against a vastly superior number it is difficult to imagine. Cannon of a clumsy type may have been used by the Cossacks, though it was a long distance to have dragged them, but neither side had probably the advantage of small fire-arms. Against sword and lance, the bows and arrows of the defenders, fighting behind the ramparts, could not but prove effective; and, man to man, the bronzed Tartar must have been nearly a match for even the war-seasoned Cossack. The Tartars, moreover, were a warlike race, and fighting for very existence on their own ground; whereas the Cossacks were attacking in an unknown country, and separated from their base by such distances

that half their number had succumbed on the way in battle or from fatigue. They were, it is true, like the Tartars, fighting for dear life, anything short of victory meaning, in either case, extermination, and they had the prestige of the huge power behind them of that “Great White Tsar,” of whom even the Tartars must have heard.

Thus, on the 25th of October, 1581, Yermak was able to report to the Tsar—“Lord Ivan Vasilevich”—the conquest of a new “Siberian Kingdom,” while at the same time suing for pardon. This was readily granted, and the messenger was handed by his Majesty a cloak and a medal as rewards for the victorious Cossack. In 1586, three hundred regulars were sent from Moscow to Yermak’s aid, supplemented next year by five hundred more. They built the towns of Tiumen and Tobolsk, and other smaller ones—the town of Tobolsk standing, as it does to-day, on the site of the former capital of Kuchum. In the mean while, however—in 1584—Yermak had fallen. Enticed too far from his base by Tartar cunning, he perished on the banks of the Irtysh—an instance of “catching a Tartar” vouched for by history.

Russian power, thus introduced, quickly extended over the basins of the giant rivers Obi, Yenissei, and Lena. The usual “yassak” was collected, and a great trade in furs sprang up. In the founding of Russian sovereignty in these vast tracts of country, complete occupation was of course out of the question. But control was effected through the establishment by the Cossacks of lines of fortified posts—at the junctions of rivers, the entrance of mountain passes, and at other strategic points. Between 1630 and 1640 small bands of Cossacks penetrated the country to its extreme limits—the Arctic Ocean and Sea of Okhotsk. They discovered the minor Arctic rivers Indighirka, Yana, and Kolyma, as well as the volcano-girt peninsula of Kamtchatka. The latter was discovered afresh, and finally taken possession of in 1697.

The whole story of these, and a hundred other Cossack exploring expeditions, is tinged with romance and desperate adventure. The early pioneers were men of absolute hardihood and courage. On their journey northeast they had, firstly, thousands of square miles of birch forest and pasture-land to traverse; then still

vaster tracts of tangled forest and swamp; and, finally, the polar *tundra* border of the frozen ocean—a wilderness rigid with eternal frost, barren and doomed.

Through such successive wastes these handfuls of Cossacks worked their way into the unknown Beyond. Their original means of transport must have been almost nil. They doubtless pressed into their service the tribes they encountered and vanquished in their wanderings, used them as porters, forcibly borrowed their "nartas," or sledges—drawn in the forest zones by men or horses, in the polar *tundra* by reindeer and dogs—and where the course of a river trended in the required direction, forced them to build rafts from the profusion of timber always available.

Half savage themselves, they would be able to subsist, with the Ostiak, on fox-flesh eaten raw, intestines first; dig with the Buriat for roots stored in the prairie-dog's burrow; or again, with the Samoged, feast on the half-digested green stuff taken from the reindeer's stomach. They would array themselves, with the Vogul, in thick furs, and hoods adorned with the ears of animals; or, with the Yakuts, in coats of fish-skin. They would share, with the Tunguz, the shelter of caves or hollow tree trunks. And thus from day to day, levying food and clothing from the very wilderness, these intrepid pioneers made their way over snow-covered wastes and through hundreds of miles of silent forest, down broad pine-fringed rivers and across bare schist-strewn mountains, supporting the extremes of hunger, thirst, and cold. And when, having fought their way through *taiga* and *tundra*, and faced the dangers of the bear and elk hunts, with the alternative of starvation, they eventually emerged upon a human habitat it was but to enter upon a still deadlier struggle with superior forces of hostile nomads.

Silent Samoged and dull Buriat, gentle Tungus and brutal Ostiak, alike fought hard against the invader. But it was the Koriat, inhabiting Kamtchaka and the adjoining coast, who proved the most formidable, because fanatical, foe. When so hard pressed by a better-armed enemy that victory was impossible, it was the Koriat mode to kill off the women and children. Then the whale-skin-enrashed warriors, having taken oath to "lose the sun," and having "made a bargain with

Death," rushed into the thick of their enemies and fell, each man fighting to the last.

It was this determined race who used, it may be mentioned *en passant*, to kill their aged parents, to guard against the risk of the latter suffering from hunger!

In spite of these and many less obvious difficulties, the astonishing fact remains that mere handfuls of Cossacks did, in the first part of the seventeenth century, succeed in establishing Russian power along the shores of the Arctic Ocean and Sea of Okhotsk—a result which, considering the difficulties to be overcome and the means at their disposal, appears little short of miraculous.

An advance was simultaneously being made in a southeasterly direction, initiated by another hero, famous in Siberian story—Khabarov. Originally a farmer of Yakutsk, and afterwards a salt-boiler, this man volunteered to fit out at his own expense and lead an expedition to the distant Amour—the "Black Dragon River" of the Manchus. Leaving Yakutsk in 1649, Khabarov made his way down the River Ofekma, and reached the Amour the following year. He destroyed a few Daur cities, and then returned to Yakutsk to report on the broad deep river which he had discovered running through fertile valleys. His glowing descriptions incited 150 volunteers to join in the venture, and at the head of these, and with three cannons provided by the authorities, Khabarov, in 1651, again reached the Amour. Then, at the junction of the Emuri (from which some authorities consider the name Amour to be derived), he built the station of Albazin, and went into winter quarters. This was but a wooden, stockaded fort, but during two years Khabarov, making it his base, occupied—or rather commanded—the whole course of the Amour, in spite of repeated efforts of the Manchus to dislodge him.

News of this El Dorado having in 1654 reached the Tsar's ears, Khabarov was ordered to Moscow to report in person. He did not reappear on the scene, but, as the first conqueror of the virgin Amour, has given his name to the modern town of Khabarovka, the seat of the Governor-Generalship of the region. His successors, Stepanov, Pashkov, and others, met with indifferent success, the first being killed in fight with the Manchus, and the second finding it impossible to effect

much with the diminished remnants of Khabarov's band left at his disposal.

But ten years later a body of fugitive criminals, anxious to win pardon, re-established Russian rule on the Amour, rebuilt the ruined station of Albazin, and for twenty years maintained their position in peace. During that time other forts or stockades were built, and the collection of "yassak" from the former tributaries—the Tunguzes—was recommenced. After this period of tranquillity, in 1685, a powerful army of 15,000 Manchus invested Albazin, and the garrison of 500 men was compelled to abandon the post, which was then burnt to the ground. A number of the captives were taken to Peking, where they founded the Russian Mission, which, with its priests and its "teachers" constantly re-enforced, has lasted down to the present day. The Russians, however, returned with re-enforcements in the same year and rebuilt the fort, replacing the wooden stockade by earth-works.

Again, in 1686, the Manchus laid siege, but a year later utter exhaustion obliged them to raise it. A period of negotiation followed, in which Chinese diplomacy scored heavily, and in 1689 the Treaty of Nerchinsk confirmed the Amour to China. This diplomatic victory remained effective for 160 years, until the coming of Mouraviov-Amoursky.

From the end of the seventeenth century permanent colonization became gradually established in the other conquered territories; forts, cities, and "yamas" (post-stations) sprang up in that order; immigration was fostered, and river communication opened. Perm, on the European side of the Urals, became the government base. Commerce was introduced under such difficulties, however, that communication between the pioneer merchants and their Moscow correspondents could only be effected once a year. But when once established, the merchant was amply rewarded by a monopoly of the trade, the chief articles of which were cloth, glass, porcelain, groceries, etc.

To unsupported enterprise again was due the beginning of the mining industry, which has since become so important a factor in Siberian life and progress. A merchant named Demidov discovered the first mines in the Altai (or "Golden") Mountains in 1723. He opened and worked them at his own expense, until twenty-

four years later they were taken over by the crown, when they became, as they are now, the private property of the Emperor.

During the more troublous times of the Russian Empire a "secret colonization" also aided in the absorption of the newly acquired territory in Siberia. Criminals and political refugees, outcasts and dissenters, forming companionships in adversity, established secret settlements, securely hidden far away in the depths of the dense forest.

Here many of them lived their whole lives undiscovered and unmolested, hunting, trapping, and fishing, gathering cedarnuts and sowing a little corn, the sable, fox, and squirrel supplying them with wearing apparel, the birch woods providing building logs, bark for roofing, material for implements, and fuel. A happy, peaceful life, far "out of the hurly-burly" of Russian civilization, far beyond the ken of penal codes! When chanced upon by government officials, these secret settlements were at first merely taxed, no questions being asked as to possible misdemeanors in the world they had retired from. But latterly this kind of irregular colonizing became so popular and assumed such dimensions that government found itself forced to interfere.

At this stage of the conquest expeditions of discovery and scientific surveys followed in rapid succession.

The most famous among many remarkable sea-voyages—the tonnage of the craft, absence of all charts, and dangerous character of ice-churned seas duly considered—was undoubtedly that of Vitus Berend (Bering), a Danish sailor in the service of Peter the Great. He commanded an expedition fitted out by that monarch with the express purpose of determining whether or not a strait divided the northwest of America from the north-eastern region of Asia. Sailing from St. Petersburg in 1725—the year of Peter the Great's death—he eventually emerged into the open sea beyond the Bering Strait in August, 1728, thereby effecting the object of his voyage. In 1741 Bering commanded a second expedition, and reached the American coast. Returning, weary and battered, he was shipwrecked on the island now called after him, was landed by his comrades, and died soon after, stretched on that lonely beach. Bering's observations led to the gradual discovery and occupation by Russia of

Alaska and other parts of the North-American Continent, only to be ceded to the United States in 1867.

Many heroic explorers followed in Bering's track, of whom the best known perhaps are Pribylov and Nordenskjöld. It is worthy of note that British sailors made, as early as the sixteenth century, repeated and more or less unsuccessful attempts to discover the arctic shores of the Old World, recently circumnavigated in their entirety by Nordenskjöld. The early attempts of Willoughby, Chancellor, and Burrough failed even to reach the Siberian coast, while Ket and Jackman in 1580 did not get beyond the Kara Sea. Their objective was, laughably enough, China—or Kathay—which, trusting to the maps of the period, they hoped to reach by ascending the Obi to "Lake Cathay," from which it was supposed to flow! The Dutch, too, made several as little successful voyages. The last attempt on the part of navigators from western Europe was the famous voyage of Henry Hudson, in 1608, for, about the year 1616, navigation of those seas was forbidden, even to Russian subjects, on pain of death—lest foreigners should discover the way to the Siberian shores.

The exploration of the Siberian coasts was thus left to the Siberians themselves; and they undertook many voyages in locally built craft intended for river navigation.

Thus, in 1648, the Cossack Dezhnev sailed with a flotilla of seven vessels, ten men to each, from the mouth of the arctic river Kolyma. He succeeded in weathering the northeast extremity of Asia and reaching Kamtchatka, thereby solving the question which Bering some seventy-seven years later set out to determine, unaware that he had been forestalled. After many adventures, shipwrecks, and land fights with the Chukchis—a branch of the gallant Koriats referred to above—and after founding the extreme northern station of Anadyr, with the help of but twenty-five survivors of the crews he had sailed with five years previously, Dezhnev returned safe and sound to the Kolyma in 1653.

The final eastward stage of the conquest of Siberia may be regarded as the crown and completion of all the rest, marking, as it did, an epoch in the history of Asia. It was no less than the seizure of the whole course of the Amour

--a magnificent waterway, running for many hundreds of miles along the modern frontier of Manchuria, and affording the communication with the Pacific so essential to the development of Siberia. A vast tract of fertile virgin country was, moreover, gained for Russian agriculture, which the means of transport at its very door made doubly valuable. Politically, command of the Amour assured to Russia eventual control of the rich province of Manchuria—the cradle of the reigning dynasty of China—and enabled her, by a blow at the nerve centres, to paralyze, at her pleasure, the huge organism known as the Chinese Empire.

All this was the work of one man, Mouraviou, and seldom was title better earned than his of "Amour-sky." No doubt the Russian instinct towards the open sea must sooner or later have ended in the same way, but Mouraviou-Amour-sky anticipated Fate by cutting a path direct to the ever-desired goal.

Immediately on his appointment as Governor-General of Eastern Siberia this statesman realized that the value of the vast region he ruled over for the Tsar depended almost as much on free communication with the Pacific as the welfare of Egypt on the Nile. Mouraviou's first step was to send a Petropavlovsk transport to discover the mouth of the Amour. In doing this he had only the very half-hearted permission of government to go upon, and was hampered by conditions and limitations. But such a chief usually finds or inspires lieutenants worthy of him, and Mouraviou's ideas found an enthusiastic executor in Captain Nevelskoy. In the transport *Baikal* the latter circumnavigated Sakhalin, till then not known to be an island. Sakhalin blocks the mouth of the Amour, whose stream divides, passing to north and south of it. Nevelskoy soon discovered the estuary. But after no less than forty-five attempts he was still unable to enter the river itself.

Partly convinced, in spite of itself, by Mouraviou's urgent and persistent representations, the Russian government in 1850 fitted out the "Amour Expedition," and Nevelskoy was given the command. This commander fulfilled the promise of his previous voyage by planting the Russian military flag for the first time on the bank of the Amour, bringing the Giliak tribe under Russian protection, and found-

ing the station of Nicolaevsk on the Amour, sixteen miles from the sea. During the years 1851-3 other posts were established.

While the world was still deafened by the cannonading at Sevastopol, Mouraviov, after many appeals, received the imperial authority to "navigate the Amour." He immediately sent a notification of this intention to the Chinese, but, *without waiting for an answer*, set sail with a small though powerful flotilla on the 18th of May, 1854. Proceeding down the river Shilka, as the Cossack pioneers had done, he entered the Amour, and reached the Mariinsk anchorage a month after starting. There he joined hands with the land expedition of '53; and morally, as well as actually, the whole course of the Amour—from the Russian upper reaches to the newly founded posts at its mouth—was thus at one stroke brought under the sovereignty of the Tsars. The suitability of the Amour basin for colonizing purposes was demonstrated at the same time as the utter impotence of the Chinese to defend it. Under General Korsakov, Mouraviov's successor, no time was lost in colonizing the river-banks. This continued at high pressure for several years, in spite of the passive dissatisfaction of the Chinese officials.

On the 16th of May, 1857, Mouraviov-Amoursky's self-appointed task was crowned by the Treaty of Aigun—practically a Chinese cession to Russia of the whole of the north, or left, bank of the river. Russia then commenced the "compulsory" colonization of the Amour province, and in a couple of years 12,000 colonists and sixty-one Cossack posts, or "stanitzas," were established in it. Finally, in 1860—while French and English were winning by force of arms and at great cost bare treaty rights to be as barely observed—Count Ignatiev, alone and unsupported save for Russian prestige, concluded the Treaty of Peking, handing over to Russian rule the whole of the Amour and Ussuri basins forever.

Simultaneously with her advance towards the Pacific, and many other achievements above hinted at, Russia had been extending her Siberian conquest south-east, slowly but surely driving a wedge through the very heart of Asia. The methods employed were distinguished by a predominance of official over private

enterprise, marking the importance of political as compared with industrial interests, of strategic over storekeeper lines of advance. In a great measure, of course, these interests coincided, and the establishment of Russian rule was synonymous with the planting of Russian colonies. But in the main the arid steppes and the salt and treeless marshes of Central Asia, though vitally important politically as an *étape* in the Russian southward extension scheme, could offer but small inducement to the settler.

Russia in 1731 commenced her advance into the steppes sparsely inhabited by the nomad Kirghiz race. From that date she moved forward step by step, sometimes halting, but never retiring from a position once taken up. Tribe after tribe, weighed upon by her advance, and with other tribes on flank and rear, usually hostile and seldom helpful against the common enemy, gave up the struggle and sought Russian protection. Such were received with effusive kindness; and *les petits cadeaux qui entretiennent l'amitié*, which Russia knows so well how to use in flattering a barbaric people—decorations, rank, positions—were bestowed on the chiefs, who quickly developed pride in their allegiance to the Great White Tsar.

The years 1824-34 saw the first settlements on the Kirghiz steppes; 1836-47, a ten years' delay, due to the resistance of an unusually patriotic and devoted Khan. Then the fertile lands of the Great Kirghiz Horde were entered upon; and in 1854, while defending herself at Sevastopol and inaugurating "the Kingdom of the East" on the Amour, the titan occupied the Zailiisk Altai, and established Fort Vernoi—a centre from which she gradually commanded the whole of Central Asia.

Fort Perovsk was built in 1858 on the lowlands of the Syr-Daria, and a chain of outposts established; and soon after Russia decided on another stride forward—to complete the subjugation of the outlying Kirghiz and the lesser kingdoms of Turkestan. This object was attained in 1864, when the fall of Tashkend brought all Turkestan practically under Russian rule, though the Khanates of Khiva and Bokhara are still, nominally, but "vassal" to Russia. The task was completed in 1881 by the occupation of the Transcaspian province to the borders of Persia

and Afghanistan, and by the laying of the Transcaspiian Railway.

By far the most important in this long series of acquisitions was that of the Transilian Altai and foot-hills of the Thian-shan Mountains—the home of the Kirghiz. It was solely by means of this *point d'appui* that Russia was enabled to conquer Turkestan; and its settlements, now strongly rooted in fertile country and under a good climate, still form an invaluable connecting link between the solid Russian possessions to the north and her more vaguely defined spheres across the desert. These mountain slopes, extremely rich in vegetation, though unfortunately limited in area, afford the best land for cultivation in all Siberia. The lines of distinction between the different altitudes are most clearly drawn, each climatic zone being marked by distinct types of flora.

From below 2500 feet the mountain streams run out into an arid burning waste, to meander sluggishly through the desert until they evaporate, or are sucked up by the sands, falling, it may be said, into the atmospheric ocean. Between 2500 and 5000 feet the climate is temperate, the soil rich, and the vegetation luxuriant. It is here that the Russians have settled, turning out the formerly agricultural Kirghiz, but compensating them by providing a market for their cattle. The forest zone, from 5000 to 8000 feet, provides a supplementary industry for the Russian settlers. From 8000 to 11,000 feet—the line of eternal snow—are alpine meadows, or “sazas,” rich in flowers and verdure. Here the gray-leaved, yellow or rose flowered “camel's tail” flourishes, together with the large yellow-petalled wild onion, from which the Thian-shan range gets its Chinese sobriquet of “Tsun Lin” (“Onion” Mountains). These meadows are the pasture-lands of the disinherited Kirghiz, whence, at the end of summer, they descend to winter in the desert, passing with their herds through the Russian zone only by a few fixed roads.

With this vast addition to the territories of the empire the encouragement and treatment of immigrants became an important state problem. Various plans have been followed in different parts of Siberia, and according to the political importance of each territory. In most cases immigrants (themselves selected,

since 1889, by the Ministry of the Interior) have been granted land on easy terms, together with certain privileges, such as exemption from military service and taxes. In some parts immigration has been for a time discouraged. In others, again, secret colonization, as described above, has been connived at. In the Amour region, such was the political necessity of knitting together the loose, newly acquired lands with human fibre that compulsory immigration was resorted to. And to people the South Ussuri region—the latest acquisition to Siberia proper—4500 colonists were brought by government steamers from Odessa, *viâ* Suez, at a cost, during three years, of over a million rubles.

The Siberian statistics of immigration speak for themselves as to the general attraction of the country: In 1860–80, no less than 110,000 souls passed into Siberia; in 1880–85, as many as 55,000; while in 1892, after a famine in European Russia, no fewer than 90,000 were registered at Tiumen. In 1884–8, 95,500 immigrants settled in the Altai mining districts alone. And there is good reason to believe that these figures are below the mark.

To bind all this together it became more and more evident that a railway was essential. This question, which had been under consideration for nearly half a century, was brought to a point when the Emperor, then Prince Imperial, read at Vladivostok the famous imperial rescript of 17th March, 1891, announcing that the Great Siberian Railway would be at once undertaken, and laying on his Imperial Highness the command to inaugurate the commencement of the Ussuri section.

With the iron road awakening the echoes of the vast tracts of solemn forests where, three centuries ago, the Tunguz and Buriat might only note the cries of animals scarcely wilder than themselves, and bridging rivers where, till yesterday, the fisherman's birch-bark canoe alone glided through the solitary reaches, Siberia will be indeed conquered, and, with a steel yoke about her neck, compelled to yield her all of grain and cattle, furs, fish, and timber, porphyry and gold, coal, lead, and mercury, silver, copper, and iron—all the wealth she has, under guard of eternal snow and ice, so long held in trust for future centuries.

THE BARBER'S WOOING

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID

I.

"**C**ARAMBA! it may be I have tired myself and my ass, and spent money to boot, on what is but a fool's errand."

Miguel Toreno wiped his moist forehead, replaced his gay handkerchief in the low crown of his broad-leaved hat, and said a few cheering words to his donkey. The handsome mouse-colored beast looked almost as fatigued as her rider.

"*Demónios!* the road is far longer than Tomas said. I will have it out with the old joker when I am safe at home again. *Ojalá!* I have done without a wife hitherto because the little cat Luisa broke faith and married that fool Pedro Santander. I wished him joy of his bargain, and I was right; in all these sixteen years the little shrew has not brought him a child."

He suddenly checked his donkey. Before him in the distance rose the towers and domes of the grand old city of Salamanca; in the evening light their creamy-colored stone looked golden. The ass saw them and quickened her pace.

"Yes, yes, my burra"—he fondly patted her neck—"thou thinkest of the supper and the bed that await thee; *thou* hast naught at stake in this city of Salamanca. For me, unless I am doubly wary, it may prove to be the city of the devil. Ay, ay!"—he again wiped his face—"see how my spirits have left me; or has the weary journey blunted my wits? I, Miguel, the most rollicking and best-natured of bachelor barbers, propose to give up my freedom—that is, some of it—to a female at present unknown, just because to-morrow's procession gives me a choice among the Hospício foundlings as they walk through the city, and because the Evil One whispers me that, as I want a wife, a cloistered foundling will prove a safer bargain, for a man of my years, than a girl of my native city. The blessed saints grant she may prove so!"

He rode on, telling himself he need not take a wife unless he fancied her. His journey might prove a failure; he

therefore wished to escape recognition. He had, for this reason, borrowed a black suit from his old friend Tomas. When he reached the inn outside the city gate recommended him by the said Tomas, he first of all stabled and fed his donkey; then, instead of joining the other guests who were chatting round the huge kitchen stove with the brawny hostess and her black-eyed daughters, he found a truss of clean straw, near his ass, and resolved to make it his bed.

"My tongue is not to be trusted among gossips." He sat on the straw enjoying the provisions he had brought from home. He presently went to the kitchen for a jug of wine, but he was glad to return to the stable, so stifling was the heat and distracting the noise around the stove. The procession of the foundlings of the Hospício was the great yearly event in the kingdom of Leon; it drew many strangers to Salamanca and filled the inns to overflowing.

"Ay, ay! sausage and bread, wine, a tooth of garlic, and clean straw are enough for any man."

The meal finished, Miguel lit a cigarette; then he placed his saddle-bag to serve as a pillow, and soon fell off to sleep, murmuring, "May the saints provide I do not choose a cat instead of a hare, to-morrow!"

II.

Salamanca was *en fête*. The vast Hospício of the learned city would presently open its front gates, and the long procession of girls, chiefly foundlings reared by black-robed, white-capped sisters, would walk through the principal streets. The inmates of the Hospício came chiefly from the Casa de los Niños expósitos, where deserted infants were placed in a cradle just within the door—at nightfall a sister being always on the watch to receive the helpless little ones. Besides these foundlings, the Hospício also received female orphans of respectable parents, when left entirely destitute. The procession of to-day had a distinct pur-

pose: any member of it might be asked in marriage by a citizen or stranger among the spectators in the streets and plazas. To bachelors in search of a wife it was the chance of the year, albeit the girls were at liberty to reject a distasteful suitor.

The good sisters of the Community had to-day devoutly prayed that husbands might prove plentiful, for the number of deposited infants had greatly increased, and room was sorely needed in the Hospicio; new inmates could not be admitted unless some of the older foundlings were disposed of.

The Mother Superior, and her Assistant, pale-faced but stalwart-looking women, marshalled the girls two and two in the vast court-yard of the Hospicio; one end of the long line was still in the hall of the gloomy building while the other reached to the unclosed gates.

Three girls stood waiting within the hall. Susana had lately developed remarkable beauty, and held her small head erect, while she laughed at shrinking Magdalena; tall, well-made Catalina looked admiringly at both her companions; she was fresh and bright, with a profusion of wavy black hair, and small shapely hands and feet; but she lacked Magdalena's regular delicate features, and Susana's wonderful liquid eyes—eyes which glanced furtively under the sweep of long, upward-curving lashes; Magdalena was essentially pretty, but Susana was beautiful both in face and figure, and she knew it.

"I wager you will not come back, friend," Catalina said to her; "you will see plenty of husbands to choose from in the crowd; and Magda also, unless her longing for the convent makes her say No."

"I pine but for one convent," Magda answered: "if I might be portress at Las Dueñas, I should die happy."

Susana laughed, and her pretty teeth gleamed between her red lips.

"She talks of dying, the simpleton, and only to-day she begins to live."

Catalina shook her head.

"Dios! Magda knows that the convent of Las Dueñas is doubly holy: it was there that her visions came to blessed Santa Teresa."

"Does Magda think that she too will see visions? Ay de mí! little one, a man and a house of your own are worth all the wonders of Las Dueñas. The nuns

will not so much as speak to you; they have the blue blood; I was told that there are even princesses among them."

"And have you not said that perhaps we—" Magda began impetuously. A tap on her shoulder called her to order, and she saw beside her the Assistant Superior.

"Come forward to the front, my Magda: in a second the gates will open."

As the sister spoke, the great cathedral bells clashed out, followed by the bell of the Hospicio and numberless others, making the air noisy with their clanging tongues.

The gates groaned as they rolled heavily back on their seldom-used hinges. The girls' eyes were dazzled with the scene before them. On the right of the Hospicio, the projecting balcony of a house was covered with gorgeous silk brocade: the inmates leaned back in chairs, fanning themselves, for, though still early morning, the heat of the sun was overpowering; in this case a vine had been trained to some supports above the balcony, and partly screened the ladies from the fierce rays.

There was a striking contrast between the procession now issuing from the massive gateway at the head of the stone staircase, and the heated, excited-looking crowd in the street below.

The orphans were clad all alike in black gowns: they wore white frilled aprons, and a small fold of white muslin filled up the square opening in front of their bodices. They were mostly plain and dull-looking, though here and there a face showed traces of beauty; many of them looked dazed, for this was their first outlook beyond the walls of the Hospicio. They bore, however, one mark of general likeness—all of them were bareheaded, and each girl wore round her neck a ribbon from which hung a medal; on one side was the head of St. Teresa, on the other was printed a Latin hymn ascribed to the saint.

The crowd was in vivid contrast to this rather colorless picture: strapping youths, sons of the rich farmers whose homesteads dot the sterile-looking plains round Salamanca, wore their festa jackets of velvet with hanging silver buttons, the sleeves open to the elbow to reveal the snow-white shirt within, the edge of sleeve bordered by black velvet, and its cuff richly embroidered; the velvet breeches too had hanging metal buttons

down the sides, and were met at the knee by gold-embroidered black cloth leggings. These rural dandies wore low-crowned felt hats, a gold knob in the shirt front, and the waistcoat cut low to display it; beneath the waistcoat was a broad yellow leather waist-belt; their neatly fitting shoes had large silver buckles; they wore a short cloak on one shoulder, and most of them carried a stick.

The country girls in the crowd vied with the youths in brilliancy of color; their cloth mantillas, fastened with silver clasps, were richly embroidered; so were their bodices and their scarlet and purple skirts; some of these skirts were black, like those of the foundlings, but the bodices of all the well-to-do charras were trimmed with gold and silver. An older woman, clad in black, accompanied each girl, and kept strict watch over her charge.

Truly the street near the Hospicio looked like a bed of showy tulips. Tempering this glow of color were students in shabby and ragged black garments; their oilskin-covered three-cornered hats were decked with a wooden spoon; their large thread-bare cloaks, flung wrapwise from shoulder to shoulder, hid their figures, and sometimes the lower part of their faces. A burly-looking priest pushed through the crowd, wearing a long beaver hat rolled up to the crown on either side, and his cassock tucked up through his girdle; here and there dirty-looking beggars filled up every bit of empty space.

One young fellow, dressed somewhat like the poor students, seemed of a different order from them; his face, unmuffled by a cloak, was young and handsome; his feet were even more neatly shod than those of the gay charros; his long black silk stockings showed shapely calves; his knee-breeches were black; the only bit of color in his costume was a tip of peacock's feather in his black felt hat. He held himself aloof from the ragged students while they pushed their way to the stone steps down which the foundlings had begun to follow two tall sisters in broad white caps; one of them walked with clasped hands, her eyes bent on the ground; the other sister told the beads of her rosary, and raised her eyes to heaven as she headed the procession.

The girls came two and two behind the sisters; the first three couples were plain and awkward in movement, and murmurs rose from the crowd; "Poor little souls!

they will do for scullions," "No husbands for such as they," remarks made pitifully, and too low to reach the girls' ears. Then Magda appeared at the top of the steps, paired with a plain companion.

There was a burst of applause. Manuele, the best dressed and best looking of the charros, raised his hat in greeting, and ardently gazed at the pretty blushing girl. Magda did not glance right or left; she came down the steps, her sweet dark eyes looking upward, her hands clasped behind her, deaf to the remonstrances of her next neighbor to look to her feet as she came.

Manuele was greatly disappointed; it was not etiquette to address an orphan unless she gave encouragement, and it was evident to all that this sweet-faced child of sixteen was in no hurry to wed.

"Valgame Dios!" Miguel the barber had pushed his way free of the students, and now stood by the steps, his right hand in his pocket, and his well-shod feet planted wide apart, as he carefully examined the advancing maidens.

"'Twill be sheer waste of God's bounty to hide that sweet face with a nun's band and veil; her eyes point that way, poor little soul! Caramba!" he cried aloud. "Here comes a goddess! Sure this is Venus herself; the first beauty was but one of her attendant graces."

This was Susana, and Miguel joined loudly in the buzz of admiration her beauty called forth. Two barefooted urchins, with impish faces and quaint water-jugs, had been closely watching the barber; they now burst out laughing:

"Corriente! corriente! The caballero is learned as Alonso el Sabio."

Miguel grinned from ear to ear, and bestowed a sounding smack on each of his small neighbors. While he gazed at Susana, his mistrust of women came back; he resolved not to commit himself to any overture, unless some girl's face should prove satisfactory as well as attractive.

Pablo de los Herreras, the handsome student, and Manuele had both pushed forward till they reached Susana, just as her little foot left the last step; both young men doffed their hats and bowed low before her.

Susana held her head erect, as though she were only receiving the homage due to her charms.

A cry burst from one of the ragged students, "In the name of the Prophet!

Fling down your cloaks for beauty to tread on! fling them down, caballeros!"

A flush rose on Pablo's cheeks; he had left his cloak with a servitor in the open doorway of the house with the balcony, to have both hands free in the thickening, excited crowd.

"Santa santísima! she is handsome!" "The Hospicio will never see her again!" "Caramba! it would be hard to match her!" "By the life of the devil, I would I were a bachelor!"

Laughing and shouting out these remarks, the crowd pressed on to get a nearer view, while the procession crossed the plaza.

Manuele and Pablo had each received a glance from Susana's languishing black eyes. They considered themselves entitled to keep near her.

She blushed with pleasure; then, after a long look at Manuele, she gave Pablo a beseeching glance, which said as plainly as words, "Stay beside me."

Pablo reddened when she again turned to Manuele; he wished she would dismiss his rival. Manuele was radiant; he assumed that he was the favored one; he pressed more closely forward, and trod on the toes of merry-faced Pepita.

"By Santa Teresa, have a care of my toes, Señor Charro!" the girl cried, laughing. "You know it is against rules to court two maidens at once."

Susana looked over her shoulder in surprise, as Manuele bowed and apologized to Pepita.

The beauty had been taught how to free herself from importunity. Her voice was musical as she said: "Excuse me, caballero. I do not wish for your kind notice. Let me pass on, I pray you."

Manuele gave her an impassioned glance. "Beautiful one, I do not know how to woo you as you deserve. Give me but time. Those eyes will teach me how to win you."

Susana's forehead puckered; the two men stood side by side, and she saw Pablo's eyes flash with impatience; she saw, too, that he was a gentleman, and the other only a well-dressed farmer; the girl believed she was well-born, and she was ambitious. She bowed gravely to Manuele.

"The caballero honors me, but I cannot listen to him. I beg him to please his eyes elsewhere."

She spoke so that all could hear, and

a titter spread through the crowd. Manuele was glad to hasten away from her. "There's plenty more fish in the sea," he muttered.

Pablo's dark eyes seemed to steal into Susana's soul; he whispered:

"I love you, most beautiful one. Will you not love me in return?"

She gave him an answering glance—the fire of love is quickly lit in Spain—and her eyes drooped beneath his burning gaze. Pablo felt a touch on his arm, and turning, he faced sturdy, broad-faced Sister Brígita. She kept a grave countenance as she said,

"Does the caballero wish to propose for the damsel?"

Pablo bowed. "I am at the holy sister's feet, and I claim her good offices. I am Pablo de los Herreras, an ancient name. As yet I am not rich, but I can maintain a wife who does not exact expensive luxuries."

"Susana has never known luxuries. It will be the caballero's fault if she craves after them."

"Her adorable name is then Susana? I ask the most benevolent sister to instruct me how I should proceed. How am I to make this charming girl my wife?"

The sister brusquely waved him to stand aside.

"I cannot answer the caballero. He must inquire of the reverend mother at the Hospicio, or he can seek out the beadle of St. Ignatius; he has the ordering of all marriages solemnized to-day in that church."

Sister Brígita moved on. Pablo saw that his beauty was already some yards in advance; her loveliness must, he thought, attract fresh suitors, and he might forfeit the preference she had shown him unless he remained near her; he hurried on to regain the place he had lost.

III.

Meantime the foundlings still continued to issue from under the heavily sculptured doorway of the Hospicio. Our barber Miguel had not yet seen among them a girl to suit his fancy; he did not know a soul in the crowd, therefore no comment could be made should he depart wifeless. But he had shut up his much-frequented shop for three days: the chins of his customers would not grant him longer leave of absence. He sighed at

this useless waste of time and turned away. Then he gave a last glance at the slowly moving line of girls, and stood open-mouthed, his clever face vacant of all expression but wonder. He slapped his thigh with a smile of keen satisfaction.

"Caramba! She will do; that is the girl for my money," he murmured. "Not a beauty, perhaps, but she is comely and good; she has not the wild glance I see in some of them; she is better made, too, than most."

He was looking at Catalina. She was no deserted infant, but had been allowed to enter the Hospicio at ten years old, on the death of both her parents; the town paying the Community a scanty stipend for her maintenance and schooling. There were a few other orphans like herself in the Hospicio, but they had declined to join the procession.

Catalina, however, was quick-witted and full of vivacity; she revolted against the narrow bondage of her daily life and the ignorance of her companions.

"It will be a chance of seeing life. I need not take a man unless I choose. I may see one I could trust, or I may make a friend among the women, who will find me work to do."

She had told herself this yesterday. Now, in pursuance of her purpose, she looked sharply about her as she came out from under the old gateway. Catalina was not attracted by the smart country youths, and she shrank with disgust from the noisy admiration of the ragged students. She looked up at the balcony, then below it.

There, shrinking from public gaze, her black silk mantilla drawn so as almost to screen her face, Catalina saw a charming-looking woman, with a tall, much older guardian beside her. The girl sighed, "That would make me a good mistress;" then she quickly remembered the sweet loveliness of Susana and her violent temper.

All at once Catalina saw, standing in front of this lady, Miguel the barber. His eyes met hers, for he had continued to gaze at her; without her will, a look of smiling content overspread the girl's face and passed on to the man who had so keenly watched her.

"Dios! that is the maid for me," the barber repeated. "I do not want a beauty in my shop: she would be more for my customers than for me. This one is comely

enough; her eyes are large and bright, but there is a quiet shine in them; she looks wise and strong and healthy. I shall speak to her."

When Catalina stepped into the plaza, she smiled at finding the clever-faced man beside her.

"Pardon me, señorita, a moment. To-day my wooing of necessity be short and my compliments few; those I promise shall come later. Will you meantime honor me and become my wife when we reach the church of St. Ignatius?"

Miguel knew he was hindering the march of the procession. For that he did not care; his broad shoulders kept him a place, and Sister Monica, in charge of the rear, was impressed by his honest looks, and forbore to chide him while he went on speaking to Catalina. "The señorita is young, but I am only forty, healthy and strong. I offer you a kind and faithful husband and a comfortable home: your humble servant is the chief barber—with a good business, I assure you—in Ciudad Rodrigo. Think over my offer, maiden, and beckon me when your answer is ready. I swear you are the only damsel I have seen to whom I would give myself."

All this was said bareheaded; he bowed, replaced his hat, and backed to one side of the procession. His eyes did not leave Catalina, and he rejoiced to see a deep blush spread over her face. As he kept pace with the line of girls, he was gratified to observe that his choice did not lack admirers in the crowd. He had learned that at eleven o'clock a priest would be waiting in the church of St. Ignatius to marry all those orphans who had found bridegrooms on their way; the girls left unmated would then return to the Hospicio, where a special dinner awaited them, provided by the city.

Miguel was too much absorbed in watching Catalina to note the grim contrast between the line of fresh young girls and the gay costumes in the crowd, with the ancient palace fronts richly carved in the same cream-colored stone that had made the cathedral look golden in the evening light to Miguel Toreno; for Salamanca was then a city of palaces hardly to be matched in the peninsula. Miguel had no eyes just then for the beauties of architecture; he was overtaken by a fit of jealousy which surprised his philosophic soul.

A couple of charros, rustic dandies, even more gayly dressed than Manuele, were besieging Catalina with amorous glances, and at every pause in the procession they moved nearer the tall, striking-looking girl. Miguel had become aware that he greatly coveted her, and he vowed he would not yield her to any one.

He had learned from Sor Monica that the girl's name was Catalina Urruguete, that her father had been a custodian of the University Library, and that her mother had been a good woman. For all that, however, he did not wish her to be exposed to any temptation from which he could shield her.

"Sor Monica," he said, in a low voice, "I wish to benefit your Community, which so kindly cares for these orphans: 'tis a saintly work! On your return to the Hospicio, will you offer this unworthy gift from me?"

Sor Monica glanced shyly at the silver coins he placed in her hand, and smiled with gratification. "Generous caballero, may the saints reward you! I see that Catalina was born to good fortune, and I wish you a happy life with her."

"Ojalá! Meantime, most reverend sister, permit me to walk beside the damsel. There are always troublesome flies near a honey-jar; I will screen her from vexatious importunity."

Sister Monica bridled; she seemed to walk on just as before, but Miguel soon found that he could squeeze in beside Catalina. She looked gratefully at him, though more shyly, he fancied, than when she first met his eyes on leaving the Hospicio.

"Corriente! That is as it should be. Bashfulness, they say, shows love in a woman. Ojalá! She shall be encouraged."

He threw all possible ardor into a smile; then raising his open hand, with the palm turned towards her, he rapidly closed and unclosed all the fingers, to convince the girl that she was chosen by him; then bringing all his fingers to a point, he kissed them with effusion and flung them out towards her.

Catalina smiled and bent her head; she was delighted to see the blush deepen on her cheek, while her eyes drooped under his glance. He took this for acceptance, and he looked radiant.

When the procession reached the church of St. Ignatius, the gigantic beadle, staff in hand, aided by Sor Brigita, extricated

twenty-one foundlings from the crowd, and coupled them with their destined husbands. While these were being paired, our barber took Catalina's willing hand and led her up the church steps.

They found in the inner porch Pablo and Susana, Manuele and little Pepita, with some other couples.

Susana had asked that Pepita might wait with her till the others arrived, and Pablo had had plenty of time to pay court to his beauty. When Miguel came in, leading Catalina, Susana was pouting, her cheeks were deeply flushed, and her eyes glowed angrily as she seized her schoolmate's arm.

"Listen, then, Catalina. This shameless little Pepita has thrown herself at the head of Manuele! and, by the saints! the foolish fellow is inclined to take up with her, though I reminded him that an hour ago he declared himself full of love for me!" She added, in a louder voice, "Is she not forward? is he not fickle?" There were tears of rage in her eyes.

Manuele laughed, and took Pepita's hand. "When I take a wife, señorita, I like to keep her for myself, not for every gallant's eyes. It may be that Pepita thinks as I do."

He spoke significantly. Susana's cheeks flamed with fresh anger.

Pablo, too much in love to heed what was said, whispered to Susana, "Every moment you look more charming."

At this she cried out, passionately: "Do you not hear the insolent words of the caballero? Caramba! Were I a man, my knife should teach him respect for a lady! Madre de Dios! Can it be, señor, that you do not heed him?" She almost choked with mortification, but Pablo shook his head.

"I am too happy to heed, loveliest querida. Our friend does but joke; he—"

His further speech was stopped, and, fortunately for Susana, her fierce words were checked. Don José, the beadle, and Sor Brigita were bidding the three chief couples in the inner porch lead the way to the altar.

IV.

The ceremony was over; all the married couples, and every one else except Catalina, had left the building. Miguel had gone with the others, bidding her stay where she was till he returned. The girl felt shy and forlorn; now that she was alone in the dark church, freed from

surrounding excitement, fears thronged upon her.

Suppose Miguel did not return? She knew that no married girl would be received in the Hospicio; besides, she did not want to go back there. Being a devout girl, she knelt down before the nearest altar, and prayed for a blessing on her marriage, on her husband, and on herself.

She knelt on till she felt a tap on her shoulder; she rose up and saw her husband. Catalina's heart beat quickly as he motioned her to follow him. He went on to a door on the south side of the church, and held it open while she passed out into a by-street; then he put his arm round her, and kissed her forehead so tenderly that tears came to the girl's eyes. No one had kissed her like that since her mother died.

"Mi querida," Miguel said, kindly, "you are tired and hungry; so am I; yet we will not linger in Salamanca. I came hither yesterday on my ass; she waits close by with another. You can ride?" She nodded. "We will ride to Calzala; it is not far; and there we will refresh ourselves and rest till morning.

Then, if it please you, we will seek our own home in Ciudad Rodrigo. My customers' chins will be prickly by that time."

Catalina smiled merrily as she looked at him. It seemed to her the man was transformed; he looked younger, brighter, and happier than she could have thought possible, and she felt strongly drawn to him. Her eyes told him how much the change surprised her, and he broke into a laugh. Then he heartily kissed her on the lips.

"Look you, querida; I am no longer, praise be to the saints, the sober citizen, Toreno, in search of a wife; I have thrown that care over my shoulder. Once again I am that jolly dog, Miguel the barber. I promise to make you laugh all day long, my child. Por Bacco! you shall not repent that you chose me. Come away, then, little angel of my soul."

With that he kissed her again, tucked her hand under his arm, and led her to another by-street near the town gate. Here they found a boy holding two asses by the bridle; the barber carefully placed Catalina in her saddle; then he mounted his ass, and the newly wedded pair set out at a good pace for the village of Calzala.

CUBA IN SUSPENSION

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER*

CUBA is in suspension rather than in transition. The circumstances in which the control of the United States was established made this period of suspension inevitable. It has not been a hardship. The drawbacks have been outweighed by the advantages. The era of transition approaches. The conditions under which this must be made are beginning to be defined. They merit analysis.

Cuba is by size, by geographical location, by wealth and variety of resources, by population and commerce, and by contiguity to the United States, the dominating island of the Antilles. Its races are their races, its language is for the most part their language, its people, whether African or Caucasian, are their people. With the knowledge of the natural ad-

vantages which, rightly improved, make Cuba the controlling power in West Indian waters, the student of its future will seek to know the social, economic, and political elements which must combine in establishing that power. He will find the problems complex. The assimilation of the Latin and the Latinized African race with the American race—not the Anglo-Saxon—is one. In it is involved a mixture of civilizations. Industrial development is another, as is external commerce. The problem of local, provincial, and general government is a third. It might be said that the real question is the creation of a commonwealth. That cannot be done in a day. Experiments must be made, and experience must teach.

It is perhaps characteristic of the American people that, having sustained a war that had its beginning in sentiment, they should now look to the material results

* The subjects here touched on are exhaustively treated in the author's forthcoming book *To-morrow in Cuba*.

which follow. Cuba is at least free of the corrupt and oppressive government which strangled its progress. That being so, the American who may have been foremost in supporting a war for humanity turns to the industrial and commercial possibilities with a swiftness that surprises the less practical people of the Latin races. In the months immediately following the military occupation the overwhelming demand was for trustworthy intelligence about the resources and riches of the island. Some of the ideas entertained were crude, and some crude notions are yet held. But all the while more correct information is being gained. In time this will enable the industrial and commercial future of Cuba to be judged by normal and reasonable standards. Nine-tenths of the first prospectors had the one idea of getting rich quickly. That was the American trait in the most pronounced form. With the fuller knowledge gathered by personal investigation the illusion of getting rich quickly gives way to the hope of getting rich gradually. After this will come the healthier notion of improving the means of a comfortable living without the exertion which is necessary in the Northern climates, and which makes the struggle for existence too much a hand-to-hand contest with adversity.

It is a simple proposition, the force of which many Americans have not yet seen, that Cuba, being a farming country, the bulk of its wealth must come from the development of agriculture. The industrial reconstruction has been fairly rapid, though it will not be complete until sugar-cane is restored to something like the old basis of production. The sugar industry is the least inviting one because of the large capital needed and the prostrate condition in which insurrection and war left it. The Washington authorities, in extending for two years the time in which mortgages can be foreclosed, did everything that was possible for a government to do without entering upon the doubtful ground of state loans. Machinery firms in the United States showed their trust in the future by the liberality with which they offered machinery on long time to the plantation-owners. The embarrassment of the sugar-planters comes through their inability to purchase oxen and other live stock necessary for the cultivation of their land, as well as from the lack of ready money with which to pay their laborers.

It is an economic difficulty which cannot be charged either to political uncertainty or to want of interest by the American administration. Like every industry which has been blanketed during periods of depression by mortgages and pledges and pawns of future production, the revival must be gradual. No fiat of government could in a single season replant all the ruined sugar-plantations.

The tobacco industry is getting on its feet. Another year, and it will be in the way of reaching the normal crop of the years before the insurrection. American capital has been of benefit to tobacco-growers. It promises to secure greater returns in the future, whether invested in the tobacco-growing lands or in the cigar-factories. Fruit-raising, dairy-farming, the timber lands, grazing, coffee-culture, and general farming all offer opportunities to Americans. They are not all developed in a day, but they are certain of yielding results within a fixed period. They are the most inviting field for the small capitalist, and the small capitalist is the industrial hope of the island. When these agricultural industries are fairly established and when sugar-cane is progressing, the material possibilities of Cuba will begin their normal development. The trouble with the impatient Americans is that they want to begin the other way. Instead of starting from the soil, they would build from the clouds or from the sky. For this reason so much is heard about the drawbacks to reconstruction. It is said that capital holds back. The truth is that capital has not been holding back. It has not poured into Cuba in cataracts or in torrents, but a steady stream has been flowing there. The clamor has been that capital is repelled because the attitude of the national administration and the Foraker resolution forbid new enterprises. This resolution and the policy of the administration prohibit the granting of franchises and concessions until the political status of Cuba is definitely fixed.

It is true that under this construction no new railroads can be built, and no municipal improvements in the way of tramways, electric lights, and similar projects be carried out. In time enterprises of this kind will undoubtedly help the development of the island. But it should be understood that the population of Cuba at present is not much more than

one million inhabitants, and that before the insurrection it had transportation and similar facilities for nearly two million people. Railroad-building, municipal improvements, and public works cannot, in a sound industrial and commercial view, greatly precede the cultivation of the soil. When the agricultural redevelopment is well under way, and when the labor necessary for new industrial enterprises is in sight, it will be time enough to consider the projects which depend on government franchises and concessions. There is nothing in the Foraker resolution to prevent buying and cultivating land in either small or large areas, and titles are as secure as in the United States. Concessions are not necessary for the American who seeks to find a field for his capital in Cuba. The iron-ore, manganese, and copper mines in the province of Santiago, which already have rail connection with the seaboard, and which are owned by citizens of the United States, have not been worked to their full capacity since peace was declared. While they are half idle, it is not a just complaint that the Foraker resolution interferes with the development of mining.

Few of the American investors yet realize that the coastwise and the foreign commerce of Cuba—that is to say, the trade with the United States—is going to be of greater magnitude than the inter-rail commerce. The national administration has facilitated in every way the merchant marine, and no concession or franchise is needed to engage in it. This shipping trade will develop as agriculture grows. Cuba will take flour and machinery from the Middle West, manufactured goods from the East, and lumber and live-stock from the Southern ports, but only in proportion to the number of consumers. In exchanging sugar, tobacco, and fruits for these articles, whether it be under reciprocity or under free trade between the State of Cuba and other States of the American Union, the growth of commerce must be the measure of the opportunities for young Americans who are not willing to engage in farming. Therefore many of them must wait. There is a limit to which the exploitation of the soil can be advanced by speculative enterprises, especially when the capacity of that already under cultivation, or with existing facilities for marketing its products, has not been exhausted.

The fever of trust organization has reached Cuba. Restless capitalists and promoters complain both of the attitude of the national administration and of the political instability of the Cubans as obstacles to underwriting the industrial development of the resources of the island. Now, neither promoters nor capitalists can underwrite the social and economic conditions on which is based the future of Cuba. In their projects they take no note of the stupendous question which is at the bottom. It is that of labor. My own experience, whether with genuine capitalists or with promoters who want to enlist capital, has been uniformly the same. They have given little thought to the circumstances which make it both dangerous and impolitic to seek to submerge Cuba with cheap imported labor. Sometimes they have vague notions of Chinese contract immigration, or of coolies from India, such as have been introduced into the fruit-raising business in Jamaica. Occasionally they have indefinite schemes of negro colonization from the United States. The promoters are too wary to hold out the idea of unskilled day or farm labor from the States. To make the inducement sufficient, the immigrants from the States must have something more than day wages. Ultimately the small American farmer will work his way into Cuba, and he will be an industrial gain. His forerunner will be the colonist who is lured by the prospectuses of the land companies, and who, after the first disappointment, will settle down and make the best of his surroundings. But this probability adds nothing to filling the labor void, which must be closed before railway-building and such enterprises can be entered upon.

When complaint is made that the policy of the administration with reference to franchises and concessions is holding back the industrial reconstruction of Cuba, it is fair to insist on a categorical answer as to what is to be the source of the labor supply. The projects are based on the investment of great amounts of capital in enterprises which promise speedy returns. Capital cannot fructify without labor in Cuba any more than in other parts of the world. Americans who turn this subject over in their minds will not be so impatient if the political prospects on the island are not quite to their liking. They may understand why it is good to let the experi-

ment in Cuban government go forward without seeking to exploit the physical resources to the limit all at once. Dreams of commercial empire unfolding in a year may be dispelled, yet the basis of commercial empire will remain. It is much easier to solve political problems on paper, without reference to the source of labor and its homogeneity with the institutions in which it must exist, than to await the natural processes. Nevertheless, patience in the end will pay the larger dividend.

With this suggestion I pass to the capacity of the Cuban people for their own government, and to their limitations. Regarding the political capabilities, a standard of judgment may be formed from the knowledge and experience gained during the months that have elapsed since American control was assumed, and from such politics as existed under the Spanish dominion. The tourist or chance visitor from the United States, who has spent a week or possibly a fortnight in Cuba, usually reaches a quicker solution of manifold problems than do the military officers and the civilian officials who have been intrusted with the responsibilities of reconstruction. The tourists rightly accept the improved sanitation of Santiago and Havana as evidence of the benefit of American control. They pass a sweeping judgment on the inability of the natives of the island to maintain an independent government, and then they move on to fresh fields. The officials are less dogmatic. They have learned that experience is likely to be more valuable than the processes of generalization in working out the future of the island. Most of them will be found convinced that continued military control is unnecessary. Beyond this they want to move forward cautiously. They see the twentieth-century interrogation mark at the end of what seem to be questions of the hour. On the part of most Americans the questions are impatient. What do the Cubans want, or what do they think they want? Do they know what is best for them? Then there is the reciprocal question of what is best for the United States.

Living in Cuba and mingling among its inhabitants, no one will doubt their ability to discuss what they think they want. The discussion brings out their intellectual strength, and in a degree their weakness. It also stirs the depths which disclose the sentiments and aspirations of

the non-intellectual classes who compose the mass of the population. To observant Americans it opens the closed chapter of Cuban political history. Few of them knew that there was such a chapter in the story of the twenty years' agitation for autonomy, which was flouted and baffled by the Spanish government until the unquenched insurrection and the moral coercion of the United States compelled the futile attempt to implant the system. At the present time the training of the discursive faculty and the intellectual grasp are shown in the discussion of the international status of the island, whether as an independent republic, as a protectorate, or as a State of the American Union. Whether this discussion be read in the newspapers and in pamphlets, or be heard at the clubs or in private intercourse, no lack of understanding is apparent. Sometimes the spirit of criticism with reference to the American administration reduces itself merely to fault-finding, but that is true also at home, and the criticised officials know it. Moreover, it would be unwarranted to assume that this criticism has not been useful in pointing out many mistakes that have been made.

The preparations for the active responsibilities of government on the part of the Cubans began immediately after the signing of the protocol between Spain and the United States. They were undoubtedly in too much of a hurry. But their purpose was seen in the formation of the juntas, or clubs, in an autumn sheaf of pamphlets on the bases of the coming republic, and in a gourdlike growth of newspapers. Most of the clubs abandoned the Spanish requirement of twenty-five years as the age of male citizenship, and substituted twenty-one years. They set up schools for voting which became forums of criticism. Meetings were held as in the United States during the political campaign, and are still held.

The common sentiment is reflected in a continuing and a continuous series of manifestoes. In October, 1898, the old Assembly, or Cuban provisional government, in dissolving itself and issuing the call for a new Assembly, declared that the Cuban Republic, the ideal for which the insurgents had fought, had not yet been constituted. In September, Bartolomé Masó, in his letter to President McKinley, wrote of the arduous and difficult task of establishing in Cuba a firm

and stable government which should be the legitimate expression of the free will of its people. Again, he said, the final government would be born of laws and institutions genuinely Cuban. The revolutionary delegation in the United States, in its pronunciamiento, said it was sufficiently well known that the Cubans fought for independence, and not for annexation. General Máximo Gómez, in a letter to Mr. Quesada in Washington, and in subsequent letters, was at pains to emphasize that he did not fear the United States would compel annexation. "We begin now," he said, "the delicate and difficult task to make our republican political system triumph, and to reconstruct the country." Afterwards, in his co-operation with Governor-General Brooke, General Gómez deprecated the agitation for early withdrawal of the United States control, but he has never wavered in his position that Cuba is not free and independent so long as it is subject to American authority. It is not my purpose to discuss whether or not early annexation is desirable for Cuba or for the United States, but it would be competent to note that no change of mind has taken place among the Cuban leaders since their first manifestoes were issued.

When the constitutional Assembly comes to be elected, the first test will be given of the capacity of the Cubans for free institutions. That such a representative Assembly will be chosen under the direction of the intervening power I do not stop to argue, nor that its basis will be unrestricted by property or educational qualifications. The aim of the United States is to secure the co-operation of all classes on the island in establishing a stable government. To limit suffrage would be to affirm that the government of the island is to be by a class. No matter how it might be disguised, there would be no concealing this purpose. But the United States cannot provide for a dual citizenship under which foreigners, whether Spanish subjects or subjects of other European powers, will retain their foreign allegiance and at the same time exercise the rights of Cubans. Whether the citizens of Cuba are fitted to determine for themselves the form of government may admit of question, but the question can only be answered by a trial. The problem to be worked out regarding their fitness for self-rule will find its first demonstration in the choice

of members of the representative Assembly.

It is possible that the administration of Cuba could be carried on best for a time under a patriotic and progressive oligarchy, but the difficulty would be in convincing the American nation as well as the Cubans that this is so. If the instinct of the mass of the Cuban population was correct in the revolt against Spain, and the United States, by its intervention, justified that revolt, the same instinct may be relied on to interpret the aspirations of the people in the steps towards the formation of a government. Every observer who has probed beneath the surface has noted that a mutual sympathy and confidence exist between the masses of the ignorant population and the educated and cultured classes of Cubans. It is of supreme importance to the United States, in its guarantee to the world of good government for Cuba, that this mutual confidence be not destroyed. The surest way to destroy it would be arbitrarily to set up a barrier and shut out the masses from a share in designating who shall represent them.

There is also a difficulty of a political character. It is, above all things, desirable that no suggestion of American partisan politics be injected while the regeneration of the island is under way. Thus far this danger has been avoided. But there is the question of the blacks. The national administration and both branches of the Congress which must determine the policy regarding Cuba are of the party which champions the civil equality of the negroes in the United States. Now it happens that the blacks in Cuba are vastly in advance of their race in the United States, both in political capacity and in industrial development. It also happens that they were the resolute foes of Spanish rule, and that their share in the insurrection made the freedom of Cuba possible. This does not obscure the fact that, outside of the towns, the overwhelming majority of them are illiterate. To fix an educational test would be to exclude them from sharing in the formation of the government which was made possible by their endurance and their sacrifices. It would be the beginning of a definite plan of establishing the color-line and of encouraging the race prejudice which, to the eternal praise of Spain, was discouraged under Spanish dominion.

The probability that the party which is more especially the representative of the blacks in the United States, and which, by virtue of being in power, is responsible for what takes place in Cuba, will commit itself to a scheme of race discrimination is so remote that it does not call for further discussion.

The country population which survived the reconcentration has been the despair of Americans who have studied the political capabilities of the people superficially. The guajiro, as the peasant or countryman is universally known, who looks sheepishly at the stranger, does not offer the most promising material for the responsibilities of free government. Yet he has some of the qualities which go to make up a man. I have tested his hospitality on many occasions when travelling in the rural districts, and have found it no less genuine than the stately courtesy of the sugar-planter. The best he had might be, and usually was, a boniato, or sweet-potato, but he would share this with the American, would go miles to guide him, and would cheerfully part with anything, except his horse. The Cuban's horse is his one possession of which he is jealous and unyielding.

The moral and political education of the guajiros was neglected. The priest looked upon them as so many marriage, baptismal, and death certificates. Though the births were numerous enough, the marriage fees were not prolific sources of revenue to the church. To the state the guajiros were of less account than the oxen, for the taxes could always be collected on the oxen. In spite of the drawbacks, many of these country people had their stake in the soil. The instinct of the French peasant for property was theirs. They became owners of tobacco-vegas and of small tracts of cane and farming lands. It is the common testimony that this class is hard-working, laboring from early morning till late at night in the fields. Their bohios, or palm huts, are not models of cleanliness or luxury, yet within these dwellings is supported a comfortable existence. The most grateful sight which the landscape of rural Cuba has afforded the past few months has been the vista of these bohios, which look like palm-thatched bamboo bird-cages, springing up on the hill-sides and in the valleys. Sometimes they stand among the palms, sometimes the

mango shades them. On the tobacco-farms they are apt to be in the centre of a garden plot, or they may be hidden in a field of plantains. The guajiro may not know with the Howadji of the Nile that every palm is a poet, yet the bohio has its bard to celebrate its simple charms in the midst of the palms.

"Amid the blooming flowers,
Under the clump of lofty palms,
Here is my humble home altar,
Here is my sole dwelling-place,
Like the rock in the river-bed,
Here among greenswards
Keep I my lone bohio."

This is the class who are supposed to be without sentiment, without correct ideas of liberty, and without capacity for administration. Yet their docile exterior conceals a sentiment and a tenacity of purpose that cannot be ignored in the future of Cuba. Their passive resistance foiled the Spanish government and made it possible to maintain the insurrection. Their sluggish temperaments have been active enough in recent months to disconcert the reckless malcontents and upset the schemes of the café politicians of Havana and Santiago. Their intense longing for the peaceful pursuits should not be construed into a willingness to be excluded from the political activities.

Left to themselves, the Cubans, white and black, and the minority of Spaniards who may choose Cuban citizenship, will elect a fairly representative Assembly. If it shall be made up chiefly of agitators, adventurers, soldiers of fortune, and non-property owners who show only the desire to advance their own interests, the United States may well begin to view the future with distrust. That there will be some of this class I have no doubt, but that they will be the controlling element, everything which has happened since the assumption of American authority negatives. The conservative instincts of the mass of the Cuban people have so regularly asserted themselves and baffled the malcontents that there is a reasonable presumption that this conservatism will manifest itself in choosing the members of the convention.

Americans who fear a drift towards dictatorship may be surprised at the checks which it will be proposed to put on executive authority. During the Ten Years' War one of the revolutionary assemblies proposed that the Parliament,

or Congress, should always be in session as a limit on executive authority, and that idea may crop out again. Those who know little of the Latin character will be surprised at the thoroughness with which the economic needs of the island will be discussed. That these economic facts will counteract in a degree some of the political philosophy is probable. The debates will be not unlike debates in similar bodies in the United States. There will be personalities and competition in showing devotion to the ideal of free Cuba. There will also be rivalries and selfish personal ambitions which will disgust the people of the United States, and the Cuban people as well. Many ideas of speculative government will evaporate in the progress of the discussion. In the end the framework of a constitution will be constructed on the basis of republican institutions. Whether this shall be that of a State in the American Union, or of a protected commonwealth, with the United States making up for the necessity of an army and navy and of foreign relations, or of an independent republic, the work of this representative Assembly should be submitted to the Cuban people for ratification, just as the results of constitutional conventions in the American States are submitted. They should not be denied the right of saying whether their servants have done well or ill.

The matter which cannot be settled right away is deeper than this constructive framework. It lies at the root of republican institutions, and is the ability to administer free government. This is the halting-point with the majority of Americans. Yet it is a problem which can only be solved by practical tests. Experience and not generalization again comes into play. The administration of justice is in a sense of higher importance than that of taxation and revenue. It is a good sign that there is less distrust of finding capable and upright judicial magistrates among the educated Cubans than there is of securing honest employes for the custom-houses. With judges who are idealists in their integrity, the period of recasting and reforming the Spanish system of laws may be safely passed. Without such judges, the entire code may be reconstructed, and Cuban justice be not materially different from Spanish injustice. I have noted the tendency, especial-

ly in the rural communities, to fix on men for these offices in whose integrity the people have confidence. American officials have spoken encouragingly of the same spirit.

The lack of practice in local self-government is simply a chapter in Spanish rule. It does not call for elaboration. After the American occupation, in all the towns and villages there were usually two or more factions pressing their candidates for alcalde and aldermen, or county commissioners, on the appointing powers, yet it was quite common to hear the admission that the other faction's candidates were good men, but not so good as their own. Everybody who has been in Cuba during recent months has met with the spirit of inquiry, among the progressive Cubans, regarding the American local institutions. I have frequently been asked about books which would give this information. The Spanish basis of town and country government, geographically and politically, is satisfactory. It does not call for imitation of the more varied and complicated systems of the United States. The spirit of American local government is more important. It cannot be entirely absorbed from books. Cuban immigrants have carried back some notion of its practical operation. Experience alone can give further teaching.

A weakness unquestionably exists on the moral side of Cuba's future. Spanish example was so bad that the moral conception of government could find no basis of existence. While the Spanish system has gone, this lack of moral spirit is likely to be felt for a long time. Public morality must come as a part of political development in the evolutionary processes. Under the Spanish rule the inhabitants of Cuba had neither moral example nor precept nor practice in good government. The intellectual classes could write philosophical treatises and draw historical parallels, as they did, without too close scrutiny of public corruption in its concrete form. As the standard which they set up was theoretical, it did not have much practical application, particularly since the Cubans had so little share in the administration of public affairs. While their ideals are high enough, and while their precepts are good, their lack of practice in integrity of administration is certain to be felt. Temptation will come to them in the concrete form, and their want

of experience in resisting it is a distinct limitation on their ability to realize in the immediate future the hopes of those who have confidence in their capacity for republican government.

In one sense they have shown a grasp of the nature of corruption which might be copied in the United States. They look upon the bribe-giver as equally culpable with the bribe-taker. The old system of gratifications, or gifts, to public officials was based on the theory of an equal share in the plunder. Since, under the new conditions, the gratification ceases to be a gratuity and becomes a bribe, these Cubans have not appreciated the fine distinction between him who gives and him who takes. Some of the American officials have shown a disposition to excuse the willingness to accept gratifications on the ground that it is an inheritance from old abuses and cannot be rooted out in a day. This is all true, but the Cubans know that stealing is stealing, and if they fail to discourage it, no excuses should be made for them. Their character is not vile, but is capable of development along robust lines of public integrity.

Concerning the administrative capacity of the natives of the island, in details rather than in essentials, progress has been made. The American officials in the beginning had moments of discouragement in which they feared the inhabitants of the island would never learn to carry on public business. Yet after a few months it was found practicable to dispense with the services of many employés in the post-office and other departments who had been brought from the United States to perform the work of schoolmasters in administration. It was not conclusive proof of the ability of the natives to carry on an independent government, but it showed their capacity for improvement in the public service.

How far the religious sentiment will influence the future of the island is another of the questions which can only be tested by experience. It might be said that in a country where it has ceased to exist there can be no influence either for good or for bad. But this is an exaggerated assumption, and would present an untrue idea. While the religious sentiment has been smothered, it has not ceased to exist. The Church was identified with Spanish misgovernment. It counselled obedience to the oppressive civil authority, and that

obedience was sturdily refused by the mass of Cubans. In the new conditions its counsels of obedience to the new civil powers are not likely to be of weight in instilling that respect for lawful authority which is part of republican government. Its taxes on births and burials, and the effort of the surviving Spanish ecclesiastical authorities to continue the privileges of the Church, are not likely to strengthen its hold on the people. As an offset to this is the internal struggle precipitated by the demands of the Cuban priests that they be given responsibility for the Cuban conscience. Civil power will correct the abuses which grew out of the union of Church and state, but beyond this it will proceed with caution, lest it arouse the dormant resentment against interference with conscience. The Church itself is the greatest sufferer from its past responsibility for the ignorance of the masses. It did nothing for the political education or the moral upraising of the people, and it suffers accordingly.

The social influences of Cuban life will undoubtedly have a good effect on the future government. Americans have yet shown small understanding of the social institutions of the Latin people. Many of them appear to think that their own mission is to deride the little courtesies of life which are shown in public, and to interfere with usages which are not in conformity with their own habits. They do not see how there can be a home life when they find whole families grouped in cafés. They might have learned something from the moderation and temperateness of all classes, or from the German customs which have been brought across the Atlantic from the father-land, but they do not seem inclined to learn. They also ignore the power of the Cuban women in public affairs. This influence will never be exerted in public meetings or in female-suffrage amendments, but it was potent in sustaining the insurrection, and it will be potent in determining the future government. It is the aspiration for all that is good. The social environment has been preserved through periods of political demoralization. Its continuance is assured, and in this lies one of the most hopeful signs.

The acquiescence in the will of the majority is another of the problems that must be settled by actual tests. Under the Spanish absolutist domination natu-

rally there could be nothing to inculcate respect for the popular will. Thus far the development has been satisfactory in reference to acquiescence in the government, which is neither that of a majority nor of a minority, but simply of the intervening power of the United States in the form of military authority. While this authority is subjected to constant criticism, the motive is chiefly to prevent a delusion growing up in the United States that it would be acquiesced in with cheerfulness for an indefinite period. It cannot be said that the military measures which have been most distasteful to the inhabitants have been combated in a querulous or a petty spirit. Instead, they have been accepted in a manner which encourages the belief that under purely civil rule unpopular measures would be acquiesced in until they could be modified or repealed after the orderly processes of legislative and executive action.

The Cubans, and the Spaniards too, for that matter, have endured with patience the unwise attempt to set up a different standard of customs and manners from that to which the Latin people are accustomed. They have shown less irritation than Americans would show in the same circumstances. This effort to mould habits and usages to other standards has been persisted in by some of the American officials. It is creditable to the good sense of the people that they endure this petty sumptuary legislation, without making too much of it, until they can get out from under the imposition by the exercise of their civil rights. Some of the Latin customs will die out, because the Cubans, who are striving for better things, want them to die out. Others will remain, because they are in consonance with the Latin nature and with the tropics. Cock-fighting may in time become simply a forbidden amusement. Contrary to the general notion, the mere introduction of baseball will not displace it. Baseball has been a Cuban amusement for a quarter of a century, though most of the Americans thought it entirely new.

Now about the annexation sentiment. It exists in Havana among the commercial and financial classes. It also exists in the other large towns. But the marvel is that Americans who want to know the truth should deceive themselves by passing impressions. Whenever a visit-

ing official returned to Havana from Pinar del Rio, from Matanzas, from Cienfuegos, from Sagua la Grande, or from a dozen other points, I could usually tell him not only whom he had seen, but what each person had said. They all had their parts well learned. In Havana, at an early stage of the political uncertainty, a group of Spanish merchants employed an attorney to represent them. They had the vaguest ideas of the State and Territorial forms of government in the American Union; their main thought was to please the military commanders and officials of the United States. So their legal representative drew up an alternative set of views. One was for absolute and unconditional annexation. The other was not for complete independence, but was designed to meet the views of the Americans who, looking at it from the United States point of view, hesitated about annexation. Many illusions have been formed because of this desire of both Cubans and Spaniards to mould their opinions to the liking of their American friends.

It is probable that after a constituent Assembly is chosen, the annexation sentiment will find bolder and more aggressive utterance. Then it will be possible to know just what there is in it. When the Cubans are convinced that the people of the United States are not represented by the promoters and adventurers and speculators, and when they have had a chance to appreciate that the military administration has been as disinterested as it has been upright, those who believe in annexation will find encouragement for declaring their belief.

Americans who think the Cubans ungrateful because they do not throw themselves into the arms of the United States, should look at the question from the Cuban point of view. There are in Cuba a million people, either of Latin origin or of African origin influenced by Latin surroundings. For a year they have had the proposition daily put to them that they are incapable of developing and administering their fertile island, that its riches are for the Anglo-Saxon race, and that its resources belong to the enterprising Americans. In the last days of Spanish sovereignty the taunt of the Spaniards was that the intervention of the United States was sordid, that the Americans wanted the island, but not its

people, and that the Cubans had gained nothing in changing masters. When, surrounded by Americans who by their actions affirm this taunt, the Cubans are asked if they have no gratitude, the answer is tolerably clear. Why should they be grateful to a nation which went to war with Spain in order to possess itself of Cuba? "We are grateful," said one of the manifestoes issued by the provisional government after the signing of the protocol; "in nations as well as in individuals, gratitude is ennobling." But the quality of gratitude becomes strained when the reason for it is presented in a mercenary aspect. That is the whole annexation argument as personified by the majority of Americans who have been in Cuba for the last twelve months.

A friend one day sent me a newspaper clipping. It was an article by a prominent Southern minister, and was published in a leading denominational newspaper. The substance of the article was that the duty of the United States in evangelizing Cuba could best be carried on by the annexation of the island. In support of this view the opinion was given that since American soldiers representing the best people of the South, and American soldiers representing the best people of the North were on the ground and holding the election, there was every reason to think that the election would go right. My friend wanted to know what the Cubans thought of this suggestion. It seemed to me that the more pertinent query would be, what the American people thought of it. In a line with this idea are the veiled hints that when the military authorities find out just what classes in Cuba favor annexation, the result can be secured by limiting the suffrage to those classes.

In the progress of years, of perhaps a quarter of a century, material considerations must determine the destiny of Cuba. Trade and industry, which league the island to the United States commercially, will ultimately complete the political league. But not necessarily at a bound or in a day. Often I have been asked if the Cubans will let sentimental considerations, the desire of seeing their flag float for a little while, outweigh material advantages. From the knowledge gained by living among them, and from my understanding of the emotional side of their character as a people, if the proposition is

put thus baldly and bluntly to them, I think they will. With the material gain placed in one scale, without the suggestion of sentiment and ideals, and with the sentimental considerations in the other scale, the aspirations for independence will tip the balance. But it is not certain that the issue will be presented in its purely commercial aspect.

Meanwhile there is the political ferment and the schooling which goes on by the various clubs, juntas, and leagues. Whether the Cuban national party absorb all the military elements, or whether the Cuban National League absorb the civil elements, will not be significant. With the antagonism existing to General Gómez on the part of other insurgent leaders, the welding of the military factions does not seem probable. Nevertheless, in their present activity the basis of all these parties, so called, is independence, though some of them give a hint of something else in the use of the term national autonomy. The agitation will not end until the pledge of the United States is fulfilled and the Cuban people are given the opportunity to elect a representative convention with absolute freedom of choice. When they are convinced by the acts of the American authorities that the schemes of the promoters and adventurers are groundless, they will weigh the responsibilities coming upon them with seriousness and a real concern for their own welfare. The constitutional convention will be the best possible forum for the discussion of whatever step they decide to take. While the continuance of the military control will find no supporters, it is quite likely that the sentiment against the complete withdrawal of the protecting power of the United States will become strong.

Whatever the outcome, every circumstance urges that Cuba be brought face to face with its responsibilities, and be left untrammelled to weigh the consequences of the destiny it may choose. No means can be devised which will assure it all the advantages and none of the inconveniences of free government. No downy path can be cleared in the jungle. There will be briars and thorns and pitfalls. The United States cannot keep the island indefinitely in leading-strings. When the people of Cuba are entered upon the path of their own making, Cuba will cease to be in suspension.

MRS. RAY'S NEW DIAMONDS

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

FORTY years ago, as my Martial body lay dying peacefully, sir, as became a husk that had served its allotted thousand years, my mind elated with anticipation of promised mundane joys, Aklops tried his netherized vapor on my shell. Sir, this Scotch and soda are for present use?"

"It is at your hand. I pray you make such use of it as suits your taste or necessities."

Lawyer Roscoe Dechoat made this reply in unconscious imitation of his guest's manner—a mingled stateliness and graciousness that suited the scene.

The lawyer's library was spacious, rich, softly lighted, warm with a generous log fire, and there were cigars and decanters on the filigreed teak table that proved this to be no working night.

When Mrs. Dechoat came down to an early dinner, her husband, noting the glory of her raiment, remembered with a sigh his promise to go to the opera that night.

He tried the weather.

"Snow, wind, blizzard, my dear! Won't be able to get our carriage home. Pneumonia! Perfect nonsense!"

"Roscoe," said Mrs. Dechoat, who was stout and handsome and jocund, "do you remember what I said about to-night?"

"I know, my dear—the two de Reszkes. But on such a night!"

"The de Reszkes! Do you suppose, dear, that I'd put my nose out of doors to-night to hear forty de Reszkes sing—or to save their lives? Mrs. Ray is going to wear that necklace her husband's cousin—don't you know?—made billions in air, or tobacco—or—no, it was something like consolidated drain-pipes. Anyway—"

"Anyway, my dear, you are bound to go. That's the verdict."

"Why, Roscoe, haven't I just explained?"

"Now see here, Jennie, let an old man off once. I've been thinking all day about loafing in the library to-night—the way I could afford to when I made a thousand a year, and have never been able to afford since I've been making a hundred thousand. You see—"

"Why, dearie, I'll let you off: I don't need you. As Clara is going with me, there'll be a lot of men in the box."

The lawyer was so overcome with this generosity that he kissed his wife, and they both

blushed because the butler, come to announce dinner, saw them.

"You should have sent for some one to talk with if you are determined to stay at home," said Mrs. Dechoat, out of the top of a bale of wraps, as she and Miss Dechoat plunged from the hall into the storm.

"That's so," mused the lawyer, when everything had been arranged to his own comfort and Parker's astonishment.

Parker was accustomed to his master's eccentricities, but this was going it a little too hard—having to make the library warm, to fetch a service of decanters, siphons, cigars. Why, it was as much as would be done if a guest were expected, yet not a soul of the family at home except the master!

"Glasses and ash-receivers for two, sir? Yes, sir," repeated Parker, icily. "You are expecting some one, sir?"

"No, Parker, not expecting—only hoping. Who is it says, 'The guest from Hopeland should have more than a greeting prepared lest he come uncheered, like—'"

"Begee pardon, sir?"

"Nothing. Only we'll have the fire fed nicely, Parker, and the ice replenished from time to time."

Parker told the cook that the blizzard had quite upset the master's mind.

"He is saying things, Mrs. Hawks, as has no meaning; he's expecting no one, and has a service for drinks and smokes for two."

"Tain't the weather," responded the cook. "It's his being let off from opera duty has turned his head with joy, poor man."

Parker was in the library again putting a log on the fire, when the sound of high voices reached there from the front hall, and continued until the lawyer ordered an inquiry.

"It's a tramp, sir," Parker reported—"a regular hobo, sir—and he says he has professional business with you, sir, and him not having even an overcoat, sir, and shoes what the uppers and soles is tied together, sir. He won't go away, and is impudent."

"Without an overcoat, and yet impudent!" mused the lawyer. "What spirits! See that he has something to eat and drink, and—"

"But, sir, James offered him a meal, to get rid of him, but he says he is a gentleman with business. Shall we send for an officer?"

"No: send for him."

When Parker recovered speech, he asked, sternly:

"For who, sir?"

"For the—the holm."

"Where to?" asked Parker, now convinced that his master must be dealt with cautiously:

"Send him here."

"Here?"

"At once."

Parker and James concluded, after a consultation, that it was best to humor the master to avoid bringing on violent symptoms; but they resolved to arm themselves and the other servants, and have a police officer in the kitchen as soon as possible.

When the visitor was ushered into the library, Mr. Dechoat arose and said,

"You called to see me professionally, Mr.—?"

"Claridges. Clarence Claridges is my name."

"Take a seat by the fire, Mr. Claridges. It is still snowing?"

"I did not observe," responded Mr. Claridges, seating himself by the table near the fire.

His thin coat was closely tied at the waist and neck with soiled bits of pink and white strings. He untied the throat fastening and threw back the lapels of the coat, disclosing a cotton shirt, collarless, and inclined to flange in harmony with the coat lapels. His short beard and abundant hair glistened with melting snow, and his fingers were stiff with frost, but instead of showing any signs of suffering, he laughed softly and pleasantly as he took a cigar and lit it.

"You know, of course," he said, merging his laugh into a musical but stately speech, "that in Mars we congeal perfumed waters into fanciful shapes and smoke them instead of tobacco, which is used there in color-making. This cigar, sir, is excellent."

"The brand has a real value, now that you approve," said Mr. Dechoat.

Claridges looked quickly and keenly at the lawyer, and when he saw no smile accompanying the remark, he said:

"My approval of a good thing is related to my call upon you this evening. I consider you the best lawyer in New York."

The visitor paused as if for reply, reversed the cross of his knees so as to take one steaming foot from in front of the fire and present the other to the warmth, and softly tipped the ashes from his cigar on to an ash-receiver.

Mr. Dechoat replied gravely, after a pause:

"I fancy your judgment will stand—that I am the best lawyer in New York. As such, how can I serve you?"

"As you well know, Mr. Dechoat, an inhabitant of Mars must live one thousand years, and may do longer time—may live longer, I mean."

"I admit the evidence without corroboration," assented the lawyer.

"Very well. In Mars I was up against a frozen game. I—"

"Pardon me?"

"Ah, pardon me? Martial idiom. I endured much hardship, the slings of outrageous fortune, and the contumely which the loser gets from the winner; but my humility stood by me like a lamp-post, and The Power promised me that when next incarnated my spirit should adorn the body of the son of the richest man on earth. See?"

"Most interesting," murmured Mr. Dechoat.

"But as I approached my end, counting the years patiently, the months eagerly, the days anxiously, the hours feverishly, Aklops perfected his game for perpetual life. I was dead leary of him—"

"You were—that is—er—"

"I was filled with fear lest he should endeavor to make a demonstration on my husk, and the sequence justified my forebodings. Forty years ago, as my Martial body lay dying peacefully, sir, as became a husk that had served its allotted thousand years, my mind elated with anticipations of promised mundane joys, Aklops tried his netherized vapor on my shell. Sir, this Scotch and soda are for present use?"

Claridges mixed in a tall thin glass cracked ice, Scotch, and carbonic water, drained it, and spread out his hands to the cheery blaze from the great burning log.

"What, sir," he resumed, "was the result? My spirit, already half released, was detained the thousandth part of a second by Aklops's interference, and by that grain of time missed its entrance into the body of the son born to John Broadwall, the richest man in the world?"

"Only forty years ago?" mused the lawyer. "Well I remember the day that year I accepted my first retainer from John Broadwall, then worth but a beggarly ten million—dead yesterday—"

"Leaving two hundred million?" interrupted Claridges, lighting a fresh cigar.

"But one hundred and ninety-five million," corrected the lawyer. "I am the executor of his estate."

"Let the five million go," remarked Claridges. "His son, my illegal—or accidental—substitute claims the estate as sole heir."

"So nominated in the will."

"Why?" exclaimed Claridges. "Because you had no knowledge of me! I was ordained to be the son. By the accidental delay I have explained, my spirit arrived on earth too late to enter its appointed tabernacle, and was obliged to accept a humble habitation."

"Believe me, Mr. Claridges, my sympathy, no less than my interest, is aroused."

"Alas! the parents of the boy whose spirit I became were oft forced from our simple fire-side to dwell apart from the madding throng, doing, sir—I must be frank—doing time! But this misfortune had one compensation—deprived of parental care, I profited by the ad-

vantages, mental largely, as you observe, offered by the College of Ethics for Untrammelled kids."

"The case is unique, Mr. Claridges. You will not neglect the decanter."

"Say, boss, I won't do a thing to it but push it along."

"I beg your pardon?"

The note of wonder in the lawyer's exclamation brought Claridges to prompt attention, and he said, hastily, with a deprecating wave of his glass,

"I sometimes drop into the vernacular of those with whom a cruel and unjust fate has obliged me to seek companionship."

"Highly picturesque. But have you a suggestion in the present case?"

Mr. Claridges had hastily disposed of two mixtures of Scotch and siphon, and was now beaming in a most friendly manner on his host as he replied:

"On the level, boss, you are doing me fair. 'Clairie,' you says to me, 'what's a couple of millions between friends?' 'Dechoat,' I says, 'any friend of my friend, not in a thousand years!' See?"

"I fear I do not see clearly," said Mr. Dechoat.

"Sir, the problem is simple. For forty years I have lived a frugal life, while the false Claire has followed the primrose path of bottles and birds, undismayed by any hint from these potent lips which might have trun him down harder than McClusky."

"Your unselfish attitude towards the ntrun Claire is deserving of reward, Mr. Claridges. Have you thought of the matter of compromise?"

Mr. Claridges was now wholly at ease; warm within and without, disposed in recumbent luxury in the depth of an engulfing arm-chair, his smile was not of triumph, but of pure goodwill. He made a slender lance of smoke pierce a series of smoke rings, propelled from his ardent lips, before he replied:

"You says, 'Clairie, compromise.' I says, 'Clairie, his Whiskers is a dead game sport!' But what will the harvest be? You have smoked me, warmed me, Scotched me, and treated me like a real gent."

"It is so seldom I entertain a gentleman from Mars, it seems but scant courtesy to do no more than smoke and Scotch him," responded Mr. Dechoat.

Mr. Claridges was busy with his fingers in a manner suggesting that he was involved in a complicated, or at least unusual, problem in arithmetic.

"In a brief span," he said at last, holding with his right hand his left index finger, which seemed to be the determining factor in his problem—"in a brief span, in about eight hundred years, we will all be back in Mars, where I could prove my claim and grab off the whole boodle in a minute."

"Yet to a mere mortal," suggested Mr. Dechoat, "the span seems not altogether too brief."



"I CONSIDER YOU THE BEST LAWYER IN NEW YORK."

"There you have the whole point of the case," exclaimed Mr. Claridges. "You're right, all right there, old man; all right, all right. I must remember that just now I am mortal, and constrained by mortal wants. No pent-up Ithaca—say, was that Ithaca or Utica?—can bind up my wounds if I walk the streets all this breezy night. So I say 'compromise.' You've done me fair, for fair. The estate is worth a hundred thousand a year to you if I do not claim my own. Now I want a bed—say twenty-five; a feed—say twenty-five; and a little capital for a start to-morrow—say twenty-five more. That's seventy-five."

"Millions?"

"Cents!"

CLARK'S LITTLE WEDDING.

THERE dwelt at the town of San Cristobal, situate in the evening shadow of Pikes Peak, a man whom we cannot do better than to call by the name Clark. He was a bachelor, perhaps approaching the age of thirty, and extremely popular.

But though a man widely known and of many friends, he was singularly adverse to publicity. If he bought a new horse, it was usually a month before he could induce himself to drive it, and when he got a new suit of clothes, he would always send it to a brother in Denver, who would wear it a fortnight to take off the "new," and return it to him.

Naturally, when Clark found himself in a position to contemplate his wedding-day he became somewhat nervous. He had always been rather fond of attending other people's weddings, and it occurred to him that he had never been backward about bestowing such delicate little attentions as may be encompassed in a handful of rice; and he shook his head as he remembered that he had once helped strap up a friend's trunk at the railroad station with white satin ribbon. The recollection made him shudder; it brought a vision of his own trunk wearing white satin ribbon, and he could almost feel rice rolling gayly off his hat brim and tumbling down the back of his neck. What made the prospect worse was that, while personally he would gladly have been married by telephone, he knew as well as anybody the inborn love of a wedding, as opposed to a plain marriage, which abideth in the soul of woman. But he was to be agreeably surprised on this point. When he visited his future bride that evening, he said:

"Dora, what do you say to a very simple wedding, or a—er—just a sort of getting married, you know—quiet—no display—no—er—this stuff, you know—rice—no rice. You remember I don't like rice much."

"I know," answered Dora. "I discovered it at Mabel's wedding—by the way you threw it."

"Ha! ha!" said Clark, in a weak attempt at laughter. "That's good; though you threw

"Mr. Claridges," said the lawyer, rising at the sound of a closing carriage door, "your offer is affected by over-sensitiveness. I gladly accept the compromise, not only giving you this dollar, but my thanks. I wish you good-evening, and pleasant dreams."

Mr. Claridges jauntily lifted the remnants of a hat as he passed the ladies on the sidewalk.

"Have you had a pleasant evening, Roscoe?" asked Mrs. Dechoat, when she was unbaled from her wraps.

"Very."

"Well, you are fortunate. I might just as well have staid at home; Mrs. Ray wore her old diamonds, after all."

as much as I did. But that was different, you see. Now what do you say?"

"Well, I'm not particular about a wedding," answered the young lady. "Arrange it just to suit yourself, dear."

"We can *announce* a wedding, you know," went on Clark; "and then the day before we can just get married, and go away, and—leave 'em with the rice on their hands!"

The details were accordingly very craftily arranged later on by Clark. He set the hour at ten o'clock in the morning.

"It's pretty early," he said; "but it'll have to be at that time so we can catch the ten-thirty train. I will call for you, and we'll just drive around to the dominie's and have it over with in five minutes. I'll send my trunk to the station the night before, and give it out that I'm going up to Denver on business; and I can telephone early for an expressman to call for your trunk. We can send back announcement-cards from Denver—and I'll just have engraved down in one corner, 'No Rice.'"

But of course the plan of the ingenious Clark got out. This was as inevitable as the rising of the morning sun. It got out, though to this day no man knoweth exactly *how* it got out. But Clark has always sagaciously suspected the Hereditary Enemy of Lovers—the girl's small brother.

The night before the day set for the clandestine marriage, one or two hundred of Clark's friends held a secret meeting downtown in a hall. Mabel's husband presided. Most of those present had the advantage of that exuberance which goes with youth or early life, and they had all long breathed the exhilarating mountain atmosphere of Colorado. Nothing was forgotten.

The next morning when Clark, after a hasty toilet, glanced out of the window, he observed two scoundrelly looking men wearing pasty clothes, who were posting bills with great industry on the fence across the street. He thought he caught his own name printed in big red letters. He snatched up an opera-glass and read:

SECRET WEDDING OF

JIM CLARK.

To-day at Ten o'clock. You are Invited.

 BRING A BASKET OF RICE.

See small bills.

Mr. Clark with difficulty kept from fainting. But he pulled himself together at last, and started out. There seemed to be nothing to do but to see the thing through. A small boy was throwing hand-bills in all the front yards, and gave one to him. He stopped and read:

"The many friends of the justly popular James McC. Clark take pleasure in announcing his absolutely and profoundly secret marriage to-day at ten o'clock. Twenty-five per cent. reduction on rice at all grocery-stores. Per order. COMMITTEE."

He hurried on down to his office. Newsboys were crying the morning papers—"All about the secret weddin' of Jim Clark!" He caught glimpses on the first pages of "scare heads" over long articles presumably giving the details. One of the big red posters was pasted on his office door. He went in and tried to look over his mail.

At half past nine he returned home. The

streets were deserted and ominously quiet. He got his carriage and drove around after his bride. Together they proceeded to the clergyman's. They went in, and the simple but beautiful ceremony was soon finished. As they stepped out of the house they found the street blocked with their friends. The rest of the population of the town was coming around the corner in a long procession. Two or three brass bands seemed to be somewhere about the neighborhood. The horses had been taken off the carriage, and a long rope attached. They took their seats, and the willing hands of friends drew them toward the station. The crowd followed. All of this time the air remained foggy with rice.

At the station they found the train waiting. Their trunks were somewhat conspicuous on the roof of the baggage-car, so decorated with bows of white ribbon that they looked like big chrysanthemums. As they mounted the car platform the engineer sounded a long blast on the whistle, and the crowd gave three cheers for Jim Clark. Then there was a call for a speech. A pint of rice rolled off of Clark's hat as he removed it and simply said:

"I thank you. I will never try it again."

The train moved off, and the rice rattled on the car roofs and against the windows. Clark's quiet little wedding was over.

HAYDEN CARRUTH.



MILD BELINDA.

BELINDA BEADLE was so mild, the wild March hare, in love,
Came out and licked her dainty hand, and spoiled a new kid glove.

TURN AND TURN ABOUT.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.



ALTHOUGH she managed to emerge in the right from her experiment of a night off from her engagement, Serena felt that it had not been an entire success, and that her Shadow had really got the better of her. A victory she meant him to repent.

If he had been a truly wise Shadow he would have distrusted the calm that followed her defeat, and the extreme gentleness of her manner towards

him; but in the guilelessness of his heart he accepted it without question.

Serena sat watching the little tongues of flame lap and curl about the birch logs in the fireplace, while her Shadow sprawled along the hearth-rug at her feet.

"I think," he said, at last breaking the silence, "that you might have the honesty to own up."

"To what?" Serena inquired, cautiously.

"To being—well, to being a trifle jealous the other night."

"But it would be so frightfully uncharacteristic of me," she objected.

"I know you make it a principle never to admit yourself in the wrong, but just for once you might be frank about it."

"No; that would establish a precedent; besides, I wasn't jealous."

"Then why did you object to my sitting on the stairs with that other girl?"

"It was purely a matter of abstract morals, so it's hopeless to try and explain it to you."

At this her Shadow was guilty of a covert smile at the fire. "You looked uncommonly green-eyed," he observed to the nearest and-iron. Serena preserved a forbearing silence, and he misguidedly went on, "Come, now, truthfully, weren't you?"

Serena sat up very straight. "Certainly not; and if I were a person"—she advised the opposite and-iron—"who lived in a perfect Crystal Palace, I'd be very careful at whom I threw stones, even if it were a woman; because she might be able to aim straight in spite of her sex."

"Oh, I know I'm a hot-house plant; still, I think that particular pane was left out of my conservatory."

"Then you never were really jealous?" Se-

rena asked, innocently. "How well you can imitate it!"

"I used to be, of course; but I mean not since we've been engaged."

Serena still gazed abstractedly at the fire, and refused to accept the glance that went with his words. "So you feel perfectly sure of me now?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Absolutely," he answered, with bravado.

"Oh!" said Serena, still evading his eyes, and thoughtfully tracing the pattern of the flames.

A long silence followed, which her Shadow broke at last, not so much from a desire to say anything as to have her speak again.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, idly.

Serena came back to the present with a little start. "I? Oh, nothing in particular—that is—"

"What is?"

"I was wondering what you would think."

She answered ambiguously, without apparently noticing his frivolity.

"If you'll tell me what I'm to think about, I'll tell you what I think," he offered, with fine magnanimity.

"It was only a piece of idle curiosity. It isn't worth thinking about."

"But I like to think," he assured her.

If Serena smiled, it was only in confidence to the and-iron. "It's really very foolish; but if you want to know—"

"I do."

"Well, then, I wondered what you'd think—of course in a purely abstract case—if—that is—" Here Serena paused, industriously pleating a corner of her handkerchief, and started again: "What you would think of an engaged girl's having a proposal." She finished her sentence in desperate haste, and then breathed a little sigh of relief.

Her Shadow sat up on the hearth-rug and regarded her narrowly.

"I shouldn't have thought you would have



HE STOOD OVER HER.

had to wonder very hard. You know yourself that it's outrageous."

Serena leaned forward eagerly. "I don't mean just on the face of it, like that," she protested. "Of course it sounds badly, but there might be so many extenuating circumstances."

"I really can't think of any."

"But you don't want to. Now I can see how it might happen quite unintentionally on her part, even to a very nice girl."

"Ah, you have so much imagination."

Serena suffered this gibe in silence, and all her Shadow's darkest suspicions were confirmed by her forbearance.

"You might help me," he suggested, "by describing a case in which it happened to some very nice girl quite blamelessly."

Serena sighed. "You're so hopelessly old-fashioned," she complained. "You think that a girl's entire world ought to be bounded by her engagement-ring."

"Well, oughtn't it?"

"I suppose so; but even then one can see so much through a ring," and twisting off her own engagement-ring, she held it up as an illustration. "Of course, if I hold it off like this, I can only see your nose through it; but if I have it near enough to see you all, I see such a lot of things besides."

Her Shadow watched her with a gathering frown. "That's a pretty piece of sophistry," he commented, coldly; "but you're forgetting your example."

"Oh yes, so I am," she answered. "Then suppose a girl should meet a man in the summer, who didn't know she was engaged—"

"You remember, perhaps, that I wanted it announced at once," her Shadow interrupted, savagely.

Serena put her ring on the end of her thumb and twisted it thoughtfully around. "But this girl didn't want hers announced, because she wanted first to see whether it was a permanent one." She continued, with infuriating lightness: "So the other man didn't know, and he was stupid enough to think her mere politeness—"

Here her Shadow groaned softly to himself, and Serena went cheerfully on: "He thought she liked him, in fact, and so it was only natural that he should tell her how much he liked her. Of course she had never dreamed of such a thing."

"Of course: girls never do."

"Well, not very often; but you can see that in such a case it really wasn't the girl's fault."

As Serena finished, her Shadow, sitting up very straight, looked her sternly in the eyes.

"It was entirely and absolutely her fault," he answered, with heat. "If she had behaved honestly and announced her engagement, it could never have happened; and as to her mere politeness, I can imagine what that was."

Serena bore this denunciation with stoic calm. "Oh, I supposed you'd be pokey about it," she said, resignedly.

Her coolness only inflamed her Shadow to greater anger. "I'm surprised that you should have the courage even to try to defend such shameless behavior."

"I'm sure I don't see why I should be

ashamed about somebody else's adventure," Serena objected, with an incipient pout.

This barefaced attempt to shift her own iniquity was more than her Shadow could bear. "Serena," he demanded, "have you no soul? Don't you suppose I know who this girl, this very nice girl, was?"

"I—I don't see why you should," she stammered, shrinking back into her chair before his wrath.

Her Shadow groaned at her hardness. "I knew from the instant you began that it was a confession," he said, sadly; "and I wish that you had possessed the honesty to really make it one."

Serena stared at him with frightened eyes, but offered no excuse; goaded by her silence, he went on: "Now that I've heard all of the story, I should like to know who the *man* was."

"I don't know," Serena murmured.

Her duplicity destroyed all his tenderness for her, and restraining a strong desire to shake her, he insisted, savagely, "Tell me his name; don't try to shield him."

"I don't know it," she repeated, with a little break in her voice.

Her Shadow jumped to his feet and stood over her. Serena hid her face in her hands, and he could see her shoulders quiver. "Serena," he begged, "you didn't really care for him; this isn't a way of telling me that?"

She slowly lifted her head, and looked at him warily between her fingers, then her face, pink with suppressed laughter, emerged from behind them. With an effort she controlled herself. "If you felt quite certain of me," she observed, impersonally, to the nearer andiron, "I don't see why you should have become so jealous of a purely imaginary man."

A CAUTIOUS YOUTH.

YOUNG Winthrop Peabody was having a bad quarter of an hour at the hands of his mother. It seems that he had by some means or other acquired a working knowledge of a few choice phrases of profanity. The additions to his vocabulary pleased him very much, but he used them incautiously—so incautiously that they rebounded upon his head with some violence.

Mrs. Endicott, a next-door neighbor of Mrs. Peabody's, overheard her two scions, Roger and Somerset, using the most fearful language with an ease and freedom that horrified her. She questioned them, and, childlike, Roger and Somerset promptly transferred the blame to Winthrop Peabody. Of course Mrs. Endicott conceived it her duty to inform Mrs. Peabody of Winthrop's wickedness.

Mrs. Peabody was greatly shocked. "Winthrop," said she, "I am astounded! Is it possible that *my* son taught Roger and Somerset those naughty, naughty words?"

"Yes, mother," said Winthrop, with a somewhat *blasé* air, "I did; but I particularly cautioned them not to make use of them."



1. "Ah! And here is the same old hill I used to love to run down when I was a farmer-boy like you. By Jove! I'll show you how I did it. You'll be surprised."



2. "Hipperty-skip, and away we go! Keep your eyes on your Uncle Thomas, and you'll see some real running. Used to be called the human deer, Uncle Thomas did."



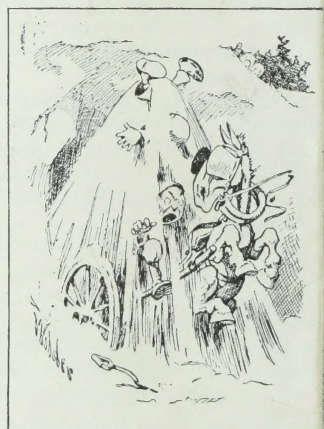
3. "Didn't see those brambles, but I can't stop now. I'll have to jump 'em. One, two, three, up and over we go."



4. "Great Scott! A sand-pit!"



5 The surprising—



6. —finish.

THINGS HAD CHANGED.

A THANKSGIVING THOUGHT.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The gobbler dreams from all apart,
In all the prime of gobblerhood,
And I am sure that in his heart
He knows he is so sweet and good.

Because he knows that, hot or cold,
He is a feast of rare delight,
And that he is a dream of gold—
A dream of gold in black and white.

He knows full well his second joints
Are rich and juicy when they're brown,
And that when gravy thick anoints
His breast, he is the table's crown.

He knows with finger and with thumb
I hold his wings and eat away;
He knows my appetite's the drum
On which his drum-sticks music play.

He knows his stuffing's very fine,
And that a figure grand he cuts,
And that is why, in rain and shine,
He proudly as a major struts.

He smiles a smile that richly glows
In ripples on his scarlet hood,
Because he knows I know he knows
He is so tender and so good.

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC
LIB.



